

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare

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by William Shakespeare

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Title: The Complete Works of William Shakespeare

Author: William Shakespeare

Language: English

Subject: Fiction, Literature

Digital Publisher: World Public Library Association



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About William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare (baptised 26 April 1564; died 23 April 1616) was an English poet and playwright, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon". His surviving works, including some collaborations, consist of about 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and several other poems. His plays have been translated into every major living language and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.

Shakespeare was born and raised in Stratford-upon-Avon. At the age of 18, he married Anne Hathaway, with whom he had three children: Susanna, and twins Hamnet and Judith. Between 1585 and 1592, he began a successful career in London as an actor, writer, and part owner of a playing company called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, later known as the King's Men. He appears to have retired to Stratford around 1613, where he died three years later. Few records of Shakespeare's private life survive, and there has been considerable speculation about such matters as his physical appearance, sexuality, religious beliefs, and whether the works attributed to him were written by others.

Shakespeare produced most of his known work between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were mainly comedies and histories, genres he raised to the peak of sophistication and artistry by the end of the sixteenth century. He then wrote mainly tragedies until about 1608, including *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*, considered some of the finest works in the English language. In his last phase, he wrote tragicomedies, also known as romances, and collaborated with other playwrights.

Many of his plays were published in editions of varying quality and accuracy during his lifetime. In 1623, two of his former theatrical colleagues published the First Folio, a collected edition of his dramatic works that included all but two of the plays now recognized as Shakespeare's.

Shakespeare was a respected poet and playwright in his own day, but his reputation did not rise to its present heights until the nineteenth century. The Romantics, in particular, acclaimed Shakespeare's genius, and the Victorians worshipped Shakespeare with a reverence that George Bernard Shaw called "bardolatry". In the twentieth century, his work was repeatedly adopted and rediscovered by new movements in scholarship and performance. His plays remain highly popular today and are constantly studied, performed and reinterpreted in diverse cultural and political contexts throughout the world.



The Chandos portrait, artist and authenticity unconfirmed. National Portrait Gallery, London.

Born baptised 26 April 1564 (birth date unknown)
Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England

Died 23 April 1616 (aged 52)
Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England

Spouse(s) Anne Hathaway (m. 1582–1616)
«start: (1582)–end+1: (1617)»"Marriage: Anne Hathaway

Children Susanna Hall
Hamnet Shakespeare
Judith Quiney



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Shakespeare's First Folio

William Shakespeare



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MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



Martin Droeshout sculpsit Londoni.

L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

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Shakespeare's First Folio

William Shakespeare

- Scanner's Notes:
- To the Reader.

The Workes of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first ORIGINAL

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Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This is a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The play Pericles, Prince of Tyre is missing from this edition of the First Folio because it wasn't printed in the First Folio. The Sonnets and other poems of Shakespeare are also missing because they also were not printed in the First Folio.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

**To the Reader.
This Figure, that thou here feest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut:
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Naure, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue dravvne his vvit
As vvell in frasse, as he hath hit
Hisface; the Print vvould then surpassse
All, that vvas euer in frasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his Booke.**

B.I.

MR. William
SHAKESPEARES
Comedies,
Histories Tragedies,
Published according to the True Original Copies
London
Printed by Ifaac Iaggard, and Ed, Bount. 1623

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke,&c;. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Majesty.

Shakespeare's First Folio

A N D

PHILIP

Earle of Montgomery,&c;. Gentleman of his Majesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good

L O R D S

Right Honourable,

Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L.L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we vallow the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Authour living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our S H A K E S P E A R E , by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have : and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of thins are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is.

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.

To the great Variety of Readers.

From the most able, to him that can but spell : There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities : and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well ! It is now publique, & you wil stand for your priviledges wee know : to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales ; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

Shakespeare's First Folio

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings ; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them : even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the'. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you : for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe : And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides : if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

To the memory of my beloved,
The Author
MR. W I L L I A M S H A K E S P E A R E :
A N D
what he hath left us.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame;
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thine to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our Stage !
My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome :
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses ;
 I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses :
 For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
 And tell, how farre thou dist our Lily out-shine,
 Or sporting Kid or Marlowes mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
 For names; but call forth thund'ring 'schilus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to vs,
 Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
 And shake a stage : Or, when thy sockes were on,
 Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shoue,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warme
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme !
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
 And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines !
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not
 please; But antiquated, and deserted lye
 As they were not of Natures family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
 For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses anvile : turne the same,
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Lives in his issue, even so, the race
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
 In his well toned, and true-fild lines :
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet swan of Avon! what a fight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James !
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere

Shakespeare's First Folio

Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight fro' hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaire day, but for thy Volumes light.

B E N : J O N S O N .

Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous
Scenicke Poet, Master W I L L I A M
S H A K E S P E A R E

Those hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You Britaines brave; for done are Shakespeares dayes :
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heav'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and Phoebus clouds his rayes :
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet first, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All those he made, would scarce make a one to this :
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the Nuncius is,
For though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

H U G H H O L L A N D .

TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Authour Maister
W. S H A K E S P E A R E .

Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes : thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie

Shakespeare's First Folio

Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares; ev'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleeve, or thinke thee dead.
(Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Imposible) with some new straine t'out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo ;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M.W.Shakes-speare.

WEE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to acte a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

J. M.

The Workes of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first O R I G I N A L L

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Ecclestone.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.

The Tempest

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master,
and a Boteswaine.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Master. Bote—swaine.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall
too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground,
bestirre, bestirre.

Enter.

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts:
yare, yare: Take in the toppe—sale: Tend to th' Masters
whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and
others.

Alon. Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Master?
Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour,
Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarers
for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are
a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence,
and worke the peace of the present, wee will not
hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot,
giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your
selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the
houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our
way I say.

Enter.

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks
he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion
is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging,
make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our
owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee
hang'd, our case is miserable.

Enter.

Enter Boteswaine

Botes. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower,
bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague –

Shakespeare's First Folio

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather,
or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we
giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous
incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker,
we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the
Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as
an vnstanch'd wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off
to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them,
for our case is as theirs

Sebas. I'am out of patience

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,
This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drowning
the washing of ten Tides

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water sweare against it,
And gape at widst to glut him.

A confused noyse within.

Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him.

Enter.

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea,
for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne
firrs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would
faine dye a dry death.

Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her

Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done

Mira. O woe, the day

Pros. No harme:
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then Prospero, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father

Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts

Pros. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit downe,
For thou must now know farther

Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet

Pros. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiu. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can

Pros. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance

Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more Miranda: But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist

Mira. But that I doe not

Pros. Twelue yere since (Miranda) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of Millaine and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Millaine, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse Issued

Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither

Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, please you, farther;

Pros. My brother and thy vncle, call'd Anthonio:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero, the prime Duke, being so reputed

Scena Secunda.

In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t' aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe

Pros. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reuenum yeilded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse

Pros. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute Millaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore Millaine)
To most ignoble stooping

Mira. Oh the heauens:

Pros. Marke his condition, and th' euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother

Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,
Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of Naples being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire Millaine
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Millaine, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe

Mir. Alack, for pittie:
I not remembring how I cride out then

Scena Secunda.

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs aboard a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiuelly haue quit it: There they hoyst vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pittie sighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong

Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neopolitan Gonzalo
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome

Mir. Would I might
But euer see that man

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For raysing this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: And by my prescience
I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon
A most auspitious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my Ariel. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee

Ar. To euery Article.
I boarded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. Ioues Lightning, the precursors
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake

Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne Ferdinand
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere

Pro. Why that's my spirit:
But was not this nye shore?

Ar. Close by, my Master

Pro. But are they (Ariell) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perishd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the Mediterranean Flote
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ar. Past the mid season

Shakespeare's First Folio

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere

Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ar. No

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread y Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost

Ar. I doe not Sir

Scena Secunda.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch Sycorax, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

Ar. No Sir

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in Argier

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch Sycorax
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from Argier
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true?

Ar. I, Sir

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slaue,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheelles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape

Scena Secunda.

Ar. Yes: Caliban her sonne

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that Caliban
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out

Ar. I thanke thee Master

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee

Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence.

Enter.

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put
Heauinesse in me

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit Caliban, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on

Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou: speake

Cal. within. There's wood enough within

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when?

Enter Ariel like a water Nymph.

Fine apparision: my queint Ariel,
Hearke in thine eare

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.

Enter.

Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by y diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may worke
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em

Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island

Pro. Thou most lying slaue,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with Calibans

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deseru'dly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deseru'd more then a prison

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god Setebos,
And make a vassaile of him

Pro. So slaue, hence.

Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come vnto these yellow sands, and then
take hands:
Curtsied when you haue, and kist the wilde waues whist:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen.

Burthen dispersedly.

Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch–Dogges barke,
bowgh–wawgh

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere
cry cockadiddle–dowe

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God o'th' Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe

Ariell Song. Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corral made:
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,

Scena Secunda.

But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound
That the earth owes: I heare it now about me

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And say what thou see'st yond

Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this

Fer. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r

Scena Secunda.

May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd

Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of Naples: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't

Mir. Alacke, for mercy

Fer. Yes faith, &all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine
And his braue sonne, being twaine

Pro. The Duke of Millaine
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first sight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word

Mir. Why speakes my father so vnghently? This

Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue my father
To be enclin'd my way

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of Naples

Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
I must vneasie make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't

Fer. No, as I am a man

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't

Pro. Follow me

Pros. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull

Pros. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarm thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop

Mira. Beseech you Father

Pros. Hence: hang not on my garments

Mira. Sir haue pity,
He be his surety

Pros. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Hauing seene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench,
To th' most of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To see a goodlier man

Pros. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.

Scena Secunda.

And haue no vigour in them

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make vse of: space enough
Haue I in such a prison

Pros. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariell: follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command

Ariell. To th' syllable

Pros. Come follow: speake not for him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco,

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

and
others.

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, some Saylors wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preservation) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort

Alons. Prethee peace

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike

Gon. Sir

Seb. One: Tell

Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer

Seb. A dollor

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken
truer then you purpos'd

Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you
should

Gon. Therefore my Lord

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue

Alon. I pre-thee spare

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke

Ant. The Cockrell

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter

Seb. A match

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert

Seb. Ha, ha, ha

Ant. So: you'r paid

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue

Seb. Of that there's none, or little

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?
How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny

Seb. With an eye of greene in't

Ant. He misses not much

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte
water

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would
it not say he lyes?

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage
of the kings faire daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in
our returne

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon
to their Queene

Gon. Not since widdow Dido's time

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow
in? Widdow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said Widdower aeneas too?
Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow Dido said you? You make me study
of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis

Gon. This Tunis Sir was Carthage

Adri. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you Carthage

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands

Gon. I

Ant. Why in good time

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow Dido

Ant. O Widdow Dido? I, Widdow Dido

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so farre from Italy remoued, I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of Naples and of Millaine, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,
I saw him beate the surges vnder him,
And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th' shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releue him: I not doubt
He came aliue to Land

Alon. No, no, hee's gone

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an Affrican,
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't

Alon. Pre-thee peace

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe
Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o'th' beame should bow: we haue lost your son,
I feare for euer: Millaine and Naples haue
Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne

Alon. So is the deer'st oth' losse

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister

Seb. Very well

Ant. And most Chirurgionly

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy

Seb. Fowle weather?

Ant. Very foule

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty

Seb. Yet he would be King on't

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets
the beginning

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaves,

Gon. I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:
T' Excell the Golden Age

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty

Ant. Long liue Gonzalo

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to me

Gon. I do well beleeue your Highnesse, and did it
to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of
such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse
to laugh at nothing

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still

Ant. What a blow was there giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts, I finde they are inclin'd to do so

Seb. Please you Sir,
Do not omit the heauy offer of it:
It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety

Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Clymate

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head

Seb. What? art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
And yet so fast asleepe

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st
Whiles thou art waking

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're

Seb. Well: I am standing water

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow

Seb. Do so: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me

Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld

Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims

Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd

Seb. He's gone

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of Naples?

Seb. Claribell

Ant. She that is Queene of Tunis: she that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from Naples
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis,
So is she heyre of Naples, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribell
Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnnecessarily
As this Gonzallo: I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore

The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?

Seb. Me thinkes I do

Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother Prospero

Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men

Seb. But for your conscience

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and Millaine, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the houre

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st Millaine,
I'll come by Naples: Draw thy sword, one stroke

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Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
And I the King shall loue thee

Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine

Gon. Now, good Angels preserue the King

Alb. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It strooke mine eare most terribly

Alo. I heard nothing

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons

Alo. Lead off this ground &let's make further search
For my poore sonne

Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island

Alo. Lead away

Ariell. Prospero my Lord, shall know what I haue done.
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By yench-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em; but
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo,

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it
sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his
licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pailefuls. What haue we here, a man,
or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

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newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in England
now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not
a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer:
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange
beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see
a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like
Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion;
hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander,
that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,
the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder
his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout:
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows:
I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme
be past.

Enter Stephano singing..

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.
This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinkes.

Sings.

The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine &I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a scuruy tune too:
But here's my comfort.

Drinks.

Scoena Secunda.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh

Ste. What's the matter?

Haue we diuels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of
Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as proper
a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while Stephano
breathes at' nostrils

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell
should he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe
if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Present
for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my
wood home faster

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the
wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer
drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit:
if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,
and that soundly

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,
I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper workes
vpon thee

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,
But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth

Tri. Stephano

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speake to me: for I am Trinculo; be not afeard, thy good friend Trinculo

Ste. If thou bee'st Trinculo: come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, these are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeede: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent Trinculo's?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not dround Stephano: I hope now thou art

Shakespeare's First Folio

not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee
vnder the dead Moone—Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of
the Storme: And art thou liuing Stephano? O Stephano,
two Neapolitanes scap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke
is not constant

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights:
that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor: I will
kneelee to him

Ste. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd
vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o'reboard,
by this Bottle which I made of the barke of
a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'shore

Cal. I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect,
for the liquor is not earthly

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim
like a Ducke i'll be sworne

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.
Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made
like a Goose

Tri. O Stephano, ha'st any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke
by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the
Man ith' Moone, when time was

Cal. I haue seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kisse the Booke: I will
furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster:
I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:
The Man ith' Moone?
A most poore creadulous Monster:
Well drawne Monster, in good sooth

Cal. Ile shew thee euery fertill ynych o'th Island: and
I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken
Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot, Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed
Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in
my heart to beate him

Ste. Come, kisse

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke:
An abhominable Monster

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee
Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;
I'll beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou
wondrous man

Tri. A most rediculous Monster, to make a wonder of
a poore drunkard

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow;
and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts;
show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare
the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring
Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels
from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more
talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company else
being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my
Bottle: Fellow Trinculo; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.
Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome highday,
freedome

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse
Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a sore iniunction; my sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busie lest, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda | and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
Hee's safe for these three houres

Fer. O most deere Mistris
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must striue to do

Mir. If you'l sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it

Mir. You looke wearily

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your hest to say so

Fer. Admir'd Miranda,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of euerie Creatures best

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (Miranda) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slauerie, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your seruice, there resides
To make me slaue to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde euent
If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert
What best is boaded me, to mischief: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of

Pro. Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em

Fer. Wherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
What I desire to giue; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your seruant
Whether you will or no

Fer. My Mistris (dearest)
And I thus humble euer

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke
water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, &boord
em' Seruant Monster, drinke to me

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but fiue vpon this Isle; we are three of them,
if th' other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters

Ste. Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy
eies are almost set in thy head

Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a
braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile

Ste. My man—Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam
ere I could recouer the shore, fiue and thirtie Leagues
off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant
Monster, or my Standard

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet
say nothing neither

Ste. Moone—calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
a good Moone—calfe

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe:
He not serue him, he is not valiant

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case
to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou,
was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much
Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my

Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such
a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If
you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's
my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,
I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariell inuisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Island

Ariell. Thou lyest

Cal. Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not lye

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth

Scoena Secunda.

Trin. Why, I said nothing

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)
But this Thing dare not

Ste. That's most certaine

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee

Ste. How now shall this be compast?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch:
I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him
Where the quicke Freshes are

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this
hand, Ile turne my mercie out o' doores, and make a

Scoena Secunda.

Stockfish of thee

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?
Ariell. Thou liest

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,
As you like this, giue me the lye another time

Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and
hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your
fingers

Cal. Ha, ha, ha

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand
further off

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too

Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them

Scoena Secunda.

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtensils (for so he calles them)
Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman
But onely Sycorax my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st do's least

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth braue brood

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and Trinculo
and thy selfe shall be Viceroyes:
Dost thou like the plot Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:
But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour

Ariell. This will I tell my Master

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure,
Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch
You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason,
Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs sing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,
Thought is free

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture
of No-body

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:
If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list

Trin. O forgiue me my sinnes

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;
Mercy vpon vs

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe

Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd

Ste. That shall be by and by:
I remember the storie

Trin. The sound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke

Ste. Leade Monster,
Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,
He layes it on

Trin. Wilt come?
He follow Stephano.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco,

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth-rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes must rest me

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolu'd t' effect

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (inuisible:)
Enter seuerall strange shapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance

Scena Tertia.

about it with
gentle actions of salutations, and inuiting the King, to eate,
they
depart.

Seb. I say to night: no more

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke

Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke

Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heaue[n]s: what were these?

Seb. A liuing Drolerie: now I will beleeeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in Arabia
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this houre reigning there

Ant. Ile beleeeue both:
And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile besworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they beleeeue me?
If I should say I saw such Islands;
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any

Pro. Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;
Are worse then diuels

Scena Tertia.

Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse

Pro. Praise in departing

Fr. They vanish'd strangely

Seb. No matter, since
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue stomacks.
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Boyes
Who would beleeeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of

Al. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last, no matter, since I feele
The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his
wings vpon
the Table, and with a quient deuice the Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
 That hath to instrument this lower world,
 And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,
 Hath caus'd to belch vp you: and on this Island,
 Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
 Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
 And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
 Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
 Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
 Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
 Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
 And will not be vplifted: But remember
 (For that's my businesse to you) that you three
 From Millaine did supplant good Prospero,
 Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
 The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
 Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
 Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonso
 They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
 Lingring perdition (worse then any death
 Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
 You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
 Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals
 Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
 And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the shapes
 againe,
 and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, hast thou
 Perform'd (my Ariell) a grace it had deuouring:
 Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou had'st to say: so with good life,
 And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their seuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
 And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
 In their distractions: they now are in my powre;
 And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit
 Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppose is droun'd)
 And his, and mine lou'd darling

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did base my Trespasse,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded.

Enter.

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore

Ant. Ile be thy Second.

Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt. omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O Ferdinand,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her

Fer. I doe beleeeue it
Against an Oracle

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
Our worser Genius can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,

Shakespeare's First Folio

When I shall thinke, or Phoebus Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below

Pro. Fairely spoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
What Ariell; my industrious serua[n]t Ariell.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate Ariell: doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Enter.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th' fire ith' blood: be more abstenious,
Or else good night your vow

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer

Pro. Well.
Now come my Ariell, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly.

Soft musick.

No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Enter Iris.

Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie Aprill, at thy hest betrimms;
To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes; & thy broomegroues;
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues,
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue these, &with her soueraigne grace,

Iuno descends.

Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertaine.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of Iupiter:
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles'd Louers

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If Venus or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie Dis, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
I haue forsworne

Ir. Of her societie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos: and her Son
Doe-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid

Till Hymens Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out

Cer. Highest Queene of State,
Great Iuno comes, I know her by her gate

Iu. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue.

They sing.

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourely ioyes, be still vpon you,
Iuno sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Haruest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you

Fer. This is a most maiesticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies

Fer. Let me liue here euer,

Shakespeare's First Folio

So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
Makes this place Paradise

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and Ceres whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald Nayades of y windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes,
Leaue your crispe channels, and on this green-Land
Answer your summons, Iuno do's command.
Come temperate Nimphes, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nimphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyn with the
Nimphes,
in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero starts
sodainly
and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse,
they
heauily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast Calliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd sort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

Enter.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee Ariell: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented Ceres
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Least I might anger thee

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th' chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeues

Ar. I go, I goe.

Enter.

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, Enter Caliban,
Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell

St. Monster, your Fairy, w you say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet

Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island
Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caliban
For aye thy foot-licker

Ste. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts

Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
frippery, O King Stephano

Ste. Put off that gowne (Trinculo) by this hand Ile
haue that gowne

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you meane
To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,

Make vs strange stuffe

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this
my Ierkin? how is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin
you are like to lose your haire, &proue a bald Ierkin

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and't
like your grace

Ste. I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't:
Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this
Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe
of pate: there's another garment for't

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fingers,
and away with the rest

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this
away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you
out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this

Tri. And this

Ste. I, and this.

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs
and
Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes
With aged Cramps, &more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine

Ari. Harke, they rore

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me seruice.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes vpriht with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,
Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the Line-groue which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzallo,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relish all as sharpely,
Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them Ariell,
My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,
And they shall be themselues

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Enter.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, sta[n]ding lakes &groues,
 And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
 Doe chase the ebbing Neptune, and doe flie him
 When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
 By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
 Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce
 To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
 (Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
 The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
 And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
 Haue I giuen fire, and rifted Ioues stowt Oke
 With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
 Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
 The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
 Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
 I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
 Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
 To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
 This Ayrie-charme is for, I'll breake my staffe,
 Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
 And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
 Ile drowne my booke.

Solemne musicke.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke gesture,
 attended
 by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by
 Adrian and
 Francisco: They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and
 there
 stand charm'd: which Prospero obseruing, speakes.

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
 To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
 (Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
 For you are Spell-stopt.

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,
And as the morning steales vpon the night
(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reason. O good Gonzallo
My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly
Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Ariell,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime Millaine: quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow

Pro. Why that's my dainty Ariell: I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so,
To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pre'thee

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate.

Enter.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: some heavenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of Millaine, Prospero:
For more assurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome

Ala. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not sweare

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
And iustifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankest fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore

Alo. If thou beest Prospero
Giue vs particulars of thy preseruatiō,
How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since
Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne Ferdinand

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue lost my daughter

Alb. A daughter?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in Naples
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oozie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoeu'r you haue
Beene iustled from your sences, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Millaine, who most strangely
Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome since you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at
Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false

Fer. No my dearest loue,
I would not for the world

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,

And I would call it faire play

Alo. If this proue
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose

Seb. A most high miracle

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cause

Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankind is? O braue new world
That has such people in't

Pro. 'Tis new to thee

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,
Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer saw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a second life; and second Father

This Lady makes him to me

Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgiuenesse?

Pro. There Sir stop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heuinesse that's gon

Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither

Alo. I say Amen, Gonzallo

Gon. Was Millaine thrust from Millaine, that his Issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did Claribell her husband finde at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost: Prospero, his Dukedome
In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,
When no man was his owne

Alo. Giue me your hands:
Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you ioy

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That swear'st Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea

Ar. Sir, all this seruice
Haue I done since I went

Pro. My tricksey Spirit

Alo. These are not naturall euent, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou shalt be free

Al. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolue you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Caliban, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their
stolne
Apparell.

Ste. Euery man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: Coragio Bully—Monster Coragio

Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly sight

Cal. O Setebos, these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chastise me

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are these, my Lord Anthonio?

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knave;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controule the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine

Cal. I shall be pincht to death

Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?

Alo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing

Seb. Why how now Stephano?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Cramp

Pro. You'ld be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a sore one then

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,
And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it

Seb. Or stole it rather

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
Euery third thought shall be my graue

Alo. I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the eare strangely

Pro. I'll deliuer all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My Ariel; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

Exeunt. omnes.

EPILOGVE, spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.
Which is most faint: now 'tis true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my proiect failes,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Enter.

The–, an vn–inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K[ing]. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.
Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a saluage and deformed slaue.
Trinculo, a Iester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boate–Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariell, an ayrie spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Iuno
Nymphes
Reapers
Spirits.

FINIS. THE TEMPEST.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine. Cease to perswade, my louing Protheus;
Home-keeping youth, haue euer homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine adew,
Thinke on thy Protheus, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy trauaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, Valentine

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee

Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe loue,
How yong Leander crost the Hellespont

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-shoes in loue

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer swom the Hellespont

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not

Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with grones:
Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes: one fading moments mirth,
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights;
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;
If lost, why then a grieuous labour won;
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue

Pro. 'Tis Loue you cauill at, I am not Loue

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd

Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine

Val. Sweet Protheus, no: Now let vs take our leaue:
To Millaine let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visite thee with mine

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in Millaine

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell.

Enter

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou Iulia, thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought

Sp. Sir Protheus: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for Millain

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,
and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I
wake or sleepe

Pro. A silly answere, and fitting well a Sheepe

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my

Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,
the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou
for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe

Sp. Such another prooffe will make me cry baa

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter
to Iulia?

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her
(a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a
lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of
Muttons

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were best
sticke her

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound
you

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for carrying
your Letter

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your loue

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I

Pro. Nod—I, why that's noddie

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;
And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I

Pro. And that set together is noddie

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it together,
take it for your paines

Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter

Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Hauing nothing but the word noddie for my paines

Pro. Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what
said she

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter
may be both at once deliuered

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.
Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains:
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cestern'd me;
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your
selfe; And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish hauing thee aboarde,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:
I must goe send some better Messenger,
I feare my Iulia would not daigne my lines,

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Receiuing them from such a worthlesse post.

Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But say Lucetta (now we are alone)
Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully

Iul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
That euery day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,
According to my shallow simple skill

Iu. What thinkst thou of the faire sir Eglamoure?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he neuer should be mine

Iu. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so

Iu. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs

Iu. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen

Iu. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best

Iul. Your reason?

Lu. I haue no other but a womans reason:
I thinke him so, because I thinke him so

Iul. And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your loue not cast away

Iul. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me

Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye

Iul. His little speaking, shewes his loue but small

Lu. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue

Lu. Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue

Iul. I would I knew his minde

Lu. Peruse this paper Madam

Iul. To Iulia: say, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will shew

Iul. Say, say: who gaue it thee?

Lu. Sir Valentines page: &sent I think from Protheus;
He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray

Iul. Now (by my modesty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else returne no more into my sight

Lu. To plead for loue, deserues more fee, then hate

Iul. Will ye be gon?

Lu. That you may ruminare.

Enter.

Iul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;
It were a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,
Which they would haue the profferer construe, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish loue;
That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,

And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?
How churlishly, I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly, I would haue had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?
My pennance is, to call Lucetta backe
And aske remission, for my folly past.
What hoe: Lucetta

Lu. What would your Ladiship?

Iul. Is't neere dinner time?

Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
And not vpon your Maid

Iu. What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing

Iu. Why didst thou stoope then?

Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall

Iul. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me

Iul. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter

Iul. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set

Iul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:

Best sing it to the tune of Light O, Loue

Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune

Iu. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

Iu. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high

Iu. Let's see your Song:

How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune

Iu. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe

Iu. You (Minion) are too saucie

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;

And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song

Iu. The meane is dround with you vnruely base

Lu. Indeede I bid the base for Protheus

Iu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;

Here is a coile with protestation:

Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:

You would be fingring them, to anger me

Lu. She makes it stra[n]ge, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter

Iu. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;
Iniurious Waspes, to feede on such sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;
Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde Iulia: vnkinde Iulia,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdaine.
And here is writ, Loue wounded Protheus.
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse.
But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies

Iu. Well, let vs goe

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

Iu. If you respect them; best to take them vp

Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold

Iu. I see you haue a months minde to them

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you iudge I winke

Iu. Come, come, wilt please you goe.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me Panthino, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew Protheus, your Sonne

Ant. Why? what of him?

Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discouer Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Vniuersities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry atchieu'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull Valentine,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court

Ant. I know it well

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
(thither,
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of euery Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:
And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Euen with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are iourning, to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their seruice to his will

Ant. Good company: with them shall Protheus go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him

Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To seale our happinesse with their consents

Pro. Oh heauenly Iulia

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;
Deliuier'd by a friend, that came from him

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone prouided,
Please you deliberate a day or two

Ant. Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:

Shakespeare's First Folio

No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on Panthino; you shall be imployd,
To hasten on his Expedition

Pro. Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my Father Iulias Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my loue.
Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away

Pan. Sir Protheus, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in hast, therefore I pray you go

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia

Speed. Sir, your Gloue

Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah Siluia, Siluia

Speed. Madam Siluia: Madam Siluia

Val. How now Sirha?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow

Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam Siluia?

Speed. Shee that your worship loues?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you haue
learn'd (like Sir Protheus) to wreath your Armes like a
Male-content: to relish a Loue-song, like a Robin-redbreast:
to walke alone like one that had the pestilence:
to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his A.B.C. to
weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Masse:
You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I
looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master

Val. Are all these things perceiu'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye

Val. Without me? they cannot

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady Siluia?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane

Speed. Why sir, I know her not

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-fauour'd, sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fauourd?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her fauour infinite

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other
out of all count

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty

Speed. You neuer saw her since she was deform'd

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Euer since you lou'd her

Val. I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull

Speed. If you loue her, you cannot see her

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir Protheus, for going vngarter'd

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing deformitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not see to garter his hose; and you, beeing in loue, cannot see to put on your hose

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last morning You could not see to wipe my shooes

Speed. True sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the

bolder to chide you, for yours

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would
cease

Val. Last night she enioyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loues

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n: heer's a million of
manners

Sil. Sir Valentine, and seruant, to you two thousand

Speed. He should giue her interest: & she giues it him

Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerklydone

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet –

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet

Val. What meanes your Ladiship?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,
But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them

Val. Madam, they are for you

Silu. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,
And if it please you, so: if not: why so:

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow Seruant.

Exit. Sil.

Speed. Oh Iest vnseene: inscrutable: inuisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Tutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?
That my master being scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?

What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you y haue the reason

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam Siluia

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When shee hath made you write to your selfe?

Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?

Val. No, beleeue me

Speed. No beleeuing you indeed sir:

But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend

Speed. And y letter hath she deliuer'd, &there an end

Val. I would it were no worse

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messe[n]ger, y might her mind discouer
Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her loue.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time

Val. I haue dyn'd

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like
your Mistresse, be moued, be moued.

Exeunt.

Scoena secunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle Iulia:

Iul. I must where is no remedy

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy Iulia's sake

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this

Iul. And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (Iulia) for thy sake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnesse:
My father staies my comming: answere not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?
I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it

Panth. Sir Protheus: you are staid for

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scoena secunda.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the Launces, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperialls Court: I thinke Crab my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pittie in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my selfe: I; so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares

Panth. Launce, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the

matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose
the Tide, if you tarry any longer

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the
vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, Crab my dog

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and
in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy
voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master,
loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: – why
dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale

Panth. In thy Taile

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master,
and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer
were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde
were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes

Panth. Come: come away man, I was sent to call
thee

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'st

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Seruant

Val. Mistris

Spee. Master, Sir Thurio frownes on you

Val. I Boy, it's for loue

Spee. Not of you

Val. Of my Mistresse then

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him

Sil. Seruant, you are sad

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts

Val. So doe you

Thu. What seeme I that I am not?

Val. Wise

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly

Thu. And how quoad you my folly?

Val. I quoad it in your Ierkin

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio, do you change colour?

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of Camelion

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud,
then liue in your ayre

Val. You haue said Sir

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time

Val. I know it wel sir, you alwaies end ere you begin

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentleme[n], & quickly shot off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer

Sil. Who is that Seruant?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,
Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladiships looks,
And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall
make your wit bankrupt

Val. I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of words,
And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers:
For it appeares by their bare Liueries
That they liue by your bare words

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father

Duk. Now, daughter Siluia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father is in good health,
What say you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,
To any happy messenger from thence

Duk. Know ye Don Antonio, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues
The honor, and regard of such a father

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my selfe: for from our Infancie
We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together,
And though my selfe haue beene an idle Trewant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:
Yet hath Sir Protheus (for that's his name)
Made vse, and faire aduantage of his daies:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;
And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)
He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman

Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you

Val. Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Siluia, I speake to you, and you Sir Thurio,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall lookes

Sil. Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes

Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all

Val. To see such Louers, Thurio, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke

Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes y gentleman

Val. Welcome, deer Protheus: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse

Val. Leaue off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant

Pro. My dutie will I boast of, nothing else

Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse

Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with you

Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir Thurio,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you

Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship

Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?

Pro. Your frends are wel, &haue the[m] much co[m]mended

Val. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health

Val. How does your Lady? &how thriues your loue?

Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,

I know you ioy not in a Loue--discourse

Val. I Protheus, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle Protheus, Loue's a mighty Lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?

Val. Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon

Val. Call her diuine

Pro. I will not flatter her

Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises

Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pils,
And I must minister the like to you

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth

Pro. Except my Mistresse

Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Loue

Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a fauor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swalling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlastingly

Pro. Why Valentine, what Bragadisme is this?

Val. Pardon me (Protheus) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone

Pro. Then let her alone

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riual that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st is full of iealousie.)

Pro. But she loues you?

Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage howre,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good Protheus goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessaries, that I needs must vse,
And then Ile presently attend you

Val. Will you make haste?

Enter.

Pro. I will.
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or Valentines praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shée is faire: and so is Iulia that I loue,
(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainst a fire
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to Valentine is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reason I loue him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty welcome to Padua

Laun. Forsweare not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of fiue pence, thou shalt haue fiue thousand welcomes: But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam Iulia?

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in iest

Spee. But shall she marry him?

Lau. No

Spee. How then? shall he marry her?

Lau. No, neither

Spee. What, are they broken?

Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fish

Spee. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her

Spee. What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?
My staffe vnderstands me?

Spee. What thou saist?

Lau. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,
and my staffe vnderstands me

Spee. It stands vnder thee indeed

Lau. Why, stand–vnder: and vnder–stand is all one

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say
no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it
will

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will

Lau. Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but
by a parable

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so: but Launce, how saist
thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?

Lau. I neuer knew him otherwise

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to
bee

Spee. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy
Master

Spee. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne
himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Alehouse:
if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth
the name of a Christian

Spee. Why?

Lau. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as
to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy seruice.

Exeunt.

Scoena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leaue my Iulia; shall I be forsworne?
To loue faire Siluia; shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.
Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for-sweare;
O sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolued will,
To learne his wit, t' exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue.

Scoena Sexta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Iulia I loose, and Valentine I loose,
If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:
If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,
For Valentine, my selfe: for Iulia, Siluia.
I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,
And Siluia (witnessse heauen that made her faire)
Shewes Iulia but a swarthy Ethiopie.
I will forget that Iulia is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And Valentine Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at Siluia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,
Without some treachery vs'd to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celestiall Siluia's chamber window,
My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
Now presently Ile giue her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will banish Valentine:
For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter,
But Valentine being gon, Ile quickly crosse
By some slie tricke, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Enter.

Scoena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Counsaile, Lucetta, gentle girle assist me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing Protheus

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long

Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such diuine perfection as Sir Protheus

Luc. Better forbeare, till Protheus make returne

Iul. Oh, know'st y not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Lest it should burne aboue the bounds of reason

Iul. The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with th' enameld stones,
Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nookes he straies
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in Elizium

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loose encounters of lasciuious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weedes
As may beseeme some well reputed Page

Luc. Why then your Ladship must cut your haire

Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your breeches?

Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (Lucetta.)

Luc. You must needs haue the[m] with a cod-peece Ma[dam]

Iul. Out, out, (Lucetta) that wilbe illfauourd

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnlesse you haue a cod-peece to stick pins on

Iul. Lucetta, as thou lou'st me let me haue
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking so vnstaid a iourney?
I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and go not

Iul. Nay, that I will not

Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:
If Protheus like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:

I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all

Iul. That is the least (Lucetta) of my feare:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus

Luc. All these are seruants to deceitfull men

Iul. Base men, that vse them to so base effect;
But truer starres did gouerne Protheus birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth

Luc. Pray heau'n he proue so when you come to him

Iul. Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me vpon my longing iourney:
All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answere not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke. Sir Thurio, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious fauours
Done to me (vnderseuing as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court.
But fearing lest my iealous ayme might erre,
And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)
I gaue him gentle looks, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:
And thence she cannot be conuay'd away

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuiz'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:

For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly
That my discouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming

Duk. Sir Valentine, whether away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court

Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio, to my daughter

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duk. No, trust me, She is peeuish, sullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,

And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my possessions she esteemes not

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in Verona heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bestow my selfe
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their silent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best co[n]tents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For scorne at first, makes after-loue the more.
If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman

Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept seuerely from resort of men,
That no man hath accesse by day to her

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night

Val. What letts but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would serue to scale another Hero's towre,
So bold Leander would aduenture it

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder

Val. When would you vse it? pray sir, tell me that

Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for euery thing that he can come by

Val. By seauen a clock, ile get you such a Ladder

**Duk But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?**

**Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length**

Duk. A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length

Val. Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?

I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this same? what's here? to Siluia?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.
My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia nightly,
And slaues they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge where (senceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest—them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune.
I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should be.
What's here? Siluia, this night I will enfranchise thee.
'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why Phaeton (for thou art Merops sonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heauenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Goe base Intruder, ouer—weening Slaue,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too—much) I haue bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?

To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
And Siluia is my selfe: banish'd from her
Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
What light, is light, if Siluia be not seene?

What ioy is ioy, if Siluia be not by?
Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Siluia in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on Siluia in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out

Lau. So-hough, Soa hough-

Pro. What seest thou?

Lau. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a Valentine

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing

Lau. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Lau. Nothing

Pro. Villaine, forbear

Lau. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you

Pro. Sirha, I say forbear: friend Valentine, a word

Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath possest them

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, vn-tuneable, and bad

Val. Is Siluia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine

Val. No Valentine indeed, for sacred Siluia,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, Valentine

Val. No Valentine, if Siluia haue forsworne me.
What is your newes?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, y you are vanished

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from Siluia, and from me thy friend

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth Siluia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome
(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer-shedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But Valentine, if he be tane, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bidding there

Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'st Siluia (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me

Val. I pray thee Launce, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-gate

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come Valentine

Val. Oh my deere Siluia; haplesse Valentine

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but
that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who

'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Catelog of her Condition. Inprimis. Shee can fetch and carry: why a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. Item. She can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands

Speed. How now Signior Launce? what newes with your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that euer thou heard'st

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canst not read

Sp. Thou lyeest: I can

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper

La. There: and S[aint]. Nicholas be thy speed

Sp. Inprimis she can milke

La. I that she can

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (Blessing of
your heart, you brew good Ale.)

Sp. Item, she can sowe

La. That's as much as to say (Can she so?)

Sp. Item she can knit

La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?

Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be
wash'd, and scowr'd

Sp. Item, she can spin

La. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when she
can spin for her liuing

Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues

La. That's as much as to say Bastard-vertues: that
indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no
names

Sp. Here follow her vices

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues

Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her
breath

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfast:
read on

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth

La. That makes amends for her soure breath

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her
talke

Sp. Item, she is slow in words

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womans onely vertue:
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue

Sp. Item, she is proud

La. Out with that too:
It was Eues legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her

Sp. Item, she hath no teeth

La. I care not for that neither: because I loue crusts

Sp. Item, she is curst

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite

Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor

La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not,
I will; for good things should be praised

Sp. Item, she is too liberall

La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe
she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile
keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that
cannot I helpe. Well, proceede

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more
faults then haire, and more wealth then faults

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more

Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haire

La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out

Sp. And more wealth then faults

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master staies for thee at the North gate

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee

Sp. And must I goe to him?

La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serue the turne

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue
Letters

La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter;
An vnmanly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets:
He after, to reioyce in the boyes correctio[n].

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir Thurio, feare not, but that she will loue you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight

Th. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her

Du. This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlesse Valentine shall be forgot.
How now sir Protheus, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord

Du. My daughter takes his going grieuously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grieffe

Du. So I beleeeue: but Thurio thinkes not so:
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace

Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene sir Thurio, and my daughter?

Pro. I doe my Lord

Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here

Du. I, and peruersly, she perseuers so:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The loue of Valentine, and loue sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine,
With falsehood, cowardize, and poore descent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate

Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate

Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend

Du. Then you must vndertake to slander him

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend

Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your slander neuer can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend

Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue loue to him:
But say this weede her loue from Valentine,
It followes not that she will loue sir Thurio

Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,
You must prouide to bottome it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir Valentine

Du. And Protheus, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on Valentines report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue accesse,
Where you, with Siluia, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heauy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong Valentine, and loue my friend

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you sir Thurio, are not sharpe enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes

Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poesie

Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discouer such integrity:
For Orpheus Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge Leuiathans
Forsake vnsounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her

Du. This discipline, shoves thou hast bin in loue

Th. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne
To giue the on-set to thy good aduise

Du. About it Gentlemen

Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings

Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

1.Outl. Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger

2.Out. If there be ten, shrinke not, but down with 'em

3.Out. Stand sir, and throw vs that you haue about 'ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you

Sp. Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much

Val. My friends

1.Out. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies

2.Out. Peace: we'll heare him

3.Out. I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man

Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I haue

2.Out. Whether trauell you?

Val. To Verona

1.Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Millaine

3.Out. Haue you long soiourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me

1.Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was

2.Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery

1.Out. Why nere repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banisht for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome

2.Out. Haue you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable

3.Out. By the bare scalpe of Robin Hoods fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction

1.Out. We'll haue him: Sirs, a word

Sp. Master, be one of them:

It's an honourable kinde of theeury

Val. Peace villaine

2.Out. Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune

3.Out. Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My selfe was from Verona banished,
For practising to steale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke

2.Out. And I from Mantua, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart

1.Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;
And partly seeing you are beautifide
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want

2.Out. Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, aboue the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And liue as we doe in this wilderness?

3.Out. What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King

1.Out. But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest

2.Out. Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue offer'd

Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you,
Prouided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poore passengers

3.Out. No, we detest such vile base practises.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And show thee all the Treasure we haue got;
Which, with our selues, all rest at thy dispose.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Host, Musitian, Siluia.

Pro. Already haue I bin false to Valentine,
And now I must be as vniust to Thurio,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue accesse my owne loue to prefer.
But Siluia is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne
In breaking faith with Iulia, whom I lou'd;
And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
The least whereof would quell a louers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window,
And giue some euening Musique to her eare

Th. How now, sir Protheus, are you crept before vs?

Pro. I gentle Thurio, for you know that loue
Will creepe in seruice, where it cannot goe

Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here

Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence

Th. Who, Siluia?

Pro. I, Siluia, for your sake

Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and too it lustily a while

Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it?

Iu. Marry (mine Host) because I cannot be merry

Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where
you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
you ask'd for

Iu. But shall I heare him speake

Ho. I that you shall

Iu. That will be Musique

Ho. Harke, harke

Iu. Is he among these?

Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm

Song. Who is Siluia? what is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wise is she,
The heauen such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.
Is she kinde as she is faire?
For beauty liues with kindnesse:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Siluia, let vs sing,
That Siluia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring

Ho. How now? are you sadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not

Iu. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Iu. He plaies false (father.)

Ho. How, out of tune on the strings

Iu. Not so: but yet
So false that he grieues my very heart-strings

Ho. You haue a quicke eare

Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow heart

Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Musique

Iu. Not a whit, when it iars so

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique

Iu. I: that change is the spight

Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing

Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
But Host, doth this Sir Protheus, that we talke on,
Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what Launce his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke

Iu. Where is Launce?

Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his
Masters command, hee must carry for a present to his
Lady

Iu. Peace, stand aside, the company parts

Pro. Sir Thurio, feare not you, I will so pleade,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels

Th. Where meete we?

Pro. At Saint Gregories well

Th. Farewell

Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship

Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it

Pro. Sir Protheus (gentle Lady) and your Seruant

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compasse yours

Sil. You haue your wish: my will is euen this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, periur'd, false, disloyall man:
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee

Pro. I grant (sweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But she is dead

Iu. 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried

Sil. Say that she be: yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise heare that Valentine is dead

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her graue
Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth

Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine

Iul. He heard not that

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true loue

Iul. If 'twere a substance you would sure deceiue it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:
And so, good rest

Pro. As wretches haue ore-night

That wait for execution in the morne

Iul. Host, will you goe?

Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe

Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir Protheus?

Ho. Marry, at my house:

Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day

Iul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night

That ere I watch'd, and the most heauiest.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam Siluia

Entreated me to call, and know her minde:

Ther's some great matter she'ld employ me in.

Madam, Madam

Sil. Who cals?

Eg. Your seruant, and your friend;

One that attends your Ladiships command

Sil. Sir Eglamore, a thousand times good morrow

Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:

According to your Ladiships impose,

I am thus early come, to know what seruice

It is your pleasure to command me in

Sil. Oh Eglamoure, thou art a Gentleman:
 Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
 Valiant, wise, remorse-full, well accomplish'd.
 Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
 I beare vnto the banish'd Valentine:
 Nor how my father would enforce me marry
 Vaine Thurio (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
 Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say
 No grieve did euer come so neere thy heart,
 As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
 Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
 Sir Eglamoure: I would to Valentine
 To Mantua, where I heare, he makes aboard;
 And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
 I doe desire thy worthy company,
 Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.
 Vrge not my fathers anger (Eglamoure)
 But thinke vpon my grieve (a Ladies grieve)
 And on the iustice of my flying hence,
 To keepe me from a most vnholly match,
 Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.
 I doe desire thee, euen from a heart
 As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
 To beare me company, and goe with me:
 If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,
 That I may venture to depart alone

Egl. Madam, I pittie much your grieuances,
 Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
 I giue consent to goe along with you,
 Wreaking as little what betideth me,
 As much, I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you goe?

Sil. This euening comming

Eg. Where shall I meete you?

Sil. At Frier Patrickes Cell,
 Where I intend holy Confession

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
 Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir Eglamoure.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a present to Mistris Siluia, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would haue (as one should say) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam Siluia: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe

such a tricke?

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in some seruice presently

Iu. In what you please, ile doe what I can

Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whorson pezant,
Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris Siluia the dogge you
bad me

Pro. And what saies she to my little Iewell?

La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you
currish thanks is good enough for such a present

Pro. But she receiu'd my dog?

La. No indeede did she not:
Here haue I brought him backe againe

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my sight.
Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here;
A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame:
Sebastian, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,
That can with some discretion doe my businesse:
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;
But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,

Deliuier it to Madam Siluia;
She lou'd me well, deliuier'd it to me

Iul. It seemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:
She is dead belike?

Pro. Not so: I thinke she liues

Iul. Alas

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

Iul. I cannot choose but pitty her

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pitty her?

Iul. Because, me thinkes that she lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady Siluia:
She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,
You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pitty Loue, should be so contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas

Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promise for her heauenly Picture:
Your message done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie

Iul. How many women would doe such a message?
Alas poore Protheus, thou hast entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loues her, he despiseth me,
Because I loue him, I must pitty him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would haue disprais'd.

I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true seruant to my Master,
Vnlesse I proue false traitor to my selfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed.
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to speake with Madam Siluia

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Iul. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me speake the message I am sent on

Sil. From whom?

Iul. From my Master, Sir Protheus, Madam

Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?

Iul. I, Madam

Sil. Vrsula, bring my Picture there,
Goe, giue your Master this: tell him from me,
One Iulia, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow

Iul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd
Deliu'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the Letter to your Ladship

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe

Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me

Sil. There, hold:
I will not looke vpon your Masters lines:
I know they are stuf't with protestations,

And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As easily, as I doe teare his paper

Iul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For I haue heard him say a thousand times,
His Iulia gaue it him, at his departure:
Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine shall not doe his Iulia so much wrong

Iul. She thanks you

Sil. What sai'st thou?

Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much

Sil. Do'st thou know her?

Iul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest
That I haue wept a hundred seuerall times

Sil. Belike she thinks that Protheus hath forsook her?

Iul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow

Sil. Is she not passing faire?

Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,
When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,
And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
The ayre hath staru'd the roses in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as blacke as I

Sil. How tall was she?

Iul. About my stature: for at Pentecost,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam Iulias gowne,
Which serued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Thesus periury, and vniust flight;
Which I so liuely acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)

Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke vpon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this
For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lou'st her. Farewell

Iul. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know her.

A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris loue so much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is Aburne, mine is perfect Yellow;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine.
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respectiue in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riual: O thou sencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there sence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.

Ile vse thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
That vs'd me so: or else by Ioue, I vow,
I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That Siluia, at Fryer Patricks Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy euening

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies

Egl. Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are sure enough.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir Protheus, what saies Siluia to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person

Thu. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little

Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat rounder

Pro. But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes

Thu. What saies she to my face?

Pro. She saies it is a faire one

Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes

Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war

Thu. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace

Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace

Thu. What sayes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that

Iul. She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize

Thu. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriu'd

Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole

Thu. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them

Thu. Wherefore?

Iul. That such an Asse should owe them

Pro. That they are out by Lease

Iul. Here comes the Duke

Du. How now sir Protheus; how now Thurio?

Which of you saw Eglamoure of late?

Thu. Not I

Pro. Nor I

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither

Du. Why then

She's fled vnto that pezant, Valentine;
And Eglamoure is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Frier Laurence met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides she did intend Confession
At Patricks Cell this euen, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meete with me
Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward Mantua, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me

Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reueng'd on Eglamoure,
Then for the loue of reck-lesse Siluia

Pro. And I will follow, more for Siluias loue
Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her

Iul. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue
Then hate for Siluia, that is gone for loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Outlawes.

1.Out. Come, come be patient:
We must bring you to our Captaine

Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brooke this patiently

2 Out. Come, bring her away

1 Out. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3 Out. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But Moyse and Valerius follow him:
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vse a woman lawlesly

Sil. O Valentine: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Outlawes.

Val. How vse doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vn-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, Siluia:
Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy forlorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.

Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes heere?

Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you
(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)

Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while

Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am

Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I haue made you happy

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy

Iul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence

Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a breakfast to the Beast,
Rather then haue false Protheus reskue me:

Oh heauen be iudge how I loue Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false periur'd Protheus:
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd

Sil. When Protheus cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer Iulia's heart, (thy first best Loue)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into periury, to loue me,
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend

Pro. In Loue,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye

Sil. Oh heauen

Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire

Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion

Pro. Valentine

Val. Thou co[m]mon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldst disproue me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the bosome? Protheus
I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst.
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit

Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence th' Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in Siluia, I giue thee

Iul. Oh me vnhappy

Pro. Looke to the Boy

Val. Why, Boy?
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: speak

Iul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam Siluia: w (out of my neglect) was neuer done

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it

Pro. How? let me see.

Why this is the ring I gaue to Iulia

Iul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke:

This is the ring you sent to Siluia

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart

I gaue this vnto Iulia

Iul. And Iulia her selfe did giue it me,

And Iulia her selfe hath brought it hither

Pro. How? Iulia?

Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.

How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?

Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,

Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue

In a disguise of loue?

It is the lesser blot modesty findes,

Women to change their shapes, then men their minds

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man

But Constant, he were perfect; that one error

Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;

Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:

What is in Siluia's face, but I may spie

More fresh in Iulia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes

Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer

Iul. And I mine

Outl. A prize: a prize: a prize

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine

Duke. Sir Valentine?

Thu. Yonder is Siluia: and Siluia's mine

Val. Thurio giue backe; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Doe not name Siluia thine: if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue

Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:
I claime her not, and therefore she is thine

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leaue her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,

Take thou thy Siluia, for thou hast deseru'd her

Val. I thank your Grace, y gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:
Come Protheus, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The story of your Loues discouered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse.

Exeunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia.

Valentine.

Protheus. the two Gentlemen.

Anthonio: father to Protheus.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her escape.

Host: where Iulia lodges.

Outlawes with Valentine.

Speed: a clownish seruant to Valentine.

Launce: the like to Protheus.

Panthion: seruant to Antonio.

Iulia: beloued of Protheus.

Siluia: beloued of Valentine.

Lucetta: waighting—woman to Iulia.

FINIS. THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page,
Falstoffe,
Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse
Page, Simple.

Shallow. Sir Hugh, perswade me not: I will make a StarChamber
matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir
Iohn Falstoffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow
Esquire

Slen. In the County of Glocester, Iustice of Peace and Coram

Shal. I (Cosen Slender) and Custalorum

Slen. I, and Ratolorum too; and a Gentleman borne
(Master Parson) who writes himselfe Armigero, in any
Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigero

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three
hundred yeeres

Slen. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't:
and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they
may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate

Shal. It is an olde Coate

Euans. The dozen white Lowses doe become an old
Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to
man, and signifies Loue

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old
Coate

Slen. I may quarter (Coz)

Shal. You may, by marrying

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it

Shal. Not a whit

Euan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir Iohn Falstaffe haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your vizaments in that

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity

Slen. Mistris Anne Page? she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman

Euans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-sire vpon his deathsbed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrections) giue, when she is able to ouertake seunteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master Abraham, and Mistris Anne Page

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest Mr Page: is Falstaffe there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir Iohn is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. Page. What hoa? Got-plesse your house heere

Mr.Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Iustice Shallow, and heere yong Master Slender: that peraduentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings

Mr.Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thanke you for my Venison Master Shallow

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill killd: how doth good Mistresse Page? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart

M.Page. Sir, I thanke you

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe

M.Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard
say he was out-run on Cotsall

M.Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir

Slen. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:
'tis a good dogge

M.Pa. A Cur, Sir

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there
be more said? he is good, and faire. Is Sir Iohn Falstaffe
heere?

M.Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a
good office betweene you

Euan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page.)

M.Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that
so (M[aster]. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a
word he hath: beleeeue me, Robert Shallow Esquire, saith

he is wronged

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir Iohn

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd

Fal. I will answere it strait, I haue done all this:
That is now answer'd

Shal. The Councell shall know this

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell:
you'll be laugh'd at

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir Iohn) good worts

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; Slender, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, Bardolf, Nym, and Pistoll

Bar. You Banbery Cheese

Slen. I, it is no matter

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. I, it is no matter

Nym. Slice, I say; pauca, pauca: Slice, that's my humor

Slen. Where's Simple my man? can you tell, Cosen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master Page (fidelicet Master Page,) &there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Garter

Ma.Pa. We three to hear it, &end it between them

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can

Fal. Pistoll

Pist. He heares with eares

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations

Fal. Pistoll, did you picke M[aster]. Slenders purse?

Slen. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two Edward Shouelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of Yead Miller: by these gloues

Fal. Is this true, Pistoll?

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir Iohn, and
Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe:
word of deniall in thy labras here; word of denial; froth,
and scum thou liest

Slen. By these gloues, then 'twas he

Nym. Be auis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will
say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor
on me, that is the very note of it

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for
though I cannot remember what I did when you made
me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse

Fal. What say you Scarlet, and Iohn?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had
drunke himselfe out of his fiue sentences

Eu. It is his fiue sences: fie, what the ignorance is

Bar. And being fap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and
so conclusions past the Careires

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter;
Ile nere be drunk whilst I liue againe, but in honest,
ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile
be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not
with drunken knaues

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen;
you heare it

Mr.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll
drinke within

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Mistresse Anne Page

Mr.Page. How now Mistris Ford?

Fal. Mistris Ford, by my troth you are very wel met:
by your leaue good Mistris

Mr.Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come,
we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen,
I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke
of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now Simple, where
haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you
haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to
Alice Short-cake vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore
Michaelmas

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word
with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender,
a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir Hugh here:
doe you vnderstand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so,
I shall doe that that is reason

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me

Slen. So I doe Sir

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (Mr. Slender) I will
description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow saies: I
pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie,
simple though I stand here

Euan. But that is not the question: the question is
concerning your marriage

Shal. I, there's the point Sir

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi[stis]. An Page

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any reasonable
demands

Eu. But can you affection the 'oman, let vs command
to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers
Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth:
therfore precisely, ca[n] you carry your good wil to y maid?

Sh. Cosen Abraham Slender, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that
would doe reason

Eu. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake
possitable, if you can carry—her your desires towards her

Shal. That you must:
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?
Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your
request (Cosen) in any reason

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz):
What I doe is to pleasure you (Coz:) can you loue the
maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if
there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen
may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee
are married, and haue more occasion to know one another:
I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content:
but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely
dissolued, and dissolutely

Eu. It is a fery discretion-answer; saue the fall is in
the 'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning)
resolutely: his meaning is good

Sh. I: I thinke my Cosen meant well

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)
Sh. Here comes faire Mistris Anne; would I were
yong for your sake, Mistris Anne

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires
your worships company

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris Anne.)

Eu. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be abse[n]ce at the grace

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well

An. The dinner attends you, Sir

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe,
Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen
Shallow: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding
to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a
Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet
I liue like a poore Gentleman borne

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they
will not sit till you come

Sl. I' faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as
though I did

An. I pray you Sir walke in

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd
my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger
with a Master of Fence (three veneyes for a dish of
stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell
of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be
there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of

Sl. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell
at it, as any man in England: you are afraid if you see the
Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene
Saskerson loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the
Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so cride
and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot
abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things

Shakespeare's First Folio

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M[aster]. Slender, come; we stay for you

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir:
come, come

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir

Sl. Mistris Anne: your selfe shall goe first

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on

Sl. Truely I will not goe first: truely-la: I will not
doe you that wrong

An. I pray you Sir

Sl. Ile rather be vnmannarly, then troublesome: you
doe your selfe wrong indeede-la.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor Caius house,
which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris Quickly;
which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or
his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer

Si. Well Sir

Eu. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is
a 'oman that altogeathers acquainta[n]ce with Mistris Anne
Page; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicite
your Masters desires, to Mistris Anne Page: I pray
you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins
and Cheese to come.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistoll, Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly,
and wisely

Fal. Truely mine Host; I must turne away some of my
followers

Ho. Discard, (bully Hercules) casheere; let them wag;
trot, trot

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cesar, Keiser and Pheazar)
I will entertaine Bardolfe: he shall draw; he shall tap; said
I well (bully Hector?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host.)

Ho. I haue spoke; let him follow; let me see thee froth,
and liue: I am at a word: follow

Fal. Bardolfe, follow him: a Tapster is a good trade:
an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruingman,
a fresh Tapster: goe, adew

Ba. It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thriue

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt y the spigot wield

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor co[n]ceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his
Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull
Singer, he kept not time

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest

Pist. Conuay: the wise it call: Steale? foh: a fico for
the phrase

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift

Pist. Yong Rauens must haue foode

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about

Pist. Two yards, and more

Fal. No quips now Pistoll: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to Fords wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe the action of her familier stile, &the hardest voice of her behauior (to be english'd rightly) is, I am Sir Iohn Falstafs

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels

Pist. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another
to Pages wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes
too; examind my parts with most iudicious illiads: sometimes
the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes
my portly belly

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such
a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme
to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another
letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region
in Guiana: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to
them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they
shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to
them both: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris Page;
and thou this to Mistris Ford: we will thriue (Lads) we
will thriue

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all

Ni. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-Letter;
I will keepe the hauior of reputation

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, auant, vanish like haile-stones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seeke shelter, packe:
Falstaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted Page

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and
Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Base Phrygian Turke

Ni. I haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge

Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will discusse the humour of this Loue to Ford

Pist. And I to Page shall eke vnfold
How Falstaffe (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile

Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense Ford
to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yallownesse,
for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my
true humour

Pist. Thou art the Mars of Malecontents: I second
thee: troope on.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, Iohn Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Casement,
and see if you can see my Master, Master Docter
Caius comming: if he doe (I' faith) and finde any body
in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience,
and the Kings English

Ru. Ile goe watch

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night,
(in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest,
willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house
withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breedebate:
his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is
something peeuish that way: but no body but has his
fault: but let that passe. Peter Simple, you say your
name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better

Qu. And Master Slender's your Master?

Si. I forsooth

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a
Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with
a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as
any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with
a Warrener

Qu. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's
he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he

Qu. Well, heauen send Anne Page, no worse fortune:
Tell Master Parson Euans, I will doe what I can for your
Master: Anne is a good girle, and I wish –

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master

Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young
man: goe into this Closset: he will not stay long: what
Iohn Rugby? Iohn: what Iohn I say? goe Iohn, goe enquire
for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee
comes not home: (and downe, downe, adowne'a.

Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray
you goe and vetch me in my Closset, vnboyteere verd;
a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the
yong man he would haue bin horne-mad

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ehando, Ie man voi a le
Court la grand affaires

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket, depeech quickly:
Vere is dat knaue Rugby?

Qu. What Iohn Rugby, Iohn?

Ru. Here Sir

Ca. You are Iohn Rugby, and you are Iacke Rugby:
Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to
the Court

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: que ay ie
oublie: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not
for the varld I shall leaue behinde

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, &be mad

Ca. O Diable, Diable: vat is in my Closset?
Villanie, Laroone: Rugby, my Rapier

Qu. Good Master be content

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere
is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the
truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson
Hugh

Ca. Vell

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to -

Qu. Peace, I pray you

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid)
to speake a good word to Mistris Anne Page, for my Master
in the way of Marriage

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger
in the fire, and neede not

Ca. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, ballow mee some
paper: tarry you a littell-a-while

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin thoroughly
moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly:
but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your
Master what good I can: and the very yea, &the no is, y
French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master,
looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew,
bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and
doe all my selfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies
hand

Qui. Are you auis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great
charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding,
(to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words
of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris Anne
Page: but notwithstanding that I know Ans mind, that's
neither heere nor there

Caius. You, Iack'Nape: giue-'a this Letter to Sir
Hugh, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de
Parke, and I will teach a scuruy Iackanape Priest to
meddle, or make:- you may be gon: it is not good
you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by
gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend

Caius. It is no matter 'a ver dat: do not you tell—a-me
dat I shall haue Anne Page for my selfe? by gar, I vill
kill de Iack—Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of
de Iarterer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe
haue Anne Page

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well:
We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the goodier

Caius. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if
I haue not Anne Page, I shall turne your head out of my
dore: follow my heeles, Rugby

Qui. You shall haue An—fooles head of your owne:
No, I know Ans mind for that: neuer a woman in Windsor
knowes more of Ans minde then I doe, nor can doe
more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?
Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I
pray you

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?
Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship
to aske?
Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne?
Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and
gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by
the way, I praise heauen for it

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not
loose my suit?
Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithstanding
(Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke
shee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart aboue
your eye?
Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?
Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such

another Nan; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer
broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I
shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed)
shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing:
but for you – well – goe too –

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money
for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if
thou seest her before me, commend me. –

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell
your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue
confidence, and of other wooers

Fen. Well, fare–well, I am in great haste now

Qui. Fare–well to your Worship: truely an honest
Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know Ans
minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I
forgot.

Enter.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford,
Pistoll, Nim,
Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Mist.Page. What, haue scap'd Loue–letters in the
holly–day–time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect
for them? let me see?
Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Reason
for his precisian, hee admits him not for his Counsaillour:
you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpatheie:
you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more simpatheie:
you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better simpatheie?
Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Loue of
Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say pitty mee,

Shakespeare's First Folio

'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:
By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. Iohn Falstaffe.
What a Herod of Iurie is this? O wicked, wicked world:
One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age
To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied
Behaiour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with
The Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that he dares
In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice
In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then
Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile
Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe
of men: how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I
will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings

Mis.Ford. Mistris Page, trust me, I was going to your
house

Mis.Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you
looke very ill

Mis.Ford. Nay Ile nere beleeeue that; I haue to shew
to the contrary

Mis.Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde

Mis.Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew
you to the contrary: O Mistris Page, giue mee some
counsaile

Mis.Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi.Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect,
I could come to such honour

Mi.Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour:
what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

Mi.Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted

Mi.Page. What thou liest? Sir Alice Ford? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry

Mi.Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare: praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and welbehaued reproofe to al vncomelinesse, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

Mis.Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twentie lasciuious Turtles ere one chaste man

Mis.Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

Mis.Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost readie to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boarded me in this furie

Mi.Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile bee sure to keepe
him aboue decke

Mi.Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches,
Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's
appoint him a meeting: giue him a show of comfort in
his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee
hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter

Mi.Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against
him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty: oh
that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall
food to his iealousie

Mis.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good
man too: hee's as farre from iealousie, as I am from giuing
him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance

Mis.Ford. You are the happier woman

Mis.Page. Let's consult together against this greasie
Knight: Come hither

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires:
Sir Iohn affects thy wife

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich &poor,
both yong and old, one with another (Ford) he loues the

Gally-mawfry (Ford) perpend

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir Acteon he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell:
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away sir Corporall Nim:
Beleeue it (Page) he speakes sence

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying:
hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should haue
borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword:
and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife;
There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall
Nim: I speak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is Nim:
and Falstaffe loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour
of bread and cheese: adieu

Page. The humour of it (quoth 'a?) heere's a fellow
frights English out of his wits

Ford. I will seeke out Falstaffe

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue

Ford. If I doe finde it: well

Page. I will not beleuee such a Cataian, though the
Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well

Page. How now Meg?

Mist.Page. Whether goe you (George?) harke you

Mis.Ford. How now (sweet Frank) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe

Mis.Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,
Now: will you goe, Mistris Page?

Mis.Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner
George? Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our
Messenger to this paltrie Knight

Mis.Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: shee'll fit it

Mis.Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's good Mistresse
Anne?

Mis.Page. Go in with vs and see: we haue an houres
talke with you

Page. How now Master Ford?

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight
would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent
towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: very
rogues, now they be out of seruice

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage
toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him;
and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it
lye on my head

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee
loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident:
I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot
be thus satisfied

Page. Looke where my ranting—Host of the Garter
comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his
purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine
Host?

Host. How now Bully—Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman
Caeleiro Iustice, I say

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good—euen,
and twenty (good Master Page.) Master Page, wil you go
with vs? we haue sport in hand

Host. Tell him Caeleiro—Iustice: tell him Bully—Rooke

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir
Hugh the Welch Priest, and Caius the French Doctor

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter: a word with you

Host. What saist thou, my Bully—Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleuee mee) I heare the Parson is no Iester: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest—Caualeire?

Shal. None, I protest: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Broome: onely for a iest

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egresse and regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be Broome. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An—heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Host

Page. I haue heard the French—man hath good skill in his Rapier

Shal. Tut sir: I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master Page) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue seene the time, with my long—sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold, then fight

Ford. Though Page be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put—off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Pages house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound Falstaffe; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I,
with sword will open

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you
should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon
my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and
your Coach-fellow Nim; or else you had look'd through
the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in
hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were
good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mistresse
Briget lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour
thou hadst it not

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteene
pence?

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ile endanger
my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about
mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a
throng, to your Mannor of Pickt-hatch: goe, you'll not
beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand vpon your
honor: why, (thou vnconfinable basenesse) it is as much
as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise:
I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on
the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am
faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you
Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes,
your red-lattice phrases, and your boldbeating-oathes,

vnder the shelter of your honor? you
will not doe it? you?

Pist. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you

Fal. Let her approach

Qui. Giue your worship good morrow

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship

Fal. Good maid then

Qui. Ile be sworne,
As my mother was the first houre I was borne

Fal. I doe beleeeue the swearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or
two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe
thee the hearing

Qui. There is one Mistresse Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M[aster]. Doctor Caius:

Fal. Well, on; Mistresse Ford, you say

Qui. Your worship saies very true: I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people

Qui. Are they so? heauen-blesse them, and make them his Seruants

Fal. Well; Mistresse Ford, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton: well: heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray –

Fal. Mistresse Ford: come, Mistresse Ford

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at Windsor) could neuer haue brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and

I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe
on a cup with the prowdest of them all, and yet there has
beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I
warrant you all is one with her

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? be briefe my good
sheeMercurie

Qui. Marry, she hath receiu'd your Letter: for the
which she thanks you a thousand times; and she giues
you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his
house, betweene ten and eleuen

Fal. Ten, and eleuen

Qui. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the
picture (she sayes) that you wot of: Master Ford her husband
will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leades
an ill life with him: hee's a very iealousie-man; she leads
a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.
Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her

Qui. Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger
to your worship: Mistresse Page hath her heartie
commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your
eare, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I
tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening
prayer, as any is in Windsor, who ere bee the other: and
shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldome
from home, but she hopes there will come a time.
I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I
thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my
good parts aside, I haue no other charmes

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has Fords wife, and Pages wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris Page would desire you to send her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectio[n] to the little Page: and truely Master Page is an honest man: neuer a wife in Windsor leades a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserues it; for if there be a kinde woman in Windsor, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie

Fal. Why, I will

Qu. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me

Pist. This Puncke is one of Cupids Carriers,
Clap on more sailes, pursue: vp with your sights:
Giue fire: she is my prize, or Oceanwhelme them all

Fal. Saist thou so (old Iacke) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter

Bar. Sir Iohn, there's one Master Broome below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke

Fal. Broome is his name?

Bar. I Sir

Fal. Call him in: such Broomes are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse Ford and Mistresse Page, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, via

Ford. 'Blesse you sir

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue
Drawer

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is Broome

Fal. Good Master Broome, I desire more acquaintance
of you

Ford. Good Sir Iohn, I sue for yours: not to charge
you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in
better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath
something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion:
for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye
open

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles
me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir Iohn) take all,
or halfe, for easing me of the carriage

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your
Porter

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hearing

Fal. Speake (good Master Broome) I shall be glad to
be your Seruant

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe
with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me,
though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my
selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to
you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection:
but (good Sir Iohn) as you haue one eye vpon
my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another
into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a
reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it
is to be such an offender

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is Ford

Fal. Well Sir

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingross'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd euery slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoeuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,
``Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,
``Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all:
Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in
other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there
is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir Iohn) here
is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent
breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,
authenticke in your place and person, generally
allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned
preparations

Fal. O Sir

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money,
spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely
giue me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay
an amiable siege to the honesty of this Fords wife: vse
your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any
man may, you may as soone as any

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your
affection that I should win what you would enioy? Methinkes
you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells so securely
on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule
dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd
against. Now, could I come to her with any detection
in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to
commend themselues, I could driue her then from the
ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow,
and a thousand other her defences, which now are tootoo
strongly embattaild against me: what say you too't,
Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Broome, I will first make bold with your
money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a
gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy Fords wife

Ford. O good Sir

Fal. I say you shall

Ford. Want no money (Sir Iohn) you shall want none

Fal. Want no Mistresse Ford (Master Broome) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iealous-rascally-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know Ford Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the iealous wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-fauourd: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffe, &ther's my haruest-home

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might auoid him, if you saw him

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master Broome, thou shalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: Ford's a knaue, and I will aggrauate his stile: thou (Master Broome) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident iealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my

Shakespeare's First Folio

bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: Amaimon sounds well: Lucifer, well: Barbason, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. Page is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be iealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my Cheese, an Irish-man with my Aqua-vitae-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee ruminates, then shee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealousie: eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on Falstaffe, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.

Caius. Iacke Rugby

Rug. Sir

Caius. Vat is the clocke, Iack

Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet

Cai. By gar, he has saue his soule, dat he is no-come:
hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar
(Iack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come

Rug. Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your worship would
kill him if he came

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill
him: take your Rapier, (Iacke) I vill tell you how I vill
kill him

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence

Cai. Villaine, take your Rapier

Rug. Forbeare: heer's company

Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor Caius

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, sir

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee
trauerse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee

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passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my Esculapius? my Galien? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully—Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward—lack—Priest of de worlde: he is not show his face

Host. Thou art a Castalion—king—Vrinall: Hector of Greece (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay, sixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is nocome

Shal. He is the wiser man (M[aster]. Doctor) he is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow; you haue your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace

Shal. Body—kins M[aster]. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church—men (M[aster]. Page) wee haue some salt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (M[aster]. Page.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow

Shal. It wil be found so, (M[aster]. Page:) M[aster]. Doctor Caius,

I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you haue show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir Hugh hath showne himselfe a wise and patient Churchman: you must goe with me, M[aster]. Doctor

Host. Pardon, Guest—Iustice; a Mounseur Mocke—water

Cai. Mock—vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock—water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock—vater as de

Englishman: scuruy–Iack–dog–Priest: by gar, mee vill
cut his eares

Host. He will Clapper–claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper–de–claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends

Cai. By–gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper–de–claw
me, for by–gar, me vill haue it

Host. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag

Cai. Me tanck you for dat

Host. And moreouer, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghest,
and M[aster]. Page, &eeke Caualeiro Slender, goe you through
the Towne to Frogmore

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will
bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it

All. Adieu, good M[aster]. Doctor

Cai. By–gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a
Iack–an–Ape to Anne Page

Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold
water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee
through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistris Anne
Page is, at a Farm–house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe
her: Cride–game, said I well?

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Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue
you: and I shall procure 'a you de good Guest: de Earle,
de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients

Host. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward
Anne Page: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said

Host. Let vs wag then

Cai. Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now, good Master Slenders seruingman,
and friend Simple by your name; which way haue
you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor
of Phisicke

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward:
euery way: olde Windsor way, and euery way but the
Towne-way

Euan. I most feheemently desire you, you will also
looke that way

Sim. I will sir

Euan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and
trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued
me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about
his knaues costard, when I haue good oportunities
for the orke: 'Plesse my soule: To shallow Riuers to whose
falls: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will we make
our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow:
'Mercie on mee, I haue a great dispositions to cry.
Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: – When as I sat in Pabilon:
and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow,

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh

Euan. Hee's welcome: To shallow Riuers, to whose fals:
Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr.
Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, ouer
the stile, this way

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it
in your armes

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good
Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good
Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull

Slen. Ah sweet Anne Page

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir Hugh

Euan. 'Plesse you from his mercy–sake, all of you

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?
Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose,
this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr.
Parson

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who
(be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at
most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer
you saw

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and vpward: I
neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so
wide of his owne respect

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the
renowned French Physician

Euan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had
as lief you would tell me of a messe of porredge

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and
**Galen , and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as
you would desires to be acquainted withall**

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with
him

Slen. O sweet Anne Page

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them asunder:
here comes Doctor Caius

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor

Host. Disarme them, and let them question: let them
keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your
eare; wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. Pray you vse your patience in good time

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn
Ape

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other
mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one
way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal
about your knaues Cogs-combe

Cai. Diable: Iack Rugby: mine Host de Iarteer: haue I
not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did
appoint?

Euan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you:
this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine
Host of the Garter

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaule, French & Welch,

Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant

Host. Peace, I say: heare mine Host of the Garter,
Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell?
Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions
and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest?
my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the
No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of
Art, I haue deceiu'd you both: I haue directed you to
wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are
whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their
swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow,
follow

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, follow

Slen. O sweet Anne Page

Cai. Ha' do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-sot
of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-stog:
I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our
praines together to be reuenge on this same scall
scuruy-cogging-companion
the Host of the Garter

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring
me where is Anne Page: by gar he deceiue me too

Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

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Mist.Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Euans,
Caius.

Mist.Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you
were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader:
whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters
heelles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man,
then follow him like a dwarfe

M.Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'l be a
(Courtier

Ford. Well met mistris Page, whether go you

M.Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want
of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you
two would marry

M.Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M.Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my
husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name sirrah?

Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Ford. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

M.Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a
league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at home
indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is

M.Pa. By your leaue sir, I am sicke till I see her

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffes boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing in the winde; and Falstaffes boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming Mist[ris]. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and wilfull Acteon, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaffe: I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that Falstaffe is there: I will go

Shal. Page, Well met Mr Ford

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr Ford

Slen. And so must I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Mistris Anne,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then Ile speake of

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene An
Page, and my cozen Slender, and this day wee shall haue
our answer

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father Page

Pag. You haue Mr Slender, I stand wholly for you,
But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nursh-a-Quickly
tell me so mush

Host. What say you to yong Mr Fenton? He capers,
he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee
speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he wil carry't,
he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman
is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde
Prince, and Pointz: he is of too high a Region, he knows
too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes,
with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him
take her simply: the wealth I haue waits on my consent,
and my consent goes not that way

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home
with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue
sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr Doctor, you shal
go, so shall you Mr Page, and you Sir Hugh

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We shall haue the freer woiing at Mr Pages

Cai. Go home Iohn Rugby, I come anon

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight
Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe–wine first with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Scena Tertia.

Enter M.Ford, M.Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Mist.Ford. What Iohn, what Robert

M.Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck–basket –

Mis.Ford. I warrant. What Robin I say

Mis.Page. Come, come, come

Mist.Ford. Heere, set it downe

M.Pag. Giue your men the charge, we must be briefe

M.Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (Iohn &Robert) be ready here hard–by in the Brew–house, &when I sodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: y done, trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whitsters in Dotchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the Thames side

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M.Page. You will do it?

M.Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no direction.
Be gone, and come when you are call'd

M.Page. Here comes little Robin

Mist.Ford. How now my Eyas–Musket, what newes with you?

Rob. My M[aster]. Sir Iohn is come in at your backe doore
(Mist[ris]. Ford, and requests your company

M.Page. You litle Iack–a–lent, haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your
being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlasting
liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne
me away

Mist.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine
shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet
and hose. Ile go hide me

Mi.Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mistris
Page, remember you your Qu

Mist.Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me

Mist.Ford. Go–too then: we'l vse this vnwholsome
humidity, this grosse–watry Pumpion; we'll teach him
to know Turtles from Iayes

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why
now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the
period of my ambition: O this blessed houre

Mist.Ford. O sweet Sir Iohn

Fal. Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mist[ris]. Ford) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady

Mist.Ford. I your Lady Sir Iohn? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance

Mist.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir Iohn:
My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semicircled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it

Mist.Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no such thing in me

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lisping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it

M.Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue M[istress]. Page

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the
Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of
a Lime-kill

Mis.Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you shall one day finde it

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it

Mist.Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;
Or else I could not be in that minde

Rob. Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford: heere's Mistress Page at
the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildely,
and would needs speake with you presently

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde
the Arras

M.Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman.
Whats the matter? How now?

Mist.Page. O mistress Ford what haue you done?
You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer

M.Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

M.Page. O weladay, mist[ress]. Ford, hauing an honest man
to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspition

M.Ford. What cause of suspition?

M.Page. What cause of suspition? Out vpon you:

How am I mistooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman)
with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman,
that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your
consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are
vndone

M.Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such
a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming,
with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such
a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe
cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here,
conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your
senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to
your good life for euer

M.Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my
deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much,
as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were
out of the house

M.Page. For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and
you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke
you of some conueyance: in the house you cannot hide
him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a
basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe
in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were
going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by
your two men to Datchet-Meade

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in

M.Page. What Sir Iohn Falstaffe? Are these your Letters,
Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in
heere: ile neuer –

M.Page. Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call
your men (Mist[r]is]. Ford.) You dissembling Knight

M.Ford. What Iohn, Robert, Iohn; Go, take vp these
cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle–staffe? Look
how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Datchet
mead: quickly, come

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause,
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest,
I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they
beare it? You were best meddle with buck–washing

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of y Buck:
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the season too; it shall appeare.
Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my
dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my
Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le
vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now
vncape

Page. Good master Ford, be contented:
You wrong your selfe too much

Ford. True (master Page) vp Gentlemen,
You shall see sport anon:
Follow me Gentlemen

Euans. This is fery fantasticall humors and iealousies

Caius. By gar, 'tis no–the fashion of France:
It is not iealous in France

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of
his search

Mist.Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mist.Ford. I know not which pleases me better,
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir Iohn

Mist.Page. What a taking was hee in, when your
husband askt who was in the basket?

Mist.Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of
washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him
a benefit

Mist.Page. Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all
of the same straine, were in the same distresse

Mist.Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall
suspition of Falstaffs being heere: for I neuer saw him so
grosse in his iealousie till now

Mist.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will
yet haue more trickes with Falstaffe: his dissolute disease
will scarce obey this medicine

Mis.Ford. Shall we send that foolishion Carion, Mist[r]is] .
Quickly to him, and excuse his throwing into the water,
and giue him another hope, to betray him to another
punishment?

Mist.Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow
eight a clocke to haue amends

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd
of that he could not compasse

Mis.Page. Heard you that?

Mis.Ford. You vse me well, M[aster]. Ford? Do you?

Ford. I, I do so

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen

Mi.Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M[aster]. Ford)

Ford. I, I: I must beare it

Eu. If there be any pody in the house, &in the chambers,
and in the coffers, and in the presses: heauen forgiue
my sins at the day of iudgement

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies

Page. Fy, fy, M[aster]. Ford, are you not asham'd? What spirit,
what diuell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha
your distemper in this kind, for y welth of Windsor castle

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M[aster]. Page) I suffer for it

Euans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is
as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among fiue thousand,
and fiue hundred too

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman

Ford. Well, I promisd you a dinner: come, come, walk
in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make
knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come
Mi[stis]. Page, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

Ford. Any thing

Eu. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie

Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd

Ford. Pray you go, M[aster]. Page

Eua. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie knaue, mine Host

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart

Eua. A lowsie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries .

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Mist.Page.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should loue thee, but as a property

An. May be he tels you true.
No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (Anne:)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then stamper in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at

An. Gentle M[aster]. Fenton,
Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris Quickly.
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe

Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but venturing

Shal. Be not dismaid

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard

Qui. Hark ye, M[aster]. Slender would speak a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Qui. And how do's good Master Fenton?
Pray you a word with you

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadst a father

Slen. I had a father (M[istris]. An) my vncle can tel you good
iests of him: pray you Vncle, tel Mist[ris]. Anne the iest how
my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle

Shal. Mistris Anne, my Cozen loues you

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glocestershire

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the
degree of a Squire

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds
ioynture

Anne. Good Maister Shallow let him woo for himselfe

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for
that good comfort: she cals you (Coz) Ile leaue you

Anne. Now Master Slender

Slen. Now good Mistris Anne

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hartlings, that's a prettie
iest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:)
I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen
praise

Anne. I meane (M[aster]. Slender) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or
nothing with you: your father and my vncle hath made
motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his
dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can:
you may aske your father, heere he comes

Page. Now Mr Slender; Loue him daughter Anne.

Why how now? What does Mr Fenten here?
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of

Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient

Mist.Page. Good M[aster]. Fenton, come not to my child

Page. She is no match for you

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M[aster]. Fenton.

Come M[aster]. Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M[aster]. Fenton.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris Page

Fen. Good Mist[ris]. Page, for that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I must aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole

Mist.Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband

Qui. That's my master, M[aster]. Doctor

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bow'l'd to death with Turnips

Mist.Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M[aster].
Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loues you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell Nan

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you
cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian:
Looke on M[aster]. Fenton, this is my doing

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines

Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde
heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water
for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister
had Mistris Anne, or I would M[aster]. Slender had her: or (in

Shakespeare's First Folio

sooth) I would M[aster]. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I haue promised, and Ile bee as good as my word, but speciously for M[aster]. Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir Iohn Falstaffe from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say

Bar. Heere Sir

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fiteene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie

Bar. Here's M[istress]. Quickly Sir to speake with you

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snowbals,

for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in

Bar. Come in woman

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?
Giue your worship good morrow

Fal. Take away these Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet–Spersme in my
brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M[istress]. Ford

Fal. Mist[ress]. Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown
into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford

Qui. Alas the day, (good–heart) that was not her
fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke
their erection

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womans promise

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern
your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a
birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betweene
eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly,
she'll make you amends I warrant you

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her
thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailety, and
then iudge of my merit

Qui. I will tell her

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her

Qui. Peace be with you Sir

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr Broome: he sent me
word to stay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere he comes

Ford. Blesse you Sir

Fal. Now M[aster]. Broome, you come to know
What hath past betweene me, and Fords wife

Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is my businesse

Fal. M[aster]. Broome I will not lye to you,
I was at her house the houre she appointed me

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-fauouredly M[aster]. Broome

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M[aster]. Broome) but the peaking Curnuto her husband

(M[aster]. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie,
 coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had
 embrast, kist, protested, &(as it were) spoke the prologue
 of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions,
 thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper,
 and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there

For. And did he search for you, &could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it,
 comes in one Mist[r]is. Page, giues intelligence of Fords approch:
 and in her inuention, and Fords wiues distraction,
 they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule
 Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie
 Napkins, that (Master Broome) there was the rankest
 compound of villanous smell, that euer offended nostrill

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master Broome) what I
 haue sufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your
 good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of
 Fords knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris,
 to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to
 Datchet-lane: they tooke me on their shoulders: met
 the iealous knaue their Master in the doore; who
 ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket?
 I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue
 would haue search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should
 be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for
 a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But
 marke the sequell (Master Broome) I suffered the pangs
 of three seuerall deaths: First, an intollerable fright,
 to be detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather:
 Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference
 of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And
 then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking
 Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease:
 thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that,

that am as subiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master Broome.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you haue sufferd all this.

My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Master Broome: I will be throwne into Etna, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master Broome.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enioying her: adiew: you shall haue her (Master Broome) Master Broome, you shall cuckold Ford

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buckbaskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a PepperBoxe: But least the Diuell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be hornemad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

Mist.Pag. Is he at M[aster]. Fords already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but
truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing
into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come sodainely

Mist.Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring
my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master
comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir Hugh, no
Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master Slender is let the Boyes leaue to play

Qui 'Blessing of his heart

Mist.Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband saies my sonne profits
nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske
him some questions in his Accidence

Eu. Come hither William; hold vp your head; come

Mist.Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; answere
your Master, be not afraid

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number
more, because they say od's-Nownes

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (Faire) William?

Will. Pulcher

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats,
sure

Eua. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you
peace. What is (Lapis) William?

Will. A Stone

Eua. And what is a Stone (William?)

Will. A Peeble

Eua. No; it is Lapis: I pray you remember in your
praine

Will. Lapis

Eua. That is a good William: what is he (William) that
do's lend Articles

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be
thus declined. Singulariter nominatiuo hic, haec, hoc

Eua. Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog: pray you marke: genitiuo
huius: Well: what is your Accusatiue-case?

Will. Accusatiuo hinc

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) Accusatiuo
hing, hang, hog

Qu. Hang—hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the Focatiue case (William?)

Will. O, Vocatiuo, O

Eua. Remember William, Focatiue, is caret

Qu. And that's a good roote

Eua. O'man, forbear

Mist.Pag. Peace

Eua. What is your Genitiue case plurall (William?)

Will. Genitiue case?

Eua. I

Will. Genitiue horum, harum, horum

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; neuer name her (childe) if she be a whore

Eua. For shame o'man

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselues, and to call horum; fie vpon you

Shakespeare's First Folio

Euans. O'man, art thou Lunatics? Hast thou no vnderstandings
for thy Cases, &the numbers of the Genders?
Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would
desires

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace

Eu. Shew me now (William) some declensions of your
Pronounes

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot

Eu. It is Qui, que, quod; if you forget your Quies,
your Ques, and your Quods, you must be preeches: Goe
your waies and play, go

M.Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel Mis[tris]. Page

Mis.Page. Adieu good Sir Hugh:
Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstoffe, Mist.Ford, Mist.Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius,

Scena Secunda.

Euans,
Shallow.

Fal. Mi[stis]. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance;
I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe
requitall to a haire bredth, not onely Mist[ris]. Ford,
in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement,
complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of
your husband now?

Mis.Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir Iohn.)

Mis.Page. What hoa, gossip Ford: what hoa

Mis.Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir Iohn

Mis.Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home
besides your selfe?

Mis.Ford. Why none but mine owne people

Mis.Page. Indeed?

Mis.Ford. No certainly: Speake louder

Mist.Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here

Mist.Ford. Why?

Mis.Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde
lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so
railes against all married mankinde; so curses all Eues
daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes
himselfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out,
that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tamenesse,
ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in
now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere

Mist.Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mist.Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was caried
out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket:
Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne

him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie

Mist.Ford. How neere is he Mistris Page?

Mist.Pag. Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon

Mist.Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere

Mist.Page. Why then you are vtterly sham'd, &hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murther

Mist.Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:

May I not go out ere he come?

Mist.Page. Alas: three of Mr. Fords brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney

Mist.Ford. There they alwaies vse to discharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole

Fal. Where is it?

Mist.Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Presse, Coffe, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house

Fal. Ile go out then

Mist.Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance,
you die Sir Iohn, vnlesse you go out disguis'd

Mist.Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans
gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might
put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something: any extremitie,
rather then a mischiefe

Mist.Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brainford,
has a gowne aboue

Mist.Page. On my word it will serue him: shee's as
big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler
too: run vp Sir Iohn

Mist.Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir Iohn: Mistris Page and
I will looke some linnen for your head

Mist.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dresse you
straight: put on the gowne the while

Mist.Ford. I would my husband would meete him
in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford;
he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and
hath threatned to beate her

Mist.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell:
and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards

Mist.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist.Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence

Mist.Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time

Mist.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go dresse him like the witch of Brainford

Mist.Ford. Ile first direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him straight

Mist.Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet,
We cannot misuse enough:
We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doo,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh

Mist.Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe

1 Ser. I hope not, I had lief as beare so much lead

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mr. Page) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest cloathes you send forth to bleaching

Page. Why, this passes M[aster]. Ford: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge

Shall. Indeed M[aster]. Ford, this is not well indeed

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris Ford, Mistris Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the iealious foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I?

Mist.Ford. Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty

Ford. Well said Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah

Page. This passes

Mist.Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone

Ford. I shall finde you anon

Eua. 'Tis vnreasonable; will you take vp your wiues
cloathes? Come, away

Ford. Empty the basket I say

M.Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd
out of my house yesterday in this basket: why
may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is:
my Intelligence is true, my iealousie is reasonable, pluck
me out all the linnen

Mist.Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas
death

Page. Heer's no man

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. Ford: This
wrongs you

Euans. Mr Ford, you must pray, and not follow the
imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealousies

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time: if I find
not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let
me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as
iealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his
wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch

with me

M.Ford. What hoa (Mistris Page,) come you and
the old woman downe: my husband will come into the
Chamber

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of Brainford

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane:
Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands
do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's
brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling.
She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such
dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing.
Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come
downe I say

Mist.Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen,
let him strike the old woman

Mist.Page. Come mother Prat, Come giue me your
hand

Ford. Ile Prat-her: Out of my doore, you Witch,
you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion,
out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you

Mist.Page. Are you not asham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman

Mist.Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite
for you

Ford. Hang her witch

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede:
I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie
a great peard vnder his muffler

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow:
see but the issue of my iealousie: If I cry out thus
vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen

Mist.Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully

Mist.Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he did not: he beate
him most vnpittifully, me thought

Mist.Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung
ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice

Mist.Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant
of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience,
pursue him with any further reuenge?

M.Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out
of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-simple, with
fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of
waste, attempt vs againe

Mist.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue
seru'd him?

Mist.Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape
the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find
in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight shall be

any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the ministers

Mist.Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the iest, should he not be publikely sham'd

Mist.Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it:
I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to haue three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly?
I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you

Host. They shall haue my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile sauce them, they haue had my houses a week at commaund: I haue turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Euans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as euer
I did looke vpon

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an
instant?

Mist.Page. Within a quarter of an houre

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y wilt:
I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand
(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of

Page. How? to send him word they'll meete him in
the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come

Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and
has bin greuously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes
there should be terrors in him, that he should not come:
Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall haue no desires

Page. So thinke I too

M.Ford. Deuise but how you'l vse him whe[n] he comes,
And let vs two deuise to bring him thether

Mis.Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest)
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?

Mist.Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That Falstaffe at that Oake shall meete with vs

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you haue brought him thether,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist.Pa. That likewise haue we thoght vpon: &thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dresse
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodaine,
As Falstaffe, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: Vpon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,
And burne him with their Tapers

Mist.Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our selues; dis-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't

Eua. I will teach the children their behauours: and I
will be like a Iacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight
with my Taber

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards

Mist.Page. My Nan shall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white

Page. That silke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M[aster]. Slender steale my Nan away,
And marry her at Eaton: go, send to Falstaffe straight

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of Broome,
Hee'l tell me all his purpose: sure hee'l come

Mist.Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries

Euans. Let vs about it,

It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries

Mis.Page. Go Mist[ris]. Ford,
Send quickly to Sir Iohn, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with Nan Page:
That Slender (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall haue her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Host. What wouldst thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quicke, snap

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir Iohn Falstaffe from M[aster]. Slender

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock and call: hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee: Knocke I say

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come downe: I come to speake with her indeed

Host. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir Iohn: speake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine

Ephesian cals

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming
downe of thy fat-woman: Let her descend (Bully) let
her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priuacy?
Fie

Fal. There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman euen
now with me, but she's gone

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of
Brainford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you
with her?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master Slender, sent to her
seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether
one Nim (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine, or no

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it

Sim. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that
beguil'd Master Slender of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it

Simp. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman
her selfe, I had other things to haue spoken with her
too, from him

Fal. What are they? let vs know

Host. I: come: quicke

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris Anne Page, to know if it were my Masters fortune to haue her, or no

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tydings

Host. Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir Iohn) was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine Host) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurres, and

away; like three Germane–diuels; three Doctor Faustasses

Host. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine)
doe not say they be fled: Germanes are honest men

Euan. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a
friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three
Cozen–Iermans, that has cozend all the Hosts of Reading,
of Maidenhead; of Cole–brooke, of horses and money: I
tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full
of gibes, and vlouting–stocks: and 'tis not conuenient
you should be cozoned. Fare you well

Cai. Ver' is mine Host de Iarteere?

Host. Here (Master Doctor) in perplexitie, and doubtfull
delemma

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell–a–me, dat
you make grand preparation for a Duke de Iamanie: by
my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to
come: I tell you for good will: adieu

Host. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I
am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I
haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come
to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed;
and how my transformation hath beene washd, and
cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by
drop, and liquor Fishermens–boots with me: I warrant
they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as
crest–falne as a dride–peare: I neuer prosper'd, since I
forswore my selfe at Primero: well, if my winde were
but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come
you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestowed; I haue suffer'd more for their sakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistris Ford (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Braineford, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch

Qu, Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-hearts) what adoe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not serue heauen well, that you are so cross'd

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Host.

Scena Sexta.

Host. Master Fenton, talke not to mee, my minde is
heauy: I will giue ouer all

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse

Host. I will heare you (Master Fenton) and I will (at
the least) keepe your counsell

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire Anne Page,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: fat Falstaffe
Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine Host:)
To night at Hernes-Oke, iust 'twixt twelue and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Faerie-Queene:
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise
While other Iests are something ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him, at Eaton
Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen strong against that match
And firme for Doctor Caius) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor: Now, thus it rests,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the Doctor;
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)

Shakespeare's First Folio

That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-*pendant*, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him

Host. Which meanes she to deceiue? Father, or Mother

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony

Host. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Falstoffs, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,
either in natiuity, chance, or death: away

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a paire of hornes

Shakespeare's First Folio

Fall. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head mince. How now M[aster]. Broome? Master Broome, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall see wonders

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome) like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford hir husband) hath the finest mad diuell of iealousie in him (Master Broome) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare not Goliath with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, straunge things in hand (M[aster]. Broome) follow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son Slender, my

Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, &we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well
enough. It hath strooke ten a' clocke

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become
it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means
euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes.
Lets away: follow me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist.Page, Mist.Ford, Caius.

Mist.Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her
to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu

Mist.Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not
reioyce so much at the abuse of Falstaffe, as he will chafe
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter;
better a little chiding, then a great deale of heartbreake

Mist.Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Fairies?
and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mist.Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes
Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant
of Falstaffes and our meeting, they will at once display to

the night

Mist.Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him

Mist.Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If
he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd

Mist.Ford. Wee'll betray him finely

Mist.Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery

Mist.Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the
Oake.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and
when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come,
come, trib, trib.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Euans, Anne Page,
Fairies,
Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Minute
drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me:
Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy Europa, Loue
set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects
makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast.
You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of Leda: O
omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion
of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a
beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault,
in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault.
When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore
men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the
fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time
(Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who
comes heere? my Doe?

M.Ford. Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie
raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greenesleeues,
haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let
there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee
heere

M.Ford. Mistris Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch:
I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the
fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome

M.Page. Alas, what noise?

M.Ford. Heauen forgiue our sinnes

Fal. What should this be?

M.Ford. M.Page. Away, away

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd,
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;
He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine reuellers, and shades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes

Pist. Elues, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and hearths vnswept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
He winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie

Eu. Wher's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, &shins

Qu. About, about:
Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

Scena Quinta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

The seuerall Chaieres of Order, looke you scowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the Garters-Compasse, in a ring
Th' expresse that it beares: Greene let it be,
More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:
And, Hony Soit Qui Maly-Pence, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie.
Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget

Euan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order set:
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese

Pist. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd euen in thy
birth

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend
And turne him to no paine: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted hart

Pist. A triall, come

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:
Lust is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnochaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, &Star-light, &Moone-shine be out

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you
now: Will none but Herne the Hunter serue your
turne?

M.Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher.
Now (good Sir Iohn) how like you Windsor wiues?
See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
Mr Broome, Falstaffes a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,
Heere are his hornes Master Broome:
And Master Broome, he hath enioyed nothing of Fords,
but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of
money, which must be paid to Mr Broome, his horses are
arrested for it, Mr Broome

M.Ford. Sir Iohn, we haue had ill lucke: wee could
neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe,
but I will alwayes count you my Deere

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Asse

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or foure times in the thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine
surprize of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the foppery
into a receiu'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of
all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now
how wit may be made a lacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill
imployment

Euans. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, serue Got, and leaue your
desires, and Fairies will not pinse you

Ford. Well said Fairy Hugh

Euans. And leaue you your iealousies too, I pray
you

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou
art able to woo her in good English

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it,
that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as
this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue
a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a
peece of toasted Cheese

Eu. Seese is not good to giue putter; your belly is al
putter

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the
taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough
to be the decay of lust and late-walking through
the Realme

Mist.Page. Why Sir Iohn, do you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist.Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am deieted: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me as you will

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one Mr Broome, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr Slender hath married her daughter

Mist.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour Caius wife

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father Page

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Haue you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else

Page. Of what sonne?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Mistris Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene Anne Page, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a Post-masters boy

Mist.Page. Good George be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married

Cai. Ver is Mistris Page: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy, it is not An Page, by gar, I am cozened

M.Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes Mr Fenton.
How now Mr Fenton?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Mistris:
How chance you went not with Mr Slender?

M.Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would haue married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs:
Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein she doth euitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand
to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen giue thee
ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are
chac'd

Mist.Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr Fenton,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir Iohn and all

Ford. Let it be so (Sir Iohn:)
To Master Broome, you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris Ford:

Exeunt.

FINIS. THE Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Measvre, For Measure

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke. Escalus

Esc. My Lord

Duk. Of Gouernment, the properties to vnfold,
Would seeme in me t' affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all aduice
My strength can giue you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our Cities Institutions, and the Termes
For Common Iustice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs Angelo:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with speciall soule

Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc. If any in Vienna be of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure

Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th' obseruer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him aduertise;
Hold therefore Angelo:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in Vienna
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old Escalus
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure

Be stamp't vpon it

Duk. No more euasion:

We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commissions

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way

Duk. My haste may not admit it,

Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well

Ang. The heauens giue safety to your purposes

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happinesse.

Enter.

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free speech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let vs withdraw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction haue
Touching that point

Esc. Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to
composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the
Dukes fall vpon the King

1.Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King
of Hungaries

2.Gent. Amen

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat,
that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but
scrap'd one out of the Table

2.Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd

1.Gent. Why? 'twas a commandement, to command
the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they
put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that
in the thanks-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition
well, that praies for peace

2.Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it

Luc. I beleeeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't
where Grace was said

2.Gent. No? a dozen times at least

1.Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language

1.Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controuersie:
as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked
villaine, despight of all Grace

1.Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene
vs

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and
the Veluet. Thou art the List

1.Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet;
thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief
be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art
pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull
feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession,
learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget
to drinke after thee

1.Gent. I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2.Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted,
or free.

Enter Bawde.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes.
I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe,
As come to

2.Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge

2.Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare

1.Gent. I, and more

Luc. A French crowne more

1.Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but
thou art full of error, I am sound

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so
sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow;

Scena Secunda.

Impiety has made a feast of thee

1.Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fiue thousand of you all

2.Gent. Who's that I pray'thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio

1.Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Iulietta with childe

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping

2.Gent. Besides you know, it drawes somthing neere to the speech we had to such a purpose

1.Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamatio[n]

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

Enter.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat,
what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am
Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with
you.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him:
you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee
pluck'd downe

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down
to, but that a wise Burger put in for them

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs
be puld downe?

Clo. To the ground, Mistris

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth:
what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you; good Counsellors lacke
no Clients: though you change your place, you neede
not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage,
there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue
worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee
considered

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let's
withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouost
to prison: and there's Madam Iuliet.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th' world?
Beare me to prison, where I am committed

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis iust

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this restraint

Cla. From too much liberty, (my Lucio) Liberty
As surfet is the father of much fast,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vse
Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue
Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty euill, and when we drinke, we die

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I
would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as
the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence,
Claudio?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it so

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe

Cla. One word, good friend:
Lucio, a word with you

Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good: Is Lechery so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got possession of Iulietas bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffe of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanceth

The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ on Iuliet

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappely, euen so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Gouvernor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I stagger in: But this new Gouvernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-scowr'd Armor) hung by th' wall
So long, that ninteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in loue, may
sigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him

Cla. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'thee (Lucio) doe me this kinde seruice:
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him,
I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,
Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade

Luc. I pray shee may; aswell for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand vnder greeuous imposition:
as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be
sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of tickettack:
Ile to her

Cla. I thanke you good friend Lucio

Luc. Within two houres

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee
To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, witlesse brauery keepes.
I haue deliuerd to Lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me trauid to Poland,
(For so I haue strewd it in the common eare)
And so it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this

Fri. Gladly, my Lord

Duk. We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,) Which for this foureteene yeares, we haue let slip,
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,
For terror, not to vse: in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselues are dead,
And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose;
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To vnloose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd
Then in Lord Angelo

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope,
'Twould be my tirrany to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes haue their permissiue passe,
And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the sight
To do in slander: And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true Frier: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leysure, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with Enuie: scarce confesses
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

Enter.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And haue you Nuns no farther priuiledges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. Yes truely; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place

Isa. Who's that which cal's?

Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle Isabella
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:
When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the Prioresse;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He cal's againe: I pray you answere him

Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that cal's?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her vnhappie brother Claudio?

Isa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella, and his Sister

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison

Isa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,
He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:
He hath got his friend with childe

Isa. Sir, make me not your storie

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to iest
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me

Luc. Doe not beleeeue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his loue haue embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson: euen so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry

Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen Iuliet?

Luc. Is she your cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection

Luc. She it is

Isa. Oh, let him marry her

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant designe: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord Angelo; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
He (to giue feare to vse, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whose heauy sence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith of businesse
'Twixt you, and your poore brother

Isa. Doth he so,
Seeke his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant
For's execution

Isa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good

Luc. Assay the powre you haue

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord Angelo
And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselues would owe them

Isa. Ile see what I can doe

Luc. But speedily

Isa. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: soone at night
Ile send him certaine word of my successe

Luc. I take my leaue of you

Isa. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
Their pearch, and not their terror

Esc. I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeeue to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could haue attained th' effect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And puld the Law vpon you

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (Escalus)
Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Iury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the sworne—twelue haue a thiefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do passe on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.

Esc. Be it as your wisdom will

Ang. Where is the Prouost?

Pro. Here if it like your honour

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vtmost of his pilgrimage

Esc. Well: heauen forgiue him; and forgiue vs all:
Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their
abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them
away

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's
the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes
Constable, and my name is Elbow; I doe leane vpon Iustice
Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,
two notorious Benefactors

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?
Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what
they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,
and void of all prophanation in the world, that good
Christians ought to haue

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? Elbow is

your name?

Why do'st thou not speake Elbow?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that
serues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)
pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now shee professes a
hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and
your honour

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest woman

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she,
that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pittie of her
life, for it is a naughty house

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman
Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication,
adultery, and all vncleanlinesse there

Esc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris Ouerdons meanes: but as she spit
in his face, so she defide him

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so

Elb. Proue it before these varlets here, thou honorable
man, proue it

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing
(sauing your honors reuerence) for stewd prewyns; sir,
we had but two in the house, which at that very distant
time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three
pence; your honours haue seene such dishes) they are not
China-dishes, but very good dishes

Esc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish sir

Clo. No indeede sir not of a pin; you are therein in
the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris Elbow,
being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and
longing (as I said) for prewyns: and hauing but two in
the dish (as I said) Master Froth here, this very man, hauing
eaten the rest (as I said) &(as I say) paying for them
very honestly: for, as you know Master Froth, I could not
giue you three pence againe

Fro. No indeede

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred)
cracking the stones of the foresaid prewyns

Fro. I, so I did indeede

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be
remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past
cure of the thing you wot of, vnlesse they kept very good
diet, as I told you

Fro. All this is true

Clo. Why very well then

Esc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose:
what was done to Elbowes wife, that hee hath cause to
complaine of? Come me to what was done to her

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet

Esc. No sir, nor I meane it not

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours
leaue: And I beseech you, looke into Master Froth here
sir, a man of foure-score pound a yeare; whose father
died at Hallowmas: Was't not at Hallowmas Master
Froth?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir,
sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch
of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to sit, haue
you not?

Fro. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good
for winter

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truthes

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia
When nights are longest there: Ile take my leaue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all.

Enter.

Esc. I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lordship.
Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes
wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once

Elb. I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to
my wife

Clo. I beseech your honor, aske me

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you sir, looke in this Gentlemans face:
good Master Froth looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good
purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

Esc. I sir, very well

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well

Esc. Well, I doe so

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no

Clo. Ile be supposd vpon a booke, his face is the worst
thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst
thing about him, how could Master Froth doe the Constables
wife any harme? I would know that of your
honour

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected
house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is
a respected woman

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person
then any of vs all

Elb. Varlet, thou lvest; thou lvest wicked varlet: the
time is yet to come that shee was euer respected with
man, woman, or childe

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married
with her

Esc. Which is the wiser here; Iustice or Iniquitie? Is
this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked
Hanniball; I respected with her, before I was married
to her? If euer I was respected with her, or she with me,
let not your worship thinke mee the poore Dukes Officer:
proue this, thou wicked Hanniball, or ile haue
mine action of battry on thee

Esc. If he tooke you a box o'th' eare, you might haue
your action of slander too

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what
is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked
Caitiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in
him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him
continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest
thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou
art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and't please you sir

Esc. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris Ouerdon

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: Ouerdon by the last

Esc. Nine? come hether to me, Master Froth; Master Froth, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master Froth, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in

Esc. Well: no more of it Master Froth: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

Clo. Pompey

Esc. What else?

Clo. Bum, Sir

Esc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are Pompey the great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you

Clo. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would liue

Esc. How would you liue Pompey? by being a bawd?
what doe you thinke of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull
trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, sir

Esc. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it
shall not be allowed in Vienna

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all
the youth of the City?

Esc. No, Pompey

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't
then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and
the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds

Esc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you:
It is but heading, and hanging

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way
but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a
Commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna
ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence
a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say Pompey
told you so

Esc. Thanke you good Pompey; and in requitall of
your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde
you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoeuer;
no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I
shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd Cæsar
to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall haue you whipt;

so for this time, Pompey, fare you well

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell;
but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better
determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Enter.

Esc. Come hether to me, Master Elbow: come hither
Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place
of Constable?

Elb. Seuen yeere, and a halfe sir

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had
continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together

Elb. And a halfe sir

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do
you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men
in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

Elb. 'Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they
are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it
for some peece of money, and goe through with all

Esc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe
or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish

Elb. To your Worships house sir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke,
thinke you?

Iust. Eleuen, Sir

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me

Iust. I humbly thanke you

Esc. It grieues me for the death of Claudio
But there's no remedie:

Iust. Lord Angelo is seuere

Esc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poore Claudio; there is no remedie.
Come Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight,
I'll tell him of you

Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Scena Secunda.

Ang. Now, what's the matter Prouost?

Pro. Is it your will Claudio shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro. Lest I might be too rash:

Vnder your good correction I haue seene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd

Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning Iuliet?
Shée's very neere her howre

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accesse to you

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,
If not alreadie

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauish meanes,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Scena Secunda.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Please but your Honor heare me

Ang. Well: what's your suite

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother

Pro. Heauen giue thee mouing graces

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie CIPHER of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor

Isab. Oh iust, but seuere Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour

Luc. Giue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,

You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie

Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy

Ang. I will not doe't

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe

Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late

Luc. You are too cold

Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would haue slipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue beene so sterne

Ang. Pray you be gone

Isab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were Isabell: should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a prisoner

Luc. I, touch him: there's the veine

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words

Isab. Alas, alas:
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,
Spare him, spare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchens
We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen
With lesse respect then we doe minister
To our grosse-selues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it

Luc. I, well said

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath slept

Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill
 If the first, that did th' Edict infringe
 Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
 Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
 Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future euils
 Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiu'd,
 And so in progresse to be hatch'd, and borne,
 Are now to haue no successiue degrees,
 But here they liue to end

Isab. Yet shew some pittie

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;
 For then I pittie those I doe not know,
 Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule
 And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
 Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;
 Your Brother dies to morrow; be content

Isab. So you must be y first that giues this sentence,
 And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
 To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
 To vse it like a Giant

Luc. That's well said

Isab. Could great men thunder
 As Ioue himselfe do's, Ioue would neuer be quiet,
 For euery pelting petty Officer
 Would vse his heauen for thunder;
 Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
 Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt
 Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
 Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
 Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 (His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
 Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
 As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
 Would all themselues laugh mortall

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't

Pro. Pray heauen she win him

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie

Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?

Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life

Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow

Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back

Ang. How? bribe me?

Is. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you

Luc. You had mar'd all else

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserued soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away

Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse

Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone

Isab. 'Saue your Honour

Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou Angelo?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselues: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how.

Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, Prouost, so I thinke you are

Pro. I am the Prouost: whats your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Iuliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this

Duk. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Iul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently

Du. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscie[n]ce
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on

Iul. Ile gladly learne

Duk. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Iul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him

Duk. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed

Iul. Mutually

Duk. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his

Iul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we stand in feare

Iul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with ioy

Duke. There rest:
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, Benedicite.

Enter.

Iul. Must die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror

Pro. 'Tis pittie of him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To seuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on Isabell: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tie the wiser soules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne
'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One Isabell, a Sister, desires accesse to you

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why doe's my bloud thus muster to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnessse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which hee should reuiue: and euen so
The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure

An. That you might know it, wold much better please me,
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue

Isab. Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most iust Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to such sweet vncleannesse
As she that he hath staind?

Isab. Sir, beleeeue this.
I had rather giue my body, then my soule

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compel'd sins
Stand more for number, then for accompt

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in sinne,
To saue this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no sinne at all, but charitie

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile speake more grosse:
Your Brother is to dye

Isab. So

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine

Isab. True

Ang. Admit no other way to saue his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to saue him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th' impression of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing haue bin sicke for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to shame

Ang. Then must your brother die

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for euer

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue slander'd so?

Isa. Ignomie in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what we meane;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue

Ang. We are all fraile

Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and succeed thy weaknesse

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselues,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints

Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger

Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you

Isa. My brother did loue Iuliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't

Ang. He shall not Isabell if you giue me loue

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And most pernitiuous purpose: Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee Angelo, looke for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throat Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art

Ang. Who will beleeue thee Isabell?
My vnsoild name, th' austeerenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,

That you shall stifle in your owne report,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and proluxious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true.

Exit

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleue me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yeeld them vp,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.
Then Isabell liue chaste, and brother die;
``More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
Ile tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest.

Enter.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Cla. The miserable haue no other medicine
But onely hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to
die

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourest by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th' accommodations that thou bearest,
Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosselie fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striu'st to get,
And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes these oddes, all euen

Cla. I humblie thanke you.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To sue to liue, I finde I seeke to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wish deserues a
welcome

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thanke you

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with Claudio

Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your
sister

Duke. Prouost, a word with you

Pro. As manie as you please

Duke. Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be
conceal'd

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa. Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Lord Angelo hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an euerlasting Leiger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on

Clau. Is there no remedie?

Isa. None, but such remedie, as to saue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:

Clau. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may liue;
There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

Isa. I iust, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastiditie you had
To a determin'd scope

Clau. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,
And leaue you naked

Clau. Let me know the point

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee Claudio, and I quake,
Least thou a feauorous life shouldst entertaine,
And six or seuen winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies

Cla. Why giue you me this shame?

Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tendernesse? If I must die,

I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes

Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble, to conserue a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie,
Whose settled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell

Cla. The prenzie, Angelo?

Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damnest bodie to inuest, and couer
In prenzie gardes; dost thou thinke Claudio,
If I would yeeld him my virginities
Thou might'st be freed?

Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be

Isa. Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow

Clau. Thou shalt not do't

Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankly as a pin

Clau. Thanks deere Isabell

Isa. Be readie Claudio, for your death to morrow

Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seuen it is the least

Isa. Which is the least?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh Isabell

Isa. What saies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing

Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restlesse violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death

Isa. Alas, alas

Cla. Sweet Sister, let me liue.
What sinne you do, to saue a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,
That it becomes a vertue

Isa. Oh you beast,
Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life
From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,
Heauen shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For such a warped slip of wildernesse
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish: Might but my bending downe
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it should proceede.
Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,
No word to saue thee

Cla. Nay heare me Isabell

Isa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;
Mercy to thee would proue it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly

Cla. Oh heare me Isabella

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word

Isa. What is your Will

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would
by and by haue some speech with you: the satisfaction I
would require, is likewise your owne benefit

Isa. I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be
stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between

you & your sister. Angelo had neuer the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receiue: I am Confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of loue with life, that I will sue to be rid of it

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: Prouost, a word with you

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company

Pro. In good time.

Enter.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that Angelo hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to saue your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in Angelo: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his gouernment

Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my aduisings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeeue that you may most vprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euer returne to haue hearing of this businesse

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my spirit

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of Mariana the sister of Fredericke the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name

Duke. Shee should this Angelo haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother Fredericke was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming Angelo

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can shee auaille?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saues your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it

Isab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vniust vnkindenesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruely: Goe you to Angelo, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to conuenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: wee shall aduise this wronged maid to steed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saued, your honor vntainted, the poore Mariana aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it giues me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haste you speedily to Angelo, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S[aint]. Lukes, there at the moated-Grange recides this delected Mariana; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father.

Enter.

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard

Duk. Oh heauens, what stuffe is heere

Clow. Twas neuer merry world since of two vsuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing

Elb. Come your way sir: 'blesse you good Father Frier

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent to the Deputie

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd, The euill that thou causest to be done, That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe From such a filthie vice: say to thy selfe, From their abhominable and beastly touches I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and liue: Canst thou beleue thy liuing is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend

Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would proue

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for sin
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to prison Officer:
Correction, and Instruction must both worke
Ere this rude beast will profit

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen
him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master:
if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him,
he were as good go a mile on his errand

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your wast, a Cord sir

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman,
and a friend of mine

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels
of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none
of Pigmaliions Images newly made woman to bee had
now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting
clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this
Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last
raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was
Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words?
Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Morsell, thy Mistris? Procures
she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, shee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and

she is her selfe in the tub

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Euer your fresh Whore, and your powder'd Baud, an vnshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison Pompey?

Clo. Yes faith sir

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse Pompey: farewell: goe say I sent thee thether: for debt Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good Pompey: Commend me to the prison Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you will keepe the house

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed wil I not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (Pompey) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trustie Pompey. Blesse you Friar

Duke. And you

Luc. Do's Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Frier? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come

Luc. Goe to kennell (Pompey) goe:
What newes Frier of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperour of Russia: other
some, he is in Rome: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoeuer, I wish
him well

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall tricke of him to steale
from the State, and vsurpe the beggerie hee was neuer
borne to: Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his absence: he
puts transgression too't

Duke. He do's well in't

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no
harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, Frier

Duk. It is too general a vice, and seueritie must cure it

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred;
it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite,
Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say
this Angelo was not made by Man and Woman, after
this downe-right way of Creation: is it true, thinke
you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some,
that he was begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it
is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd
ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion
generatiue, that's infallible

Duke. You are pleasant sir, and speake apace

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for

the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent haue done this? Ere he would haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would haue paide for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the seruice, and that instructed him to mercie

Duke. I neuer heard the absent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that way

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd

Duke. 'Tis not possible

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vse was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you

Duke. You do him wrong, surely

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shie fellow was the Duke, and I beleeeue I know the cause of his withdrawing

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderstand, the greater file of the subiect held the Duke to be wise

Duke. Wise? Why no question but he was

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or mistaking:
The very streame of his life, and the businesse he
hath helmed, must vppon a warranted neede, giue him
a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in
his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the
enuious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore
you speake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee
more, it is much darkned in your malice

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge
with deare loue

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know

Duke. I can hardly beleeeue that, since you know not
what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our
praiers are he may) let mee desire you to make your answer
before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you
haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vppon
you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is Lucio, wel known to the Duke

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to
report you

Luc. I feare you not

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more:
or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an opposite: but indeed
I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiu'd in mee
Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if Claudio
die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne--dish:

Shakespeare's First Folio

I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this
vngeinitur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with
Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeues,
because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would
haue darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would neuer
bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie
this Claudio is condemned for vntrussing. Farwell good
Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee
againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past
it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar,
though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say
that I said so: Farewell.

Enter.

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor
is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite
in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare
and play the Tirant

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it
please your Honor

Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information against me, Mistris Kate Keepe-downe was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come Philip and Iacob: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduis'd him for th' entertainment of death

Esc. Good' euen, good Father

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now To vse it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In speciall businesse from his Holinesse

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Noueltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough aliue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition

was the Duke?

Esc. One, that aboue all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Esc. Rather reioycing to see another merry, then
merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice.
A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to
his euents, with a praier they may proue prosperous, let me desire to know, how you finde Claudio prepar'd?
I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visitation

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no sinister measure
from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles himselfe
to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed
to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyuing
promises of life, which I (by my good leisure)
haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die

Esc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and
the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd
for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore
of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so
seuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede
Iustice

Duke. If his owne life,
Answer the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile
he hath sentenc'd himselfe

Esc I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the sword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as seueare:
Patterne in himselfe to know,
Grace to stand, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble shame on Angelo,
To weede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with ydle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With Angelo to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but despised:)
So disguise shall by th' disguised
Pay with falshood, false exacting,
And performe an olde contracting.

Exit

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song.

Take, oh take those lips away,
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish

You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here
to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to
meete

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat
here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come
euen now. I shall craue your forbearance a little, may be
I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your
selfe

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you.

Enter.

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue t'ane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I haue possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to Mariana

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good

Isab. I doe desire the like

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside.

Enter.

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduise it

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too

Isa. Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother

Mar. Feare me not

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Iustice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee
a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die Claudio
and Barnardine: heere is in our prison a common executioner,
who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take
it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your
Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment,
and your deliuerance with an vnpittied whipping;
for you haue beene a notorious bawd

Clo. Sir, I haue beene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of
minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman:
I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from
my fellow partner

Pro. What hoa, Abhorson: where's Abhorson there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow
in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with

him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not,
vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot
plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our
mysterie

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will
turne the Scale.

Enter.

Clo. Pray sir, by your good fauor: for surely sir, a
good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look:
Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

Abh. I Sir, a Misterie

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Misterie; and
your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, vsing
painting, do proue my Occupation, a Misterie: but
what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should
be hang'd, I cannot imagine

Abh. Sir, it is a Misterie

Clo. Prooffe

Abh. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man
thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your
Theefe, your Theefe thinks it little enough: So euerie
true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hangman
is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth
oftner aske forgiuenesse

Pro. You sirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe
to morrow, foure a clocke

Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my
Trade: follow

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue
occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde
me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a
good turne.

Exit

Pro. Call hether Barnardine and Claudio:
Th' one has my pitie; not a iot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant Claudio, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's Barnardine?

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise?
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue
For the most gentle Claudio. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?
Pro. None since the Curphew rung

Duke. Not Isabell?
Pro. No

Duke. They will then er't be long

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's some in hope

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:
He doth with holie abstinence subdue
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noise? That spirit's possest with hast,
That wounds th' vnsisting Posterne with these strokes

Pro. There he must stay vntil the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd vp

Duke. Haue you no countermand for Claudio yet?
But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouost, as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning

Pro. Happely
You something know: yet I beleeue there comes
No countermand: no such example haue we:
Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,
Lord Angelo hath to the publike eare
Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man

Pro. And heere comes Claudio's pardon

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you swerue not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day

Pro. I shall obey him

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin,

For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,
That for the faults loue, is th' offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:

Lord Angelo (be-like) thinking me remisse
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be executed
by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernardine:
For my better satisfaction, let mee haue Claudios
head sent me by fiue. Let this be duely performed with a
thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer.
Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at
your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed
in th' afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not
either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I
haue heard it was euer his manner to do so

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord
Angelo, came not to an vndoubtfull prooffe

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?
How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully,
but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreaklesse, and
fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible
of mortality, and desperately mortall

Duke. He wants aduice

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty
of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee
would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies
entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to
carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant
for it, it hath not moued him at all

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your
brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not
truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes
of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: Claudio,
whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater
forfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath sentenc'd him.
To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I
craue but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to
do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited,
and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer
his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my
case as Claudio's, to crosse this in the smallest

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my instructions may be your guide,

Let this Barnardine be this morning executed,
And his head borne to Angelo

Pro. Angelo hath seene them both,
And will discouer the fauour

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may
adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and say it
was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'de before his
death: you know the course is common. If any thing
fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune,
by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against
it with my life

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath

Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if
the Duke auouch the iustice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since
I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor
perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further
then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke
you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you
know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not
strange to you?

Pro. I know them both

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the
Duke; you shall anon ouer-reade it at your pleasure:
where you shall finde within these two daies, he wil be
heere. This is a thing that Angelo knowes not, for hee
this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance
of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie,
but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke,
th' vnfoldng Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not

Shakespeare's First Folio

your selfe into amazement, how these things should be;
all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call
your executioner, and off with Barnardines head: I will
giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better
place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolute
you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne.

Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our
house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris
Ouerdons owne house, for heere be manie of her olde
Customers. First, here's yong Mr Rash, hee's in for a
commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine
score and seuentene pounds, of which hee made fiue
Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not
much in request, for the olde Women were all dead.
Then is there heere one Mr Caper, at the suite of Master
Three-Pile the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peachcolour'd
Satten, which now peaches him a beggar.
Then haue we heere, yong Dizie, and yong Mr Deepe vow,
and Mr Copperspurre, and Mr Starue-Lackey the Rapier
and dagger man, and yong Drop-heire that kild lustie
Pudding, and Mr Forthlight the Tilter, and braue Mr
Shootie the great Traueller, and wilde Halfe-Canne that
stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in
our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hether

Clo. Mr Barnardine, you must rise and be hang'd,
Mr Barnardine

Abh. What hoa Barnardine.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyse
there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepe

Abh. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too

Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed,
and sleepe afterwards

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his
Straw russle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir

Bar. How now Abhorson?
What's the newes with you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your
prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night,
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the
sunder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father:
do we iest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how
hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night,
and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall
beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to
die this day, that's certaine

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you
Looke forward on the iournie you shall go

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me,
come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouost.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnprepar'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One Ragozine, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of Claudio's yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by Angelo: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But Barnardine must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To saue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Scena Tertia.

Enter.

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo
Now wil I write Letters to Angelo,
(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with Angelo.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours

Pro. Ile make all speede.

Exit

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere

Duke. The tongue of Isabell. She's come to know,

Scena Tertia.

If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leaue

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious
daughter

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releasd him, Isabell, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to Angelo

Isa. Nay, but it is not so

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisdom daughter in your close patience

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight

Isa. Vnhappie Claudio, wretched Isabell,
Iniurious world, most damned Angelo

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen.

Scena Tertia.

Marke what I say, which you shal finde
 By euery sillable a faithful veritie.
 The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
 One of our Couent, and his Confessor
 Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
 Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
 Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,
 There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wisdome,
 In that good path that I would wish it go,
 And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
 Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
 And general Honor

Isa. I am directed by you

Duk. This Letter then to Friar Peter giue,
 'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
 Say, by this token, I desire his companie
 At Mariana's house to night. Her cause, and yours
 Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
 Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
 Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
 I am combined by a sacred Vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
 Command these fretting waters from your eies
 With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
 If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good' euen;
 Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir

Luc. Oh prettie Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to
 see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine
 to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my
 head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee
 too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.
 By my troth Isabell I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical
 Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had

Scena Tertia.

liued

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding
to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already sir
if they be true: if not true, none were enough

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench
with childe

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it,
They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you
well

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:
if baudy talke offend you, wee'l haue very litle of it: nay
Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and deliuer our authorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shewes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereafter, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him

Esc. I shall sir: fareyouwell.

Enter.

Ang. Good night.
This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,

Shakespeare's First Folio

How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By so receiuing a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued.
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.

Enter.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me,
The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you euer to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at Flauia's house,
And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice
To Valencius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me Flaius first

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee Varrius, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle Varrius.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speake so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose

Mar. Be rul'd by him

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure
He speake against me on the aduerse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Frier Peter

Isab. Oh peace, the Frier is come

Peter. Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may haue such vantage on the Duke
He shall not passe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.
The generous, and grauest Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The Duke is entring:

Scena Sexta.

Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Esculus, Lucio, Citizens at
seuerall
doores.

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you

Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace

Duk. Many and hartly thankings to you both:
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks
Forerunning more requitall

Ang. You make my bonds still greater

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, &I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert bosome
When it deserues with characters of brasse
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand
And let the Subiect see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come Escalus,
You must walke by vs, on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him

Isab. Iustice, O royall Duke, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord Angelo shall giue you Iustice,
Reueale your selfe to him

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seeke redemption of the diuell,
Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake
Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redresse from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by course of Iustice

Isab. By course of Iustice

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truely wil I speake,
That Angelo's forsworne, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murtherer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th' end of reckning

Duke. Away with her: poore soule
She speakes this, in th' infirmity of sence

Isa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seemes vnlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute:
As Angelo, euen so may Angelo
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse

Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse

Isab. Oh gracious Duke
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serue
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true

Duk. Many that are not mad
Haue sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one Claudio,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by Angelo,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one Lucio
As then the Messenger

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poore Brothers pardon

Isab. That's he indeede

Duk. You were not bid to speake

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace

Duk. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A businesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect

Luc. I warrant your honor

Duk. The warrant's for your selfe: take heede to't

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale

Luc. Right

Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed,

Isab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie

Duk. That's somewhat madly spoken

Isab. Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter

Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed

Isab. In briefe, to set the needlesse processe by:
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to vtter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head

Duke. This is most likely

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true

Duk. By heauen (fond wretch) y knowst not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hatefull practise: first his Integritie

Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended
He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not haue cut him off: some one hath set you on:
Confesse the truth, and say by whose aduice
Thou cam'st heere to complaine

Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers aboue
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp
In countenance: heauen shield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe

Duke. I know you'd faine be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise:
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa. One that I would were heere, Frier Lodowick

Duk. A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that Lodowicke?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirment, I had swing'd him soundly

Duke. Words against mee? this' a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found

Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryar,
A very scuruy fellow

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue heard

Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one vngot

Duke. We did beleeeue no lesse.
Know you that Frier Lodowick that she speakes of?

Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not scuruy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trust, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeeue it

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:
Of a strange Feauor: vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whensoever he's conuented: First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs some seates, Come cosen Angelo,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge
Of your owne Cause: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No my Lord

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No my Lord

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow,
nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of
them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
to prattle for himselfe

Luc. Well my Lord

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I haue known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better

Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to

Luc. Well, my Lord

Duk. This is no witsse for Lord Angelo

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th' effect of Loue

Ang. Charges she moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know

Duk. No? you say your husband

Mar. Why iust, my Lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes Isabells

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell Angelo
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from Isabell,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagin'd person

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she saies

Duk. Sirha, no more

Luc. Enough my Lord

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And fiue yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of fiue yeres
I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen, and words fro[m] breath,
As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for euer be confixed here
A Marble Monument

Ang. I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the scope of Iustice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
These poore informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this practise out

Duke. I, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes,

Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation? you, Lord Escalus
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that set them on,
Let him be sent for

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this Complaint;
Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as seemes you best
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leaue you; but stir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers.

Enter.

Esc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior Lucio,
did not you say you knew that Frier Lodowick to be a
dishonest person?

Luc. Cucullus non facit Monachum, honest in nothing
but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous
speeches of the Duke

Esc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come,
and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a
notable fellow

Luc. As any in Vienna, on my word

Esc. Call that same Isabell here once againe, I would

Shakespeare's First Folio

speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to
question, you shall see how Ile handle her

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report

Esc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately
She would sooner confesse, perchance publikely she'll be
asham'd.

Enter Duke, Prouost, Isabella

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,
Denies all that you haue said

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,
Here, with the Prouost

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till
we call vpon you

Luc. Mum

Esc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander
Lord Angelo? they haue confes'd you did

Duk. 'Tis false

Esc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuell
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should heare me speake

Esc. The Duke's in vs: and we will heare you speake,
Looke you speake iustly

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redresse: Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's vniust,
Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuse

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of

Esc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhalloved Fryer:
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witnesse of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th'Duke himselfe, to taxe him with Iniustice?
Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpose:
What? vniust?

Duk. Be not so hot: the Duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,
Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State
Made me a looker on here in Vienna,
Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,
As much in mocke, as marke

Esc. Slander to th' State:
Away with him to prison

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio?
Is this the man you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-pate,
doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice,
I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the Duke

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you
said of the Duke

Duk. Most notably Sir

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the Duke a flesh-monger,
a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him
to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you
make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and
much more, much worse

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did I not plucke thee
by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after
his treasonable abuses

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away
with him to prison: Where is the Prouost? away with
him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak
no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other
confederate companion

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him Lucio

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you
bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you?
show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your
sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: Will't
not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a Duke.
First Prouost, let me bayle these gentle three:
Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,
Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him

Luc. This may proue worse then hanging

Duk. What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:
Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st
Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,
To thinke I can be vndiscerneable,
When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my passes. Then good Prince,
No longer Session hold vpon my shame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg

Duk. Come hither Mariana,
Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Doe you the office (Fryer) which consummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him Prouost.

Enter.

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,
Then at the strangenesse of it

Duk. Come hither Isabell,
Your Frier is now your Prince: As I was then
Aduertysing, and holy to your businesse,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,
Atturried at your seruice

Isab. Oh giue me pardon
That I, your vassaile, haue imploid, and pain'd
Your vnknowne Soueraigntie

Duk. You are pardon'd Isabell:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid,
It was the swift celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,
That life is better life past fearing death,
Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouost.

Isab. I doe my Lord

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, euen from his proper tongue.
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death:
Haste still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure:
Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?
Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-state, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man

Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue

Mar. Gentle my Liege

Duke. You doe but loose your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabell, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice

Duke. Against all sence you doe importune her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his paued bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror

Mar. Isabell:
Sweet Isabel, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh Isabel: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death

Isab. Most bounteous Sir.
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due sinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For Angelo, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts

Mar. Meerely my Lord

Duk. Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Prouost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an vnusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded so

Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate message

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by priuate order else haue dide,
I haue reseru'd aliue

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is Barnardine

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, haue stil appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward

Ang. I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deseruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouost, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Pro. This my Lord

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
 Sirha, thou art said to haue a stubborne soule
 That apprehends no further then this world,
 And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
 But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
 And pray thee take this mercie to prouide
 For better times to come: Frier aduise him,
 I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sau'd,
 Who should haue di'd when Claudio lost his head,
 As like almost to Claudio, as himselfe

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
 Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake
 Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine,
 He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
 By this Lord Angelo perceiues he's safe,
 Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye:
 Well Angelo, your euill quits you well.
 Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
 I finde an apt remission in my selfe:
 And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
 You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
 One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man:
 Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you
 That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the
 trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather
 it would please you, I might be whipt

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
 Proclaime it Prouost round about the Citie,
 If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
 (As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one
 whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
 And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,
 Let him be whipt and hang'd

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to
 a Whore: your Highnesse said euen now I made you a
 Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making
 me a Cuckold

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy slanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserues it.
She Claudio that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Ioy to you Mariana, loue her Angelo:
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, Escalus, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks Prouost for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's,
Th' offence pardons it selfe. Deere Isabell,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Prouost.
Thomas. 2. Friers.
Peter.
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Clowne.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS. MEASVRE, For Measure.

The Comedie of Errors

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Iaylor,
and
other attendants.

Marchant. Proceed Solinus to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all

Duke. Merchant of Siracusa, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pittie from our threatning looks:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the Siracusians and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus
Be seene at any Siracusan Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any Siracusan borne

Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne

Duk. Well Siracusian; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy natiue home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus

Mer. A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In Syracuse was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamium, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanely prou'd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.

A league from Epidamium had we saild
 Before the alwaies winde—obeying deepe
 Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
 But longer did we not retaine much hope;
 For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
 Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
 A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
 Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
 Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
 And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
 The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
 And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
 My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
 Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
 Such as sea—faring men prouide for stormes:
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
 Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,
 And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
 Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
 Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
 And by the benefit of his wished light
 The seas waxt calme, and we discouered
 Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
 Of Corinth that, of Epidarus this,
 But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
 Gather the sequell by that went before

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,
 For we may pittie, though not pardon thee

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily team'd them mercilesse to vs:
 For ere the ships could meet by twice fiue leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
 Which being violently borne vp,
 Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
 So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,
 Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for,

Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
 With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the winde,
 And in our sight they three were taken vp
 By Fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
 And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
 Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
 And would haue reft the Fishers of their prey,
 Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
 Thus haue you heard me seuer'd from my blisse,
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
 What haue befallne of them and they till now

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eightene yeeres became inquisitiue
 After his brother; and importun'd me
 That his attendant, so his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
 Might beare him company in the quest of him:
 Whom whil'st I laboured of a loue to see,
 I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
 Fiue Sommers haue I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roming cleane through the bounds of Asia,
 And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:
 Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnsought
 Or that, or any place that harbours men:
 But heere must end the story of my life,
 And happy were I in my timelie death,
 Could all my trauels warrant me they liue

Duke. Haplesse Egeon whom the fates haue markt
 To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
 Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
 Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
 Which Princes would they may not disanull,
 My soule should sue as aduocate for thee:
 But though thou art adiudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recal'd
 But to our honours great disparagement:

Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy custodie

Iaylor. I will my Lord

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth Egean wend,
But to procrastinate his liuelesse end.

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of Epidamium,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:
This very day a Syracusian Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:
There is your monie that I had to keepe

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry iests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E.Mar. I am inuited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, soone at fiue a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time:
My present businesse cals me from you now

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie

E.Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnhappy) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone

E.Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath stricken twelue vpon the bell:
My Mistris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke:
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you

E.Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not

Ant. I am not in a sportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie

E.Dro. I pray you iest sir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.
For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger

Ant. Come Dromio, come, these iests are out of season,
Reserue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

E.Dro. To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge

E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you fro[m] the Mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix sir, to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie sponce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?

E.Dro. I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes vpon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently

Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slaue hast thou?

E.Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knaue

E.Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your hands:
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.

Exeunt. Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by some deuise or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cosenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:
If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,

I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Enter.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure Luciana it is two a clocke

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Master of his libertie:
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore

Adr. Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,
Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
Of more preheminance then fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords

Adri. This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed

Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway

Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear

Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cause:
A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selues complaine:
So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpelesse patience would releue me;
But if thou liue to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Actus Secundus.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?

E.Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my
two eares can witnesse

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
his minde?

E.Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele
his meaning

E.Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well
feeles his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scarce vnderstand them

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home?
It seemes he hath great care to please his wife

E.Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?

E.Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is starke mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistresse:
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse

Luci. Quoth who?

E.Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due vnto my
tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did beat me there

Adri. Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger

Adri. Backe slaue, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse

Dro. And he will blesse y crosse with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head

Adri. Hence prating pesant, fetch thy Master home

Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starue for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th' alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.

What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, too vnruely Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale

Luci. Selfe-harming Iealousie; fie beat it hence

Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the Iewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die

Luci. How manie fond fooles serue mad Ielousie?

Enter.

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to Dromio is laid vp
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedfull slaue
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusia.

Actus Secundus.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe:
You know no Centaur? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?
S.Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?
E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since

S.Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the Centaur with the gold you gaue me

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd

S.Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?
Ant. Yea, dost thou ieere &flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst y I iest? hold, take thou that, &that.

Beats Dro.

S.Dr. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,
Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?
Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my serious howres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will iest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leaue battering,

Shakespeare's First Folio

I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows
long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Insconce it
to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S.Dro. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S.Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, euery why
hath a wherefore

Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore,
for vrging it the second time to me

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of
season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gaue me
for nothing

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing
for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue

Ant. In good time sir: what's that?

S.Dro. Basting

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie

S.Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it

Ant. Your reason?

S.Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me
another drie basting

Ant. Well sir, learne to iest in good time, there's a
time for all things

S.Dro. I durst haue denied that before you were so
chollericke

Anti. By what rule sir?

S.Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald
pate of Father time himselfe

Ant. Let's heare it

S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire
that growes bald by nature

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer
the lost haire of another man

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as
it is) so plentiful an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on
beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath
giuen them in wit

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire
then wit

Shakespeare's First Folio

S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose
his haire

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers
without wit

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he looseth
it in a kinde of iollitie

An. For what reason

S.Dro. For two, and sound ones to

An. Nay not sound I pray you

S.Dro. Sure ones then

An. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing

S.Dro. Certaine ones then

An. Name them

S.Dro. The one to saue the money that he spends in
trying; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in
his porrage

An. You would all this time haue prou'd, there is no

Actus Secundus.

time for all things

S.Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to recouer
haire lost by Nature

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there
is no time to recouer

S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and
therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft,
who wafts vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, Antipholus, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
That neuer words were musicke to thine eare,
That neuer object pleasing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,
Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
That vndiuidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere selves better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,

Actus Secundus.

By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I live distain'd, thou vndishonoured

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two houres old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vse my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner

Ant. By Dromio?

Drom. By me

Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife

Ant. Did you conuerse sir with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S.Dro. I sir? I neuer saw her till this time

Ant. Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,
Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart

S.Dro. I neuer spake with her in all my life

Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names?
Vnlesse it be by inspiration

Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slaue,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this sleeue of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
Vsurping luie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion

Ant. To mee shee speakes, shee moues mee for her
theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error driues our eies and eares amisse?
Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie

Luc. Dromio, goe bid the seruants spred for dinner

S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will insue:
They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot

S.Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I

S.Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme

S.Dro. No, I am an Ape

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse

S.Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could neuer be,
But I should know her as well as she knowes me

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'st man and Master laughes my woes to scorne:
Come sir to dinner, Dromio keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
And shriue you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come sister, Dromio play the Porter well

Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduisde:
Knowne vnto these, and to my selfe disguisde:
Ile say as they say, and perseuer so:
And in this mist at all aduentures go

S.Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?

Adr. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine to late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and
Balthaser the Merchant.

E.Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E.Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show;
If y skin were parchment, &y blows you gaue were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke

E.Ant. I thinke thou art an asse

E.Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse

E.An. Y'are sad signior Balthazar, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, &y your welcom deer

Shakespeare's First Folio

E.An. Oh signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish

Bal. Good meat sir is co[m]mon that euery churle affords

Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing
but words

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie
feast

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in

E.Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn

S.Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot,
Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou coniure for wenches, that y calst for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore

E.Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master
stayes in the street

S.Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee
catch cold on's feet

E.Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore

Shakespeare's First Folio

S.Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day

S.Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S.Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio

E.Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene Dromio to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there Dromio? who are those at the gate?

E.Dro. Let my Master in Luce

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master

E.Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Prouerbe,
Shall I set in my staffe

Shakespeare's First Folio

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can
you tell?

S.Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou hast answer'd
him well

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I
hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you

S.Dro. And you said no

E.Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow
for blow

Anti. Thou baggage let me in

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E.Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore
downe

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the
towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruely
boies

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come
before

Adri. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore

E.Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold
goe sore

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we
would faine haue either

Baltz. In debating which was best, wee shall part
with neither

E.Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them
welcome hither

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot
get in

E.Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments
were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the
cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought
and sold

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate

Shakespeare's First Folio

S.Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your
knaues pate

E.Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and
words are but winde:
I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde

S.Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee
hinde

E.Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let
me in

S.Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue
no fin

Ant. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow

E.Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;
For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a fether,
If a crow help vs in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow

Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th' vnuiolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisdomes,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne;
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint:
If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet vngalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
For slander liues vpon succession:
For euer hows'd, where it gets possession

Anti. You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the Porpentine,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence

Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia.

Iulia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? shall Antipholus

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue—springs rot?
 Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then for her wealths—sake vse her with more kindnesse:
 Or if you like else—where doe it by stealth,
 Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye:
 Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
 Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
 Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
 Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
 Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
 Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
 Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
 Alas poore women, make vs not beleue
 (Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,
 Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue:
 We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
 Then gentle brother get you in againe;
 Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wise;
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
 When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife

S.Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I
 know not;
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
 Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
 Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
 Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
 Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
 Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
 The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
 Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
 To make it wander in an vnknowne field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
 Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
 Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
 To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares:
 Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
 Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haire;
 And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:

And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere
your sight

Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night

Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my sister so

Ant. Thy sisters sister

Luc. That's my sister

Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selves better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be

Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand

Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still:
He fetch my sister to get her good will.

Enter.

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now Dromio, where run'st thou so fast?

S.Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?

Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe

Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe

Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy selfe?

Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman:
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me

Anti. What claime laies she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I beeing a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me

Anti. What is she?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, &al grease, and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If she liues till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World

Anti. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe ouer-shooes in the grime of it

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, Noahs flood could not do it

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her

Anti. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by

the bogges

Ant. Where Scotland?

Dro. I found it by the barrenesse, hard in the palme
of the hand

Ant. Where France?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reuerted, making
warre against her heire

Ant. Where England?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkle Cliffes, but I could find
no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin
by the salt rheume that ranne betweene France, and it

Ant. Where Spaine?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with
Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect
to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes
of Carrects to be ballast at her nose

Anti. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude,
this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee
Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what priuie
markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder,
the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme,
that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if
my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of
steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, &made
me turne i'th wheele

Anti. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,

I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife.

Exit

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soueraigne grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr Antipholus

Anti. I that's my name

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the Porpentine,
The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long

Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for
you

Anti. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine

Anti. I pray you sir receiue the money now.
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well.

Enter.

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.
I see a man heere needs not liue by shifts,
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for Dromio stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away.

Enter.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer

Gold. Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaîne, at fiue a clocke
I shall receiue the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephes.Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you saue: See where he comes

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou
And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

Exit Dromio

Eph.Ant. A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaîne,
But neither Chaîne nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not

Gold. Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaîne weighs to the vtmost charect,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it

Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I haue some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaîne, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaîne to her your
selfe

Anti. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough

Gold. Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaîne about
you?

Ant. And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:
Or else you may returne without your money

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaîne:
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long

Anti. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine,
I should haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle

Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine

Ant. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony

Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it

Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer

Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine

Ant. I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine

Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since

Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to
say so

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands vpon my credit

Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey
me

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly

Offic. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite

Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.
But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall haue Law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of Epidamium,
That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the Balsamum, and Aqua-vitae.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe

An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuish sheep
What ship of Epidamium staies for me

S.Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage

Ant. Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end

S.Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
To Adriana Villaine hie thee straight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slaue, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come.

Exeunt.

S.Dromio. To Adriana, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceiue austerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What obseruation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face

Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee
were

Luc. Then pleaded I for you

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me

Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might moue.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech

Adr. Did'st speake him faire?

Luc. Haue patience I beseech

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.
My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,
Stigmaticall in making worse in minde

Luc. Who would be iealous then of such a one?
No euill lost is wail'd, when it is gone

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S.Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make
haste

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
S.Dro. By running fast

Adr. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?
S.Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittillesse and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counterma[n]ds
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgme[n]t carries poore soules to hel

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?
S.Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on
the case

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S.Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,
will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in
his deske

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arested on a band?

S.Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring

Adria. What, the chaine?

S.Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one

Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here

S.Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes
backe for verie feare

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou
reason?

S.Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Adr. Go Dromio, there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately.
Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie.

Enter.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;
Some other giue me thankses for kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S.Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what
haue you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What Adam do'st thou
meane?

S.Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but
that Adam that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the
calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that
came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you forsake
your libertie

Ant. I vnderstand thee not

S.Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like
a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when
gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and rests them:
he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them
suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more exploits
with his Mace, then a Moris Pike

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S.Dro. I sir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings
any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that
thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue
you good rest

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:
Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S.Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since,
that the Barke Expedition put forth to night, and then
were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the Hoy
Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer
you

Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus:
I see sir you haue found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day

Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not

S.Dro. Master, is this Mistris Sathan?

Ant. It is the diuell

S.Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and
thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's
as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written,
they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an
effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will
burne, come not neere her

Cur. Your man and you are maruailous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S.Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake
a long spoone

Ant. Why Dromio?

S.Dro. Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must
eate with the diuell

Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse:
I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon

Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you

S.Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,
a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherriestone:
but she more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Master
be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake
her Chaine, and fright vs with it

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come Dromio let vs go

S.Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that

you know.

Enter.

Cur. Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he neuer so demeane himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way:
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?

E.Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all

Anti. But where's the Money?

E.Dro. Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E.Dro. Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E.Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you

Offi. Good sir be patient

E.Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduersitie

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue

E.Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands

Anti. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine

E.Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might
not feele your blowes

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and
so is an Asse

E.Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may prooue it by

Shakespeare's First Folio

my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my
Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands
for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates
me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with
beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with
it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe
from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay
I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat:
and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with
it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaster, call'd
Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder

E.Dro. Mistris respice finem, respect your end, or rather
the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end

Anti. Wilt thou still talke?

Beats Dro.

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciuility confirmes no lesse:
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Coniurer,
Establish him in his true sence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,
And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen

Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule

Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers?
Did this Companion with the saffron face
Reuell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame

Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out

Anti. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there

Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and
scorne me?

Dro. Certis she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since haue felt the vigor of his rage

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie

Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest
mee

Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By Dromio heere, who came in hast for it

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets

Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it

Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roome

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth

Dro. And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me:
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee striues.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
neere me

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him

Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks

Ant. What will you murther me, thou Iailor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Offi. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you
shall not haue him

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?

Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd
Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day

Ant. Oh most vnhappy strumpet

Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad
mee?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
Master, cry the diuell

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idly they
talke

Adr. Go beare him hence, sister go you with me:
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan

Off. One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Duckets

Adr. Say, how growes it due

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him

Adr. He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw vpon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine

Adr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio
Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe

Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill vs.

Exeunt. omnes, as fast as may be, frightened.

S.Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords

S.Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from
you

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from
thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard

Dro. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do
vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold:
me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne
Witch

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboard.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it

Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reuerent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:

His word might beare my wealth at any time

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it

Mar. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forswear it?

Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liu'st
To walke where any honest men resort

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:

Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde Dromio too, and beare them to my house

S.Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.

Exeunt. to the Priorie.

Enter Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits

Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man

Adr. This weeke he hath beene heauie, sower sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home

Ab. You should for that haue reprehended him

Adr. Why so I did

Ab. I but not rough enough

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me

Ab. Haply in priuate

Adr. And in assemblies too

Ab. I, but not enough

Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he slept not for my vrging it,
At boord he fed not for my vrging it:
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,

And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits

Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house

Ad. Then let your seruants bring my husband forth

Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will haue no attorney but my selfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me

Adr. I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him

Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse

Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at fiue:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere

Gold. Vpon what cause?

Mar. To see a reuerent Siracusian Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence

Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bare
head, with
the Headsman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

He shall not die, so much we tender him

Adr. Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husba[n]d,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe

Duke. Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and saue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they haue sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailles of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs

Mess. Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with
Halberds

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about inuisible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E.Dromio of Ephesus.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

E.Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iustice,
Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to saue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice

Mar.Fat. Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me
dote, I see my sonne Antipholus and Dromio

E.Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) against y Woman there:
She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Euen in the strength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me

Duke. Discouer how, and thou shalt finde me iust

E.Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
vpon me,
While she with Harlots feasted in my house

Duke. A greeuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall

Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth

Gold. O periur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them

E.Ant. My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
 Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
 Nor headie-rash prouoak'd with raging ire,
 Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
 That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 Could wnesse it: for he was with me then,
 Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
 Where Balthasar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
 I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
 And in his companie that Gentleman.
 There did this periur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
 That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
 Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
 He did arrest me with an Officer.
 I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
 For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
 Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By'th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
 They brought one Pinch, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
 A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
 A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
 A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
 A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
 Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
 They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a darke and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together,
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
 Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
 To giue me ample satisfaction
 For these deepe shames, and great indignities

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out

Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,

These people saw the Chaine about his necke

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle

E.Ant. I neuer came within these Abbey wals,
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:
And this is false you burthen me withall

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of Circes cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?
E.Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatcht that Ring

E.Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace

Duke. Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
And pay the sum that may deliuer me

Duke. Speake freely Siracusan what thou wilt

Fath. Is not your name sir call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E.Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I Dromio, and his man, vnbound

Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me

Dro. Our selues we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not Pinches patient, are you sir?

Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know
me well

E.Ant. I neuer saw you in my life till now

Fa. Oh! grieffe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. Neither

Fat. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I

Fa. I am sure thou dost?

E.Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoeuer
a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him

Fath. Not know my voice, oh times extremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne Antipholus

Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life

Fa. But seuen yeares since, in Siracusa boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw Siracusa in my life

Duke. I tell thee Siracusian, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to Antipholus,
During which time, he ne're saw Siracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

S.Dromio. I Sir am Dromio, command him away

E.Dro. I Sir am Dromio, pray let me stay

S.Ant. Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost

S.Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him
heere?

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde Egeon, if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Aemilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same Egeon, speake:
And speake vnto the same Aemilia

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two Antipholus, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance:
Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together

Fa. If I dreame not, thou art Aemilia,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte

Abb. By men of Epidamium, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken vp;

But by and by, rude Fishermen of Corinth
By force tooke Dromio, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamium.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see mee in

Duke. Antipholus thou cam'st from Corinth first

S.Ant. No sir, not I, I came from Siracuse

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which

E.Ant. I came from Corinth my most gracious Lord
E.Dro. And I with him

E.Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous
Warriour,
Duke Menaphon your most renowned Vnckle

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S.Ant. I, gentle Mistris

Adr. And are not you my husband?
E.Ant. No, I say nay to that

S.Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of
mee

S.Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not

E.Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me

Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not

Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
By Dromio, but I thinke he brought it not

E.Dro. No, none by me

S.Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose

E.Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere

Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life

Cur. Sir I must haue that Diamond from you

E.Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good
cheere

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error
Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Natiuitie

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

Exeunt. omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Mast[er]. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?

E.An. Dromio, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarckt

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur

S.Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master Dromio.
Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.

Exit

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife,

E.D. Me thinks you are my glasse, &not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossiping?

S.Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder

E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first

E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The Comedie of Errors.

Much adoe about Nothing

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouvernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his
daughter,
and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato. I learne in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon,
comes this night to Messina

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not
three Leagues off when I left him

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this
action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, called Claudio

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how

Leo. He hath an Vnckle heere in Messina, wil be very much glad of it

Mess. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitterness

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of Padua

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was

Beat. He set vp his bils here in Messina, &challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at

Much adoe about Nothing

the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meete with you, I doubt it not

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuft with all honourable vertues

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuft man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, &her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath

Much adoe about Nothing

euery month a new sworne brother

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as
the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with y next block

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your
bookes

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But
I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young
squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the
diuell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble
Claudio

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease:
he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker
runs presently mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee
haue caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand
pound ere he be cur'd

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady

Bea. Do good friend

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and Iohn the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost, and you encounter it

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leaue

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father

Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet
liuing?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee
hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke?
Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in
her presence

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine
I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and
I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard
heart, for truely I loue none

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else
haue beene troubled with a pernicious Suter, I thanke
God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I
had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man
swear he loues me

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde,
so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate
scratcht face

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere
such a face as yours were

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of
your

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue,
and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods
name, I haue done

Beat. You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know
you of old

Pedro. This is the summe of all: Leonato, signior Claudio,
and signior Benedicke; my deere friend Leonato, hath
inuitd you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least
a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detaine
vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but
praies from his heart

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne,
let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled
to the Prince your brother: I owe you all
duetie

Iohn. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I
thanke you

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. Benedicke, didst thou note the daughter of signior
Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her

Claud. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you question me as an honest man should
doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue
me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant
to their sexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement

Bene. Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her

Clau. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'st her

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buie such a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall a man take you to goe in the song?

Clau. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possest with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Clau. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife

Bene. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I neuer see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away sundaies: looke, don Pedro is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard.

Pedr. What secret hath held you here, that you followed

Much adoe about Nothing

not to Leonatoes?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine mee to
tell

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance

Ben. You heare, Count Claudio, I can be secret as a
dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance,
marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in
loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke
how short his answere is, with Hero, Leonatoes short
daughter

Clau. If this were so, so were it vttred

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas
not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it
should be otherwise

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie
well worthie

Clau. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord

Pedr. By my troth I speake my thought

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I

Much adoe about Nothing

speake mine

Clau. That I loue her, I feele

Pedr. That she is worthie, I know

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loued,
nor know how shee should be worthie, is the
opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at
the stake

Pedr. Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despight
of Beautie

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the
force of his will

Ben. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that
she brought mee vp, I likewise giue her most humble
thanks: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my
forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all
women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the
wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to
trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the
finer) I will liue a Batchellor

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue

Bene. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger,
my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more
blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking,
picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and
hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe
of blinde Cupid

Pedro. Well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith,

Much adoe about Nothing

thou wilt proue a notable argument

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot
at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder,
and cal'd Adam

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the sauage
Bull doth beare the yoake

Bene. The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible
Benedicke beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set
them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and
in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse
to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may
see Benedicke the married man

Clau. If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee
horne mad

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiuer in
Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in
the meane time, good Signior Benedicke, repaire to Leonatoes,
commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile
him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation

Bene. I haue almost matter enough in me for such an
Embassage, and so I commit you

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I

Much adoe about Nothing

had it

Pedro. The sixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, Benedick

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leaue you.

Enter.

Clau. My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne
Any hard Lesson that may do thee good

Clau. Hath Leonato any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but Hero, she's his onely heire.
Dost thou affect her Claudio?

Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou dost loue faire Hero, cherish it,
And I will breake with her: wast not to this end,

Much adoe about Nothing

That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

Clau. How sweetly doe you minister to loue,
That know loues grieve by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise

Ped. What need y bridge much broder then the flood?
The fairest graunt is the necessitie:
Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis once, thou louest,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we shall haue reuelling to night,
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosome Ile vnclaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,
In practise let vs put it presently.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my cosen your son:
hath he provided this musicke?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell
you newes that you yet dreamt not of

Lo. Are they good?

Old. As the euent stamps them, but they haue a good
couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count
Claudio walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard,
were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered
to Claudio that hee loued my niece your daughter,
and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance,
and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the
present time by the top, and instantly breake with you
of it

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selfe

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coosins, you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill, good cosin haue a care this busie time.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Iohn the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

Ioh. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit

Con. You should heare reason

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance

Ioh. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art, borne vnder Saturne) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor

Con. Yea, but you must not make the ful show of this,
till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of
late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane
you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you
should take root, but by the faire weather that you make
your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your
owne haruest

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose
in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of
all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this
(though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man)
it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I
am trusted with a mussell, and enfranchisde with a clog,
therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had
my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do
my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and
seeke not to alter me

Con. Can you make no vse of your discontent?

Iohn. I will make all vse of it, for I vse it onely.
Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince
your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can
giue you intelligence of an intended marriage

Iohn. Will it serue for any Modell to build mischief
on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to
vnquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand

Iohn. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Euen he

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Iohn. A proper squier, and who, and who, which way
lookes he?

Bor. Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leonato

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you
to this:

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking
a musty roome, comes me the Prince and Claudio,
hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras,
and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should
wooe Hero for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue
her to Count Claudio

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food
to my displeasure, that young start-vp hath all the glorie
of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse
my selfe euery way, you are both sure, and will assist
mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord

Iohn. Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the
greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my
minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and
Beatrice his
niece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count Iohn here at supper?

Actus Secundus.

Brother. I saw him not

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer
can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made
iust in the mid-way betweene him and Benedicke, the one
is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too
like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tatling

Leon. Then halfe signior Benedicks tongue in Count
Iohns mouth, and halfe Count Iohns melancholy in Signior
Benedicks face

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnckle, and
money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any
woman in the world, if he could get her good will

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a
husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue

Brother. Infaith shee's too curst

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods
sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow
short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no
hornes

Beat. Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heauen Beatrice, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, so deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S[aint]. Peter: for the heauens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers sit, and there liue wee as merry as the day is long

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to make curtsie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other cursie, and say, father, as it please me

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettall
then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouermastred
with a peece of valiant dust: to make account of
her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none:
Adams sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne
to match in my kinred

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the
Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your answere

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you
be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important,
tell him there is measure in euery thing, &so dance
out the answere, for heare me Hero, wooing, wedding, repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a
cinquepace:
the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge
(and full as fantasticall) the wedding manerly modest,
(as a measure) full of state &aunchentry, and then comes
repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace
faster and faster, till he sinkes into his graue

Leonato. Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly

Beatrice. I haue a good eye vnckle, I can see a Church
by daylight

Leon. The reuellers are entring brother, make good
roome.
Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, or
dumbe Iohn,
Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say
nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I
walke away

Pedro. With me in your company

Hero. I may say so when I please

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your fauour, for God defend the
Lute should be like the case

Pedro. My visor is Philemons rooffe, within the house
is Loue

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Loue

Bene. Well, I would you did like me

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I haue
manie ill qualities

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers alowd

Ben. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer

Balt. Amen

Mar. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is answered

Vrsula. I know you well enough, you are Signior Anthonio

Anth. At a word, I am not

Vrsula. I know you by the wagling of your head

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him

Vrsu. You could neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he

Anth. At a word I am not

Vrsula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good
wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior
Benedicke that said so

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough

Bene. Not I, beleeue me

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes ieaster, a very dull foole,
onely his gift is, in deuising impossible slanders, none
but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is
not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth
men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and
beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had
boarded me

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what
you say

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two
on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laugh'd
at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge
wing saued, for the foole will eate no supper that
night. We must follow the Leaders

Ben. In euery good thing

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them

at the next turning.

Exeunt.

Musicke for the dance.

Iohn. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines

Borachio. And that is Claudio, I know him by his bearing

Iohn. Are not you signior Benedicke?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee

Iohn. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on Hero, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

Iohn. I heard him sweare his affection

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet.

Ex. manet Clau.

Actus Secundus.

Clau. Thus answer I in name of Benedicke,
But heare these ill newes with the eares of Claudio:
'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for it selfe,
And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of houely prooffe,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore Hero.
Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count Claudio

Clau. Yea, the same

Ben. Come, will you goe with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Euen to the next Willow, about your own businesse,
Count. What fashion will you weare the Garland
off? About your necke, like an Vsurers chaine? Or
vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must
weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero

Clau. I wish him ioy of her

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so
they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold
haue serued you thus?

Clau. I pray you leaue me

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the
boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the post

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leaue you.

Enter.

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into
sedges: But that my Ladie Beatrice should know me, not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe
vnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am
apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the
base (though bitter) disposition of Beatrice, that putt's
the world into her person, and so giues me out: well, Ile
be reuenged as I may.
Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you
see him?

Bene. Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady
Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a
Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your
grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered
him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a
garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being
worthy to be whipt

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who
being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his
companion, and he steales it

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the
transgression is in the stealer

Ben. Yet it had not been amisse the rod had beene
made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue
worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on
you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them
to the owner

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith
you say honestly

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the
Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much
wrong'd by you

Bene. O she misusde me past the indurance of a block:
an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered
her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold
with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my
selfe, that I was the Princes Iester, and that I was duller
then a great thaw, hudling iest vpon iest, with such impossible
conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a
marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes
poynyards, and euery word stabbes: if her breath were
as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere
her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not
marry her, though she were indowed with all that Adam
had left him before he transgrest, she would haue made

**Hercules haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to
make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde
her the infernall Ate in good apparell.** I would to God
some scholler would coniure her, for certainly while she
is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary,
and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe
thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation
followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any seruice to
the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now
to the Antypodes that you can devise to send me on: I
will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch
of Asia: bring you the length of Prester Iohns foot: fetch
you a hayre off the great Chams beard: doe you any embassage
to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words
conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment
for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure
this Lady tongue.
Enter.

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of
Signior Benedicke

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I
gaue him vse for it, a double heart for a single one, marry
once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore
your Grace may well say I haue lost it

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put
him downe

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest
I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought
Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seeke

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry,
nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something
of a iealous complexion

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true.
though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false:
heere Claudio, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire Hero

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is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will
obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue
thee ioy

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her
my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, &all grace
say, Amen to it

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herauld of ioy, I were
but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you
are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and
doat vpon the exchange

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth
with a kisse, and let not him speake neither

Pedro. In faith Lady you haue a merry heart

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes
on the windy side of Care, my coosin tells him in his eare
that he is in my heart

Clau. And so she doth coosin

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one
to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner
and cry, heigh ho for a husband

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting:
hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father
got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady

Beat. No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for
working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare euerie
day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne
to speake all mirth, and no matter

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry,
best becomes you, for out of question, you were born
in a merry howre

Beatr. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then
there was a starre daunst, and vnder that was I borne: cosins
God giue you ioy

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those things I told
you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her
my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleepes, and not
euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath
often dreamt of vnhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with
laughing

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband

Leonato. O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers
out of suite

Prince. She were an excellent wife for Benedick

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke
married, they would talke themselues madde

Prince. Counte Claudio, when meane you to goe to
Church?

Claudio. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches,
till Loue haue all his rites

Leonato. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is
hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue
all things answer minde

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing,
but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not goe
dully by vs, I will in the interim, vndertake one of Hercules
labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedicke and the
Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection, th' one with
th' other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not
but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance
as I shall giue you direction

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee
ten nights watchings

Claudio. And I my Lord

Prin. And you to gentle Hero?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cosin to a good husband

Prin. And Benedick is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in loue with Benedicke, and I, with your two helpes, will so practise on Benedicke, that in despight of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with Beatrice: if wee can doe this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely louegods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.
Enter.

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Ioh. It is so, the Count Claudio shal marry the daughter of Leonato

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it

Iohn. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me

Iohn. Shew me breiefely how

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero

Iohn. I remember

Bor. I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night,
appoint her to looke out at her Ladies chamber window

Iohn. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe
you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that
hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned
Claudio, whose estimation do you mightily hold vp, to a
contaminated stale, such a one as Hero

Iohn. What prooffe shall I make of that?

Bor. Prooffe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex
Claudio, to vndoe Hero, and kill Leonato, looke you for any
other issue?

Iohn. Onely to despight them, I will endeauour any
thing

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on
Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you
know that Hero loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both
to the Prince and Claudio (as in a loue of your brothers
honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation,
who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance
of a maid, that you haue discover'd thus: they will scarcely
beleeeue this without triall: offer them instances which
shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her
chamber window, heare me call Margaret, Hero; heare
Margaret terme me Claudio, and bring them to see this
the very night before the intended wedding, for in the
meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall
be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of
Heroes disloyaltie, that iealousie shall be cal'd assurance,
and all the preparation ouerthrowne

Iohn. Grow this to what aduerse issue it can, I will
put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and
thy fee is a thousand ducates

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning
shall not shame me

Iohn. I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage.
Enter.

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy

Boy. Signior

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it
hither to me in the orchard

Boy. I am heere already sir.
Enter.

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and
heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing
how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his
behauours to loue, will after hee hath laught at such
shallow follies in others, become the argument of his
owne scorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is Claudio.
I haue known when there was no musicke with him but
the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the
taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue
walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will
he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dublet:
he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like
an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography,
his words are a very fantastical banquet, iust so
many strange dishes: may I be so conuerted, & see with
these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee
sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile
take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet
I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous,
yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman,
one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall
be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer
cheapeen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde,
or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of
good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal
be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and
Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.
Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.

Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is.
As husht on purpose to grace harmonie

Prin. See you where Benedicke hath hid himselfe?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the musicke ended,
Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth

Prince. Come Balthasar, wee'll heare that song again

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,
To slander musicke any more then once

Prin. It is the witsse still of excellency,
To slander Musicke any more then once

Prince. It is the witsse still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he sweare he loues

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it
not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of
mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's
done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant neuer,
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Conuerting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heauy,
The fraud of men were euer so,
Since summer first was leauy,
Then sigh not so,

Prince. By my troth a good song

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift

Ben. And he had been a dog that should haue howld thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mischiefe, I had as lief haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou heare Balthasar? I pray thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady Heroes chamber window

Balth. The best I can, my Lord.

Exit Balthasar.

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in loue with signior Benedicke?

Cla. O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did neuer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior Benedicke, whom shee hath in all outward behaiours seemed euer to abhorre

Bene. Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loues him with an inraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit

Claud. Faith like enough

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit
of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she discouers
it

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you
heard my daughter tell you how

Clau. She did indeed

Prince. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would
haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all
assaults of affection

Leo. I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially
against Benedicke

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the whitebearded
fellow speakes it: knauery cannot sure hide
himselpe in such reuerence

Claud. He hath tane th' infection, hold it vp

Prince. Hath shee made her affection known to Benedicke:

Leonato. No, and sweares she neuer will, that's her
torment

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall I, saies she, that haue so oft encountred him with scorne, write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This saies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smocke, till she haue writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all

Clau. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty iest your daughter told vs of

Leon. O when she had writ it, &was reading it ouer, she found Benedicke and Beatrice betweene the sheete

Clau. That

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him, saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should

Clau. Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O sweet Benedicke, God giue me patience

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true

Prince. It were good that Benedicke knew of it by some other, if she will not discouer it

Clau. To what end? he would but make a sport of it,
and torment the poore Lady worse

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him,
shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,)
she is vertuous

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise

Prince. In euery thing, but in louing Benedicke

Leon. O my Lord, wisdom and bloud combating in
so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud
hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iust cause,
being her Vncle, and her Guardian

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage on
mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her
halfe my selfe: I pray you tell Benedicke of it, and heare
what he will say

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Clau. Hero thinkes surely she wil die, for she saies she
will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die ere shee
make her loue knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her,
rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed
crossenesse

Prince. She doth well, if she should make tender of her
loue, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you
know all) hath a contemptible spirit

Clau. He is a very proper man

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines

Claudio. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like
wit

Leon. And I take him to be valiant

Prin. As Hector, I assure you, and in the managing of
quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes
them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a
Christian-like feare

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe
peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a
quarrell with feare and trembling

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God,
howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large ieasts hee
will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe
see Benedicke, and tell him of her loue

Claudio. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out
with good counsell

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart
out first

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter,
let it coole the while, I loue Benedicke well, and I
could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see

how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready

Clau. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer trust my expectation

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner.

Exeunt.

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from Hero, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reprocue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should liue till I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.
Enter Beatrice.

Actus Secundus.

Beat. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to dinner

Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paines

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a kniues point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke signior, fare you well.
Enter.

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you took paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pittie of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I will goe get her picture.
Enter.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero. Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour,

There shalt thou finde my Cosin Beatrice,
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio,
Whisper her eare, and tell her I and Vrsula,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heardst vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,
Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,
To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently

Hero. Now Vrsula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke must onely be of Benedicke,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more then euer man did merit,
My talke to thee must be how Benedicke
Is sicke in loue with Beatrice; of this matter,
Is little Cupids crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,
Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrice like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference

Vrs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for Beatrice, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:
No truely Vrsula, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke

Actus Tertius.

Vrsula. But are you sure,
That Benedicke loues Beatrice so intirely?
Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord

Vrs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?
Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lou'd Benedicke,
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let Beatrice know of it

Vrsula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer Beatrice shall couch vpon?
Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder stuffe then that of Beatrice:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shée is so selfe indeared

Vrsula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth

Vrsu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable

Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedicke like couered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling

Vrsu. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say

Hero. No, rather I will goe to Benedicke,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking

Vrsu. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priske to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior Benedicke

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare Claudio

Vrsu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedicke,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name

Vrsu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow

Vrsu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hero. If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps.
Enter.

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behinde the backe of such.
And Benedicke, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou dost loue, my kindnesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly.
Enter.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate,
and then go I toward Arragon

Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe
me

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat

Actus Tertius.

Shakespeare's First Folio

and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with
Benedicke for his companie, for from the crowne of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice
or thrice cut Cupids bow-string, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,
his tongue speakes

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin

Leo. So say I, methinkes you are sadder

Claud. I hope he be in loue

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud
in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants
money

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach

Prin. Draw it

Bene. Hang it

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards

Prin. What? sigh for the tooth-ach

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme

Bene. Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but hee
that has it

Clau. Yet say I, he is in loue

Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee
haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee
is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare
he is

Clau. If he be not in loue with some woman, there
is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings,
What should that bode?

Prin. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with
him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie
stuft tennis balls

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the
losse of a beard

Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Ciuit, can you smell
him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
loue

Prin. The greatest note of it is his melancholy

Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare
what they say of him

Clau. Nay, but his iesting spirit, which is now crept
into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by stops

Prin. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude,
he is in loue

Clau. Nay, but I know who loues him

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that
knowes him not

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all,
dies for him

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior,
walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine
wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses
must not heare

Prin. For my life to breake with him about Beatrice

Clau. 'Tis euen so, Hero and Margaret haue by this
played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two Beares
will not bite one another when they meete.
Enter Iohn the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God saue you

Prin. Good den brother

Bast. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you

Prince. In priuate?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare,
for what I would speake of, concernes him

Prin. What's the matter?

Basta. Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover
it

Bast. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare
hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest,
for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in
dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing
marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances
shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the
Lady is disloyall

Clau. Who Hero?

Bast. Euen shee, Leonatoes Hero, your Hero, euery
mans Hero

Clau. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse,
I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse
title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant:
goe but with mee to night, you shal see her chamber
window entred, euen the night before her wedding
day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it
would better fit your honour to change your minde

Claud. May this be so?

Princ. I will not thinke it

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not
that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you
enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more,
proceed accordingly

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not
marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold
wedde, there will I shame her

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will
ioyne with thee to disgrace her

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my
witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue
shew it selfe

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O mischiefe strangeliè thwarting!

Bastard. O plague right well preuented! so will you
say, when you haue seene the sequele.
Enter.

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pittie but they should suffer
saluation body and soule

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for
them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being
chosen for the Princes watch

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour
Dogbery

Dog. First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man
to be Constable

Watch.1. Hugh Ote-cake sir, or George Sea-coale, for
they can write and reade

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath
blest you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man,
is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by
Nature

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dogb. You haue: I knew it would be your answer:
well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thanks, &make
no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that
appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are
thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the
Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne:
this is your charge: You shall comprehend all
vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes
name

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go,
and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and

thanke God you are ridde of a knaue

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for

Watch. Well sir,

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way

for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew himselfe
what he is, and steale out of your company

Ver. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful ma[n] partner

Dog. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much
more a man who hath anie honestie in him

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must
call to the nurse, and bid her still it

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not
heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe
wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare
her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answeere a calfe when
he bleates

Verges. 'Tis verie true

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable
are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the
Prince in the night, you may staie him

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot

Dog. Fiue shillings to one on't with anie man that
knowes the Statutes, he may staie him, marrie not without
the prince be willing, for indeede the watch ought to
offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against
his will

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be
anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your
fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night,
come neighbour

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go
sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to
bed

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you
watch about signior Leonatoes doore, for the wedding being
there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night,
adiew, be vigitant I beseech you.

Exeunt.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, Conrade?

Watch. Peace, stir not

Bor. Conrade I say

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would
a scabbe follow

Con. I will owe thee an answere for that, and now
forward with thy tale

Actus Tertius.

Bor. Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it
drissels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to
thee

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of Don Iohn a
thousand Ducates

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie
villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains haue
neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price
they will

Con. I wonder at it

Bor. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest
that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing
to a man

Con. Yes, it is apparell

Bor. I meane the fashion

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but
seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe,

this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man:
I remember his name

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe
this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hotblouds,
betweene, foureteene & fiue & thirtie, sometimes
fashioning them like Pharaoes souldiours in the rechie
painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old
Church window, sometime like the shauen Hercules in
the smircht worm-eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece
seemes as massie as his club

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out
more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe
giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of
thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night
wooded Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle-woman, by the
name of Hero, she leanes me out at her mistris chamberwindow,
bids me a thousand times good night: I tell
this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince
Claudio and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed
by my Master Don Iohn, saw a far off in the Orchard this
amiable incounter

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio, but the
diuell my Master knew she was Margaret and partly by
his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke
night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villanie,
which did confirme any slander that Don Iohn had
made, away went Claudio enraged, swore hee would
meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple,
and there, before the whole congregation shame her
with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe
without a husband

Watch.1. We charge you in the Princes name stand

Watch.2. Call vp the right master Constable, we haue here recouered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that euer was knowne in the Common-wealth

Watch.1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a locke

Conr. Masters, masters

Watch.2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Masters, neuer speake, we charge you, let vs obey you to goe with vs

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bils

Conr. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come weele obey you.

Exeunt.

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero. Good Vrsula wake my cosin Beatrice, and desire her to rise

Vrsu. I will Lady

Her. And bid her come hither

Vrs. Well

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better

Hero. No pray thee good Meg, Ile weare this

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your
cosin will say so

Hero. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile
weare none but this

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the
haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most
rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of Millaines
gowne that they praise so

Hero. O that exceeds they say

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of
yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with
pearles, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round vnderborn
with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull
and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't

Hero. God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is
exceeding heauy

Marga. 'Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a
man

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is
not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord
honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue
me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking
doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is
there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I
thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife,
otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady Beatrice
else, here she comes.
Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze

Beat. Good morrow sweet Hero

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a
burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your
husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke
no barnes

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with
my heeles

Beat. 'Tis almost fiue a clocke cosin, 'tis time you
were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho

Actus Tertius.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send euery one their harts desire

Hero. These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume

Beat. I am stufte cosin, I cannot smell

Mar. A maid and stufte! there's goodly catching of colde

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd carduus benedictus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thissell

Beat. Benedictus, why benedictus? you haue some morall
in this benedictus

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning,
I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance
that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not
such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke
what I can, nor indeed, I cannot thinke, if I would thinke
my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you
will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet Benedicke
was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore
hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despite of his
heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you
may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke
with your eies as other women doe

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes

Mar. Not a false gallop.
Enter Vrsula.

Vrsula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior
Benedicke, Don Iohn, and all the gallants of the
towne are come to fetch you to Church

Hero. Helpe me to dresse mee good coze, good Meg,
good Vrsula.
Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?
Const. Dog. Mary sir I would haue some confidence
with you, that decernes you nearely

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time
with me

Const.Dog. Mary this it is sir

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con.Do. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honester then I

Con.Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious

Con.Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const.Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it

Head. And so am I

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to say

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Messina

Con.Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you

Con.Do. Gifts that God giues

Leon. I must leaue you

Con.Dog. One word sir, our watch sir haue indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, &we would haue them this morning examined before your worship

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you

Const. It shall be suffigance

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.
Enter.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to giue your daughter to her husband

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to Francis Seacoale, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men

Verges. And we must doe it wisely

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you: heere's that shall driue some to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier Francis, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duties afterwards

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady

Clau. No

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marrie
her

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this
Count

Hero. I doe

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment
why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your
soules to vtter it

Claud. Know you anie, Hero?

Hero. None my Lord

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what
men daily do!

Bene. How now! interiections? why then, some be
of laughing, as ha, ha, he

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconstrained soule
Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely sonne as God did giue her me

Cla. And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:
There Leonato, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shée's but the signe and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!
O what authoritie and shew of truth
Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare
All you that see her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,
Haue vanquisht the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne
(her,
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No Leonato,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue

Hero. And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Venus, or those pampred animalls,
That rage in sauage sensualitie

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin. What should I speake?

I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common stale

Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face Heroes? are our eies our owne?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her answer truly

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name

Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name
With any iust reproach?

Claud. Marry that can Hero,
Hero it selfe can blot out Heroes vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?
Now if you are a maid, answer to this

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this griued Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret

Iohn. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgouernment

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-lids shall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now cosin, wherfore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
Hero, why Hero, Vncle, Signor Benedicke, Frier

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wisht for

Beatr. How now cosin Hero?

Fri. Haue comfort Ladie

Leon. Dost thou looke vp?

Frier. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why doth not euery earthly thing
Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie
The storie that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue Hero, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My selfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might haue said, no part of it is mine:
This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season giue
To her foule tainted flesh

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
in wonder, I know not what to say

Bea. O on my soule my cosin is belied

Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No, truly: not although vntill last night,
I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.
Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die

Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so
long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by noting
of the Ladie, I haue markt.
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Vnder some biting error

Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?

Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerst,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Princes

Ben. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,
And if their wisdomes be misled in this:
The practise of it liues in Iohn the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies

Leo. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
 These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,
 The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.
 Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
 Nor age so eate vp my inuention,
 Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,
 Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
 But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
 Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
 Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
 To quit me of them throughly

Fri. Pause awhile:
 And let my counsell sway you in this case,
 Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)
 Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
 And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
 Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
 And on your Families old monument,
 Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
 That appertaine vnto a buriall

Leon. What shall become of this? What wil this do?
Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,
 Change slander to remorse, that is some good,
 But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
 But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
 Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,
 Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
 Of euery hearer: for it so fals out,
 That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we racke the value, then we finde
 The vertue that possession would not shew vs
 Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with Claudio:
 When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,
 Th' Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe
 Into his study of imagination.
 And euery louely Organ of her life,
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
 More mouing delicate, and ful of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soule
 Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,

If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,
And wish he had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Wil fashion the euent in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not well, you may conceale her
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and iniuries

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and Claudio.
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may lead me

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure.
Enter.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer

Bene. I will not desire that

Beat. You haue no reason, I doe it freely

Bene. Surelie I do beleeeue your fair cosin is wrong'd

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no such friend

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world so well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but
beleeeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin

Bene. By my sword Beatrice thou lou'st me

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it

Bene. I will sweare by it that you loue mee, and I will
make him eat it that sayes I loue not you

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I protest
I loue thee

Beat. Why then God forgiue me

Bene. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue stayed me in a happy howre, I was about

to protest I loued you

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee

Beat. Kill Claudio

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell

Bene. Tarrie sweet Beatrice

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
in you, nay I pray you let me goe

Bene. Beatrice

Beat. Infaith I will goe

Bene. Wee'll be friends first

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight

with mine enemy

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation vncovered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place

Bene. Heare me Beatrice

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying

Bene. Nay but Beatrice

Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered, she is vndone

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect, a sweet Gallant surelie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieuing

Bene. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loue thee

Beat. Vse it for my loue some other way then swearing by it

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count Claudio
hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I
will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand Claudio
shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me,
so thinke of me: goe comfort your coosin, I must say she
is dead, and so farewell.
Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley. O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition
to examine

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined,
let them come before master Constable

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is
your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio

Kem. Pray write downe Borachio. Yours sirra

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is Conrade

Kee. Write downe Master gentleman Conrade: maisters,
doe you serue God: maisters, it is proued alreadie
that you are little better than false knaues, and it will goe
neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your
selues?

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none

Kemp. A maruellous witty fellow I assure you, but I
will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word
in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false
knaues

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none

Kemp. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in
a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to examine,
you must call forth the watch that are their accusers

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the efetest way, let the watch
come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name,
accuse these men

Watch 1. This man said sir, that Don Iohn the Princes
brother was a villaine

Kemp. Write down, Prince Iohn a villaine: why this
is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine

Bora. Master Constable

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke
I promise thee

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thousand Dukates
of Don Iohn, for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed

Const. Yea by th' masse that it is

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count Claudio did meane vpon his
words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and
not marry her

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlasting
redemption for this

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny,
Prince Iohn is this morning secretly stolne away: Hero
was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd,
and vpon the grieve of this sodainely died: Master Constable,
let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato,
I will goe before, and shew him their examination

Const. Come, let them be opinion'd

Sex. Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write
downe the Princes Officer Coxcombe: come, binde them

thou naughty varlet

Couley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: though it be not written down, yet forget not y I am an asse: No thou villaine, y art full of piety as shall be prou'd vpon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houshoulder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing handsome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an asse!
Enter.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grieffe,
Against your selfe

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a siue: giue not me counsaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.
Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,
Whose ioy of her is ouerwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,

As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
 In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:
 If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
 And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,
 Patch griefe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,
 With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience:
 But there is no such man, for brother, men
 Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,
 Which they themselues not feelee, but tasting it,
 Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,
 Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
 Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
 No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience
 To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:
 But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
 To be so morall, when he shall endure
 The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,
 My griefs cry lowder then aduertisement

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,
 For there was neuer yet Philosopher,
 That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
 How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,
 And made a push at chance and sufferance

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,
 Make those that doe offend you, suffer too

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,
 My soule doth tell me, Hero is belied,
 And that shall Claudio know, so shall the Prince,
 And all of them that thus dishonour her.
 Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily

Prin. Good den, good den

Clau. Good day to both of you

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We haue some haste Leonato

Leo. Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one

Prin. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man

Brot. If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry y dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,
I feare thee not

Claud. Marry beshrew my hand,
If it should giue your age such cause of feare,
Infaieth my hand meant nothing to my sword

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, neuer fleere and iest at me,
I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haire and bruise of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O in a tombe where neuer scandall slept,
Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie

Claud. My villany?

Leonato. Thine Claudio, thine I say

Prin. You say not right old man

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile proue it on his body if he dare,
Despight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood

Claud. Away, I will not haue to do with you

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child,
If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one first:
Win me and weare me, let him answere me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will

Leon. Brother

Brot. Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man indeede,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, lackes, milke-sops

Leon. Brother Anthony

Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, depraue, and slander,
Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiuousnesse,
And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all

Leon. But brother Anthonie

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of prooffe

Leon. My Lord, my Lord

Prin. I will not heare you.
Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt. ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of vs will smart for it

Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part
almost a fray

Clau. Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snapt
off with two old men without teeth

Prin. Leonato and his brother, what think'st thou? had
wee fought, I doubt we should haue beene too yong for
them

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came
to seeke you both

Clau. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for
we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine haue it
beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?

Clau. Neuer any did so, though verie many haue been
beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minstrels,
draw to pleasure vs

Prin. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou
sicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a
cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect

Clau. Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was
broke crosse

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke
he be angrie indeede

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your eare?

Clau. God blesse me from a challenge

Ben. You are a villaine, I iest not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue
kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on
you, let me heare from you

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good
cheare

Prin. What, a feast, a feast?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues
head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most curiously,
say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a woodcocke
too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily

Prin. Ile tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other
day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine
little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great
grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said she, it hurts
no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certaine said
she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues:
that I beleeeue said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on

Shakespeare's First Folio

munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning:
there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did
shee an howre together trans-shape thy particular vertues,
yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the
proprest man in Italie

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee
car'd not

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee
did not hate him deadlie, shee would loue him dearely,
the old mans daughter told vs all

Clau. All, all, and moreouer, God saw him when he
was hid in the garden

Prin. But when shall we set the sauage Bulls hornes
on the sensible Benedicks head?

Clau. Yea and text vnderneath, heere dwells Benedicke
the married man

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leauue you now to your gossep-like humor, you breake
iests as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked
hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank
you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother
the Bastard is fled from Messina: you haue among you,
kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebearde
there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be
with him

Prin. He is in earnest

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you,
for the loue of Beatrice

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee

Clau. Most sincerely

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaues off his wit.
Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to such a man

Prin. But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you sir, if iustice cannot tame you, shee shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Borachio one

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord

Prin. Officers, what offence haue these men done?

Const. Marrie sir, they haue committed false report, moreouer they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they are slanders, sixt and lastly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they haue verified vniust things, and to conclude they are lying knaues

Prin. First I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee what's their offence, sixt and lastlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and
by my troth there's one meaning well suted

Prin. Who haue you offended masters, that you are
thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too
cunning to be vnderstood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answere:
do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I
haue deceiued euen your verie eies: what your wisdomes
could not discouer, these shallow fooles haue
brought to light, who in the night ouerheard me confessing
to this man, how Don Iohn your brother incensed
me to slander the Ladie Hero, how you were brought
into the Orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Heroes
garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should
marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, which
I had rather seale with my death, then repeate ouer to
my shame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my masters
false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the
reward of a villaine

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your
bloud?

Clau. I haue drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie

Clau. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time
our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter:
and masters, do not forget to specifie when time & place
shall serue, that I am an Asse

Con.2. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and
the Sexton too.
Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me

Leon. Art thou the slaue that with thy breath
hast kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, euen I alone

Leo. No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,
Here stand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your reuenge your selfe,
Impose me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking

Prin. By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder anie heauie waight,
That heele enioyne me to

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impossible, but I praie you both,
Possesse the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in sad inuention,

Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my sonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,
And she alone is heire to both of vs,
Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cosin,
And so dies my reuenge

Clau. O noble sir!
Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poore Claudio

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I beleeeue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother

Bor. No, by my soule she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin iust and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her

Const. Moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnder white
and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee
asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment,
and also the watch heard them talke of one Deformed,
they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging
by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which
he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow
hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praie
you examine him vpon that point

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines

Const. Your worship speakes like a most thankfull

and reuerend youth, and I praise God for you

Leon. There's for thy paines

Const. God saue the foundation

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee

Const. I leaue an arrant knaue with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to morrow

Prin. We will not faile

Clau. To night ile mourne with Hero

Leon. Bring you these fellowes on, weel talke with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistris Margaret, deserue well at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of Beatrice

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile Margaret, that no man liuing shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not

Bene. A most manly wit Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I giue thee the bucklers

Mar. Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne

Bene. If you vse them Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I thinke hath legges.

Exit Margarite.

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilous the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: marrie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babling rime: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in festiuall tearmes:
Enter Beatrice.

sweete Beatrice would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me

Bene. O stay but till then

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and Claudio

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart vnkist

Actus Quintus.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, Claudio vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politike a state of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, for I loue thee against my will,

Beat. In spite of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to wooue peaceablie

Bea. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe

Bene. An old, an old instance Beatrice, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Ben. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witness is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

Beat. Verie ill

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.
Enter Vrsula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue
you too, for here comes one in haste

Vrs. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders
old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie Hero
hath bin falselie accusde, the Prince and Claudio
mightilie abusde, and Don Iohn is the author of all, who
is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried
in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to
thy Vncles.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord. It is my Lord.

Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with shame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the tombe,
Praising her when I amombe

Clau. Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne

Actus Quintus.

Song.

Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and grone.
Heauily, heauily.
Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauenly, heauenly

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do this right

Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheelles of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well

Clau. Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to Leonatoes we will goe

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Actus Quintus.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this howre
To visit me, you know your office Brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young Claudio.

Exeunt. Ladies.

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true

Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From Claudio, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Bened. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,
In the state of honourable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe

Leon. My heart is with your liking

Frier. And my helpe.
Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly

Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready

Prin. Good morrow Benedicke, why what's the matter?
That you haue such a Februarie face,
So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse

Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull:
Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Ioue,
When he would play the noble beast in loue

Ben. Bull Ioue sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.
Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrsula.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?

Leo. This same is she, and I doe giue you her

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face

Leon. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her

Clau. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me

Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you lou'd, you were my other husband

Clau. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One Hero died, but I doe liue,
And surely as I liue, I am a maid

Prin. The former Hero, Hero that is dead

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'd

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,

Ile tell you largely of faire Heroes death:
Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs presently

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doe not you loue me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason

Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & Claudio,
haue beene deceiued, they swore you did

Beat. Doe not you loue mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reason

Beat. Why then my Cosin Margaret and Vrsula
Are much deceiu'd, for they did sweare you did

Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me

Beat. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence

Leon. Come Cosin, I am sure you loue the gentlema[n]

Clau. And Ile be sworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to Beatrice

Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto Benedicke

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our
hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take
thee for pittie

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I
yeeld vpon great perswasion, &partly to saue your life,
for I was told, you were in a consumption

Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth

Prin. How dost thou Benedicke the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers
cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou
think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will
be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome
about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will
thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say against
it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said
against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion:
for thy part Claudio, I did thinke to haue beaten
thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vnbruis'd,
and loue my cousin

Cla. I had well hop'd y wouldst haue denied Beatrice, y
I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make
thee a double dealer, which out of questio[n] thou wilt be,
if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance
ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts,
and our wiues heeles

Leon. Wee'll haue dancing afterward

Bene. First, of my word, therefore play musick. Prince,
thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no
staff more reuerend then one tipt with horn.
Enter. Mes.

Messen. My Lord, your brother Iohn is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to Messina

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuise
thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers.

Dance.

FINIS. Much adoe about Nothing.

Loues Labour's lost

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and
Dumane.

Ferdinand. Let Fame, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th' endeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.

Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
 That warre against your owne affections,
 And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
 Nauar shall be the wonder of the world.
 Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
 Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
 You three, Berowne, Dumaine, and Longauill,
 Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
 My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
 That are recorded in this scedule heere.
 Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
 That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
 That violates the smallest branch heerein:
 If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
 Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to

Longauill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
 The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
 Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
 Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits

Dumane. My louing Lord, Dumane is mortified,
 The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
 He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:
 To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
 With all these liuing in Philosophie

Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
 So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,
 That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
 But there are other strict obseruances:
 As not to see a woman in that terme,
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
 And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
 And but one meale on euery day beside:
 The which I hope is not enrolled there.
 And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
 And not be seene to winke of all the day.
 When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
 And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
 O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
 Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space

Longa. You swore to that Berowne, and to the rest

Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not
know

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) fro[m] co[m]mon sense

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence

Bero. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or studie where to meete some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,

Loues Labour's lost

As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,
Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding

Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the
weeding

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a
breeding

Dum. How followes that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time

Dum. In reason nothing

Ber. Something then in rime

Ferd. Berowne is like an enuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate

Fer. Well, sit you out: go home Berowne: adue

Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name

Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame

Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile
of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed?

Lon. Foure dayes agoe

Ber. Let's see the penaltie.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?

Lon. Marry that did I

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.
Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman within
the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such
publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly
deuise

Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The French Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,
About surrender vp of Aquitaine:
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princesse hither

Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot

Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost

Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necessitie

Ber. Necessity will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me:
But I beleeeue although I seeme so loth,

Loues Labour's lost

I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie

Bero. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight

Lon. Costard the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.
Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am
his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person
in flesh and blood

Ber. This is he

Con. Signeor Arme, Arme commends you:
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more

Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee

Fer. A letter from the magnificent Armado

Ber. How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words

Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both

Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clime in the merrinesse

Clo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning Iaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following sir all those three. I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme

Ber. For the following sir

Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend
the right

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle

Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the
flesh

Ferdinand. Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole
dominator
of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies fostring
patrone:

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet

Ferd. So it is

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling
true: but so

Ferd. Peace,

Clo. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight

Ferd. No words,

Clo. Of other mens secrets I beseech you

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I
did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most
wholesome
Physicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman,
betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the
sixt houre, When beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men
sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much
for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I

meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest: suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth,

Clown. Mee?

Ferd. that vnletered small knowing soule,

Clow Me?

Ferd. that shallow

vassall

Clow. Still mee?)

Ferd. which as I remember, hight Costard,

Clow. O me)

**Ferd. sorted and consorted contrary to thy established
proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: Which**

with, o with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

Clo. With a Wench

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my euer esteemed dutie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue the meed of punishment by the sweet Graces Officer Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.
Don Adriana de Armado

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little
of the marking of it

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee
taken with a Wench

Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a
Damosell

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell

Clo. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a
Virgin

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken
with a Maide

Fer. This Maid will not serue your turne sir

Clo. This Maide will serue my turne sir

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall
fast a Weeke with Branne and water

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and
Porridge

Kin. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Berowne, see him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken
with Iaquenetta, and Iaquenetta is a true girle, and
therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction
may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe
sorrow.
Enter.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great
spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing
deare impe

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy
my tender Iuuenall?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough signeur

Loues Labour's lost

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender Iuuenall? Why tender Iuuenall?

Brag. I spoke it tender Iuuenall, as a congruent apathaton,
appertaining to thy young daies, which we may
nominate tender

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to
your olde time, which we may name tough

Brag. Pretty and apt

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt?
or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous

Boy. That an Eele is quicke

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou
heat'st my bloud

Boy. I am answer'd sir

Brag. I loue not to be crost

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not him

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yeres with the Duke

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir

Brag. Impossible

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three

Br. True

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study?
Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how
easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three
yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you

Brag. A most fine Figure

Boy. To proue you a Cypher

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in loue: and as
it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a
base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour
of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate
thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom
him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I
thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-sweare
Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene
in loue?

Boy. Hercules Master

Brag. Most sweete Hercules: more authority deare
Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men
of good repute and carriage

Boy. Sampson Master, he was a man of good carriage,
great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his
backe like a Porter: and he was in loue

Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong ioynted Sampson;
I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee
in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons
loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Master

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one
of the foure

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to
haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes Sampson had small
reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit

Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd
vnder such colours

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist
mee

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and
patheticall

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,

Loues Labour's lost

Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blushin cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which natue she doth owe:
A dangerous rime master against the reason of white
and redde

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the
Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some
three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or
if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the
tune

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I
may example my digression by some mighty president.
Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in
the Parke with the rationall hinde Costard: she deserues
well

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my
Master

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench

Brag. I say sing

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.
Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Costard safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.
Enter.

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide

Maid. Man

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge

Maid. That's here by

Brag. I know where it is situate

Mai. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee

Mai. So I heard you say

Brag. And so farewell

Mai. Faire weather after you

Clo. Come Iaquenetta, away.

Exeunt.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere
thou be pardoned

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a
full stomacke

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for
they are but lightly rewarded

Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him vp

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue, away

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being
loose

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to
prison

Clow. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation
that I haue seene, some shall see

Shakespeare's First Folio

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master Moth, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Enter.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Cupids Butshaft is too hard for Hercules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my turne: the Passado hee respects not, the Duello he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Aduie Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Enter.

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords

Actus Secunda.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse Nauarre, the plea of no lesse weight
Then Aquitaine, a Dowrie for a Queene,
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you

Queen. Good L[ord]. Boyet, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good Boyet

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad Nauar hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe.
Enter.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my Louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes

with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one

Princ. Know you the man?

1 Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L[ord]. Perigort and the beautilous heire
Of Iaques Fauconbridge solemnized.
In Normandie saw I this Longauill,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?

Lad.1. They say so most, that most his humors know

Prin. such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2.Lad. The yong Dumaine, a well accomlisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alansoes once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse

Rossa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.

So sweet and voluble is his discourse

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise

Ma. Heere comes Boyet.
Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled house.
Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes Nauar

Nau. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of Nauar

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I
haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be
mine

Nau. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court

Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne

Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els

Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolute me in my suite

Nau. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay

Berow. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ber. I know you did

Rosa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke

Rosa. 'Tis long of you y spur me with such questions

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire

Rosa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire

Ber. What time a day?

Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske

Ber. Now faire befall your maske

Rosa. Faire fall the face it couers

Ber. And send you many louers

Rosa. Amen, so you be none

Ber. Nay then will I be gone

Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th' one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that summe; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in Aquitaine,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:

But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in Aquitaine.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then Aquitane, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to France againe

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receyt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid

Kin. I doe protest I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp Aquitaine

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of Charles his Father

Kin. Satisfie me so

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,

Shakespeare's First Folio

But heere without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
To morrow we shall visit you againe

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace

Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee, in euery place.
Enter.

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart

La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it

Boy. I would you heard it grone

La.Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart

La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La.Ro. My Phisicke saies I

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye

La.Ro. No poynt, with my knife

Boy. Now God saue thy life

La.Ro. And yours from long liuing

Ber. I cannot stay thanks—giuing.
Enter.

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

Boy. The heire of Alanson, Rosalin her name

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name

Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard

Long. Gods blessing a your beard

Boy. Good sir be not offended,

Shee is an heyre of Faulconbridge

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.
Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap

Boy. Katherine by good hap

Ber. Is she wedded, or no

Boy. To her will sir, or so,
Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you.
Enter.

La.Ma. That last is Beroune, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a iest

Boy. And euery iest but a word

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:
And wherefore not Ships?

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your lips

La. You Sheepe & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me

La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though seuerall they be

Bo. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me

Prin. Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed
On Nauar and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd

Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, Nauar is infected

Prin. With what?

Bo. With that which we Louers intitle affected

Prin. Your reason

Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.

Shakespeare's First Folio

His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to Buy.
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were glast,
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.
He giue you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, Boyet is disposde

Bro. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclos'd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie

Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
skilfully

Lad.Ma. He is Cupids Grandfather, and learnes news
of him

Lad.2. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father
is but grim

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La.1. No

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad.2. I, our way to be gone

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hearing

Boy. Concolinel

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take
this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him festinatly
hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my
Loue

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour
it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note,
sometime through the throate: if you swallowed loue
with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you
snuft vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouselike
ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on
your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:
these are complements, these are humours, these betraie
nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and
make them men of note: do you note men that most are

affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obseruation

Brag. But O, but O

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot

Bra. Cal'st thou my loue Hobbi-horse

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:
but haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almost I had

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will
proue

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon
the instant: by heart you loue her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enioy her

Brag. I am all these three

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a
letter

Boy. A message well simpathis'd, a Horse to be embassadour
for an Asse

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?
Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse
for he is verie slow gated: but I goe

Brag. The way is but short, away

Boy. As swift as Lead sir

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
mettall heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no

Brag. I say Lead is slow

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reutes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine

Boy. Thump then, and I flee

Bra. A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.
Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a Costard broken in a
shin

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy Lenuoy
begin

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no lenuoy, no salue, in thee
male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no lenuoy, no
lenuoy, no Salue sir, but a Plantan

Ar. By vertue, thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes
me to rediculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth
the inconsiderate take salue for lenuoy, and the word lenuoy
for a salue?

Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not lenuoy a
salue?

Ar. No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my lenuoy.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure

Pag. A good Lenuoy, ending in the Goose: would you
desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat Lenuoy, I that's a fat Goose

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the Lenuoy

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat Lenuoy, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market

Ar. But tell me: How was there a Costard broken in
a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it Moth,
I will speake that Lenuoy.
I Costard running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin

Arm. Sirra Costard, I will infranchise thee

Clow. O, marrie me to one Francis, I smell some Lenuoy,
some Goose in this

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie.
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured,
restrained, captiuated, bound

Actus Tertius.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Beare this significant to the countrey Maide Iaquenetta:
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours
is rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow

Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur Costard adew.
Enter.

Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my inconie
Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price
of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why?
It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this
word.
Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue Costard, exceedingly well met

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon
may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate

Clo. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone

Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is

Clo. I shall know sir, when I haue done it

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first

Clo. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning

Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke slaue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe

Clo. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration,
a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete gardon.
I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.
Enter.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,

Shakespeare's First Folio

I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent,
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior Iunios gyant dwarfe, don Cupid,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th' annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though Argus were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vprising of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he

Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall haue our dispatch,
On Saterdag we will returne to France.

Then Forrester my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoote

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote

For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so

Qu. What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe

For. Yes Madam faire

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill

Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraigntie
Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.
Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
no heads

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth .
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woma[n]? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clo. I haue a Letter from Monsier Berowne,
To one Lady Rosaline

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon

Boyet. I am bound to serue.
This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to Iaquenetta

Qu. We will read it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare

Boyet reades. By heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible:
true
that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art
louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious,
truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroicall
Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King
Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger
Zenelophon: and he it was that might rightly say, Veni,
vidi, vici: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O
base and obscure vulgar; videliset, He came, See, and ouercame:
hee came one; see, two; ouercame three:
Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why
did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the
Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame
he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose
side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side?
the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose
side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger,
for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command
thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.
Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange
for ragges, robes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe
mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
euerie part.
Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,
Don Adriana de Armatho.
Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this
Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court
A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clo. I told you, my Lord

Qu. To whom should'st thou giue it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know

Boy. I my continent of beautie

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
Finely put on

Actus Quartus.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede

Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and shee strikes at the brow

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene Guinouer of Brittain was a little wench, as touching the hit it

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can.
Enter.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it

Mar. A marke marueilous well shot, for they both

did hit

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies
my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out

Clo. Indeede a' must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit
the clout

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand
is in

Clo. Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the
is in

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow
foule

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her
to boule

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good
Oule

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
so fit.
Armathor ath to the side, O a most dainty man.
To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will
swear:

And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heuens, it is most patheticall nit.

Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt. Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the testimony
of a good conscience

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,
ripe as a Pomwater who now hangeth like a Jewell in
the eare of Celo the skie; the welken the heauen, and anon
falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the soyle, the
land, the earth

Curat.Nath. Truely M[aster]. Holofernes, the epythithes are
sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure
ye, it was a Bucke of the first head

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo

Dul. 'Twas not a haud credo, 'twas a Pricket

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insinuation,
as it were in via, in way of explication facere: as
it were replication, or rather ostentare, to show as it were
his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated,
vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or ratherest
vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my haud credo
for a Deare

Actus Quartus.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a haud credo, 'twas a
Pricket

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monster
Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are
bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,
onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants
are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we
taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in
vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or
a foole;
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
Schoole.
But omne bene say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your
wit, What was a month old at Cains birth, that's not fiue
weekes old as yet?

Hol. Dictisima goodman Dull, dictisima goodman
Dull

Dul. What is dictima?

Nath. A title to Phebe, to Luna, to the Moone

Hol. The Moone was a month old when Adam was
no more.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fuescore.
Th' allusion holds in the Exchange

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the
Exchange

Actus Quartus.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th' allusion holds
in the Exchange

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange:
for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I say beside
that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you heare an extemporall
Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour
the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a
Pricket

Nath. Perge, good M[aster]. Holofernes, perge, so it shall
please you to abrogate scurilitie

Hol. I will something affect a letter, for it argues
facilitie.

The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorrell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be sore, than ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L

Nath. A rare talent

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him
with a talent

Nath. This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foolish extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, obiects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth

Nath. Me hercle, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapis qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.
Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M[aster]. Person

Nath. Master Person, quasi Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry M[aster]. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogshead

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well

Iaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by Costard, and sent mee from Don Armatho: I beseech you read it

Nath. *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vmbra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old Mantuan, I

Shakespeare's First Folio

may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of Venice, vemchie,
vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche. Old Mantuan,
old Mantuan. Who vnderstandeth thee not, vt re
sol la mi fa: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or
rather as Horrace sayes in his, What my soule verses

Hol. I sir, and very learned

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, Lege domine.
If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers
bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee co[m]mend.
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye loues lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull
thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the
accent. Let me superuise the cangenet

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the
elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie caret: Ouidius
Naso was the man. And why in deed Naso, but
for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the
ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the
Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse
his rider: But Damosella virgin, Was this directed to
you?

Iaq. I sir from one mounsier Berowne, one of the
strange Queenes Lords

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline.
I will look againe on the intellect of the Letter, for
the nomination of the partie written to the person written
vnto.
Your Ladships in all desired imployment, Berowne

Ped. Sir Holofernes, this Berowne is one of the Votaries
with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent
of the stranger Queens: which accidentally, or
by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and
goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the
King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I
forgiue thy duetie, adue

Maid. Good Costard go with me:
Sir God saue your life

Cost. Haue with thee my girle.
Enter.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very
religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable
colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please
you sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill
of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to
gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I
haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill,
vndertake your bien venuto, where I will proue those
Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of
Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text)
is the happinesse of life

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: pauca
verba.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our
recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pytch,
pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee
downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say
I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this
Loue is as mad as Ajax, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a
sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue;
if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by
this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for
her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye,
and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath
taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is
part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she
hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the
Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter
Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care
a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a
paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside. The King entreth.

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet Cupid, thou hast
thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith
secrets

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,

Actus Quartus.

To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:
But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweete leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?
Enter Longaule. The King steps aside.

What Longaull, and reading: listen eare

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne

Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers

Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name

Lon. Am I the first y haue been periur'd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie

Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.
O sweet Maria, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Cupids hose,
Disfigure not his Shop

Lon. This same shall goe.

He reades the Sonnet.

Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A Greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.
Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish

Dum. O most diuine Kate

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted

Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted

Dum. As vpright as the Cedar

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child

Dum. As faire as day

Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Lon. And I had mine

Kin. And mine too good Lord

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be

Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is euery May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,
All vnseene, can passage finde.
That the Louer sicke to death,
Wish himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
youth so apt to plucke a sweet.
Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,
Iuno but an aethiop were,
And denie himselfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.
This will I send, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loues fasting paine.
O would the King, Berowne and Longauill,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote

Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues grieve desir'st societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping so

Kin. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not loue Maria? Longaule,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one! O Ioue, the other cries!
On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And Ioue for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will Berowne say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by me

Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Salomon tuning a Iygge?
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boyes,
And Critticke Tymon laugh at idle toyes.

Where lies thy grieve? O tell me good Dumaine;
And gentle Longauill, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy iest.

Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.

I that am honest, I that hold it sinne

To breake the vow I am ingaged in.

I am betrayed by keeping company

With men, like men of inconstancie.

When shall you see me write a thing in rime?

Or grone for Ioane? or spend a minutes time,

In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
a waste, a legge, a limme

Kin. Soft, Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so

Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu. God blesse the King

Kin. What Present hast thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treason

Kin. What makes treason heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,

The treason and you goe in peace away together

Iaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,

Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said

Kin. Berowne, read it ouer.

He reades the Letter.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Iaqu. Of Costard

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio

Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not
feare it

Long. It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's
heare it

Dum. It is Berowns writing, and heere is his name

Ber. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne
to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make
vp the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more

Dum. Now the number is euen

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles
be gone?

Kin. Hence sirs, away

Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne

King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of
thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly Rosaline,
That (like a rude and sauage man of Inde.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiewscore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well

Ber. Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish doters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For natie bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright

King. And Aethiops of their sweet complexion crake

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light

Ber. Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,

For feare their colours should be washt away

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
He finde a fairer face not washt to day

Ber. He proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here

Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee

Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see

Ber. O if the streets were paued with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd ouer head

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in loue?

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne

Kin. Then leaue this chat, & good Berown now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the diuell

Dum. Some salve for periurie,

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.

Haue at you then affections men at armes,
 Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
 Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
 Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
 And abstinence ingenders maladies.
 And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)
 In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
 Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
 For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
 Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
 Without the beauty of a womans face;
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
 They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
 From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
 Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long during action tyres
 The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
 Now for not looking on a womans face,
 You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
 And studie too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any Author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
 Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
 With our selues.
 Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
 O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
 And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beauties tutors haue enrich'd you with:
 Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.
 But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
 And giues to euery power a double power,
 Aboue their functions and their offices.
 It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.

A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
 Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockle Snayles.
 Loues tongue proues dainty, Bachus grosse in taste,
 For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules?
 Still climing trees in the Hesperides.
 Subtill as Sphinx, as sweet and musically,
 As bright Apollo's Lute, strung with his haire.
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
 Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
 That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
 Else none at all in ought proues excellent.
 Then fooles you were these women to forswear:
 Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
 For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:
 Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.
 Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
 Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.
 Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,
 Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:
 It is religion to be thus forsworne.
 For Charity it selfe fulfills the Law:
 And who can seuer loue from Charity

Kin. Saint Cupid then, and Souldiers to the field

Ber. Aduance your standards, &vpon them Lords,
 Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,
 In conflict that you get the Sunne of them

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
 Shall we resolute to woe these girles of France?

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
 Some entertainment for them in their Tents

Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowres

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iustice alwaies whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner
haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrillity,
witty without affection, audacious without impudency,
learned without opinion, and strange without
heresie: I did conuerse this quondam day with a companion
of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called,
Don Adriano de Armatho

Shakespeare's First Folio

Ped. Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty,
his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye
ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behaiour
vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked,
too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat,
as I may call it

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer
then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall
phantasims, such insociable and poynt deuise
companions, such rackers of ortagriphie, as to speake
dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he shold
pronounce debt; debt, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Caufe:
halfe, haufe: neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abreuiated
ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable
it insinuateth me of infamie: ne inteligis domine, to
make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil
serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, &gaudio

Brag. Chirra

Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred

Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation

Boy. They haue beene at a great feast of Languages,
and stolne the scraps

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of
words. I maruell thy M[aster]. hath not eaten thee for a word,
for thou art not so long by the head as
honorificabilitudinitatibus:
Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon

Page. Peace, the peale begins

Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke:
What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare
his learning

Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?

Pag. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them,
or the fift if I

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a
sweet tutch, a quicke venewe of wit, snip snap, quick home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is
wit-old

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy
Gigge

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will
whip about your Infamie vnum cita a gigge of a Cuckolds
horne

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou
shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the
very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny
purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the
heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard;
What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to,
thou hast it ad dungil, at the fingers ends, as they say

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, dunghel for vnguem

Brag. Arts-man preambulat, we will bee singled from
the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charghouse
on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or Mons the hill

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine

Peda. I doe sans question

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection,
to congratulate the Princesse at her Pauilion, in
the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call
the after-noone

Ped. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable,
congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the
word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you
sir, I doe assure

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar,
I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward
betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember
thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head:
and among other importunate & most serious designes,
and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I
must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world)
sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with
his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my
mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world
I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it
pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to Armado a Souldier,
a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that
passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart I do implore
secrecie, that the King would haue mee present the
Princesse (sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostentation,
or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke:
Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweet self
are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of
myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to
the end to craue your assistance

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies .
Sir Holofernes, as concerning some entertainment
of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee
rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this
most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before
the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine
Worthies

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to
present them?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Peda. Iosua, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman
Iudas Machabeus; this Swaine (because of his
great limme or ioynt) shall passe Pompey the great, the
Page Hercules

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough
for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of
his Club

Peda. Shall I haue audience: he shall present Hercules
in minoritie: his enter and exit shall bee strangling a
Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose

Pag. An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience
hisse, you may cry, Well done Hercules, now thou crushest
the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious,
though few haue the grace to doe it

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I
beseech you follow

Ped. Via good-man Dull, thou hast spoken no word
all this while

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither sir

Actus Quartus.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play
on the taber to the Worthies, &let them dance the hey

Ped. Most Dull, honest Dull, to our sport away.
Enter.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I
haue from the louing King

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on Cupids name

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too

Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and
so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere
she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light
word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke

Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But Rosaline, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke Berowne,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too.
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter

Actus Quartus.

Qu. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke

Ros. Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But Katherine, what was sent to you
From faire Dumaine?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent Longauile.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part

Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same Berowne ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuce,
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fate

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros. The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,
As grauties reuolt to wantons be

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.
Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes Boyet, and mirth in his face

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes Boyet?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence

Qu. Saint Dennis to S[aint]. Cupid: What are they,

That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold adrest,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassy,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was neuer spoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd via, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zelous laughter so profound,
That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly passions solemne teares

Que. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscouites; or Russians, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall mistresse: which they'll know
By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow

Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Hold Rosaline, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall Berowne take me for Rosaline.
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues

Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their seuerall counsels they vnbose shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greete

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?

Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part

Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame.

Sound.

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
come.

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech, and the
rest of
the Lords disguised.

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth

Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata

Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd
their backes to mortall viewes.

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes

Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out

Boy. True, out indeed

Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to beholde

Ber. Once to behold, rogue

Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes

Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
you were best call it Daughter beamed eyes

Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out

Bero. Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue

Rosa. What would these strangers?
Know their mindes Boyet.
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princes?

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation

Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon

Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon

Kin. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse

Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,
The measure then of one is easlie told

Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Actus Quartus.

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps

Boy. She heares her selfe

Rosa. How manie wearie steps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like sauages) may worship it

Rosa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne

Rosa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange

Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's
changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man

Shakespeare's First Folio

Rosa. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to
it: Our eares vouchsafe it

Kin. But your legges should doe it

Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rosa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtisie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price

Kin. Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?

Rosa. Your absence onelie

Kin. That can neuer be

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat

Ros. In priuate then

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that

Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee

Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets

Qu. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you

Ber. One word in secret

Qu. Let it not be sweet

Ber. Thou greeu'st my gall

Qu. Gall, bitter

Ber. Therefore meete

Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it

Dum. Faire Ladie:

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:

Take you that for your faire Lady

Du. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu

Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?

Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske

Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long

Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask,
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard halfe

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a
Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe

Long. Let's part the word

Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe

Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe
mockes.
Will you giue hornes chaste Ladie? Do not so

Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow

Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, inuisible:
Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sense of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things

Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off,
breake off

Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple
wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes
puft out

Rosa. Wel-liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat

Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert Berowne was out of count'nance quite

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word

Qu. Berowne did sweare himselfe out of all suite

Mar. Dumaine was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight was mute

Ka. Lord Longauill said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?

Qu. Qualme perhaps

Kat. Yes in good faith

Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art

Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne

Qu. And quicke Berowne hath plighted faith to me

Kat. And Longauill was for my seruice borne

Mar. Dumaine is mine as sure as barke on tree

Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie

Qu. Will they returne?

Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Therefore change Favours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire

Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to bee vnderstood

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne

Qu. Auant perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?

Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd.
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shoves, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand

Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?

Boy. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord.
Enter.

Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when Ioue doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eue.
He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued Boyet

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put Armathoes Page out of his part.
Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day

Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may

Qu. Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then

Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men

King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth

Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie

Kin. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnusited, much to our shame

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left vs but of late

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie giues vnderseuing praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happy word.

Shakespeare's First Folio

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke

Ber. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore

Ros. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse

Ros. All the foole mine

Ber. I cannot giue you lesse

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face

Kin. We are discried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright

Du. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest

Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes
sadde?

Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke
you pale?
Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.
O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, sans cracke or flaw,
Rosa. Sans, sans, I pray you

Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write Lord haue mercie on vs, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see

Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend

Ber. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude transgression,
some faire excuse

Qu. The fairest is confession.
Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was

Qu. And were you well aduis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam

Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect
her

King. Vpon mine Honor no

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer

Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth vphold his word

King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: But take it sir againe

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue

Qu. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare.
And Lord Berowne (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden sword

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this carriere
bene run

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.
Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray

Clo. O Lord sir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no

Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three

Ber. And three times thrice is nine

Clo. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what
we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir

Ber. Is not nine

Clo. Vnder correction sir, wee know where—vntill it
doth amount

Ber. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your
liuing by reckning sir

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir
will shew where—vntill it doth amount: for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poore man) Pompion the great sir

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of Pompey
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthie, but I am to stand for him

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.
Enter.

Clo. We will turne it finely off sir, we wil take some
care

King. Berowne, they will shame vs:
Let them not approach

Ber. We are shame—prooffe my Lord: and 'tis some
policie, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his
companie

Kin. I say they shall not come

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.
Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words

Qu. Doth this man serue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastickall:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they
say) to Fortuna delaguar, I wish you the peace of minde
most royall cupplement

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;
He presents Hector of Troy, the Swaine Pompey y great,
the Parish Curate Alexander, Armadoes Page Hercules,
the Pedant Iudas Machabeus: and if these foure Worthies
in their first shew thriue, these foure will change
habites, and present the other fiue

Ber. There is fiue in the first shew

Kin. You are deceiued, tis not so

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue such, take each one in's vaine

Kin. The ship is vnder saile, and here she coms amain.
Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am

Ber. You lie, you are not he

Clo. I Pompey am

Boy. With Libbards head on knee

Ber. Well said old mocker,
I must needs be friends with thee

Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big

Du. The great

Clo. It is great sir: Pompey surnam'd the great:
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to sweat:
And trauailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of

Actus Quartus.

France.
If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, I had done

La. Great thankes great Pompey

Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect.
I made a little fault in great

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooues the
best Worthie.
Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Commander:
By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander

Boiet. Your nose saies no, you are not:
For it stands too right

Ber. Your nose smells no, in this most tender smelling
Knight

Qu. The Conqueror is dismaid:
Proceede good Alexander

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Commander

Boiet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so Alisander

Ber. Pompey the great

Clo. your seruant and Costard

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander

Clo. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne Alisander the conqueror:
you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for
this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close
stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthie.
A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away
for shame Alisander. There an't shall please you: a foolish
milde man, an honest man, looke you, &soon dasht.
He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie
good Bowler: but for Alisander, alas you see, how 'tis a
little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming,
will speake their minde in some other sort.

Exit Cu.

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd Cerberus that three-headed Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Exit Boy

Ped. Iudas I am

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not Iscariot sir.

Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas

Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd Iudas?

Ped. Iudas I am

Dum. The more shame for you Iudas

Ped. What meane you sir?

Boi. To make Iudas hang himselfe

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder

Ber. Well follow'd, Iudas was hang'd on an Elder

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance

Ber. Because thou hast no face

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head

Dum. The head of a bodkin

Ber. A deaths face in a ring

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene

Boi. The pummell of Cæsars Faulchion

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske

Ber. S[aint]. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance

Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:
And so adieu sweet Iude. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name

Ber. For the Asse to the Iude: giue it him. Iudas away

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble

Boy. A light for monsieur Iudas, it growes darke, he
may stumble

Que. Alas poore Machabeus, how hath hee beene
baited.
Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, heere comes Hector in
Armes

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will
now be merrie

King. Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this

Boi. But is this Hector?

Kin. I thinke Hector was not so cleane timber'd

Lon. His legge is too big for Hector

Dum. More Calfe certaine

Boi. No, he is best indued in the small

Ber. This cannot be Hector

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces

Brag. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,
gaue Hector a gift

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge

Ber. A Lemmon

Lon. Stucke with Cloues

Dum. No clouen

Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gae Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower

Dum. That Mint

Long. That Cullambine

Brag. Sweet Lord Longauill reine thy tongue

Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes against
Hector

Dum. I, and Hector's a Grey-hound

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweete Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted

Brag. i do adore thy sweet Graces slipper

Boy. Loues her by the foot

Dum. He may not by the yard

Brag. This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball.
The partie is gone

Clo. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two moneths
on her way

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Trojan, the
poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags
in her belly alreadie: tis yours

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates?
Thou shalt die

Clo. Then shall Hector be whipt for Iaquenetta that
is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by
him

Dum. Most rare Pompey

Boi. Renowned Pompey

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great Pompey:
Pompey the huge

Dum. Hector trembles

Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre
them, or stirre them on

Dum. Hector will challenge him

Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then
will sup a Flea

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee borrow
my Armes againe

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt

Dum. Most resolute Pompey

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Do you not see Pompey is vncasing for the combat: what
meane you? you will lose your reputation

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will
not combat in my shirt

Du. You may not denie it, Pompey hath made the
challenge

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will

Ber. What reason haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,
I go woolward for penance

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in Rome for want
of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but
a dishclout of Iaquenettas, and that hee weares next his
heart for a fauour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God saue you Madame

Qu. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interruptest
our merriment

Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is
heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life

Mar. Euen so: My tale is told

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I
haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of
discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt. Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maiestie?

Qu. Boyet prepare, I will away to night

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay

Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeouours and entreats:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,
For my great suite, so easily obtain'd

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All causes to the purpose of his speed:
And often at his verie loose decides
That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smiling curtesie of Loue:
The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
Yet since loues argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it
From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found

Qu. I vnderstand you not, my greefes are double

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of grieve
And by these badges vnderstand the King,
For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors
Euen to the opposed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:
Which partie-coated presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauties.
Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,
Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue false,
By being once false, for euer to be true
To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then these are our respects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne fashion, like a merriment

Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest

Lon. So did our lookes

Rosa. We did not coat them so

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and last loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intituled in the others hart

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eie.
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three

Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some

Dum. Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen

Lon. What saies Maria?

Mari. At the tweluemonths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend

Lon. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue

Ros. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute,

That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visit the speechlesse sicke, and still conuerse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie

Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iests prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation

Ber. A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way

Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie

Shakespeare's First Folio

Kin. Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end

Ber. That's too long for a play.
Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me

Qu. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy

Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to Iaquenetta to holde the
Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most esteemed
greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two
Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and
the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our
shew

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do so

Brag. Holla, Approach.
Enter all.

This side is Hiems, Winter.
This Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th' other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,

Actus Quartus.

And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.
When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare

Winter. When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepherd blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tuwhit towho.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.
When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tuwhit towho:
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt. omnes.

FINIS. Loues Labour's lost.

A Midsommer Nights Dreame

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus. Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep the[m]selues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities

The. Go Philostrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.
Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke

The. Thanks good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
Thou, thou Lysander, thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining loue,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that case

The. What say you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman

Her. So is Lysander

The. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce,
The other must be held the worthier

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes

The. Rather your eies must with his iudgment looke

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius

The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the society of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To liue a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse

Her. So will I grow, so liue, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake,
My soule consents not to giue soueraignty

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlasting bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed Demetrius as hee would,
Or on Dianaes Altar to protest
For aie, austerity, and single life

Dem. Relent sweet Hermia, and Lysander, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right

Lys. You haue her fathers loue, Demetrius:
Let me haue Hermiaes: do you marry him

Egeus. Scornfull Lysander, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate vnto Demetrius

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well possest: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as Demetrius:
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to Nedars daughter, Helena,
And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man

The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to haue spoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But Demetrius come,
And come Egeus, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you faire Hermia, looke you arme your selfe,

To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my Hippolita, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and Egeus go along:
I must imploy you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of something, neerely that concernes your selues

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you.

Exeunt.

Manet Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes

Lys. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood

Her. O crosse! too high to be enthal'd to loue

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong

Lys. Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit

Her. O hell! to choose loue by anothers eie

Lys. Or if there were a simparchie in choise,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfoldes both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darkness do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion

Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers

Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me Hermia,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennue, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle Hermia, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then
Steale forth thy Fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with Helena.
To do obseruance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee

Her. My good Lysander,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan vnder saile was seene,

Shakespeare's First Folio

By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke here comes Helena.
Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire Helena, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnsay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melodie,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius hart

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
such skil

Her. I giue him curses, yet he giues me loue

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection mooue

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me

Her. His folly Helena is none of mine

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.
O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell

Lys. Helen, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through Athens gates, haue we deuis'd to steale

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:
There my Lysander, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius.
Keepe word Lysander we must starue our sight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my Hermia. Helena adieu,
As you on him, Demetrius dotes on you.

Exit Lysander.

Hele. How happy some, ore othersome can be?
 Through Athens I am thought as faire as she.
 But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so:
 He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
 And as hee erres, doting on Hermias eyes;
 So I, admiring of his qualities:
 Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
 Loue can transpose to forme and dignity,
 Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde.
 Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:
 Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.
 And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,
 Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
 As waggish boyes in game themselues forswear;
 So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
 For ere Demetrius lookt on Hermias eyne,
 He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
 And when this Haile some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolu'd, and showres of oathes did melt,
 I will goe tell him of faire Hermias flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
 Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
 If I haue thanks, it is a deere expence:
 But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
 To haue his sight thither, and backe againe.
 Enter.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer,
 Flute
 the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by
 man according to the scrip

Qui. Here is the scrowle of euery mans name, which
 is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enterlude
 before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding
 day at night

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats

on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on
to a point

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable comedy,
and most cruell death of Pyramus and Thisbie

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a
merry. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors
by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues

Quince. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottome the
Weauer

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and
proceed

Quince. You Nicke Bottome are set downe for Pyramus

Bot. What is Pyramus, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for
loue

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing
of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies:
I will mooue stormes; I will condole in some measure.
To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could
play Ercles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all
split the raging Rocks; and shiuering shocks shall break
the locks of prison gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine
from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This
was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This
is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellows-mender

Flu. Heere Peter Quince

Quin. You must take Thisbie on you

Flut. What is Thisbie, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus must loue

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming

Qui. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisbie too:
He speake in a monstrous little voyce; Thisne, Thisne, ah
Pyramus my louer deare, thy Thisbie deare, and Lady
deare

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you
Thisby

Bot. Well, proceed

Qu. Robin Starueling the Taylor

Star. Heere Peter Quince

Quince. Robin Starueling, you must play Thisbies
mother?
Tom Snowt, the Tinker

Snowt. Heere Peter Quince

Quin. you, Pyramus father; my self, Thisbies father;
Snugge the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there
is a play fitted

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if
be, giue it me, for I am slow of studie

Quin. You may doe it extemporie, for it is nothing
but roaring

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I
will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare,
that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let
him roare againe

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would
fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would
shrike, and that were enough to hang us all

All. That would hang vs euery mothers sonne

Bottom. I graunt you friends, if that you should
fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would
haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate
my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as
any sucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale

Quin. You can play no part but Piramus, for Piramus
is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in
a summers day; a most louely Gentleman-like man, therefore

you must needs play Piramus

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one dore, and Robin goodfellow at another.

Actus Secundus.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander euerie where, swifter then y Moons sphere;
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the green.
The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spots you see,
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors,
In those freckles, liue their sauors,
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had so sweet a changeling,
And iealous Oberon would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I iest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
In very likenesse of a roasted crab:
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre was neuer wasted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes Oberon

Fair. And heere my Mistris:
Would that he were gone.
Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the
Queene at
another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light.
Proud Tytania

Qu. What, iealous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forsworne his bed and companie

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of Corin, sate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou heere
Come from the farthest steepe of India?
But that forsooth the bouncing Amazon
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,
To Theseus must be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame Tytania.
Glance at my credite, with Hippolita?
Knowing I know thy loue to Theseus?

Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From Peregenia, whom he rauished?
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Que. These are the forgeries of iealousie,
And neuer since the middle Summers spring
Met we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,
But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoared headed Frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old Hyems chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
And this same progeny of euills,
Comes from our debate, from our dissention,
We are their parents and originall

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why should Titania crosse her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
 The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
 His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
 And in the spiced Indian aire, by night
 Full often hath she gossipt by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
 Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
 When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue,
 And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
 Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
 Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
 Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land,
 To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she being mortall, of that boy did die,
 And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy,
 And for her sake I will not part with him

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after Theseus wedding day.
 If you will patiently dance in our Round,
 And see our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
 If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
 We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay.

Exeunt

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,
 Till I torment thee for this iniury.
 My gentle Pucke come hither; thou remembrest
 Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
 Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,
 And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
 To heare the Sea-maids musicke

Actus Secundus.

Puc. I remember

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
 At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
 And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
 But I might see young Cupids fiery shaft
 Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
 And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.
 Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
 It fell vpon a little westerne flower;
 Before, milke-white: now purple with loues wound,
 And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
 The iuyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
 Ere the Leuiathan can swim a league

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce,
 Ile watch Titania, when she is asleepe,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she waking lookes vpon,
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
 On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
 Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of loue.
 And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
 (As I can take it with another hearbe)
 Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
 But who comes heere? I am inuisible,
 And I will ouer-heare their conference.
 Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,

Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?
The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I shall haue no power to follow you

Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And euen for that doe I loue thee the more;
I am your spaniell, and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then to be vsed as you doe your dogge

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leaue the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To trust the opportunity of night.
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that
It is not night when I doe see your face.

Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beasts

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies and Daphne holds the chase;
The Doue pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeeue,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. Fye Demetrius,
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue so well.
Enter.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.
Enter Pucke.

Puck. I there it is

Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannoped with luscious woodbine,

Shakespeare's First Folio

With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepes Tytania, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;
A sweet Athenian Lady is in loue
With a disdainfull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so.
Enter.

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds,
Some warre with Reremise, for their leathern wings.
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest

Fairies Sing. You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your sweet Lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby

2.Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody,

1.Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Centinell.

Shée sleepes.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languish for his sake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire,
In thy eye that shall appeare,
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.
Enter Lisander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll rest vs Hermia, If you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day

Her. Be it so Lysander; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head

Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth

Her. Nay good Lysander, for my sake my deere

Actus Secundus.

Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere

Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, Hermia, I doe not lye

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.
Enter Pucke. They sleepe.

Puck. Through the Forest haue I gone,
But Athenian finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.
Nigh and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of Athens he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the Athenian maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtesie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw

Shakespeare's First Folio

All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.
Enter.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demetrius

De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so

De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wheresoere she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though Demetrius
Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with Hermias sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander on the ground;
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena, nature her shewes art,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so Lysander, say not so:
What though he loue your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loues you; then be content

Lys. Content with Hermia? no, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauens for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season;
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marshall to my will.
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?
Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deserue a sweete looke from Demetrius eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.
Enter

Lys. She sees not Hermia: Hermia sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come Lysander neere;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
Are hated most of those that did deceiue:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;

And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her Knight.
Enter.

Her. Helpe me Lysander, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.
Lysander, What remoou'd? Lysander, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I sound almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately.
Enter.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient
place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our
stage, this hauthorne brake our tiring house, and we will
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke

Bot. Peter Quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully Bottome?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Piramus and
Thisby, that will neuer please. First, Piramus must draw a
sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
How answere you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare

Star. I beleeeue we must leaue the killing out, when

all is done

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,
we will do no harme with our swords, and that Pyramus
is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,
tell them, that I Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottome the
Weauer; this will put them out of feare

Quin. Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and sixe

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selues, to
bring in (God shield vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde
foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke
to it

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would
request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to
tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither
as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such
thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let
him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is Snug the
ioyner

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know Píramus and Thisby meete by Moonelight

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.
Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night

Bot. Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for Píramus and Thisby (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you Bottome?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny shall Píramus and Thisby whisper

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. Píramus, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns haue we swaggering
here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause

Quin. Speake Pirus: Thisby stand forth

Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious sauors sweete

Quin. Odours, odours

Pir. Odours sauors sweete,
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby deare.
But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Exit. Pir.

Puck. A stranger Pirus, then ere plaid here

This. Must I speake now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he
goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe

Thys. Most radiant Pirus, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee Pirus, at Ninnies toombe

Actus Tertius.

Pet. Ninus toombe man: why, you must not speake
that yet; that you answer to Piramus: you speake all
your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter, your cue is
past; it is neuer tyre

Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer
tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, Thisby I were onely thine

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray
masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through bryer,
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound:
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne.
Enter.

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of
them to make me afeard.
Enter Snowt

Sn. O Bottom, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on
thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asse-head of your
owne, do you?
Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee Bottome, blesse thee; thou art translated .
Enter.

Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an asse of me,
to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from
this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe
here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid.
The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answere, nay.
For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
neuer so?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me

Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue little
reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and
loue keepe little company together, nowadays.
The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occasion

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne
turne

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossnesse so,
That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.
Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseede, and foure
Fairies.

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kinde and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies

1.Fai. Haile mortall, haile

2.Fai. Haile

3.Fai. Haile

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech
your worships name

Cob. Cobweb

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Your name honest Gentleman?

Pease. Pease Blossome

Bot. I pray you commend me to mistresse Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod your father. Good master Pease-blossome, I shal desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. Mustard-seede

Peas. Pease-blossome

Bot. Good master Mustard seede, I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seede

Tita. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.
Enter.

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremitie.
Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,

Actus Tertius.

What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in loue,
 Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
 While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
 A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
 That worke for bread vpon Athenian stals,
 Were met together to rehearse a Play,
 Intended for great Theseus nuptiall day:
 The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
 Who Piramus presented, in their sport,
 Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
 When I did him at this aduantage take,
 An Asses nole I fixed on his head.
 Anon his Thisbie must be answered,
 And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,
 As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughes, many in sort
 (Rising and cawing at the guns report)
 Seuer themselues, and madly sweepe the skye:
 So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
 And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
 He murther cries, and helpe from Athens cals.
 Their sense thus weake, lost with their feares thus strong,
 Made senslesse things begin to do them wrong.
 For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
 Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
 I led them on in this distracted feare,
 And left sweete Piramus translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to passe)
 Tytania waked, and straightway lou'd an Asse

Ob. This fals out better then I could deuise:
 But hast thou yet lacht the Athenians eyes,
 With the loue iuyce, as I bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)
 And the Athenian woman by his side,
 That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.
 Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same Athenian

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe

Her. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.
For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine Lysander in his sleepe,
Being oreshooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill
me too:
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,
From sleeping Hermia? Ile beleeeue as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th'Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him,
So should a murtherer looke, so dead, so grim

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer lookes as bright as cleare,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering spheare

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah good Demetrius, wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I'de rather giue his carkasse to my hounds

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driu'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,
I am not guiltie of Lysanders blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priuiledge, neuer to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no.
Enter.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Lie downe.

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And Helena of Athens looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh bloud deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the Tartars bowe.
Enter.

Actus Tertius.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupids archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth espie,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.
Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe best please me,
That befall preposterously.
Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think y I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true

Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more &more,
When truth kils truth, O diuelish holy fray!
These vowes are Hermias. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales

Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore

Lys. Demetrius loues her, and he loues not you.

Awa.

Dem. O Helen, goddesse, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne!
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse

Hell. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue Hermia;
And now both Riuals to mocke Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport,

Lysa. You are vnkind Demetrius; be not so,
For you loue Hermia; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermias loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of Helena, To me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death

Hel. Neuer did mockers wast more idle breth

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wise soiourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remaine

Lys. It is not so

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.
Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so?

Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse to go?

Her. What loue could presse Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysanders loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire Helena; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Iniurous Hermia, most vngratefull maid,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,

For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
 All schooledaies friendship, child-hood innocence?
 We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
 Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key:
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
 Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a vnion in partition,
 Two louely berries molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,
 Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient loue asunder,
 To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
 Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone doe feele the iniurie

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
 I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me

Hel. Haue you not set Lysander, as in scorne
 To follow me, and praise my eies and face?
 And made your other loue, Demetrius
 (Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)
 To call me goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,
 Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
 Denie your loue (so rich within his soule)
 And tender me (forsooth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
 (But miserable most, to loue vnlou'd)
 This you should pittie, rather then despise

Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this

Hel. I, doe, perseuer, counterfeit sad lookes,
 Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
 Winke each at other, hold the sweete iest vp:

This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or absence soone shall remedie

Lys. Stay gentle Helena, heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire Helena

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,
To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw and proue it too

Dem. Quick, come

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiope

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent

Her. Why are you growne so rude?
What change is this sweete Loue?

Lys. Thy loue? out tawny Tartar, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence

Her. Do you not iest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you

Lys. Demetrius: I will keepe my word with thee

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me: yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life;
And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no iest,
That I do hate thee, and loue Helena

Her. O me, you iugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare
Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath preuail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her

Her. Lower? harke againe

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you Hermia,
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am

Her. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde

Her. What, with Lysander?

Her. With Demetrius

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee Helena

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
And though she be but little, she is fierce

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You minimus, of hindring knot-grasse made,
You bead, you acorne

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.
Let her alone, speake not of Helena,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,
Thou shalt abide it

Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in Helena

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
iowle.

Exit Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.
Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaueries willingly

Puck. Beleeue me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eies,
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport

Ob. Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin, ouercast the night,
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as Acheron,
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to Lysander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like Demetrius;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe:
Then crush this hearbe into Lysanders eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
and make his eie-bals role with wonted sight.

Actus Tertius.

When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitless vision,
And backe to Athens shall the Louers wend
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaie do thee imploy,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Auroras harbinger;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-waies and flouds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselues exile from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on Neptune, With faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
But not withstanding haste, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.
Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
Speake thou now

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.
Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a sword on thee

Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here.
Enter.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The Villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye;

shifting places.

That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day:

lye down.

For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and reuenge this spight.
Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,

Actus Tertius.

Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,
If euer I thy face by day-light see.
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.
Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

Sleepe.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knauish lad,
Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad

Her. Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heauens shield Lysander, if they meane a fray

Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,
Ile apply your eie gentle loue, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,
And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be showne.
Iacke shall haue Iill, nought shall goe ill.
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee
well.

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King
behinde
them.

Tita. Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy

Clow. Where's Peaseblossome?

Peas. Ready

Clow. Scratch my head, Pease-blossome. Wher's Mounsieur
Cobweb

Cob. Ready

Shakespeare's First Folio

Clowne. Mounsieur Cobweb, good Mounsier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsieur; and good mounsieur haue a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouerflowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur Mustardseed.
Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounsieur

Mus. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Caualery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for me-thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must scratch

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet loue

Clow. I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,

Actus Quartus.

That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts

Clown. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried
pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I
haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Iuy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!
Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good Robin:
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet sauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraide her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gaue me, and her fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle Pucke, take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to Athens backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.
Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my Titania wake you my sweet Queene

Tita. My Oberon, what visions haue I seene!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an asse

Ob. There lies your loue

Tita. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!
Ob. Silence a while. Robin take off his head:
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense

Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies
peepe

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands with me
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus house triumphantly,
And blesse it to all faire posterity.
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in iollity

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke,

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandering Moone

Actus Quartus.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye still.

With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our obseruation is perform'd;
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountains top,
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once.
When in a wood of Creete they bayed the Beare
With hounds of Sparta; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kinde,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like Thessalian Buls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In Creete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nimphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this Lysander, this Demetrius is,
This Helena, olde Nedars Helena,
I wonder of this being heere together

The. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
But speake Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should giue answer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord

Thes. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their
hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.

Thes. Good morrow friends: Saint Valentine is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon my Lord

Thes. I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are Riual enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from iealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. but as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)
And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the perill of the Athenian Law

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue stolne away, they would Demetrius,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife

Dem. My Lord, faire Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them;
Faire Helena, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my loue
To Hermia (melted as the snow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely Helena. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see Hermia,
But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it

Thes. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs to Athens; three and three,
Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.
Come Hippolita.

Exit Duke and Lords.

Dem. These things seeme small & vndistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When euery thing seemes double

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I haue found Demetrius, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne

Dem. It seemes to mee,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father

Hel. And Hippolita

Lys. And he bid vs follow to the Temple

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and
by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottom wakes.

Exit Louers.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
My next is, most faire Piramus. Hey ho. Peter Quince?
Flute the bellows-mender? Snout the tinker? Starueling?
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I
haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse,
if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I
was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was,
and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole,
if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans
hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his
heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get Peter
Quince to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called
Bottomes Dreame, because it hath no bottome; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture,
to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it
at her death.
Enter.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling.

Quin. Haue you sent to Bottomes house? Is he come
home yet?

Staru. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is
transported

This. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes
not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you haue not a man in all
Athens, able to discharge Piramus but he

This. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft
man in Athens

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very
Paramour, for a sweet voyce

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God
blesse vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple,
and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married.
If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made
men

This. O sweet bully Bottome: thus hath he lost sixpence
a day, during his life; he could not haue scaped sixpence
a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence
a day for playing Piramus, Ile be hang'd. He would haue
deserued it. Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing.
Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottome, o most couragious day! O most happie
houre!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me
not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I
will tell you euery thing as it fell out

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet Bottome

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that
the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good
strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps,
meete presently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his
part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred:
In any case let Thisby haue cleane linnen: and let not him
that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang
out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate
no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter sweete
breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a
sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange my Theseus, y these louers speake of

The. More strange then true. I neuer may beleue
These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more
Then coole reason euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more diuels then vaste hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egipt.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes,
And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
Howe easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancie;
But howsoeuer, strange, and admirable.
Enter louers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh dayes
Of loue accompany your hearts

Lys. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes,
your boord, your bed

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall
we haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Between our after supper, and bed-time?
Where is our vsuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?
Call Egeus

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with some delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many sports are rife:
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first

Lis. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe

The. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue
In glory of my kinsman Hercules

Lis. The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid
When I from Thebes came last a Conqueror

Lis. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
of learning, late deceast in beggerie

The. That is some Satire keene and criticall,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie

Lis. A tedious breefe Scene of yong Piramus,
And his loue Thisby; very tragicall mirth

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and breife? That
is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee
finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for Piramus
Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:
But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter
Neuer shed

Thes. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptiall

The. And we will heare it

Hip. No my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnless you can finde sport in their intents,
Extreamely stretched, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you seruice

Thes. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duty in his seruice perishing

Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing

Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde

Thes. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,
In least, speake most, to my capacity

Egeus. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest

Duke. Let him approach.

Flor. Trum.

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

Actus Quintus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know

Thes. This fellow doth not stand vpon points

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the stop. A good morall my lord. it is not enough to speake, but to speake true

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in gouernment

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.

Prolog. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is Piramus, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, Thisby is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder:
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne

Actus Quintus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To meet at Ninus toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beast (which Lyon hight by name)
The trusty Thisby, comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes Piramus, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his Thisbies Mantle slaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breast,
And Thisby, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and Louers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Thes. I wonder if the Lion be to speake

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when
many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snowt (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, Piramus and Thisbie
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearfull Louers are to whisper

Thes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake
better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard
discourse, my Lord

Actus Quintus.

Thes. Pyramus drawes neere the Wall, silence.
Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, o night with hue so blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, o night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my Thisbies promise is forgot.
And thou o wall, thou sweet and louely wall,
That stands between her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, o Wall, o sweet and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.
Thankes courteous wall. Ioue shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No Thisbie doe I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiuing mee

Thes. The wall me--thinkes being sensible, should
curse againe

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. Deceiuing me,
Is Thisbies cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.
Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire Piramus, and me
My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;
Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit vp in thee

Pyra. I see a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my Thisbies face. Thisbie?

This. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke

Shakespeare's First Folio

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like Limander am I trusty still

This. And like Helen till the Fates me kill

Pir. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall

This. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all

Pir. Wilt thou at Ninnies tombe meete me straight
way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay

Wall. Thus haue I Wall, my part discharged so;
And being done, thus Wall away doth go.

Exit Clow.

Du. Now is the morall downe between the two
Neighbours

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wilfull,
to heare without warning

Dut. This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them

Dut. It must be your imagination then, &not theirs

Duk. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.
Enter Lyon and Moone—shine

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one Snug the Ioyner am
A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life

Du. A verie gentle beast, and of good conscience

Dem. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, y ere I saw

Lis. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion

Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie
his discretion, and the fox carries the Goose

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to
his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present

De. He should haue worne the hornes on his head

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible,
within the circumference

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present:
My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man
Should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man
i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you see, it is already in snuffe

Dut. I am wearie of this Moone; would he would
change

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that
he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we
must stay the time

Lys. Proceed Moone

Moon. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the
Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this
thorne bush; my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes Thisby.
Enter Thisby.

This. This is old Ninnies tombe: where is my loue?
Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion

Du. Well run Thisby

Dut. Well shone Moone.
Truly the Moone shines with a good grace

Du. Wel mouz'd Lion

Dem. And then came Piramus

Lys. And so the Lion vanisht.
Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest Thisbies sight.
But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you see! How can it be!

Actus Quintus.

O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what staine with blood!
Approch you furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad

Dut. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?
Since lion vilde hath heere deflower'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that like'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound
The pap of Piramus:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,
Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one

Lis. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer,
and proue an Asse

Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Louer.
Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.

Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play

Dut. Me thinkes shee should not vse a long one for
such a Piramus: I hope she will be breefe

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which Piramus
which Thisby is the better

Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweete eyes

Dem. And thus she meanes, videlicet

This. Asleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?
O Piramus arise:
Speake, speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Must couer thy sweet eyes.
These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,
These yellow Cowslip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O Sisters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, since you haue shore
with sheeres, his thred of silke.
Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:
Come blade, my brest imbrue:
And farwell friends, thus Thisbie ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu

Duk. Moone-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead

Deme. I, and Wall too

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or

Actus Quintus.

to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
writ it had plaid Piramus, and hung himselfe in Thisbies
garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
truely, and very notably discharg'd. but come, your
Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.
I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilest the heauy ploughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide,
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple Hecates teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkenesse like a dreame,
Now are frolicke; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.
Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie,

Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, harelip, nor scarre,
nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in Natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each seuerall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety rest.
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but slumbred heere,
While these Visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Pucke,

Actus Quintus.

If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the Pucke a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS. A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

The Merchant of Venice

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio. In sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of
mee,
That I haue much ado to know my selfe

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings

Salar. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the graspe to know where sits the winde,

Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And euery object that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell me, I know Anthonio
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad

Sola. Why then you are in loue

Anth. Fie, fie

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Ianus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,

And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor sweare the iest be laughable.
Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes Bassanio,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company

Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt. Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you haue found Anthonio
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete

Bass. I will not faile you

Grat. You looke not well signior Anthonio,

You haue too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd

Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies
By being peeuish? I tell thee what Anthonio,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my Anthonio, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men.
For Gratiano neuer let's me speake

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible.
Enter.

Ant. It is that any thing now

Bas. Gratiano speakes an infinite deale of nothing,
more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two
graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall
seeke all day ere you finde them, &when you haue them
they are not worth the search

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Bas. Tis not vnknowne to you Anthonio
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you Anthonio
I owe the most in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe

An. I pray you good Bassanio let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft

I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight
 The selfesame way, with more aduised watch
 To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
 I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode proofe,
 Because what followes is pure innocence.
 I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
 That which I owe is lost: but if you please
 To shoote another arrow that selfe way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
 Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
 And thankfully rest debter for the first

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time
 To winde about my loue with circumstance,
 And out of doubt you doe more wrong
 In making question of my vttermost
 Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
 Then doe but say to me what I should doe
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake

Bass. In Belmont is a Lady richly left,
 And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
 Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
 I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:
 Her name is Portia, nothing vnderallewd
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia,
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
 For the four windes blow in from euery coast
 Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Cholchos strond,
 And many Iasons come in quest of her.
 O my Anthonio, had I but the meanes
 To hold a riual place with one of them,
 I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionlesse be fortunate

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
 Neither haue I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
 Try what my credit can in Venice doe,
 That shall be rackt euen to the vttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.

Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth Nerrissa, my little body is a wearie
of this great world

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:
and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with
too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no smal
happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie
comes sooner by white haire, but competencie
liues longer

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd

Ner. They would be better if well followed

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were
good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore
mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that
followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twentie
what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie
to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise
lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a
colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip
ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this
reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O mee,
the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would,
nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing daughter
curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard Nerrissa,
that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men
at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lotterie
that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold,
siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning,
chooses you, wil no doubt neuer be chosen by any rightly,
but one who you shall rightly loue: but what warmth
is there in your affection towards any of these Princely
suters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou namest
them, I will describe them, and according to my description
leuell at my affection

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but
talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropriation
to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe:
I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false
with a Smyth

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should
say, and you will not haue me, choose: he heares merrie
tales and smiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping
Phylosopher when he growes old, being so full of vnmannerly
sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married
to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either
of these: God defend me from these two

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier
Le Boune?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a
man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he,
why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better
bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he
is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight
a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should

marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee
would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me
to madnesse, I should neuer requite him

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the yong
Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands
not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French,
nor Italian, and you will come into the Court &swear
that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the English: hee is a
proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a
dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought
his doublet in Italie, his round hose in France, his bonnet
in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for
he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and
swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I
thinke the Frenchman became his suretie, and seald vnder
for another

Ner. How like you the yong Germaine, the Duke of
Saxonies Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober,
and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke:
when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when
he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst
fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without
him

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right
Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will,
if you should refuse to accept him

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set
a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket,
for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without,
I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing Nerrissa
ere I will be married to a sponge

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets

Por. If I liue to be as olde as Sibilla, I will dye as chaste as Diana: vnlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a faire departure

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a Venecian, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marquesse of Mountferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I thinke, so was hee call'd

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.
Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The four Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Moroco, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should shriue me then wiue me. Come Nerrissa, sirra go before; whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another

knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well

Bass. I sir, for three months

Shy. For three months, well

Bass. For the which, as I told you,
Anthonio shall be bound

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound, well

Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,
and Anthonio bound

Bass. Your answer to that

Shy. Anthonio is a good man

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderstand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is not withstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond

Bas. Be assured you may

Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here? Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vsance here with vs in Venice. If I can catch him once vpon the hip, I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cal's interest: Cursed by my Trybe
If I forgiue him

Bass. Shylock, doe you heare

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me: but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: is he yet possest
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats

Ant. And for three months

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage

Ant. I doe neuer vse it

Shy. When Iacob graz'd his vnkle Labans sheepe,
This Iacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possessor; I, he was the third

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what Iacob did,
When Laban and himselfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as Iacobs hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Iacobs.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not

Ant. This was a venture sir that Iacob seru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
But note me signior

Ant. Marke you this Bassanio,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate

Ant. Well Shylocke, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,

(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you say so:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse,
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You cald me dog; and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalties

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue staind me with,
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer

Bass. This were kindnesse

Shy. This kindnesse will I showe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
If you repaie me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are

Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me

Ant. Content infaith, Ile seale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adiew,
And for my loue I praie you wrong me not

Ant. Yes Shylocke, I will seale vnto this bond

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats straite.
See to my house left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and presentlie
Ile be with you.
Enter.

Ant. Hie thee gentle Iew. This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kinde

Bass. I like not faire tearmes, and a villaines minde

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure
followers
accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed lierie of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne,
Where Phoebus fire scarce thawes the ysicles,
And let vs make incision for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene

Por. In tearmes of choise I am not solie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:
But if my Father had not scanted me,

And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commmer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare
That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke:
Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If Hercules and Lychas plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieuing

Port. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made

Mor. Good fortune then,

Cornets.

To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run from this Iew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe, good Launcelet, or good Iobbe, or good Launcelet Iobbe, vse your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies no; take heede honest Launcelet, take heed honest Iobbe, or as afore-said honest Launcelet Iobbe, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, fia saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my honest friend Launcelet, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies Lancelet bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the Iew my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the Iew I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the diuell himselfe: certainly the Iew is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Iew; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbe with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister Iewes?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is
the waie to Maister Iewes

Laun. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning,
but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie
at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down
indirectlie to the Iewes house

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can
you tell me whether one Launcelet that dwels with him
dwell with him or no

Laun. Talke you of yong Master Launcelet, marke
me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong
Maister Launcelet?

Gob. No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father
though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man,
and God be thanked well to liue

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of
yong Maister Launcelet

Gob. Your worships friend and Launcelet

Laun. But I praie you ergo old man, ergo I beseech you,
talke you of yong Maister Launcelet

Gob. Of Launcelet, ant please your maistership

Lan. Ergo Maister Lancelet, talke not of maister Lancelet
Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and
destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such
branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you
would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe
of my age, my verie prop

Lau. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe
or a prop: doe you know me Father

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman,
but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule
aliue or dead

Lan. Doe you not know me Father

Gob. Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might
faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes
his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of
your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light,
murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the
end truth will out

Gob. Praie you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not
Lancelet my boy

Lan. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about
it, but giue mee your blessing: I am Lancelet your
boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that
shall be

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am
Lancelet the Iewes man, and I am sure Margerie your wife
is my mother

Gob. Her name is Margerie indeede, Ile be sworne if
thou be Lancelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood:
Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got;
thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my
philhorse has on his taile

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile
growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his
taile then I haue of my face when I last saw him

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou
and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how
gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set
vp my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run
some ground; my Maister's a verie Iew, giue him a present,
giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You
may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am
glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister
Bassanio, who indeede giues rare new Liuories, if I serue
not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare
fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a
Iew if I serue the Iew anie longer.
Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that
supper be readie at the farthest by fiue of the clocke:
see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making,
and desire Gratiano to come anone to my lodging

Lan. To him Father

Gob. God blesse your worship

Bass. Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy

Lan. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that
would sir as my Father shall specifie

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say
to serue

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the
Iew, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence)
are scarce catercosins

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the Iew
hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being
I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you

Gob. I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow
vpon your worship, and my suite is

Lan. In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my
selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man,
and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my
Father

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you sir

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter sir

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this daie,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene
my Maister Shylocke and you sir, you haue the grace of
God sir, and he hath enough

Bass. Thou speak'st well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie
More garded then his fellowes: see it done

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere
a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in Italie haue a
fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I
shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line
of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues
is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple
comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning
thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge
of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune
be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father
come, Ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good Leonardo thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe

Leon. my best endeours shall be done herein.

Exit Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes

Gra. Signior Bassanio

Bas. Gratiano

Gra. I haue a sute to you

Bass. You haue obtain'd it

Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont

Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee Gratiano,
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaiour
I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,

Actus Secundus.

And loose my hopes

Gra. Signor Bassanio, heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuillitie
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night

Bas. No that were pittie,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpose merriment: but far you well,
I haue some businesse

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time.

Exeunt.

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell
Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And Lancelet, soone at supper shalt thou see

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest,
Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not haue my Father
see me talke with thee

Clo. Aduē, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull
Pagan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the
knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these
foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit:
adue.
Enter.

Ies. Farewell good Lancelet.
Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy louing wife.
Enter.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre

Gra. We haue not made good preparation

Sal. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers

Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres
To furnish vs; friend Lancelet what's the newes.

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it seeme to signifie

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
Is the faire hand that writ

Gra. Loue newes in faith

Lan. By your leaue sir

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Master the Iew to sup
to night with my new Master the Christian

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Iessica
I will not faile her, speake it priuately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to
night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit. Clowne

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait

Sol. And so will I

Lor. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging
Some houre hence

Actus Secundus.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.
Enter.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Iessica?
Lor. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:
If ere the Iew her Father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake;
And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew:
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire Iessica shall be my Torch-bearer.
Enter.

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge,
The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio;
What Iessica, thou shalt not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me: what Iessica?
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.
Why Iessica I say

Clo. Why Iessica

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.
Enter Iessica.

Ies. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper Iessica,
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christian. Iessica my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,
There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money bags to night

Clo. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master
Doth expect your reproach

Shy. So doe I his

Clo. And they haue conspired together, I will not say
you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for
nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday
last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
ashwensday was foure yeere in th' afternoone

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me Iessica,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By Iacobs staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come

Clo. I will goe before sir,
Mistris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye

Shy. What saies that foole of Hagars off-spring?
ha

Ies. His words were farewell mistress, nothing else

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaile-slow in profit, but he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well Iessica goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,
A prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde.
Enter.

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.
Enter.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which Lorenzo
Desired vs to make a stand

Sal. His houre is almost past

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke

Sal. O ten times faster Venus Pidgions flye
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited

Actus Secundus.

Gra. That euer holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntread againe
His tedious measures with the vnated fire,
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?
Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait;
When you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Iessica aboue.

Iess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue

Ies. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou
art

Ies. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer

Ies. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,
And I should be obscur'd

Lor. So you are sweet,
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast

Ies. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you straight

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew

Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her.
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.
Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.
Enter.

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?
How shall I know if I doe choose the right

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall

Actus Secundus.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
 I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:
 What saies this leaden casket?
 Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
 Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
 This casket threatens men that hazard all
 Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
 A golden minde stoopes not to showes of drosse,
 Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
 What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
 Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
 As much as he deserues; pause there Morocho,
 And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
 If thou beest rated by thy estimation
 Thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough
 May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
 And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,
 Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
 As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.
 I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
 But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.
 What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.
 Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
 Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:
 From the foure corners of the earth they come
 To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
 The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
 For Princes to come view faire Portia.
 The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
 Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
 To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
 As ore a brooke to see faire Portia.
 One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
 Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
 To thinke so base a thought, it were too grose
 To rib her searecloath in the obscure graue:
 Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd
 Being ten times vnderualue'd to tride gold;
 O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem
 Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England
 A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
 Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:
 But here an Angell in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
 Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;
He reade the writing.
All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wise as bold,
Yong in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your answere had not beene inscrolde,
Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part.
Enter.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt.

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets

Sal. Why man I saw Bassanio vnder sayle;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not

Sol. The villaine Iew with outcries raisd the Duke.
Who went with him to search Bassanios ship

Actus Secundus.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vndersaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
That in a Gondilo were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous Iessica.
Besides, Anthonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship

Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confusd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dogge Iew did vtter in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats

Sol. Let good Anthonio looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon Anthonio when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his

Sol. You were best to tell Anthonio what you heare.
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous sencible
He wrung Bassanios hand, and so they parted

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauinesse
With some delight or other

Sal. Doe we so.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.
Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia. Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
 First, neuer to vnfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
 Of the right casket, neuer in my life
 To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
 Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
 Immediately to leaue you, and be gone

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
 That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
 To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
 Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
 You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
 What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see.
 Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
 What many men desire, that many may be meant
 By the foole multitude that choose by show,
 Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
 Which pries not to th' interior, but like the Martlet
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
 Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.
 I will not choose what many men desire,
 Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
 And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
 Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
 Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:
 And well said too; for who shall goe about
 To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume
 To weare an vnderdeserued dignitie:
 O that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
 Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;
 How many then should couer that stand bare?
 How many be commanded that command?
 How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
 From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
 Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
 To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
 Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
 I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
 And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures

Ar. What is here?
The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles aliue Iwis
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie

Por. Come draw the curtaine Nerrissa.
Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th' approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Ambassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come Nerryssa, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids Post, that comes so mannerly

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that Anthonio
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous

Actus Tertius.

Shakespeare's First Folio

flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye
buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman
of her word

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeeue she wept
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of
talke, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio; o that
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost
a ship

Sal. I would it might proue the end of his losses

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse
my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a Iew. How
now Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants?
Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of
my daughters flight

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor
that made the wings she flew withall

Sol. And Shylocke for his owne part knew the bird was
fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue
the dam

Shy. She is damn'd for it

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether Anthonio haue had anie losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iew eyes? hath not a Iew hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard

but I will better the instruction.
Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister Anthonio is at his house, and
desires to speake with you both

Sal. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.
Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot
be matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Iew.

Exeunt. Gentlemen

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genowa? hast
thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot
finde her

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone
cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer
fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now,
two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious
iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot,
and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my
foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them,
why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search:
why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so
much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction,
no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights
a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares
but a my shedding

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, Anthonio as I
heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped
the wracke

Shy. I thanke thee good Tuball, good newes, good
newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one
night fourescore ducats

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my
gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats

Tub. There came diuers of Anthonios creditors in my
company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but
breake

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture
him, I am glad of it,

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of
your daughter for a Monkie

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me Tuball, it was
my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batcheler: I
would not haue giuen it for a wilderness of Monkies

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly vndone

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball, see
me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will

Shakespeare's First Folio

haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice,
I can make what merchandize I will: goe Tuball,
and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good Tuball, at our
Sinagogue Tuball.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
And so all yours; O these naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke

Por. Vpon the racke Bassanio, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your loue

Bass. None but that vglie treason of mistrust.
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue

Por. I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth

Por. Well then, confesse and liue

Bass. Confesse and loue
Had beene the verie sum of my confession:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryssa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then yong Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay

I view the sight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musicke. A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to
himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell

All. Ding, dong, bell

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselues
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grosenesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snakie golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

Actus Tertius.

To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
 Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
 Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
 'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
 Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
 Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,
 And here choose I, ioy be the consequence

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
 As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
 And shuddring feare, and greene-eyed ielousie.
 O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
 In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excesse,
 I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
 For feare I surfeit

Bas. What finde I here?
 Faire Portias counterfeit. What demie God
 Hath come so neere creation? moue these eies?
 Or whether riding on the bals of mine
 Seeme they in motion? Here are seuer'd lips
 Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
 Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haire
 The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
 A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men
 Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
 How could he see to doe them? hauing made one,
 Me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his
 And leaue it selfe vnfurnisht: Yet looke how farre
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow
 Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
 The continent, and summarie of my fortune.
 You that choose not by the view
 Chance as faire, and choose as true:
 Since this fortune fals to you,
 Be content, and seeke no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your blisse,
 Turne you where your Lady is,
 And claime her with a louing kisse

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you

Por. You see my Lord Bassiano where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlessoned girle, vnschool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred so dull but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouvernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,
This house, these seruants, and this same my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or giue away,
Let it presage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you

Bass. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where euery something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy

Shakespeare's First Folio

Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your Honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married too

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her mistresse

Por. Is this true Nerrissa?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall

Bass. And doe you Gratiano meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake downe.

But who comes heere? Lorenzo and his Infidell?

What and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio.

Bas. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet Portia welcome

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome

Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreate mee past all saying nay
To come with him along

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it, Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,

Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Anthonio;
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the Iasons, we haue won the fleece

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that hee hath
lost

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
Paper,
That steales the colour from Bassianos cheekes,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leaue Bassanio I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio,

Actus Tertius.

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond

Iessi. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
To Tuball and to Chus, his Countri-men,
That he would rather haue Anthonio's flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore Anthonio

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie

Por. What summe owes he the Iew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats

Por. What, no more?

Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond:
Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through Bassanio's fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer shall you lie by Portias side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid Nerrissa, and my selfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.
Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors
grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Iew is
forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all
debts are cleerd between you and I, if I might see you at my
death: notwithstanding, vse your pleasure, if your loue doe not
perswade you to come, let not my letter

Por. O loue! dispach all busines and be gone

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make hast; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him

Ant. Heare me yet good Shylok

Iew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:

Actus Tertius.

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake

Iew. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more,
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men

Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commoditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greefes and losses haue so bated mee,

Actus Tertius.

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on, pray God Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue.
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this Anthonio
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by Nerrissa heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,

Actus Tertius.

The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you

Lorens. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and Iessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you

Iessi. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: faryouwell Iessica.

Exeunt.

Now Balthaser, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And vse thou all the indeauor of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor Belario,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed

Por. Come on Nerissa, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall Nerrissa: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of these punie lies Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
Which I will practise

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a questions that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuce
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father
are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise
you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so
now I speake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of
good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is
but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is

Actus Tertius.

but a kinde of bastard hope neither

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter

Ies. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the
sins of my mother should be visited vpon me

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father
and mother: thus when I shun Scilla your father, I
fall into Charibdis your mother; well, you are gone both
waies

Ies. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me
a Christian

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians
enow before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by another:
this making of Christians will raise the price of
Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not
shortlie haue a rasher on the coales for money.
Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tell my husband Lancelet what you say, heere
he comes

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly Lancelet,
if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ies. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Launcelet
and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee
in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and hee saies
you are no good member of the common wealth, for
in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price
of Porke

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth,
than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie:
the Moore is with childe by you Launcelet?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then
reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is
indeed more then I tooke her for

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I
thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence,
and discourse grow commendable in none onely
but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomachs?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you,
then bid them prepare dinner

Clow. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word

Loren. Will you couer than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie

Loren. Yet more quarreling with occasion, wilt thou
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray
thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the
meat, and we will come in to dinner

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the
meat sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to
dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place,

Actus Tertius.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou Iessica,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassiano's wife?

Iessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord Bassanio liue an vpright life
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow

Loren. Euen such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife

Ies. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?

Ies. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how som ere thou speakst 'mong other things,
I shall digest it?

Iessi. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and
Gratiano

Duke. What, is Anthonio heere?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere

Actus Quartus.

A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie

Ant. I haue heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his

Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.
Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to
That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice
To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pittie on his losses
That haue of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborne Turkes and Tartars neuer traind
To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer Iew?

Iew. I haue possest your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue

A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue
 Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
 But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
 And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates
 To haue it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
 Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
 Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
 Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
 Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
 As there is no firme reason to be rendred
 Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
 Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
 Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
 Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
 As to offend himselfe being offended:
 So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
 More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
 I beare Anthonio, that I follow thus
 A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?

Bass. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,
 To excuse the currant of thy cruelty

Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer

Bass. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first

Iew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee
 twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:
 You may as well go stand vpon the beach,
 And bid the maine flood baite his vsuall height,
 Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,
 The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
 You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
 To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?
 His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,

But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six

Iew. If euerie Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates
Were in sixe parts, and euerie part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?

Iew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchast slaue,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer
The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it?

Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Vnlesse Bellario a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day

Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers

Bass. Good cheere Anthonio. What man, corage yet:
The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio,
Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.
Enter Nerrissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?
Ner. From both.
My Lord Bellario greets your Grace

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there

Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Iew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That soules of Animals infuse themselues
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet;
And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,
Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Woluish, bloody, steru'd, and rauinous

Iew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law

Du. This Letter from Bellario doth commend

Shakespeare's First Folio

A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your answer, whether you'l admit him

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarioes Letter.
Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your
Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your messenger
came, in louing visitation, was with me a yong Doctor
of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with
the cause in Controuersie, betweene the Iew and Anthonio
the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is
furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning,
the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes
with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in
my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment
to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knewe so
yong a body, with so old a head. I leaue him to your gracious
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.
Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did my Lord

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

Du. Anthonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

Iew. Shylocke is my name

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he sayes

Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do

Por. Then must the Iew be mercifull

Iew. On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
To mittigate the iustice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needes giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be

Iew. A Daniel come to iudgement, yea a Daniel.
O wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond

Iew. Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is

Por. Shylocke, there's thrice thy monie offered thee

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay periurie vpon my soule?
No not for Venice

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond

Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deseruing pillar,
Proceede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay heere on my bond

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the iudgement

Por. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosome for his knife

Iew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond

Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wise and vpriht Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome

Iew. I, his brest,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words

Por. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the
flesh?

Iew. I haue them ready

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge

To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death

Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charitie

Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond

Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Giue me your hand Bassanio, fare you well.
Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is her custome. It is still her vse
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance
Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the processe of Anthonio's end:
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a Loue:
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart

Bas. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you

Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer

Gra. I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,

I would she were in heauen, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Iew

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house

Iew. These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daughter
Would any of the stocke of Barrabas
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence

Por. A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it

Iew. Most rightfull Iudge

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it

Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,
The words expresly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
Vnto the state of Venice

Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, o learned Iudge

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest

Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge

Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe

Bass. Heere is the money

Por. Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,
He shall haue nothing but the penalty

Gra. O Iew, an vpriht Iudge, a learned Iudge

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,
Or the deuision of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
But in the estimation of a hayre,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Iew,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip

Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe

Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall haue meerly iustice and his bond

Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Iew

Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:
He stay no longer question

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou hast contriu'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is Anthonio's
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may driue vnto a fine

Por. I for the state, not for Anthonio

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue

Por. What mercy can you render him Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his sonne Lorenzo, and his daughter

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it

Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font.
Enter.

Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth

Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisdom beene this day acquitted
Of greuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew

Actus Quartus.

We freely cope your courteous paines withall

An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and seruice to you euermore

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this

Por. I wil haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it

Bas. There's more depends on this then on the valed,
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd

Shakespeare's First Folio

Bas. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it

Por. That scuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you.

Exeunt.

Ant. My L[ord]. Bassanio, let him haue the ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wiues commandement

Bass. Goe Gratiano, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Anthonios house, away, make haste.

Exit Grati.

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward Belmont, come Anthonio.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.
Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L[ord]. Bassanio vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner

Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylockes house

Gra. That will I doe

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:
Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weelee out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressed lay that night

Ies. In such a night
Did Thisbie fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away

Loren. In such a night
Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage

Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old Eson

Loren. In such a night
Did Iessica steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrif Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont

Ies. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty Iessica (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.
Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Mes. A friend

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you friend?
Mes. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres

Loren. Who comes with her?
Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee Iessica,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,
Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola

Loren. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you see M[aster]. Lorenzo, &M[aster]. Lorenzo,
sola,
Lor. Leaue hollowing man, heere

Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere?
Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere
morning sweete soule

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
 And yet no matter: why should we goe in?
 My friend Stephen, signifie pray you
 Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
 And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
 How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
 Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
 Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
 Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
 Sit Iessica, looke how the floore of heauen
 Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
 There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
 But in his motion like an Angell sings,
 Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
 Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:
 Come hoe, and wake Diana with a hymne,
 With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,
 And draw her home with musicke

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musicke.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentiuē:
 For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
 Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
 If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
 You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
 Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
 Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
 Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But musicke for time doth change his nature,
 The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
 Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections darke as Erobus,
 Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.

Actus Quintus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Musicke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of Portia

Actus Quintus.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming

Por. Go in Nerrissa,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Iessica nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.
Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be Bassanio so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord

Bass. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend

Actus Quintus.

This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadye, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did giue me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; Loue mee, and leaue mee not

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man

Nerrissa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me

Bass. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone

Por. Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.

By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeeue,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen

Ant. I am th' vnhappy subiect of these quarrels

Por. Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding

Bas. Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe

Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit

Bas. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee

Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,

And bid him keepe it better then the other

Ant. Heere Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor

Por. I had it of him: pardon Bassanio,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from Bellario,
There you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo heere
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my house. Anthonio you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in store for you
Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter

Antho. I am dumbe

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold

Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife

An. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life &liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode

Por. How now Lorenzo?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and Iessica
From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starued people

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these euent at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my Nerrissa shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.

Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerrissas ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The Merchant of Venice.

As you Like it

Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. As I remember Adam, it was vpon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my sadnesse: My brother Iaques he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.
Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother

Orlan. Goe a-part Adam, and thou shalt heare how
he will shake me vp

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing

Oli. What mar you then sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which
God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with
idlenesse

Oliuer. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught
a while

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with
them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should
come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I
know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition
of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of
nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first
borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud,
were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much
of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your comming
before me is neerer to his reuerence

Oli. What Boy

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in this

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rowland de Boys, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord

Oli. Let me goe I say

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I haue
lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde master,
he would not haue spoke such a word.

Ex. Orl. Ad.

Oli. Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will
physicke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand
crownes neyther: holla Dennis.
Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wrastler heere to
speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes
accesse to you

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow
the wrastling is.
Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship

Oli. Good Mounsier Charles: what's the new newes
at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the
olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger
brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing
Lords haue put themselues into voluntary exile with
him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke,
therefore he giues them good leaue to wander

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind the Dukes daughter bee
banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so
loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together,

As you Like it

that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to
stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued
of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies
loued as they doe

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of Arden,
and a many merry men with him; and there they liue
like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many yong
Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time
carelesly as they did in the golden world

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new
Duke

Cha. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you
with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that
your yonger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come
in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I
wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without
some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother
is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee
loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee
come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither
to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him
from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he
shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search,
and altogether against my will

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which
thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my
selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and haue by
vnder-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it;
but he is resolute. Ile tell thee Charles, it is the stubbornest
yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious
emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous
contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse
thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke
as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou
dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie
grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by
poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer
leau thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect

Shakespeare's First Folio

meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship.
Enter.

Farewell good Charles. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about.
Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my Coz, be merry

Ros. Deere Cellia; I show more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet Rose, my deare Rose, be merry

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good houswife Fortune from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally

Ros. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfauouredly

Ros. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures:
Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the
lineaments of Nature.
Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature,
may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature
hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune
sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when
fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures
witte

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither,
but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull
to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for
our whetstone: for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is
the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether
wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your father

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour
they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the
Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes
were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was
not the Knight forsworne

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your
knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisdom

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes,
and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if
you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no
more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer
had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before
euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old Fredericke your Father loues

Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough;
speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one
of these daies

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely,
what Wisemen do foolishly

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little
wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that
wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur
the Beu.
Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their
young

Ros. Then shal we be newes-cram'd

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Boon—iour Monsieur le Beu, what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princesse,
you haue lost much good sport

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shall I aunswer
you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told
you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling

Le Beu. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it please
your Ladships, you may see the end, for the best is yet
to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to
performe it

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three sons

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale

Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth
and presence

Ros. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto
all men by these presents

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrastled with Charles
the Dukes Wrastler, which Charles in a moment threw
him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little
hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the
third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father,
making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders
take his part with weeping

Ros. Alas

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies
haue lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the
first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport
for Ladies

Cel. Or I, I promise thee

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken
Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon
rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the
place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to
performe it

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay
and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated
His owne perill on his forwardnesse

Ros. Is yonder the man?
Le Beu. Euen he, Madam

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully
Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:
Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?
Ros. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you
there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers
youth, I would faine dissuade him, but he will not
bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can
mooue him

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer Le Beu

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by

Le Beu. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse cals
for you

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie

Scoena Secunda.

Ros. Young man, haue you challeng'd Charles the Wrastler?

Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue seene cruell prooffe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduventure would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt

Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie

Ros. The little strength that I haue, I would it were with you

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers

Ros. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working

Duk. You shall trie but one fall

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Wrastle.

Ros. Oh excellent yong man

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Shout.

Duk. No more, no more

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well
breath'd

Duk. How do'st thou Charles?

Le Beu. He cannot speake my Lord

Duk. Beare him awaie:
What is thy name yong man?

Orl. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Roland
de Boys

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mine enemie:
Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadst thou descended from another house:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'st told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to Fredricke

Ros. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his soule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue ventur'd

Cel. Gentle Cosen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and enuious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,
Your Mistris shall be happie

Ros. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke

Ros. He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
He aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ros. Haue with you: fare you well.
Enter.

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpo[n] my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.
Enter Le Beu.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd

Shakespeare's First Folio

High commendation, true applause, and loue;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly Rosaline.

Exit

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why Rosaline: Cupid haue mercie,

Scena Tertius.

Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
with reasons

Ros. Then there were two Cosens laid vp, when the
one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
without any

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh
how full of briers is this working day world

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee
in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
our very petty-coates will catch them

Ros. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are
in my heart

Cel. Hem them away

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrastler then
my selfe

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time
in dispight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sodaine,
you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Roulands yongest sonne?

Ros. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his
Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate
him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate
not Orlando

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?
Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke

Cel. With his eies full of anger

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court

Ros. Me Vncle

Duk. You Cosen,
Within these ten daies if that thou beest found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highnesse

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it selfe;
Let is suffice thee that I trust thee not

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough

Ros. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highnesse banisht him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake

Duk. I Celia, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still haue slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoere we went, like Iunos Swans,

Still we went coupled and inseperable

Duk. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verie silence, and her patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue out of her companie

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,
If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke,

Cel. O my poore Rosaline, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am

Ros. I haue more cause

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not

Cel. No, hath not? Rosaline lacks then the loue
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therefore deuise with me how we may flie

Scena Tertius.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:
For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee

Ros. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of Arden

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?
Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vंबर smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And neuer stir assailants

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outside,
As manie other mannish cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their semblances

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. Ile haue no worse a name then Ioues owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me Ganimed.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena

Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,

Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our Iewels and our wealth together,
Deuise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide vs from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords like
Forresters.

Duk.Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of Adam,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the vses of aduersitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile

Du.Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?

And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being natie Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard

1.Lord. Indeed my Lord
The melancholy Iaques grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie Iaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares

Du.Sen. But what said Iaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1.Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him
And neuer staies to greet him: I quoth Iaques,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
In their assign'd and natie dwelling place

D.Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

2.Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere

Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter

1.Lor. Ile bring you to him strait.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this

1.Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris

2.Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hisperia the Princesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the synowie Charles,

Scena Secunda.

And she beleeeues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let not search and inquisition quaile,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to ouercome
The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,
Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe
The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,

And you within it: if he faile of that
He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it

Ad. Why whether Adam would'st thou haue me go?

Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here

Orl. What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theeuish liuing on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother

Ad. But do not so: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I sau'd vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindly; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessities

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:

Shakespeare's First Folio

But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some settled low content

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ros. O Iupiter, how merry are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie

Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good Aliena

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then
beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare
you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden

Clo. I, now am I in Arden, the more foole I, when I
was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must
be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

Ros. I, be so good Touchstone: Look you, who comes
here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still

Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knew'st how I do loue her

Cor. I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now

Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer
As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten

Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lou'd.
Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
Thou hast not lou'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lou'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.
Enter.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for
comming a night to Iane Smile, and I remember the kissing
of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two
cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping
teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Louers,
runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in
nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my shins against it

Ros. Ioue, Ioue, this Shepherds passion,
Is much vpon my fashion

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with
mee

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almost to death

Clo. Holla; you Clowne

Ros. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman

Cor. Who cal's?

Clo. Your betters Sir

Cor. Else are they very wretched

Ros. Peace I say; good euen to your friend

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all

Ros. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releuee her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreaques to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs

Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather

Scena Quinta.

Iaq. More, more, I pre'thee more

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur Iagues

Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
you

Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanza: Cal you 'em stanza's?

Amy. What you wil Monsieur Iagues

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
nothing. Wil you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe

Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke
you: but that they cal complement is like th' encounter
of two dog-Apes. And when a man thanks me hartily,
me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that wil not
hold your tongues

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
day to looke you

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
He is too disputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.

Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention

Amy. And Ile sing it

Amy. Thus it goes.
If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:
Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a circle .
Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all
the first borne of Egypt

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master

Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheerely good Adam.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song

Du.Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musicall,
We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.
Enter Iaques.

1.Lord. He saues my labor by his owne approach

Du.Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily

Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggess:
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare

Du.Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With obseruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,

I am ambitious for a motley coat

Du.Sen. Thou shalt haue one

Iaq. It is my onely suite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wise. I must haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.
Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine

Du.Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du.Sen. Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
And all th' imbossed sores, and headed euils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I say the City woman beares
The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,

When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclaim'd of any man. But who come here?
Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd

Iaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du.Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered

Iaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye

Du.Sen. What would you haue?
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentlenesse

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haue it

Du.Sen. Sit downe and feed, &welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer beene where bells haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer sate at any good mans feast:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword

Du.Sen. True is it, that we haue seene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort

Du.Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappy:

This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in

Ia. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meere Players;
They haue their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes seuer, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantalooone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange euentfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery thing.
Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du.Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen,
and let him feede

Orl. I thanke you most for him

Ad. So had you neede,
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe

Shakespeare's First Folio

Du.Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is most iolly.
Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, sing,

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son,
As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse,
Most truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witnesse of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale speare aboue
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witnest euery where.
Run, run Orlando, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue shee.

Exit

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life Mr Touchstone?

Clow. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred

Clow. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:
Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly

Clow. Then thou art damn'd

Cor. Nay, I hope

Clow. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,
all on one side

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer
saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good maners,
then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin,
and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shepheard

Cor. Not a whit Touchstone, those that are good maners
at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as
the behaiour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the
Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but
you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie
if Courtiers were shepheards

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their
Fels you know are greasie

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and
is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat
of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:
Come

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow agen:
a more sounder instance, come

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the surgery
of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The
Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in respect
of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise
and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the

verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow
man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get
that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happinesse:
glad of other mens good content with my harme:
and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, my Lambes sucke

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the
Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your
liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather,
and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth
to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all
reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the
diuell himselve will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else
how thou shouldst scape

Cor. Heere comes yong Mr Ganimed, my new Mistrisses
Brother.
Enter Rosalind

Ros. From the east to westerne Inde,
no iewel is like Rosalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest Linde,
are but blacke to Rosalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Rosalinde

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners,
and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right
Butter-womens ranke to Market

Ros. Out Foole

Clo. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seeke out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be linde,
so must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde.
This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you infect
your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it
with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th country:
for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's
the right vertue of the Medler

Clo. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the
Forrest iudge.
Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside

Cel. Why should this Desert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that shall ciuill sayings shoe.

Scena Secunda.

Some, how briefe the Life of man
 runs his erring pilgrimage,
 That the stretching of a span,
 buckles in his summe of age.
 Some of violated vowes,
 twixt the soules of friend, and friend:
 But vpon the fairest bowes,
 or at euerie sentence end;
 Will I Rosalinda write,
 teaching all that reade, to know
 The quintessence of euerie sprite,
 heauen would in little show.
 Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
 that one bodie should be fill'd
 With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
 nature presently distill'd
 Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
 Cleopatra's Maiestie:
 Attalanta's better part,
 sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
 Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
 by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,
 Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
 to haue the touches deerest pris'd.
 Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,
 and I to liue and die her slaue

Ros. O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of
 Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and
 neuer cri'de, haue patience good people

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little:
 go with him sirrah

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat,
 though not with bagge and baggage, yet with
 scrip and scrippage.
 Enter.

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
 of them had in them more feete then the Verses would
 beare

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare y verses

Ros. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely
in the verse

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how
thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ros. I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder,
before you came: for looke heere what I found on a
Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since Pythagoras time
that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck:
change you colour?

Ros. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes,
and so encounter

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence,
tell me who it is

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull
wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out
of all hooping

Ros. Good my complection, dost thou think though
I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in
my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea
of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and
speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou

Shakespeare's First Folio

might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as
Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too
much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke
out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly

Ros. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?
Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard

Ros. Why God will send more, if the man will bee
thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou
delay me not the knowledge of his chin

Cel. It is yong Orlando, that tript vp the Wrastlers
heelles, and your heart, both in an instant

Ros. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde
brow, and true maid

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde
he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee
heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How
parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe?
Answer me in one word

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first:

Shakespeare's First Folio

'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to
say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer
in a Catechisme

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and
in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day
he Wrastled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolute the
propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding
him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him
vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne

Ros. It may wel be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes
forth fruite

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam

Ros. Proceed

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded
knight

Ros. Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it well
becomes the ground

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes
vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou
bring'st me out of tune

Shakespeare's First Folio

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,
I must speake: sweet, say on.
Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ros. 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him

Iaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith
I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion sake
I thanke you too, for your societie

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing
Loue-songs in their barks

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading
them ill-fauouredly

Iaq. Rosalinde is your loues name?

Orl. Yes, Iust

Iaq. I do not like her name

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she
was christen'd

Scena Secunda.

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart

Iaq. You are ful of prety answers: haue you not bin acquainted
with goldsmiths wiues, &cond the[m] out of rings

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath,
from whence you haue studied your questions

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of
Attalanta's heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and
wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all
our miserie

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe
against whom I know most faults

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue:
I am wearie of you

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I
found you

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and
you shall see him

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a CIPHER

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior
Loue

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur
Melancholly

Ros. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder
that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear Forrester

Orl. Verie wel, what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what i'st a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o' day: there's no
clocke in the Forrest

Ros. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else
sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold
detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not
that bin as proper?

Ros. By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces,
with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall,
who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal,
and who he stands stil withall

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between
the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd:
if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard,
that it seemes the length of seuen yeare

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man
that hath not the Gownt: for the one sleepes easily because

Shakespeare's First Folio

he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because
he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of
leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen
of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles
withal

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee
go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon
there

Orl. Who staies it stil withal?

Ros. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe
betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not
how time moues

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ros. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the
skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat

Orl. Are you natiue of this place?

Ros. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is
kindled

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could
purchase in so remoued a dwelling

Ros. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde
religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was
in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too
well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many
Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman
to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee
hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,
that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like
one another, as halfe-pence are, euerie one fault seeming
monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it

Orl. I prethee recount some of them

Ros. No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those
that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses
our yong plants with caruing Rosalinde on their
barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on
brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of Rosalinde.
If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him
some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian
of Loue vpon him

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel
me your remedie

Ros. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you:
he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage
of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner

Orl. What were his markes?

Ros. A leane cheek, which you haue not: a blew eie
and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit,
which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you
haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing
in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennue) then your
hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande'd, your
sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoe vntied, and euerie thing
about you, demonstrating a careless desolation: but you
are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your
accoutrements,
as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer
of any other

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue I Loue

Ros. Me beleuee it? You may assoone make her that you Loue beleuee it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that vnfortunate he

Ros. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much

Ros. Loue is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, deserues as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsel

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, w was to forswear the ful stream of y world, and to liue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Liuer as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't

Orl. I would not be cured, youth

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me
where it is

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by
the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue:
Wil you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth

Ros. Nay, you must call mee Rosalind: Come sister,
will you go?

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo. Come apace good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your
Goates, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet?
Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most
capricious Poet honest Ouid was among the Gothes

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in
a thatch'd house

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor
a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding:
it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning

in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde
made thee poeticall

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in
deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining,
and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they
swear in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me
Poeticall?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest:
Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope
thou didst feigne

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for
honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to
Sugar

Iaq. A materiall foole

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the
Gods make me honest

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule
slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I
am foule

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; sluttishnesse
may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee,
I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir
Oliuer Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath

promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to
couple vs

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart,
stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple
but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what
though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie.
It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods;
right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end
of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none
of his owne getting; hornes, euen so poore men alone:
No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascall:
Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd
Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead
of a married man, more honourable then the bare
brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better
then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious
then to want.
Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir Oliuer: Sir Oliuer Mar-text you are
wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or
shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not
lawfull

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye cal't: how do you
Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last

companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand
heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb,
and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as
Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be
married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church,
and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is,
this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne
Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell,
and like greene timber, warpe, warpe

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee
married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie
me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good
excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee

Ol. Come sweete Audrey,
We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey:
Farewel good Mr Oliuer: Not O sweet Oliuer, O braue
Oliuer leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee
gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them
all shal flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider,
that teares do not become a man

Ros. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weepe

Ros. His very haire
Is of the dissembling colour

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses:
Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children

Ros. I'faith his haire is of a good colour

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Chessenut was euer the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of Diana: a
Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie,
the very yce of chastity is in them

Shakespeare's First Folio

Rosa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut

Ros. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in

Ros. You haue heard him sweare downright he was

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the forrest on the Duke your father

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his loue, as a puisny Tilter, y spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?
Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,
Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Mistresse

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid
Betwene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdain,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will marke it

Ros. O come, let vs remoue,
The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue:
Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say
He proue a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe doe not scorne me, do not Phebe
Say that you loue me not, but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?
Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swoond, why now fall downe,
 Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
 Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
 Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush
 The Cicatrice and capable impresse
 Thy palme some moment keepes: but now mine eyes
 Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
 That can doe hurt

Sil. O deere Phebe,
 If euer (as that euer may be neere)
 You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
 Then shall you know the wounds inuisible
 That Loues keene arrows make

Phe. But till that time
 Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not,
 As till that time I shall not pittie thee

Ros. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
 That you insult, exult, and all at once
 Ouer the wretched? what though you haue no beauty
 As by my faith, I see no more in you
 Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
 Must you be therefore proud and pittillesse?
 Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
 I see no more in you then in the ordinary
 Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life,
 I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
 No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
 That can entame my spirits to your worship:
 You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you
 That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children:
 'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
 And out of you she sees her selfe more proper

Shakespeare's First Folio

Then any of her lineaments can show her:
But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;
For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, &shee'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you

Ros. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falser then vowes made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
'Tis at the tufft of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard:
Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.
Come, to our flocke,
Enter.

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet Phebe

Phe. Hah: what saist thou Siluius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe pittie me

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle Siluius

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my grieffe in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieffe
Were both extermin'd

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you

Phe. Why that were couetousnesse:
Siluius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yerewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old Carlot once was Master of

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:

Shakespeare's First Folio

There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little ripper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women Siluius, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I maruell why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou Siluius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart

Phe. Ile write it strait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me Siluius.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted
with thee

Ros They say you are a melancholly fellow

Iaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable
fellowes, and betray themselues to euery moderne
censure, worse then drunkards

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which
is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantastick;
nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers,
which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick:
nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which
is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded
of many simples, extracted from many obiects,
and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in
which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous
sadnesse

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason
to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands,
to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue
nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.
Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather
haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to
make me sad, and to trauaile for it too

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere Rosalind

Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke
verse

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Trauellor: looke you
lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits
of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your
natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that
countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue
swam in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where
haue you bin all this while? you a loue? and you
serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight
more

Orl. My faire Rosalind, I come within an houre of my
promise

Ros. Breake an houres promise in loue? hee that
will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake
but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs
of loue, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapt
him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole

Orl. Pardon me deere Rosalind

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my
sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaile

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee
carries his house on his head; a better ioyuncture I thinke
then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie
with him

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: w such as you are faine to be beholding
to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his

fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my Rosalind is
vertuous

Ros. And I am your Rosalind

Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a Rosalind
of a better leere then you

Ros. Come, wooe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a
holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What
would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie
Rosalind?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke

Ros. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you
were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion
to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out,
they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs)
matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins
new matter

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued
Mistris?

Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris,
or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your
suite:
Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would
be talking of her

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is
almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there
was not anie man died in his owne person (videlicet) in
a loue cause: Troilous had his braines dash'd out with a
Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before,
and he is one of the patternes of loue. Leander, he would
haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though Hero had turn'd
Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for
(good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont,
and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd,
and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was
Hero of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died
from time to time, and wormes haue eaten them, but not
for loue

Orl. I would not haue my right Rosalind of this mind,
for I protest her frowne might kill me

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come,
now I will be your Rosalind in a more comming-on disposition:
and aske me what you will, I will grant it

Orl. Then loue me Rosalind

Ros. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Ros. I, and twentie such

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs: giue me your hand Orlando: What doe you say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs

Cel. I cannot say the words

Ros. You must begin, will you Orlando

Cel. Goe too: wil you Orlando, haue to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will

Ros. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for wife

Orl. I take thee Rosalind for wife

Ros. I might aske you for your Commission,
But I doe take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a
girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans
thought runs before her actions

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd

Ros. Now tell me how long you would haue her, after
you haue possest her?

Orl. For euer, and a day

Ros. Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men
are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed:
Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes
when they are wiues: I will bee more iealous of
thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more
clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled
then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey:
I will weepe for nothing, like Diana in the Fountaine,
&I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry:
I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd
to sleepe

Orl. But will my Rosalind doe so?

Ros. By my life, she will doe as I doe

Orl. O but she is wise

Ros. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this:
the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans
wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and
'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the
smoake out at the chimney

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might
say, wit whether wil't?

Ros. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you
met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?

Rosa. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you

shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take
her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot
make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse
her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole

Orl. For these two houres Rosalinde, I wil leaue thee

Ros. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock
I will be with thee againe

Ros. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what
you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I
thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne
me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o'
clocke is your howre

Orl. I, sweet Rosalind

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God
mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous,
if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one
minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most
patheticall breake–promise, and the most hollow louer,
and the most vnworthy of her you call Rosalinde, that
may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull:
therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed
my Rosalind: so adieu

Ros. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all
such offenders, and let time try: adieu.
Enter.

Cel. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate:
we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer
your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done
to her owne neast

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou
didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but
it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne
bottome, like the Bay of Portugall

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure
affection in, it runs out

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of Venus, that was
begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of
madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery
ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge,
how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee Aliena, I cannot be
out of the sight of Orlando: Ile goe finde a shadow, and
sigh till he come

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane
Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares
horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you
no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it
make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

What shall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
And heere much Orlando

Scoena Tertia.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,
Enter Siluius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To sleepe: looke who comes heere

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle Phebe, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuce

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter:
I say she neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand

Sil. Sure it is hers

Ros. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Phebes crueltie

Ros. She Phebes me: marke how the tyrant writes.

Read.

Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?
That a maidens heart hath burn'd.
Can a woman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros.

Read.

Why, thy godhead laid a part,
War'st thou with a womans heart?
Did you euer heare such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
If the scorne of your bright eine
Haue power to raise such loue in mine,
Alacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in milde aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did loue,
How then might your praiers moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by him seale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my loue denie,

And then Ile studie how to die

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard

Ros. Doe you pittie him? No, he deserues no pittie:
wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument,
and play false straines vpon thee? not to be endur'd.
Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath
made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she
loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will
neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a
true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more
company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliuer.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you | know)
Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are

Scoena Tertia.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd

Cel. I pray you tell it

Oli. When last the yong Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke what obiect did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke
A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but sodainly
Seeing Orlando, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
This seene, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother

Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall

Ros. But to Orlando: did he leaue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Desert place.
In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon Rosalinde.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind

Cel. Why how now Ganimed, sweet Ganimed

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen Ganimed

Oli. Looke, he recouers

Ros. I would I were at home

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:
Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited,
I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited:
heigh-ho

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony
in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to
be a man

Ros. So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman
by right

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw
homewards: good sir, goe with vs

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind

Ros. I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend
my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time Awdrie, patience gentle
Awdrie

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the
olde gentlemans saying

Clow. A most wicked Sir Oliuer, Awdrie, a most vile
Mar-text. But Awdrie, there is a youth heere in the
Forrest layes claime to you

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee
in the world: here comes the man you meane.
Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by
my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer
for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold

Will. Good eu'n Audrey

Aud. God ye good eu'n William

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer
thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you
Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

Will. 'Faith sir, so, so

Cle. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:
and yet it is not, it is but so, so:
Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I haue a prettie wit

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying:
The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman

Shakespeare's First Folio

knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher,
when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open
his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby,
that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open.
You do loue this maid?

Will. I do sir

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For
it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out
of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the
other. For all your Writers do consent, that ipse is hee:
now you are not ipse, for I am he

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore
you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the
societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female:
which in the common, is woman: which together,
is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne
thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or
(to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into
death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson
with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy
with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policie: I
will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble
and depart

Aud. Do good William

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter Corin.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away,
away

Clo. Trip Audry, trip Audry, I attend,
I attend.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you
should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her?
And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And
will you perseuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the
pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine woing,
nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue
Aliena: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with
both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your
good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennue, that
was old Sir Rowlands will I estate vpon you, and heere
liue and die a Shepherd.
Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You haue my consent.
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare Aliena; for looke you,
Heere comes my Rosalinde

Ros. God saue you brother

Ol. And you faire sister

Ros. Oh my deere Orlando, how it greeues me to see
thee weare thy heart in a scarfe

Orl. It is my arme

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with
the clawes of a Lion

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted
to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there
was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the sight of two
Rammes, and Cesars Thrasonically bragge of I came, saw,
and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner
met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they
lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd
but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew
the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these
degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage,
which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent
before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of
loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part
them

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will
bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing
it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies:
by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height
of heart heauinesse, by how much I shal thinke my brother
happie, in hauing what he wishes for

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne
for Rosalind?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking.
Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose)
that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit:
I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion
of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither
do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some
little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe
good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please,
that I can do strange things: I haue since I was three
yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in
his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue Rosalinde
so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your
brother marries Aliena, shall you marrie her. I know into
what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not
impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you,
to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is,
and without any danger

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though
I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best aray,
bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow,
you shall: and to Rosalind if you will.
Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a loue of hers

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse,
To shew the letter that I writ to you

Ros. I care not if I haue: it is my studie
To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,
Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,
And so am I for Phebe

Phe. And I for Ganimed

Orl. And I for Rosalind

Ros. And I for no woman

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice,
And so am I for Phebe

Phe. And I for Ganimed

Orl. And I for Rosalind

Ros. And I for no woman

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:
And so am I for Phebe

Phe. And so am I for Ganimed

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind

Ros. And so am I for no woman

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
to loue you

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling
of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you
if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet
me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman,
and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you,
if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow.
I wil content you, if what pleases you contents
you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you loue
Rosalind meet, as you loue Phebe meet, and as I loue no
woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue

Phe. Nor I

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day Audrey, to morow
will we be married

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is
no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y world?
Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.
Enter two Pages.

1.Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman

Clo. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song

2.Pa. We are for you, sit i'th middle

1.Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking,
or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely
prologues to a bad voice

2.Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two
gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passe,

Scoena Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the spring,
And therefore take the present time.
With a hey, &a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, &a hey nonino:
These prettie Country folks would lie.
In spring time, This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, &a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time,

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no
great matter in the dittie, yet y note was very vntunable

1.Pa. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not
our time

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare
such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your
voices. Come Audrie.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celia.

Du.Sen. Dost thou beleeeue Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleeeue, and somtimes do not,
As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.
Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, &Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our co[m]pact is vrg'd:

Shakespeare's First Folio

You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde,
You wil bestow her on Orlando heere?

Du.Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir

Ros. And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King

Ros. You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after

Ros. But if you do refuse to marrie me,
You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard

Phe. So is the bargaine

Ros. You say that you'l haue Phebe if she will

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one
thing

Ros. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receiue his daughter:
Keepe you your word Phebe, that you'l marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word Siluius, that you'l marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all euen.

Exit Ros. and Celia.

Du.Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.
Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest

Iaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these
couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre
of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
Foolles

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in
the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady,
I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
emie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
quarrels, and like to haue fought one

Iaq. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon
the seuenth cause

Iaq. How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow

Du.Se. I like him very well

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues to sweare, and to forswear, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster

Du.Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases

Iaq. But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

Clo. Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more seeming Audry) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome: and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct

Iaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial: nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee measur'd swords, and parted

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of
the lye

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you
haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees.
The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the
Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth,
the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarrelsome:
the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the seauenth,
the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the
Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I
knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell,
but when the parties were met themselues, one of them
thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so:
and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is
the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good
at any thing, and yet a foole

Du.Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vnder
the presentation of that he shoots his wit.
Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heauen,
When earthly things made eauen
attone together.
Good Duke receiue thy daughter,
Hymen from Heauen brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightst ioine his hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosome is

Ros. To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours

Du.Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ros. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange euent:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To ioyne in Hymens bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no crosse shall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue must accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
Feede your selues with questioning:
That reason, wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O blessed bond of boord and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne

Du.Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree

Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.
Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After some question with him, was conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life

Du.Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere were well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court

2.Bro. He hath

Iaq. To him will I: out of these conuertites,
 There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
 you to your former Honor, I bequeath
 your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
 you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
 you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
 you to a long, and well-deserued bed:
 And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
 Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
 I am for other, then for dancing measures

Du.Se. Stay, Iaques, stay

Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
 Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue.
 Enter.

Du.Se. Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,
 As we do trust, they'l end in true delights.

Exit

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue:
 but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the
 Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs
 no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue.
 Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good
 playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues:
 What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue,
 nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a
 good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore
 to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure
 you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O
 women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much
 of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men)
 for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your
 simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you,
 and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman,
 I would kisse as many of you as had beards that
 pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that

I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good
beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind
offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell.
Enter.

FINIS. As you Like it.

The Taming of the Shrew

Actus primus. Scaena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger. Ile pheeze you infaith

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the Slies are no
Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came
in with Richard Conqueror: therefore Paucas
pallabris, let the world slide: Sessa

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S[aint]. Ieronimie, goe to thy
cold bed, and warme thee

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere
him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come,

and kindly.

Falles asleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach Meriman, the poore Curre is imboist,
And couple Clowder with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how Siluer made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound

Hunts. Why Belman is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meerest losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if Eccho were as fleete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe

Hunts. I will my Lord

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth
he breath?

2.Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd
with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1.Hun. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose

2.H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd
Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor wil command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
It wil be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie

1.Hunts. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.
Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.
Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome

Players. We thanke your Honor

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?
2.Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our
dutie

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I haue forgot your name: but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas Soto that your honor meanes

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eyng of his odde behaiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,

And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoord.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruimgman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.
Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason
and
Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale

- 1.Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?
- 2.Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?
- 3.Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day

Beg. I am Christophero Sly, call not mee Honour nor
Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue
me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask
me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets
then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor
no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then
shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the ouer-leather

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher
Slie, old Slies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a
Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a
Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker.
Aske Marrian Hacket the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee
know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for
sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen
dome. What I am not bestraught: here's—

3.Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne

2.Man. Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies,

Musick

And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,
Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth

1.Man. Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as swift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe

2.M. Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde

Lord. Wee'l shew thee Io, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,

As liuelie painted, as the deede was done

3.Man. Or Daphne roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age

1.Man. And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet shee is inferiour to none

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet sauours, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale

2.Man. Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your
hands:
Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept

Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time

1.Man. Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,

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Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-Iugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house

3.Man. Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As Stephen Slie, and old Iohn Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends

All. Amen.
Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?
La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?
Lord. Madam

Beg. Alce Madam, or Ione Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept about some fifteene yeare or more

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed

Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physitians haue expressely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I
wil therefore tarrie in despite of the flesh & the blood
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comontie,
a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe

Beg. What, houshold stuffe

Lady. It is a kinde of history

Beg. Well, we'l see't:
Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull Lumbardie,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentiuolij,
Vincentio's sonne, brought vp in Florence,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore Tranio, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaues
A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with sacietie seekes to quench his thirst

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolute,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire

This vertue, and this morall discipline,
 Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
 Or so deuote to Aristotles checkes
 As Ouid; be an out-cast quite abiur'd:
 Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,
 And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
 Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,
 The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
 Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
 No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
 In briefe sir, studie what you most affect

Luc. Gramercies Tranio, well dost thou aduise,
 If Biondello thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put vs in readinesse,
 And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
 Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget.
 But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.
 Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio
 a
 Pantelowne, Hortentio sister to Bianca. Lucen. Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
 That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
 Before I haue a husband for the elder:
 If either of you both loue Katherina,
 Because I know you well, and loue you well,
 Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for mee,
 There, there Hortensio, will you any Wife?

Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
 No mates for you,
 Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould

Kate. I'faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,
 Iwis it is not halfe way to her heart:
 But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
 To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,

And paint your face, and vse you like a foole

Hor. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs

Gre. And me too, good Lord

Tra. Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward

Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behaiour and sobrietie.
Peace Tranio

Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I haue said, Bianca get you in,
And let it not displease thee good Bianca,
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,
and she knew why

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe

Luc. Harke Tranio, thou maist heare Minerua speak

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,

Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe

Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptista) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolud:
Go in Bianca.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: Katherina you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with Bianca.
Enter.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha.

Exit

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are
so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not
so great Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet Bianca, if
I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father

Hor. So will I signiour Gremio: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd
parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that

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we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and
be happie riuals in Bianca's loue, to labour and effect
one thing specially

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister

Gre. A husband: a diuell

Hor. I say a husband

Gre. I say, a diuell: Think'st thou Hortensio, though
her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be
married to hell?

Hor. Tush Gremio: though it passe your patience mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie
morning

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping
Baptistas eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his
yongest free for a husband, and then haue too't afresh:
Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes
fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior Gremio?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the
best horse in Padua to begin his woing that would thoroughly
woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the
house of her. Come on.

Exeunt. ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold

Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish Tranio,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrl:
Counsaile me Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me Tranio, for I know thou wilt

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great loue to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corall lips to moue,

And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him fro[m] his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suters

Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted

Luc. I haue it Tranio

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one

Luc. Tell me thine first

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in Padua heere Vincentio's sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.

We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
 For man or master: then it followes thus;
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio in my sted:
 Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
 I will some other be, some Florentine,
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio at once
 Vncase thee: take my Coulord hat and cloake,
 When Biondello comes, he waites on thee,
 But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue

Tra. So had you neede:
 In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 And I am tyed to be obedient,
 For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
 Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
 Although I thinke 'twas in another sense,
 I am content to bee Lucentio,
 Because so well I loue Lucentio

Luc. Tranio be so, because Lucentio loues,
 And let me be a slaue, t' atchieue that maide,
 Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.
 Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where
 are you? Maister, ha's my fellow Tranio stolne your
 cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the
 newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time
 Your fellow Tranio heere to saue my life,
 Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
 And I for my escape haue put on his:
 For in a quarrell since I came a-shore,
 I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
 Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
 While I make way from hence to saue my life:
 You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish after,
that Lucentio indeede had Baptistas yongest daughter.
But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise
you vse your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why then I am Tranio: but in
all places else, your master Lucentio

Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighthy.

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

1.Man. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the
play

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame
Ladie: would 'twere done.

They sit and marke.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra Grumio, knocke I say

Gru. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there
any man ha's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly

Gru. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate

Gru. My Mr is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst

Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can Sol, Fa, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.
Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all
at Verona?

Petr. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say

Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior
mio Petruchio.
Rise Grumio rise, we will compound this quarrell

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice,
looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, &rap him soundly
sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so,
being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe
out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not Grumio come by the worst

Petr. A sencelesse villaine: good Hortensio,
I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it

Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: spake you not
these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me
heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And
come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you

Hor. Petruchio patience, I am Grumio's pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant Grumio:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to Padua heere, from old Verona?

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen through y world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:

Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her

Petr. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as foule as was Florentius Loue,
As old as Sibell, and as curst and shrow'd
As Socrates Zentippe, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling Adriaticke seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily in Padua

Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his
minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him
to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as
two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so
monie comes withall

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can Petruchio helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold

Petr. Hortensio peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I wil not sleepe Hortensio til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would
thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee
may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope
trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a litle,
he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir
with it, that shee shal haue no more eies to see withall
then a Cat: you know him not sir

Hor. Tarrie Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptistas keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer Katherina wil be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista tane,
That none shal haue accesse vnto Bianca,
Til Katherine the Curst, haue got a husband

Gru. Katherine the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst

Hor. Now shal my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoole-master
Well seene in Musicke, to instruct Bianca,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.
Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-folkes,
how the young folkes lay their heads together.
Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha

Hor. Peace Grumio, it is the riual of my Loue.
Petruchio stand by a while

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous

Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior Baptistas liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successefull words
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is

Petru. Peace sirra

Hor. Grumio mum: God saue you signior Gremio

Gre. And you are wel met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola,
I promist to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faire Bianca,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire Bianca, so beloued of me

Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue

Gru. And that his bags shal proue

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curst Katherine,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please

Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?

Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in Verona, old Butonios sonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shal haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?

Petr. Will I liue?

Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, &trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs

Gru. For he feares none

Grem. Hortensio hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours

Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere

Gremio. And so we wil, prouided that he win her

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.
Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you
meane?

Tra. Euen he Biondello

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to—

Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray

Tranio. I loue no chiders sir: Biondello, let's away

Luc. Well begun Tranio

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you
hence

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she

Tra. For what reason I beseech you

Gre. For this reason if you'll kno,
That she's the choise loue of Signior Gremio

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio

Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.
Faire Laedaes daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire Bianca haue;
And so she shall: Lucentio shal make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all

Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade

Petr. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see Baptistas daughter?

Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie

Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by

Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more then Alcides twelue

Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all accesse of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before

Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,
For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate

Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowses to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends

Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shal be your Been venuto.

Exeunt.

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders

Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not

Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other

Kate. Minion thou lvest: Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue Gremio to keepe you faire

Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister Kate, vntie my hands

Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so.

Strikes her

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?

Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes:

Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.

For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?

When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my sight? Bianca get thee in.

Enter.

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see

She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,

And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.

Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,

Till I can finde occasion of reuenge

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?

But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio

with

Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God saue
you Gentlemen

Pet. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter,
cal'd Katerina, faire and vertuous

Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd Katerina

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly

Pet. You wrong me signior Gremio, giue me leaue.
I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaiour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.
His name is Litio, borne in Mantua

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katerine, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake

Gre. Sauing your tale Petruchio, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? Bacare, you are meruaylous
forward

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine be
doing

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue beene
More kindly beholding to you then any:
Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at Rhemes, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is Cambio: pray accept his seruice

Bap. A thousand thanks signior Gremio:
Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a sutor to your daughter,
Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and fauour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray

Tra. Of Pisa sir, sonne to Vincentio

Bap. A mightie man of Pisa by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues

Pet. Signior Baptista, my businesse asketh haste,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,

I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words

Pet. I to the prooffe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.
Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so
pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

Hor. I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
And twangling lacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
As had she studied to misvse me so

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,

Oh how I long to haue some chat with her

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior Petruchio, will you go with vs,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere
As morning Roses newly washt with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere she comes, and now Petruchio speake.

Enter Katerina

Good morrow Kate, for thats your name I heare

Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of
hearing:
They call me Katerine, that do talke of me

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine Kate,
And bony Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst:
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendome,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-daintie Kate,

Shakespeare's First Folio

For dainties are all Kates, and therefore Kate
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you
hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a mouable

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A ioy'n'd stoole

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you

Kate. No such Iade as you, if me you meane

Pet. Alas good Kate, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light

Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight should be

Pet. Shold be, should: buzze

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too
angrie

Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare
his sting? In his taile

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie.

She strikes him

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe

Kate. So may you loose your armes,
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes

Pet. A Herald Kate? Oh put me in thy bookes

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A comblesse Cocke, so Kate will be my Hen

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen

Pet. Nay come Kate, come: you must not looke so
sowre

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not
sowre

Kate. There is, there is

Pet. Then shew it me

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would

Pet. What, you meane my face

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one

Pet. Now by S[aint]. George I am too yong for you

Kate. Yet you are wither'd

Pet. 'Tis with cares

Kate. I care not

Pet. Nay heare you Kate. Insooth you scape not so

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe?
Oh sland'rous world: Kate like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command

Pet. Did euer Dian so become a Groue
As Kate this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportfull

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petr. It is extempore, from my mother wit

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kat. Yes, keepe you warme

Pet. Marry so I meane sweet Katherine in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now Kate, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,
Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other houshold Kates:
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will haue Katherine to my wife

Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse

Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your dumps?

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you

You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will proue a second Grissell,
And Romane Lucrece for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first

Gre. Hark Petruchio, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd first

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay the[n] godnight our part

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeeue
How much she loues me: oh the kindest Kate,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Giue me thy hand Kate, I will vnto Venice
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine

Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your ha[n]ds,

God send you ioy, Petruchio, 'tis a match

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to Venice, sonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me Kate, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart

Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now Baptista, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first

Tra. And I am one that loue Bianca more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse

Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I

Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze

Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil co[m]pound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my Biancas loue.
Say signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of tirian tapestry:
In Iuory cofers I haue stuft my crownes:
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'st I liue she will be onely mine

Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pinch't you Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall haue, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next

Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, Gremio is out-vied

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
Shée is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now on the sonday following, shall Bianca
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both.
Enter.

Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy.
Enter.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

Shakespeare's First Folio

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning.
Enter.

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare, you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withall

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much

Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serue in your harmony

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine

Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd

Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam: Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria
tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis

Bian. Conster them

Luc. Hic Ibat, as I told you before, Simois, I am Lucentio,
hic est, sonne vnto Vincentio of Pisa, Sigeria tellus,
disguised thus to get your loue, hic steterat, and that
Lucentio that comes a wooing, priami, is my man Tranio,
regia, bearing my port, celsa senis that we might beguile
the old Pantalowne

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. Hic ibat simois,
I know you not, hic est sigeria tellus, I trust you not,
hic staterat priami, take heede he heare vs not, regia presume
not, Celsa senis, despaire not

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune

Luc. All but the base

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that iars

Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knave doth court my love,
Pedascul, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeeue, yet I mistrust

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure Aeacides
Was Ajax cald so from his grandfather

Hort. I must beleeeue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now Litio to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both

Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musitian groweth amorous

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe

Hor. Yet read the gamouth of Hortentio

Bian. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead Hortensio's passion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfau, that loues with all affection:
D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, show pittie or I die,
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.
Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your books,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone

Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay

Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
Enter.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others,
attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,

Actus Tertia.

And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
If it would please him come and marry her

Tra. Patience good Katherine and Baptista too,
Vpon my life Petruchio meanes but well,
What euer fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest

Kate. Would Katherine had neuer seen him though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vexe a very saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.
Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you
neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of Petruchio's comming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no sir

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, &a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthred

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, &the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, &not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lackey

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes

Bion. Why sir, he comes not

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who, that Petruchio came?

Bap. I, that Petruchio came

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe

Bap. Why that's all one

Bion. Nay by S[aint]. I am, I hold you a penny, a horse and
a man is more then one, and yet not many.
Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir

Petr. And yet I come not well

Bap. And yet you halt not

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is Kate? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Comet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprovidid:

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine

Petr. Not I, beleeeue me, thus Ile visit her

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her

Petr. Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with words,
To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse.
Enter.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church

Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this.
Enter.

Tra. But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance heere in Padua
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me—thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
He keepe mine owne despite of all the world

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll ouer—reach the grey—beard Gremio,
The narrow prying father Minola,
The quaint Musician, amorous Litio,
All for my Masters sake Lucentio.
Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde

Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
He tell you sir Lucentio; when the Priest
Should aske if Katherine should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroomme tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many
ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth
he, as if he had beene aboard carowsing to his Mates after
a storme, quafft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops
all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that
his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske
him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the
Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a clamorous
smacke, that at the parting all the Church did
eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and
after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marriage
neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels
play.

Musicke playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner

Pet. It may not be

Gra. Let me intreat you

Pet. It cannot be

Kat. Let me intreat you

Pet. I am content

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can

Kat. Now if you loue me stay

Pet. Grumio, my horse

Gru. I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horses

Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open sir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly

Pet. O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure

Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to worke

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist

Pet. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, not stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My houshold-stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my ox, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua: Grumio
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,
Ile buckler thee against a Million.

Exeunt. P. Ka.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like

Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated

Gre. I warrant him Petruchio is Kated

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let Bianca take her sisters roome

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall Lucentio: come gentlemen lets goe.
Enter Grumio.

Exeunt.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired lades, on all mad Masters, all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man

Actus Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to
make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them:
now were not I a little pot, &soone hot; my very lippes
might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my
mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire
to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my
selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I
will take cold: Holla, hoa Curtis.
Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist
slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no
greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good
Curtis

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming Grumio?

Gru. Oh I Curtis I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no
water

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported

Gru. She was good Curtis before this frost: but thou
know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it
hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my
selfe fellow Curtis

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot
and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,
or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand
(she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feelee, to thy
cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office

Cur. I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the
world?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Gru. A cold world Curtis in euery office but thine, therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Master and mistris are almost frozen to death

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good Grumio the newes

Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistris falne out

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale

Cur. Let's ha't good Grumio

Gru. Lend thine eare

Cur. Heere

Gru. There

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vnder her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugersop and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are

Gru. Call them forth

Cur. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister
to countenance my mistris

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it seemes, that cals for company to countenance
her

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.
Enter foure or fiue seruimgmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them

Nat. Welcome home Grumio

Phil. How now Grumio

Ios. What Grumio

Nick. Fellow Grumio

Nat. How now old lad

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow
you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce

Shakespeare's First Folio

companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be
not– Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.
Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before

Pet. You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniels coate sir was not fully made,
And Gabrels pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour Peters hat,
And Walters dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Ex. Ser.

Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe Kate,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.

Actus Tertia.

Why when I say? Nay good sweete Kate be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie Kate: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel Troilus? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither:
One Kate that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?
Come Kate and wash, & welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come Kate sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thanks, sweete Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1.Ser. I

Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Seruants seuerally.

Nath. Peter didst euer see the like

Peter. He kills her in her owne humor

Grumio. Where is he?
Enter Curtis a Seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie
to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that shee
(poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke,
to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away,
away, for he is comming hither.
Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,

Actus Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
As with the meate, some vnderuerued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulder,
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:
I, and amid this hurle I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.

Exit

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend Lisio, that mistris Bianca
Doth fancie any other but Lucentio,
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.
Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolute me that?

Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue

Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art

Luc. While you sweet deere proue Mistresse of my
heart

Actus Tertia.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durst sweare that your Mistris Bianca
Lou'd me in the World so wel as Lucentio

Tra. Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,
I tel thee Lisio this is wonderfull

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Lisio,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am cal'd Hortensio

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I wil with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare Bianca, and her loue for euer

Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior Lucentio,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewell signior Lucentio,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before

Tra. Mistris Bianca, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with Hortensio

Bian. Tranio you iest, but haue you both forsworne
mee?

Tra. Mistris we haue

Luc. Then we are rid of Lisio

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day

Bian. God giue him ioy

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her

Bianca. He sayes so Tranio

Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I mistris, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.
Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil serue the turne

Tra. What is he Biondello?

Bio. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father

Luc. And what of him Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
Ile make him glad to seeme Vincentio,
And giue assurance to Baptista Minola.
As if he were the right Vincentio

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua

Tra. Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
You might haue heard it else proclaim'd about

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliuer them

Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you.
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, &all one

Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
You vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:

If this be court'sie sir, accept of it

Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one Baptistas daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famish me?
Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,

I care not what, so it be holsome foode

Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?

Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it

Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon

Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little

Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest

Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard

Or else you get no beefe of Grumio

Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe

Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,

Beats him.

That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.
Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all amort?

Hor. Mistris, what cheere?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be

Petr. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.
Heere take away this dish

Kate. I pray you let it stand

Petr. The poorest seruice is repaide with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate

Kate. I thanke you sir

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie

Petr. Eate it vp all Hortensio, if thou louest mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,

Shakespeare's First Folio

To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.
Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.
Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then

Hor. That will not be in hast

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?
Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne

Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee

Tail. She saies your Worship meanes to make a
puppet of her

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lvest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne

Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things

Tail. I haue

Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd manie men,
braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say
vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did
not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify

Pet. Reade it

Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne

Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow
me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome
of browne thred: I said a gowne

Pet. Proceede

Tai. With a small compast cape

Gru. I confesse the cape

Tai. With a trunke sleeue

Gru. I confesse two sleeues

Tai. The sleeues curiously cut

Pet. I there's the villanie

Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded
the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and
that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed
in a thimble

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place
where thou shouldst know it

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue
me thy meat-yard, and spare not me

Hor. God-a-mercie Grumio, then hee shall haue no
oddes

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me

Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse
gowne for thy masters vse

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide:
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master.

Exit Tail.

Pet. Well, come my Kate, we will vnto your fathers,

Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good Kate: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.
Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior Baptista may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in Genoa

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegasus,

Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.
Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were school'd

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra Biondello,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio

Bion. Tut, feare not me

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look't for him this day in Padua,

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance sir.
Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior Baptista you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Giue me Bianca for my patrimony

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a waighty cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I, vpon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing

With one consent to haue her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior Baptista, of whom I heare so well

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:
Right true it is your sonne Lucentio here
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand

Bap. Not in my house Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old Gremio is harkning still,
And happilie we might be interrupted

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid Bianca make her readie
straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentios wife

Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart.
Enter.

Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Enter Peter.

Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir, we will better it in Pisa

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio

Luc. What saist thou Biondello

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon
you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing; but has left mee here behinde
to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens

Luc. I pray thee moralize them

Biond. Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the
deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper

Luc. And then

Bio. The old Priest at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all houres

Luc. And what of all this

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum solem, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for euer and a day

Luc. Hear'st thou Biondello

Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to stuffe a Rabbit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix.
Enter.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.
Enter.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright

Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe

Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me

Petr. I say it is the Moone

Kate. I know it is the Moone

Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne

Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not,
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine

Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should run,
And not vnluckily against the Bias:
But soft, Company is comming here.
Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties sake

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman
of him

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow

Petr. Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking

Petr. Do good old grandsire, &withall make known
Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me:
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene

Petr. What is his name?

Vinc. Lucentio gentle sir

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous

Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a Iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous.

Exeunt.

Hor. Well Petruchio, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortentio to be vntoward.
Enter.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready

Luc. I flie Biondello; but they may chance to neede
thee at home, therefore leaue vs.
Enter.

Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,
and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can

Gre. I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.
Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is Lucentios house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

Knock.

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee shall neede none so long as I liue

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in Padua: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstances, I pray you tell signior Lucentio that his Father is come from Pisa, and is here at the doore to speake with him

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleeeue her

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you another mans name

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeeue a meanes
to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.
Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue seene them in the Church together, God
send 'em good shipping; but who is here? mine old Master
Vincentio: now wee are vndone and brought to nothing

Vin. Come hither crackhempe

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot
mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for
I neuer saw you before in all my life

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer
see thy Mistris father, Vincentio?

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes
marie sir see where he lookes out of the window

Vin. Ist so indeede.

He beates Biondello.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder
me

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior Baptista

Petr. Preethe Kate let's stand aside and see the end of this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my seruant?

Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a veluet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuersitie

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in Bergamo

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is Tronio

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is Lucentio, and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me signior Vincentio

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Master; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to

Shakespeare's First Folio

the Iaile: father Baptista, I charge you see that hee be
forth comming

Vinc. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison

Bap. Talke not signior Gremio: I saie he shall goe to
prison

Gre. Take heede signior Baptista, least you be conicatcht
in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right
Vincentio

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not Lucentio

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.
Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianeu.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous
villaine

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him,
forsweare him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Kneele.

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, right sonne to the right Vincentio,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie

Gre. Here's packing with a witsesse to deceiue vs all

Vin. Where is that damned villaine Tranio,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. Biancas loue
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What Tranio did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent
me to the Iaile

Shakespeare's First Folio

Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not Baptista, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie.

Enter.

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie.

Enter.

Luc. Looke not pale Bianca, thy father will not frown.

Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe

Petr. First kisse me Kate, and we will

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's
awaie

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee
Loue staie

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete Kate.
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca.
Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow: The Seruingmen with
Tranio bringing
in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire Bianca bid my father welcome,
While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother Petruchio, sister Katerina,
And thou Hortentio with thy louing Widdow:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
My Banket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,
For now we sit to chat as well as eate

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate

Bap. Padua affords this kindnesse, sonne Petruchio

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true

Petr. Now for my life Hortentio feares his Widow

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affeard

Petr. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my
sence:
I meane Hortentio is afeard of you

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round

Petr. Roundlie replied

Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?

Wid. Thus I conceiue by him

Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes Hortentio that?

Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale

Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good
Widdow

Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I praie you tell me what you meant by that

Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning

Kate. A verie meane meaning

Wid. Right, I meane you

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you

Petr. To her Kate

Hor. To her Widdow

Petr. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down

Hor. That's my office

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinkes to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quicke witted folkes?

Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well

Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better iest or too

Actus Quintus.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist

Tri. Oh sir, Lucentio slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master

Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie

Bap. Oh, oh Petruchio, Tranio hits you now

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good Tranio

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne Petruchio,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all

Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose

Hort. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twentie crownes

Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much vpon my Wife

Luc. A hundred then

Hor. Content

Petr. A match, 'tis done

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe Biondello, bid your Mistris come to me

Bio. I goe.

Enter.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, Bianca comes

Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.
Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that
an answere?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse

Petr. I hope better

Hor. Sirra Biondello, goe and intreate my wife to
come to me forthwith.

Exit. Bion.

Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes
come

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can
Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra Grumio, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me.
Enter.

Hor. I know her answere

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes Katerina

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and Hortensios wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie

Bap. Now faire befall thee good Petruchio;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your dutie faire Bianca,
Hath cost me fiue hundred crownes since supper time

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie

Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell these head-strong
women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no
telling

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her

Wid. She shall not

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
 And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
 To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.
 It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
 And in no sence is meete or amiable.
 A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
 Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
 Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
 To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
 To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
 Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
 And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
 But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
 Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
 And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
 And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
 I am asham'd that women are so simple,
 To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
 Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
 When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
 Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
 Should well agree with our externall parts?
 Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
 To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
 But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
 Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
 And place your hands below your husbands foote:
 In token of which dutie, if he please,
 My hand is readie, may it do him ease

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee
 Kate

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't

Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

Pet. Come Kate, wee'le to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,

And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio

Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst
Shrow

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS. THE Taming of the Shrew.

All's Well, that Ends Well

Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena,
Lord
Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother. In deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second
husband

Ros. And I in going Madam, weep ore my
fathers death anew; but I must attend his maiesties
command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore
in subiection

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame,
you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good,
must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse
would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack
it where there is such abundance

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, vnder
whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope,
and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but onely
the loosing of hope by time

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that
had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as
great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue
made nature immortall, and death should haue play for
lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were liuing,
I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was
his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very
latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee
was skilfull enough to haue liu'd stil, if knowledge could
be set vp against mortallitie

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes
of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord

Ros. I heard not of it before

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman
the Daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my
ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her
education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which
makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries
vertuous qualities, there commendations go with
pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are
the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her honestie,
and atcheeues her goodnesse

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her
teares

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise
in. The remembrance of her father neuer approaches her
heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood
from her cheeke. No more of this Helena, go too, no
more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then
to haue—

Hell. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead,
excessiue greefe the enemie to the liuing

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the excesse
makes it soone mortall

Ros. Maddam I desire your holie wishes

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest Bertrame, and succeed thy father

In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse
Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, trust a few,
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power then vse: and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence,
But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,
'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord
Aduise him

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his loue

Mo. Heauen blesse him: Farwell Bertram

Ro. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts
be seruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your
Mistress, and make much of her

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit
of your father

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgott him. My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but Bertrams.
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should loue a bright particuler starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me
In his bright radiance and colaterall light,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th' ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him euerie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable

Shakespeare's First Folio

Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?
Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,
Yet these fixt euils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisdomed waighting on superfluous follie

Par. Saue you faire Queene

Hel. And you Monarch

Par. No

Hel. And no

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you haue some staine of souldier in you: Let
mee aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie,
how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant,
in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some war-like
resistance

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you,
will vndermine you, and blow you vp

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginitie from vnderminers
and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins
might blow vp men?

Par. Virginitie beeing blowne downe, Man will
quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe
again, with the breach your selues made, you lose your
Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of
Nature, to preserue virginitie. Losse of Virginitie, is
rationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till
virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall
to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost,
may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer
lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die
a Virgin

Par. There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the
rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is
to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience.
He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virginitie
murthers it selfe, and should be buried in highways
out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against
Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a
Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so
dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie
is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which
is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not,
you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within
ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase,
and the principall it selfe not much the worse.
Away with't

Hel. How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne
liking?

Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're
it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying:
The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis
vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like
an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly
suted, but vnsuteable, iust like the brooch & the tooth-pick,
which were not now: your Date is better in your
Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheek: and your
virginitie, your old virginitie, is like one of our French

wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a
wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a
wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:

There shall your Master haue a thousand loues,
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His iarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:
I know not what he shall, God send him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pitty

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must thinke, which neuer
Returnes vs thanks.
Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur Parrolles,
My Lord calls for you

Par. Little Hellen farewell, if I can remember thee, I
will thinke of thee at Court

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were borne vnder a
charitable starre

Par. Vnder Mars I

Hel. I especially thinke, vnder Mars

Par. Why vnder Mars?

Hel. The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you
must needes be borne vnder Mars

Par. When he was predominant

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight

Par. That's for aduantage

Hel. So is running away,
When feare proposes the safetie:
But the composition that your valour and feare makes
in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the
weare well

Paroll. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere
thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the
which my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so
thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers counsell, and vnderstand
what aduice shall thrust vpon thee, else thou
diest in thine vnthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes
thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy
praiers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends:
Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee:
So farewell

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like natiue things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me.

Exit

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France with Letters, and diuers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre

1.Lo.G. So tis reported sir

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will moue vs
For speedie ayde: wherein our deerest friend
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To haue vs make deniall

1.Lo.G. His loue and wisdom
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade
For amplest credence

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The Tuscan seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part

2.Lo.E. It well may serue
A nurserie to our Gentry, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit

King. What's he comes heere.
Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1.Lor.G. It is the Count Rosignoll my good Lord,
Yong Bertram

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in hast
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest
Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour

Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward

Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plausiue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiue senses
All but new things disdain; whose iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, do after him wish too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were dissolued from my hiue
To giue some Labourers roome

2.L.E. You'r loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord

Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out
With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Exit

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your content,
I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues
we publish them

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone
sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleeeue,
'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, &haue abilitie enough
to make such knaueries yours

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow

Coun. Well sir

Clo. No maddam,
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie
of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiships
good will to goe to the world, Isbell the woman and I
will doe as we may

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case

Cou. In what case?

Clo. In Isbels case and mine owne: seruice is no heritage,
and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God,
till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blessings

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen
on by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell
driues

Cou. Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as
they are

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you
and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that
I may repent

Cou. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue
friends for my wiues sake

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee leaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong Charbon the Puritan, and old Poysam the Papist, how somere their hearts are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your Cuckow sings by kinde

Cou. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid Hellen come to you, of her I am to speake

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her, Hellen I meane

Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy,
Fond done, done, fond was this King Priams ioy,
With that she sighed as she stood,

bis

And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one
good in ten

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song
sirra

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying
ath' song: would God would serue the world so
all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman
if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might
haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre,
or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well, a
man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one

Cou. Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command
you?

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and
yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet
it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie
ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going
forsooth, the businesse is for Helen to come hither.
Enter.

Cou. Well now

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman
intirely

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee,
and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie
make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is
more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid
her then sheele demand

All's Well, that Ends Well

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then
I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did
communicate to her selfe her owne words to her
owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they
toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee
loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no goddessse,
that had put such difference betwixt their two
estates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might
onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins,
that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd
without rescue in the first assault or ransome afterward:
This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of
sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held
my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in
the losse that may happen, it concernes you something
to know it

Cou. You haue discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this
before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that
I could neither beleeeue nor misdoubt: praie you
leauue mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke
you for your honest care: I will speake with you further
anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old.Cou. Euen so it was with me when I was yong:
If euer we are natures, these are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know Hellen I am a mother to you

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
sed a mother
Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often seene
Adoption striues with nature, and choise breedes
A natiue slip to vs from forraine seedes:
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet?
The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye? – Why, that you are my
daughter?

Hell. That I am not

Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count Rosillion cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother

Ol.Cou. Nor I your Mother

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,

All's Well, that Ends Well

So I were not his sister, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother

Old.Cou. Yes Hellen, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So striue vpon your pulse; what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see
The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:
You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th' other, and thine eies
See it so grosely showne in thy behaiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaille
To tell me truelie

Hell. Good Madam pardon me

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris

Cou. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?

Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeach'd

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suite,
 Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
 Yet neuer know how that desert should be:
 I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:
 Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.
 I still poure in the waters of my loue
 And lacke not to loose still; thus Indian like
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
 But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
 Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
 For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
 Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
 Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
 Wish chastly, and loue dearely, that your Dian
 Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
 To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;
 That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
 But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
 To goe to Paris?

Hell. Madam I had

Cou. Wherefore? tell true

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
 You know my Father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For generall soueraigntie: and that he wil'd me
 In heedefull'st reseruatiō to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,
 More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
 There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof
 The King is render'd lost

Cou. This was your motiue for Paris, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the King,

Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then

Cou. But thinke you Hellen,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it selfe

Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
Byth' luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre

Cou. Doo'st thou beleeeue't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly

Cou. Why Hellen thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home
And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt:
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for the
Florentine
warre: Count, Rosse, and Parrolles. Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enough for both

Lord.G. 'Tis our hope sir,
After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallady
That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The brauest questant shrinkes: finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell

L.G. Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty

King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They say our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you serue

Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings

King. Farewell, come hether to me

1.Lo.G. Oh my sweet Lord y you wil stay behind vs

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark

2.Lo.E. Oh 'tis braue warres

Parr. Most admirable, I haue seene those warres

Rossill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early

Parr. And thy minde stand too't boy,
Steale away brauely

Rossill. I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away

1.Lo.G. There's honour in the theft

Parr. Commit it Count

2.Lo.E. I am your accessary, and so farewell

Ros. I grow to you, &our parting is a tortur'd body

1.Lo.G. Farewell Captaine

2.Lo.E. Sweet Mounsier Parolles

Parr. Noble Heroes; my sword and yours are kinne,
good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine
Spurio his sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on
his sinister cheeke; it was this very sword entrench'd it:
say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me

Lo.G. We shall noble Captaine

Parr. Mars doate on you for his nouices, what will
ye doe?

Ross. Stay the King

Parr. Vse a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble
Lords, you haue restrain'd your selfe within the List of
too cold an adieu: be more expressiue to them; for they
weare themselues in the cap of the time, there do muster
true gate; eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of
the most receiu'd starre, and though the deuill leade the
measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell

Ross. And I will doe so

Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most sinewie
sword-men.

Exeunt.

Enter Lafew.

Actus Secundus.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings

King. Ile see thee to stand vp

L.Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his pardon,
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand vp

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't

Laf. Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?

King. No

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to arayse King Pippen, nay
To giue great Charlemaine a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke
With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,
Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?
That done, laugh well at me

King. Now good Lafew,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou tookst it

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither

King. Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues

Laf. Nay, come your waies.
Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed

Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maiestie, say your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Maiesty seldome feares, I am Cresseds Vncle,
That dare leaue two together, far you well.
Enter.

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did professe, well found

King. I knew him

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gaue me, chieflie one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th' onlie darling,

He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue so,
And hearing your high Maiestie is toucht
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenesse

King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ransome nature
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not
So staine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malladie
To empericks, or to disseuer so
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme
A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe

King. I cannot giue thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I giue,
As one neere death to those that wish him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie:
He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne
From simple sources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'st beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by showes:
But most it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeauors giue consent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Imposture, that proclaime
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall liue free, and sicknesse freely dye

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With vildest torture, let my life be ended

Kin. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime, can happily call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpittied let me die,
And well deserved: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I help, what do you promise me

Kin. Make thy demand

Hel. But will you make it even?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of help

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow

Kin. Here is my hand, the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served:
So make the choice of thy own time, for I
Thy resolved Patient, on thee still rely:
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou com'st, how tended on, but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here now, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Flourish. Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding

Clown. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speciall,
when you put off that with such contempt, but to
the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners,
hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing,
has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed
such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the
Court, but for me, I haue an answere will serue all men

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answere that fits all
questions

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes,
the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke,
or any buttocke

Lady. Will your answere serue fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney,
as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as
Tibs rush for Toms fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-tuesday,
a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole,
the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a
wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth,
nay as the pudding to his skin

Lady. Haue you, I say, an answere of such fitnessse for
all questions?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable,
it will fit any question

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size,
that must fit all demands

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned
should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no
harne to learne

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your answer

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more,
more, a hundred of them

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you

Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely
meate

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me

Shakespeare's First Folio

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't

Clo. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue euer

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serues well agen

La. And end sir to your businesse: giue Hellen this, And vrge her to a present answer backe, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne, This is not much

Clo. Not much commendation to them

La. Not much imployment for you, you vnderstand me

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges

La. Hast you agen.

Exeunt.

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Actus Secundus.

Ol.Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our
Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar
things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we
make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selues into seeming
knowledge, when we should submit our selues to
an vnknowne feare

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that
hath shot out in our latter times

Ros. And so 'tis

Ol.Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists

Par. So I say both of Galen and Paracelsus

Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes

Par. Right so I say

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incureable

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a—

Ol.Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death

Par. Iust, you say well: so would I haue said

Ol.Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there

Ol.Laf. A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor

Par. That's it, I would haue said, the verie same

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect—

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heauen

Par. I, so I say

Ol.Laf. In a most weake—

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the King

Ol.Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a
maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why
he's able to leade her a Carranto

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this Helen?

Ol.Laf. Fore God I thinke so

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preseruer by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.
Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vse; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when loue please, marry to each but one

Old Laf. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd

the king to health

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:
Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheeke for euer,
Wee'l nere come there againe

King. Make choise and see,
Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee

Hel. Now Dian from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall loue, that God most high
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?
1.Lo. And grant it

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute

Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw
Ames-ace for my life

Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threatningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue
Her that so wishes, and her humble loue

2.Lo. No better if you please

Hel. My wish receiue,

Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue

Ol.Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons
of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them
to'th Turke to make Eunuches of

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing vpon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none
haue heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the
French nere got em

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good
To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood

4.Lord. Faire one, I thinke not so

Ol.Lord There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father
drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth
of fourteene: I haue knowne thee already

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I giue
Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue
Into your guiding power: This is the man

King. Why then young Bertram take her shee's thy
wife

Ber. My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes
In such a busines, giue me leaue to vse

The helpe of mine owne eies

King. Know'st thou not Bertram what shee ha's
done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know
why I should marrie her

King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly
bed

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well:
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine
Rather corrupt me euer

King. Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which
I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off
In differences so mightie. If she bee
All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st)
A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st
Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:
From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone,
Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so:
The propertie by what is is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
And these breed honour: that is honours scorne,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the sire: Honours thriue,
When rather from our acts we them deriue
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a slaue
Debosh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee

Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will striue to doo't

King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st striue
to choose

Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the rest go

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate
I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle vp
My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame,
We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:
Beleeue not thy disdaine, but presentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse
Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate
Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,
Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
My fancie to your eies, when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now
The praised of the King, who so ennobled,
Is as 'twere borne so

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise

Shakespeare's First Folio

A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,
A ballance more repleat

Ber. I take her hand

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King
Smile vpon this Contract: whose Ceremonie
Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast
Shall more attend vpon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her,
Thy loue's to me Religious: else, do's erre.

Exeunt.

Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you

Par. Your pleasure sir

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode
without bloudie succeeding. My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count Rosillion?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of
another stile

Actus Secundus.

Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from beleeuing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th'ourt scarce worth

Par. Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee

Laf. Do not plundge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand

Par. My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it

Par. I haue not my Lord deseru'd it

Laf. Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will
not bate thee a scruple

Par. Well, I shall be wiser

Laf. Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull
at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound
in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be
proud of thy bondage, I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance
with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I
may say in the default, he is a man I know

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my
poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by
thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue.
Enter.

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace
off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must
be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate
him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience,
and he were double and double a Lord. Ile haue
no more pittie of his age then I would haue of– Ile
beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.
Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's
newes for you: you haue a new Mistris

Par. I most vnfaignedly beseech your Lordshippe to
make some reseruatiō of your wrongs. He is my good
Lord, whom I serue aboue is my master

Laf. Who? God

Par. I sir

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeues? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: mee–think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselues vpon thee

Par. This is hard and vnderued measure my Lord

Laf. Go too sir, you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you.

Exit

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile

Ros. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer

Par. What's the matter sweet–heart?

Actus Secundus.

Rossill. Although before the solemne Priest I haue
sworne, I will not bed her

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ros. O my Parrolles, they haue married me:
Ile to the Tuscan warres, and neuer bed her

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres

Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th' import
is, I know not yet

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warrs my boy,
too'th warres:
He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet
Of Marses fierie steed: to other Regions,
France is a stable, wee that dwell in't Iades,
Therefore too'th warre

Ros. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife
To the darke house, and the detected wife

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow

Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard

Shakespeare's First Folio

A yong man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis so.

Exit

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's
very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be giuen
she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but
yet she is not well

Hel. If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's
not verie well?

Clo. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send
her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence
God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie

Hel. I hope sir I haue your good will to haue mine
owne good fortune

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to
keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's
my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money,
I would she did as you say

Par. Why I say nothing

Actus Secundus.

Clo. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters vndoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing

Par. Away, th'art a knaue

Clo. You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had beene truth sir

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee

Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter

Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
A verie serrious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleasure drowne the brim

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke

May make it probable neede

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will

Par. I shall report it so.

Exit Par.

Hell. I pray you come sirrah.

Exit

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a
souldier

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie

Laf. Then my Dially goes not true, I tooke this Larke
for a bunting

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge,
and accordinglie valiant

Laf. I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and
transgrest against his valour, and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pursue
the amitie.
Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good workeman,
a verie good Tailor

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure,
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin

Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end
of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a
known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should

bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Captaine

Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I haue deserued to run into my Lords displeasure

Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question for your residence

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord

Laf. And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeeue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heauie consequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better of you, then you haue or will to deserue at my hand, but we must do good against euill

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare

Ber. I thinke so

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.
Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue sir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue For present parting, onely he desires

Some priuate speech with you

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not meruaile Helen at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much vnsetled: This driues me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so
I leaue you to your wisdom

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient seruant

Ber. Come, come, no more of that

Hel. And euer shall
With true obseruance seeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild
To equall my great fortune

Ber. Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell:
Hie home

Hel. Pray sir your pardon

Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale

What law does vouch mine owne

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell.

Exit

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a
troope of
Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after

1.Lord. Holy seemes the quarrell

Shakespeare's First Folio

Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cosin France
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I guest

Duke. Be it his pleasure

Fren.G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,
To morrow to'th the field.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue
that he comes not along with her

Actus Tertius.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholly man

Count. By what obseruance I pray you

Clo. Why he will looke vppon his boote, and sing:
mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes
to come

Clow. I haue no minde to Isbell since I was at Court.
Our old Lings, and our Isbels a'th Country, are nothing
like your old Ling and your Isbels a'th Court: the brains
of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an
old man loues money, with no stomacke

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. In that you haue there.

Exit

A Letter.

I haue sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recouered the
King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her,
and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am
runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee
bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My
duty to you. Your vnfortunate sonne,
Bertram.
This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,

Actus Tertius.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To flye the fauours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.
Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heauiue newes within betweene
two souldiers, and my yong Ladie

La. What is the matter

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some
comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought
he would

La. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he
does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they
come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your
sonne was run away.
Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone

French G. Do not say so

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to serue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:

Actus Tertius.

And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.
When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,
that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then)
I write a Neuer.
This is a dreadfull sentence

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?
1.G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie
for our paines

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?
Fren.G. I Madam

La. And to be a souldier

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claimes

La. Returne you thither

Fren.E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,
'Tis bitter

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame

Fren.E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which
his heart was not consenting too

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserues a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her houely Mistris. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A seruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I
haue sometime knowne

La. Parolles was it not?

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of
that, too much, which holds him much to haue

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
neuer winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate
you written to beare along

Fren.G. We serue you Madam in that and all your
worthiest affaires

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere?

Enter.

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.
Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou shalt haue none Rossillion, none in France,
Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent
Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,
That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,
Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire
That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.
Who euer charges on his forward brest
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: Better 'twere
I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home Rossillion,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,
As oft it looses all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,
And Angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To console thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away.
Enter.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, drum and
trumpets,
soldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence
Vpon thy promising fortune

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet
Wee'l striue to beare it for your worthy sake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious mistris

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue.

Exeunt. omnes
Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

I am S[aint]. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon
With sainted vow my faults to haue amended
Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,
My dearest Master your deare sonne, may hie,
Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,
His name with zealous feruour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:
I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.
Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?

Actus Tertius.

Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath preuented

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beene ore-tane: and yet she writes
Pursuite would be but vaine

La. What Angell shall
Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,
Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greatest Iustice. Write, write Rynaldo,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,
Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply.
Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that shee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is deerest to me, I haue no skill in sence
To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake.

Exeunt.

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter Violenta and
Mariana, with
other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty,

Actus Tertius.

We shall loose all the sight

Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable seruice

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'st Commander,
And that with his owne hand he slew
The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And suffice our selues with the report of it.
Well Diana, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is so rich
As honestie

Widdow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion

Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one Parolles,
a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young
Earle, beware of them Diana; their promises, entisements,
oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are
not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene
seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so
terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot
for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed
with the twiggess that threatens them. I hope I neede
not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace
will keepe you where you are, though there were no
further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so
lost

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.
Enter Hellen.

Actus Tertius.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know
she will lye at my house, thither they send one another,
Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are
bound?

Hel. To S[aint]. Iaques la grand.
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the S[aint]. Francis heere beside the Port

Hel. Is this the way?

A march afarre.

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure

Wid. You came I thinke from France?

Hel. I did so

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy seruice

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count Rossillion: know you such a one?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:
His face I know not

Dia. What somere he is
He's brauely taken heere. He stole from France
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,
Reports but coursely of her

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parrolles

Hel. Oh I beleeeue with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing
Is a reserued honestie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd

Dian. Alas poore Ladie,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord

Wid. I write good creature, wheresoere she is,
Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A shrewd turne if she pleas'd

Hel. How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the vnlawfull purpose

Wid. He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours. Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the
whole
Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid else

Wid. So, now they come:
That is Anthonio the Dukes eldest sonne,
That Escalus

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman
Hel. I like him well

Di. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knaue
That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That lacke-an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee
melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile

Par. Loose our drum? Well

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he
has spyed vs

Wid. Marrie hang you

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier.
Enter.

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring
you, Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents
There's foure or fiue, to great S[aint]. Iaques bound,
Alreadie at my house

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly.

Exeunt.

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.

Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him
haue his way

Cap.G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding,
hold me no more in your respect

Cap.E. On my life my Lord, a bubble

Actus Tertius.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre
Deceiued in him

Cap.E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him
as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infinite
and endlesse Lyar, an houely promise-breaker, the
owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships
entertainment

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too
farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some
great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle
you

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try
him

Cap.G. None better then to let him fetch off his
drumme, which you heare him so confidently vndertake
to do

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly surprize
him; such I will haue whom I am sure he knowes
not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke
him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried
into the Leager of the aduersaries, when we bring
him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present
at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his
life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to
betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power
against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his
soule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in anie
thing

Cap.G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his

Shakespeare's First Folio

drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.
Enter Parrolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that Cæsar him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recouered

Par. It might haue beene recouered

Ber. It might, but it is not now

Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of seruice
is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer,
I would haue that drumme or another, or hic iacet

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if
you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this
instrument of honour againe into his natiue quarter, be
magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace
the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in
it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you
what further becomes his greatnesse, euen to the vtmost
syllable of your worthinesse

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it

Par. Ile about it this euening, and I will presently
pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my
certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation:
and by midnight looke to heare further from me

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it

Par. I know not what the successe wil be my Lord,
but the attempt I vow

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy souldiership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell

Par. I loue not many words.

Exit

Cap.E. No more then a fish loues water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, &dares better be damnd then to doo't

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discouries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himselfe vnto?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almost imbost him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord Lafew, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this verie night

Cap.E. I must go looke my twigges,
He shall be caught

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me

Cap.G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of

Cap.E. But you say she's honest

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it

Wid. I should beleeeue you,

Actus Tertius.

For you haue shew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your
daughter,
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From sonne to sonne, some foure or fiue discents,
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repented after

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chastly absent: after
To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes
To what is past already

Wid. I haue yeelded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer,
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her vnworthinesse: It nothing steeds vs
To chide him from our eeues, for he persists
As if his life lay on't

Hel. Why then to night
Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,

Actus Tertius.

Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fiue or sixe other souldiers in ambush.

Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you sallie vpon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderstand it not your selues, no matter: for we must not seeme to vnderstand him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter

1.Sol. Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter

Lor.E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1.Sol. No sir I warrant you

Lo.E. But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to vs againe

1.Sol. E'n such as you speake to me

Lo.E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i'th aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must euery one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile

two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear
the lies he forges.
Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill
be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue
done? It must bee a very plausiue inuention that carries
it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue of
late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue
is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars
before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of
my tongue

Lo.E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue
was guiltie of

Par. What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake
the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the
impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I
must giue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit:
yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say,
came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not
giue, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put
you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another
of Baiazeths Mule, if you prattle mee into these
perilles

Lo.E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and
be that he is

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold serue
the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword

Lo.E. We cannot affoord you so

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in
stratagem

Actus Quartus.

Lo.E. 'Twould not do

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript

Lo.E. Hardly serue

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the
Citadell

Lo.E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome

Lo.E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be
beleueed

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I
would sweare I recouer'd it

Lo.E. You shall heare one anon

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo.E. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo

Par. O ransome, ransome,
Do not hide mine eyes

Inter. Boskos thromuldo boskos

Par. I know you are the Muskos Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,
Ile discouer that, which shal vndo the Florentine

Int. Boskos vauvado, I vnderstand thee, & can speake
thy tongue: Kerelybonto sir, betake thee to thy faith, for
seuenteene ponyards are at thy bosome

Par. Oh

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manka reuania dulce

Lo.E. Ooscorbidulchos voliuorco

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe
Something to saue thy life

Par. O let me liue,
And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,

Actus Quartus.

Which you will wonder at

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me

Inter. Acordo linta.

Come on, thou are granted space.

Exit

A short Alarum within.

L.E. Go tell the Count Rossillion and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him mufled
Till we do heare from them

Sol. Captaine I will

L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Informe on that

Sol. So I will sir

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

Exit

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Actus Quartus.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontybell

Dia. No my good Lord, Diana

Ber. Titled Goddesses,
And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got

Dia. She then was honest

Ber. So should you be

Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife

Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not striue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice

Dia. I so you serue vs
Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barenesse

Ber. How haue I sworne

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeeue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd
At lest in my opinion

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it beginnes, shall so perseuer

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose

Dian. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Iewell of our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,

Shakespeare's First Folio

In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber
window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee

Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vniustly winne.

Exit

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souldiours.

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter

Cap.E. I haue deliu'ed it an houre since, there is som thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady

Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlasting displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you

Cap.G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it

Cap.E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in Florence, of a most chaste renown, & this night he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the vnchaste composition

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selues, what things are we

Cap.E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale themselves, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: so he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore-flowes himselfe

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue

his company to night?

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to
his houre

Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue
him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take
a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously
he had set this counterfeit

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come;
for his presence must be the whip of the other

Cap.G. In the meane time, what heare you of these
Warres?

Cap.E. I heare there is an ouerture of peace

Cap.G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded

Cap.E. What will Count Rossillion do then? Will he
trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether
of his councill

Cap.E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great
deale of his act

Cap.G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde
from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Iaques
le grand; which holy vndertaking, with most austere
sanctimonie she accomlisht: and there residing,
the tendernes of her Nature, became as a prey to her
greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now
she sings in heauen

Cap.E. How is this iustified?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters,
which makes her storie true, euen to the poynt of her
death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office
to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector
of the place

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point
from point, to the full arming of the veritie

Cap.E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of
this

Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts
of our losses

Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, wee
drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his
valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountred
with a shame as ample

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne,
good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if
our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire
if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.
Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee
hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe will next
morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters
of commendations to the King

Cap.E. They shall bee no more then needfull there,
if they were more then they can commend.
Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse,
heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord,
i'st not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a
moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I
haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his
nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie
mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many
nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue
not ended yet

Cap.E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this
morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your
Lordship

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing
to heare of it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue
betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring
forth this counterfet module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a
double-meaning Prophet

Cap.E. Bring him forth, ha's sate i'th stockes all night
poore gallant knave

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsurping
his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap.E. I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The
stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be
vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her
milke, he hath confest himselfe to Morgan, whom hee
supposes to be a Friar, fro[m] the time of his remembrance
to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes:
and what thinke you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap.E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read
to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeeue you
are, you must haue the patience to heare it.
Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffled; he can say nothing

of me: hush, hush

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: Portotartarossa

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say
without em

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint,
If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more

Int. Bosko Chimurcho

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall
bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke
is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vnseruiceable:
the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders
verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and
credit, and as I hope to liue

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which
way you will: all's one to him

Ber. What a past-sauing slaue is this?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Cap.G. Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur
Parrolles the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase
that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his
scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger

Cap.E. I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping
his sword cleane, nor beleue he can haue euerie thing
in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly

Int. Well, that's set downe

Par. Fiue or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true,
or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth

Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he
deliuers it

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say

Int. Well, that's set downe

Par. I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the
Rogues are maruailous poore

Interp. Demaund of him of what strength they are a
foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present
houre, I will tell true. Let me see, Spurio a hundred fiftie, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Iaques so
many: Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowicke, and Gratij, two hundred
fiftie each: Mine owne Company, Chitopher, Vaumond,
Bentij, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster

Shakespeare's First Folio

file, rotten and sound, vppon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselues to peeces

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap.G. Nothing, but let him haue thanks. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke

Int. Well that's set downe: you shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine Dumaine bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whether he thinkes it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly

Int. Do you know this Captaine Dumaine?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay

Ber. Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie

Cap.G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore
Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne
him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket

Int. Marry we'll search

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there,
or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my
Tent

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well

Cap.G. Excellently

Int. Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an aduertisement
to a proper maide in Florence, one Diana, to
take heede of the allurement of one Count Rossillion, a
foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you
sir put it vp againe

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the
behalf of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a
dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginity,
and deuours vp all the fry it finds

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue

Int.

Let.

When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and
take it:
After he scores, he neuer payes the score:
Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,
He nere payes after-debts, take it before,
And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.
For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parolles

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this
rime in's forehead

Cap.E. This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold
Linguist, and the army-potent souldier

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and
now he's a Cat to me

Int. I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall
be faine to hang you

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to
dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent
out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon,
i'th stockes, or any where, so I may liue

Actus Quartus.

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine Dumaine: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he paralels Nessus. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this

Ber. For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

Par. Faith sir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine

Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt

Par. Sir, for a Cardceue he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Cap.E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in coming on, hee ha's the Crampe

Int. If your life be saued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count Rossillion

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the supposition of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that haue so traitorously discoverd the secrets of your army, and made such pestifferous reports of men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head

Par. O Lord sir let me liue, or let me see my death

Int. That shall you, and take your leaue of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine

Lo.E. God blesse you Captaine Parolles

Cap.G. God saue you noble Captaine

Lo.E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew? I am for France

Cap.G. Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalfe of the Count Rossillion, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well.

Exeunt.

Int. You are vndone Captaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for France too, we shall speake of you there.

Exit

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more,

Actus Quartus.

But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft
As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to passe,
That euery braggart shall be found an Asse.
Rust sword, coole blushes, and Parrolles liue
Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue;
There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.
Ile after them.
Enter.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marcellae, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a seruant to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome

Hel. Nor your Mistris
Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue: Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue
And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can such sweet vse make of what they hate,
When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,

Actus Quartus.

But more of this heereafter: you Diana,
Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe

Dia. Let death and honestie
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Vpon your will to suffer

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt
taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold haue
made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his
colour: your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at this
houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd
by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak
of

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death
of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature
had praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh
and cost mee the deerest groanes of a mother, I could
not haue owed her a more rooted loue

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee
may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such another
hearbe

Actus Quartus.

Clo. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace

Laf. They are not hearbes you knaue, they are nose–hearbes

Clowne. I am no great Nabuchadnezzar sir, I haue not much skill in grace

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a mans

Laf. Your distinction

Clo. I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his seruice

Laf. So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe her seruice

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole

Clo. At your seruice

Laf. No, no, no

Clo. Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as
great a prince as you are

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fisnomie
is more hotter in France then there

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darkenesse,
alias the diuell

Laf. Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this
to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue
him still

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued
a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good
fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie
remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the
narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to
enter: some that humble themselues may, but the manie
will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the
flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great
fire

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee,
and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out
with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd
too, without any trickes

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em sir, they shall bee
Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of
Nature.

Exit

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappy

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from Marcellus, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd

La. It reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but
I thanke my God, it holds yet.
Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with
a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a scar vnder't
or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch
of Veluet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a
halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare

Laf. A scarre nobly got,
Or a noble scarre, is a good liu'rie of honor,
So belike is that

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face

Laf. Let vs go see
your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble souldier

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate
fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the
head, and nod at euerie man.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night,

Actus Quintus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it:
But since you haue made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,
Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties eare,
If he would spend his power. God saue you sir

Gent. And you

Hel. Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France

Gent. I haue beene sometimes there

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vse of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankefull

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you haue
To come into his presence

Gen. The Kings not heere

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast
Then is his vse

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to Rossillion,
Whither I am going

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make vs meanes

Gent. This Ile do for you

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank't
what e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go,
prouide.
Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr Lauatch giue my Lord Lafew this letter,
I haue ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when
I haue held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am
now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat
strong of her strong displeasure

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it
smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hencefoorth
eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee alow the
winde

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spake
but by a Metaphor

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop
my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee
further

Par. Pray you sir deliuer me this paper

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes
close-stoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he
comes himselfe.
Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes
Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the vncleane
fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied
withall. Pray you sir, vse the Carpe as you may, for he
lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally
knaue. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort,
and leaue him to your Lordship

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly
scratch'd

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too
late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played
the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who
of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues
thriue long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the
Iustices make you and fortune friends; I am for other
businessse

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single
word,

Laf. you begge a single peny more: Come you shall

ha't, saue your word

Par. My name my good Lord is Parrolles

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion,
giue me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found
mee

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace
for you did bring me out

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, doest thou put vpon mee
at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings
thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings
comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further
after me, I had talke of you last night, though you
are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go too, follow

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with
attendants.

Kin. We lost a Iewell of her, and our esteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know
Her estimation home

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege,
And I beseech your Maiestie to make it

Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote

Laf. This I must say,
But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the suruey
Of richest eies: whose words all eares tooke captiue,
Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,
Humbly call'd Mistris

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then obliuion, we do burie
Th' incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should

Gent. I shall my Liege

Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
Haue you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes

Kin. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent
me, that sets him high in fame.
Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't

Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brightest beames
Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth,
The time is faire againe

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first
I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried
To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults,
Make triuiall price of serious things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.
Oft our displeasures to our selues vniust,
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust:
Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's done,

While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet Helens knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire Maudlin,
The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay
To see our widdowers second marriage day:
Which better then the first, O deere heauen blesse,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested: giue a fauour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And eu'rie haire that's on't, Helen that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I saw vpon her finger

Ber. Hers it was not

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it Hellen,
I bad her if her fortunes euer stooode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releuee her. Had you that craft to reauue her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was neuer hers

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her liues rate

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it

Ber. You are deceiu'd my Lord, she neuer saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name

Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the ouerture, she ceast
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe

Kin. Platus himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helens,
Who euer gaue it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,
That she would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come: or sent it vs
Vpon her great disaster

Ber. She neuer saw it

Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleeeue,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further

Ber. If you shall proue
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she neuer was.
Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne.
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fiue remoues come short,
To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter.

Vpon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was
dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Rossillion
a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my
honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking no
leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice: Grant
it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes,
and a poore Maid is vndone.
Diana Capilet

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule
for this. Ile none of him

Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee Lafew,
To bring forth this discou'rie, seeke these sutors:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.
Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of Hellen (Ladie)
Was fowly snatcht

Old La. Now iustice on the doers

King. I wonder sir, sir, wiues are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?
Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do vnderstand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord

Dia. If you shall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine:
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter,
you are no husband for her

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,

Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity

Kin. What saist thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Campe

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might haue bought me at a common price.
Do not beleeeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one

Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of sixe preceding Ancestors that Iemme
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes

King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witenesse it

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names Parrolles

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he bee

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether

Ros. What of him:

He's quoted for a most perfidious slaue
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will speake any thing

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours

Ros. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagernes with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought

Dia. I must be patient:

You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe

Ros. I haue it not

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dian. Sir much like the same vpon your finger

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late

Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed

Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement

Dia. I haue spoke the truth.
Enter Parolles.

Ros. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord

Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:
Which on your iust proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen haue

Kin. Come, come, to'th' purpose: Did hee loue this
woman?

Par. Faith sir he did loue her, but how

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues a Woman

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not

Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equiuocall
Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties command

Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator

Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for indeede
he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know

Kin. Thou hast spoken all alreadie, vnlesse thou canst
say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours

Dia. I my good Lord

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither

Kin. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you giue it him?

Dia. I neuer gaue it him

Laf. This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his first wife

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre

Dia. Ile neuer tell you

Kin. Take her away

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer

Dia. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you

King. Wherefore hast thou accusde him al this while

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't:
Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife

Kin. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.
Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing

Ros. Both, both, O pardon

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ros. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,

Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with
thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scuruy ones

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Resoluedly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts.

Exeunt. omn.

FINIS. ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Twelfth Night, Or what you will

Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke. If Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What Curio?

Cu. The Hart

Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:
O when mine eyes did see Oliuia first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?
Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer:
The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round

Shakespeare's First Folio

With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saued

Vio. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saued with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother
Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)

Shakespeare's First Folio

To a strong Maste, that liu'd vpon the sea:
Where like Orion on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place

Vio. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino

Vio. Orsino: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)
That he did seeke the loue of faire Oliuia

Vio. What's shee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some tweluemonth since, then leauing her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abiur'd the sight
And company of men

Vio. O that I seru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

Scena Secunda.

Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is

Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes

Vio. There is a faire behauiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeeue thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serue this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the

death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to
life

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in earlier
a nights: your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill hours

To. Why let her except, before excepted

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the
modest limits of order

To. Confine? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am:
these clothes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee
these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselves
in their owne straps

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here, to be his woer

To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheeke?

Ma. I he

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria

Ma. What's that to th' purpose?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates:
He's a very foole, and a prodigall

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys,
and speaks three or four languages word for word

without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly haue the gift of a graue

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly in your company

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coystrell that will not drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench? Castiliano vulgo: for here coms Sir Andrew Agueface.
Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet sir Andrew

And. Blesse you faire Shrew

Mar. And you too sir

Tob. Accost Sir Andrew, accost

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid

Ma. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is Mary sir

And. Good mistris Mary, accost

**To, You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord
her, woe her, assayle her**

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen

To. And thou let part so Sir Andrew, would thou
mightst neuer draw sword agen

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might neuer
draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue
fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand

An. Marry but you shall haue, and heeres my hand

Ma. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your
hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry sir

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?

Ma. A dry iest Sir

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now
I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did
I see thee so put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnlesse you see Canarie
put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue no
more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I
am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeeue that does harme
to my wit

To. No question

An. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride
home to morrow sir Toby

To. Pur-quoy my deere knight?

An. What is purquoy? Do, or not do? I would I had
bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing
dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the
Arts

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my nature

An. But it becoms me wel enough, dost not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: &I hope
to see a huswife take thee between her legs, &spin it off

An. Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby, your niece wil

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not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me:
the Count himselfe here hard by, wooes her

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, she'l not match aboue hir
degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her
swear't. Tut there's life in't man

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th
strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels
sometimes altogether

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoeuer he be, vnder
the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with
an old man

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, simply as
strong as any man in Illyria

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue
these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take
dust, like mistris Mals picture? Why dost thou not goe
to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto?
My verie walke should be a Iigge: I would not so much
as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooest thou
meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by
the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder
the starre of a Galliard

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a

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dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart

To. No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee caper.
Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these fauours towards you Cesario, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is he inconstant sir, in his fauours

Val. No beleeue me.
Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count

Duke. Who saw Cesario hoa?
Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. Cesario,
Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd

To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.
Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou haue audience

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne,
Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?
Du. O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,
Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aspect

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord

Du. Deere Lad, beleeue it;
For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That say thou art a man: Dianas lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblatiue a womans part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affayre: some foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my selfe am best
When least in companie: prosper well in this,
And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine

Vio. Ile do my best
To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,
Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a brissle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours

Ma. Make that good

Clo. He shall see none to feare

Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y saying was borne, of I feare no colours

Clo. Where good mistris Mary?

Ma. In the warrs, &that may you be bolde to say in your foolerie

Clo. Well, God giue them wisdom that haue it: those that are fooles, let them vse their talents

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

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Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage:
and for turning away, let summer beare it out

Ma. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both
breake, your gaskins fall

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if
sir Toby would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece
of Eues flesh, as any in Illyria

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my
Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.
Enter Lady Oliuia, with Maluolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling:
those wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue
fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a
wise man. For what saies Quinapalus, Better a witty foole,
then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady

Ol. Take the foole away

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: besides
you grow dis-honest

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell
wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole
not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend,
he is no longer dishonest; if hee cannot, let the Botcher
mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu
that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends,

is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple
Silllogisme will serue, so: if it will not, what remedy?
As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a
flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I
say againe, take her away

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cucullus
non facit monachum: that's as much to say, as I weare not
motley in my braine: good Madona, giue mee leaue to
proue you a foole

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madona

Ol. Make your prooffe

Clo. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my
Mouse of vertue answer mee

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your
prooffe

Clo. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death

Clo. I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona

Ol. I know his soule is in heauen, foole

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your
Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole,
Gentlemen

Ol. What thinke you of this foole Maluolio, doth he
not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake
him: Infirmity that decaies the wise, doth euer make the
better foole

Clow. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the
better increasing your folly: Sir Toby will be sworn that
I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence
that you are no Foole

Ol. How say you to that Maluolio?

Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such
a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with
an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone.
Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you
laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest
I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of
fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-loue Maluolio, and taste
with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse,
and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts,
that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander
in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle;
nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do
nothing but reproue

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou
speak'st well of fooles.
Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman,
much desires to speake with you

Ol. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Ma I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir Toby Madam, your kinsman

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you Maluolio; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it.

Exit Maluo.

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it

Clo. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake Pia-mater

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin?

To. A Gentleman

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle herring: How now Sot

Scena Quinta.

Clo. Good Sir Toby

Ol. Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come so earely by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him

Ol. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.
Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's fortified against any deniall

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at
your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to
a bench, but hee'l speake with you

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will
you, or no

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough
for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling
when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing water,
betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd,
and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his
mothers milke were scarce out of him

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.

Enter.

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,
Wee'l once more heare Orsinos Embassie.
Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie.
I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house,
for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my
speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue
taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine
no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least
sinister vsage

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I haue studied, & that
question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee
modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that | I
may proceede in my speech

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie
phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you
the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your
selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserue.
But this is from my Commission: I will on with
my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of
my message

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you
the praise

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis
Poeticall

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep

it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger

Ol. Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
What would you?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation

Ol. Giue vs the place alone,
We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Ladie

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In Orsinoes bosome

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his hart

Ol. O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face

Ol. Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all

Ol. 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st shee aliue,
If you will leade these graces to the graue,
And leaue the world no copie

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, &so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainesse youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:
He might haue tooke his answer long ago

Vio. If I did loue you in my masters flame,
With such a suffring, such a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would finde no sence,
I would not vnderstand it

Ol. Why, what would you?
Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my soule within the house,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
Cry out Oliuia: O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pittie me

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?
Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him send no more,
Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee

Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,
My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue,
And let your feruour like my masters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie.

Exit

Ol. What is your Parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a Gentleman. He be sworn thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,
Unless the Master were the man. How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
He thinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible, and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio.
Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here Madam, at your service

Ol. Run after that same peevish Messenger

The Countess's man: he left this Ring behind him
Would I, or not: tell him, He none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
He give him reasons for't: bid thee Malvolio

Mal. Madam, I will.

Enter.

Ol. I do I know not what, and fear to find

My eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, show thy force, our selves we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scaena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that
I go with you

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely
ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper
yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue,
that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence
for your loue, to lay any of them on you

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere
extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch
of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am
willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners,
the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee
then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodorigo)
my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I
know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe,
and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had
beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd
that, for some houre before you tooke me from the
breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd

Ant. Alas the day

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled
me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh
I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleue
that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee

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bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is
drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to
drowne her remembrance againe with more

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment

Seb. O good Antonio, forgiue me your trouble

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee
be your seruant

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is
kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire it not. Fare
ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I
am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the
least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am
bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.

Exit

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.
Enter.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse Oliuia?

Vio. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since ariu'd
but hither

Mal. She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might
haue sau'd mee my paines, to haue taken it away your
selfe. She adds moreouer, that you should put your Lord
into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one
thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe
in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking
of this: receiue it so

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it

Mal. Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and
her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping
for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that
findes it.
Enter.

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?
Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speake in starts distractedly.
She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion
Inuites me in this churlish messenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;
I am the man, if it be so, as tis,
Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame:
Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:
Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
For such as we are made, if such we bee:
How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,
And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him:
And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my maisters loue:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftlesse sighes shall poore Oliuia breath?

O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t' vnty.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew: not to bee a bedde after
midnight, is to be vp betimes, and Deliculo surgere, thou
know'st

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to
be vp late, is to be vp late

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne.
To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early:
so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes.
Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists
of eating and drinking

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke
Marian I say, a stoope of wine.
Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith

Clo. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture
of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I
had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so

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sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast
in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of
Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the Equinoctial of
Queubus: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence
for thy Lemon, hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity: for Maluolios nose
is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the
Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses

An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when
all is done. Now a song

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's haue
a song

An. There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clo. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good
life?

To. A loue song, a loue song

An. I, I. I care not for good life

Clowne sings .

O Mistris mine where are you roming?
O stay and heare, your true loues coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further prettie sweeting.
Iournes end in louers meeting,
Euery wise mans sonne doth know

An. Excellent good, ifaith

To. Good, good

Clo. What is loue, tis not heereafter,

Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still vnshure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:
Youths a stuffe will not endure

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight

To. A contagious breath

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee
rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three
soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a
Catch

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well

An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, Thou Knaue

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be constrain'd
in't, to call thee knaue, Knight

An. 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to
call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, Hold thy peace

Clo. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace

An. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Catch sung

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward Maluolio, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me

To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, Maluolios a Peg-a-ramsie, and Three merry men be wee. Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall

To. O the twelfe day of December

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.
Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouse of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Scoena Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To. We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke vp

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady
bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman,
she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can
separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome
to the house: if not, and it would please you to take
leaue of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby

Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye

Clo. Sir Toby there you lye

Mal. This is much credit to you

To. Shall I bid him go

Clo. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not

To. Out o' tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward?
Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there
shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Clo. Yes by S[aint]. Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y'th mouth too

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stope of Wine Maria

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; she shall know of it by this hand.

Exit

Mar. Go shake your eares

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason,
deere knight

An. I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason
good enough

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing
constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that
cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths.
The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes)
with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all
that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will
my reuenge finde notable cause to worke

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of
loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his
legge, the manner of his gate, the expresse of his eye,
forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most
feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie
your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make
distinction of our hands

To. Excellent, I smell a deuice

An. I hau't in my nose too

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop
that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in loue
with him

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse

Mar. Asse, I doubt not

An. O twill be admirable

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell.

Exit

To. Good night Penthisilea

An. Before me she's a good wench

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me:
what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede send for
more money

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way
out

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th
end, call me Cut

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late
to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others

Du. Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends.
Now good Cesario, but that peece of song,
That old and Anticke song we heard last night;
Me thought it did releue my passion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of these most briske and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that
should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the Iester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie
Oliuiaes Father tooke much delight in. He is about the
house

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Musicke playes.

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnstaide and skittish in all motions else,
Saue in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the seate
Where loue is thron'd

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staide vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour

Du. What kinde of woman ist?

Vio. Of your complexion

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take
An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swaies she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirmes,
More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.
Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night:
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing.

Musicke.

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:
A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me o where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there

Du. There's for thy paines

Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then

Clo. Truely sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or another

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more Cesario,
Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie:
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule

Vio. But if she cannot loue you sir

Du. It cannot be so answer'd

Vio. Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for Oliuia: you cannot loue her:
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Scena Quarta.

Du. There is no womans sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe Oliuia

Vio. I but I know

Du. What dost thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue

Du. But di'de thy sister of her loue my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior Fabian

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggardly
Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
o' fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and
we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir Andrew?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.
Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my
Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Maluolio's
comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the
Sunne practising behauour to his own shadow this halfe
houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know
this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close
in the name of ieasting, lye thou there: for heere comes
the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling.

Exit

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of my complection. Besides she vses me with a more exalted respect, then any one else that followes her. What should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue

To. Peace I say

Mal. To be Count Maluolio

To. Ah Rogue

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him

To. Peace, peace

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the Strachy, married the yeoman of the wardrobe

An. Fie on him Iezabel

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagination blowes him

Mal. Hauing beene three moneths married to her,
sitting in my state

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I
haue left Oliuia sleeping

To. Fire and Brimstone

Fa. O peace, peace

Mal. And then to haue the humor of state: and after
a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my
place, as I would they should doe theirs: to aske for my
kinsman Toby

To. Boltes and shackles

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient start,
make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance
winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Iewell:
Toby approaches; curtsies there to me

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars,
yet peace

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an austere regard of controll

To. And do's not Toby take you a blow o'the lippes,
then?

Mal. Saying, Cosine Toby, my Fortunes hauing cast
me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of speech

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse

To. Out scab

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our
plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight

And. That's mee I warrant you

Mal. One sir Andrew

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading
aloud to him

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very C's, her V's, and her T's, and thus makes shee her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand

An. Her C's, her V's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my good Wishes:
Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impressure
her Lucrece, with which she vses to seale: tis my
Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all

Mal. Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not mooue, no
man must know. No man must know. What followes?
The numbers alter'd: No man must know,
If this should be thee Maluolio?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucesse
knife:
With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth
sway my life

Fa. A fustian riddle

To. Excellent Wench, say I

Mal. M.O.A.I. doth sway my life. Nay but first
let me see, let me see, let me see

Fab. What dish a poyson has she drest him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why shee may
command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is
euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction
in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall position
portend, if I could make that resemble something

in me? Softly, M.O.A.I

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee
as ranke as a Fox

Mal. M. Maluolio, M. why that begins my name

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre
is excellent at faults

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequell
that suffers vnder probation: A. should follow, but O.
does

Fa. And O shall end, I hope

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry O

Mal. And then I. comes behind

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might
see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before
you

Mal. M,O,A,I. This simulation is not as the former:
and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery
one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes
prose: If this fall into thy hand, reuolue. In my stars
I am about thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some

Shakespeare's First Folio

are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to invre thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deero my sweete, I prethee. Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do euery thing that thou wilt haue me.

Exit

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice

An. So could I too

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another
iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom
thy bondslaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that
when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark
his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her
in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and
crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile
vpon her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her disposition,
being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it
cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil
see it follow me

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell
of wit

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue
by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I liue by the Church

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For,
I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the
Church

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a
begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor,
if thy Tabor stand by the Church

Clo. You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is
but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the
wrong side may be turn'd outward

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with
words, may quickly make them wanton

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with
that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede,
words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes,
and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue reason
with them

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for
nothing

Clo. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience
sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing
sir, I would it would make you inuisible

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Oliuia's foole?

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady Oliuia has no folly, shee
will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are
as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands
the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter
of words

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's

Clo. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the
Sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry sir, but the
Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistris:
I thinke I saw your wisdom there

Vio. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with
thee. Hold there's expences for thee

Clo. Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo **Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?**

Vio. **Yes being kept together, and put to vse**

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troylus

Vio. I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd

Clo. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: Cressida was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is ouer-worne.

Exit

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:
He must obserue their mood on whom he iests,
The quality of persons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art:
For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;
But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.
Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman

Vio. And you sir

And. Dieu vou guard Monsieur

Vio. Et vouz ousie vostre seruiture

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous
you should enter, if your trade be to her

Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the
list of my voyage

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion

Vio. My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vnderstand
what you meane by bidding me taste my legs

To. I meane to go sir, to enter

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we
are preuented.
Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours
on you

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne
most pregnant and vouchsafed eare

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em
all three already

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to
my hearing. Giue me your hand sir

Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble seruice

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your seruants name, faire Princesse

Ol. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
Y'are seruant to the Count Orsino youth

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.

I had you neuer speake againe of him;
But would you vndertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to sollicit that,
Then Musicke from the spheares

Vio. Deere Lady

Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th' vnmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake

Vio. I pittie you

Ol. That's a degree to loue

Vio. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooffe
That verie oft we pittie enemies

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:

Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.

Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,
Your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due West

Vio. Then Westward hoe:
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:
You'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:
Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?
Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your foole

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,
Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,
I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;
Loue sought, is good: but giuen vnsought, is better

Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.

Shakespeare's First Folio

And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:

To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason

Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir Andrew?

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the
Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee:
I saw't i'th Orchard

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that

And. As plaine as I see you now

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward
you

And. S'light; will you make an Asse o'me

Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of iudgement, and reason

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before Noah was a Saylor

Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight, onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer: you should then haue accosted her, and with some excellent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bangd the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it, and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour

Fab. There is no way but this sir Andrew

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and brieve: it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of inuention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of Ware in England, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle enough

Shakespeare's First Folio

in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen,
no matter: about it

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir Toby

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le
not deliuer't

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on
the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes
cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd
and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th' anatomy

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
great presage of cruelty.
Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your
selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull Maluolio is turned
Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian
that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer
beleeue such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in

Scoena Secunda.

yellow stockings

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great fauour

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealousie, what might befall your trauell,
Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vn hospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite

Scaena Tertia.

Seb. My kinde Anthonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,
You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City

Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these streetes.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some seruice, of such note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere

Seb. Do not then walke too open

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You haue desire to purchase: and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre

Ant. To th' Elephant

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Oliuia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's Maluolio, he is sad, and ciuill,
And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,
Where is Maluolio?

Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship
were best to haue some guard about you, if hee

come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits

Ol. Go call him hither.
Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.
How now Maluolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obstruction in the blood:
This crosse-gartering, but what of that?
If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Please one, and please all

Mal. Why how doest thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my
legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall
be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane
hand

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed Maluolio?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee

Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and
kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you Maluolio?

Maluo. At your request:
Yes Nightingales answere Dawes

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse

before my Lady

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ

Ol. What meanst thou by that Maluolio?

Mal. Some are borne great

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatnesse

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them

Ol. Heauen restore thee

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruant still

Ol. Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.
Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Orsino's is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he
attends your Ladyships pleasure

Ol. Ile come to him.
Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
Cosine Toby, let some of my people haue a speciall care
of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of
my Dowry.

Exit

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse
man then sir Toby to looke to me. This concurre directly
with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may
appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in
the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be opposite
with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue
langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the
tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the
manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow
tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth.
I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me
thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow
be look'd too: Fellow? not Maluolio, nor after my
degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres together,
that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance: What
can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene
me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I,
is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.
Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all
the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe
possest him, yet Ile speake to him

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir?
How ist with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enioy my priuate:

go off

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him;
did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prayes you to haue
a care of him

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale
gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Maluolio?
How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider,
he's an enemy to mankinde

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how
he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning
if I liue. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile
say

Mal. How now mistris?

Mar. Oh Lord

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe
you not see you moue him? Let me alone with him

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend
is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost y chuck?

Mal. Sir

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for
grauity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan Hang him foul
Colliar

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby gette
him to pray

Mal. My prayers Minx

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse

Mal. Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe
things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more
heereafter.

Exit

To. Ist possible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could condemne
it as an improbable fiction

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the
deuice man

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuice take ayre,
and taint

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede

Mar. The house will be the quieter

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound.
My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may
carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very
pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy
on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar
and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.
Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's
vinegar and pepper in't

Fab. Ist so sawcy?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: do but read

To. Giue me.
Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scuruy fellow

Fa. Good, and valiant

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call
thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of y Law
To. Thou comst to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight she vses
thee kindly: but thou lyeest in thy throat, that is not the matter
I challenge thee for

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance
to kill me

Fa. Good

To. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our
soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better,
and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vvest him, &thy
sworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot:
He giu't him

Mar. You may haue verie fit occasion for't: he is now
in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by
depart

To. Go sir Andrew: scout mee for him at the corner
of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou
seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for
it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering
accent sharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more
approbation, then euer prooffe it selfe would haue earn'd
him. Away

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behaiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; set vpon Ague-cheeke a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.
Enter Oliuia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him

To. I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge

Ol. I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's something in me that reproues my fault:
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe

Vio. With the same hauiour that your passion beares,
Goes on my Masters greefes

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you:
And I beseech you come againe to morrow.
What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my master

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you

Vio. I will acquit you

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far~thee~well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.
Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saue thee

Vio. And you sir

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't: of what
nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not:
but thy interceptor full of despight, bloody as the Hunter,
attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke,
be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull,
and deadly

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell
to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from
any image of offence done to any man

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if
you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard:
for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill,
and wrath, can furnish man withall

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

Shakespeare's First Folio

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatc'h'd Rapier, and
on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall,
soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incensement
at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction
can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob,
nob, is his word: giu't or take't

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire
some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard
of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others,
to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that
quirke

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very
computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him
his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you
vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you
might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword
starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear
to weare iron about you

Vio. This is as vnciuill as strange. I beseech you doe
me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what
my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence,
nothing of my purpose

To. I will doe so. Signiour Fabian, stay you by this
Gentleman, till my returne.

Exit Toby.

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to
a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance
more

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Scoena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him
by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of
his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, fatall opposite that you could possibly haue found in
anie
part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make
your peace with him, if I can

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one,
that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care
not who knowes so much of my mettle.

Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not seen such
a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all:
and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion
that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as
surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They
say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him

To. I but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can scarce hold him yonder

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant,
and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere
I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and
Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good
shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules,
marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Scoena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded
him the youths a diuell

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's
oath sake: marrie hee hath better bethought him of his
quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talking
of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe,
he protests he will not hurt you

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make
me tell them how much I lacke of a man

Fab. Giue ground if you see him furious

To. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman
will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you:
he cannot by the Duello auoide it: but hee has promised
me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt
you. Come on, too't

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.
Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman
Haue done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you

Scoena Quarta.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more
Then you haue heard him brag to you he will

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.
Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby hold: heere come the Officers

To. Ile be with you anon

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile
be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and
raines well

1.Off. This is the man, do thy Office

2.Off. Anthonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino

An. You do mistake me sir

1.Off. No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well:
Though now you haue no sea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedie, I shall answer it:
What will you do: now my necessitie
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befalls my selfe: you stand amaz'd,

Scoena Quarta.

But be of comfort

2.Off. Come sir away

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money

Vio. What money sir?

For the fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuision of my present with you:
Hold, there's halfe my Coffe

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so vnsound a man
As to vpbraide you with those kindnesses
That I haue done for you

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainesse, babling drunkennesse,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood

Ant. Oh heauens themselues

2.Off. Come sir, I pray you go

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see heere,
I snatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death,
Releue'd him with such sanctitie of loue;

Scoena Quarta.

And to his image, which me thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I deuotion

1.Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou hast Sebastian done good feature, shame.
In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunkes, ore-flourish'd by the deuill

1.Off. The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come sir

Ant. Leade me on.

Exit

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye
That he beleeeues himselfe, so do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you

To. Come hither Knight, come hither Fabian: Weel
whisper ore a couplet or two of most sage sawes

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glasse: euen such, and so
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempests are kinde, and salt waues fresh in loue

Shakespeare's First Folio

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leauing his frend
heere in necessity, and denying him: and for his cowardship
aske Fabian

Fab. A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in
it

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him

To. Do, cuffe him soundly, but neuer draw thy sword
And. And I do not

Fab. Come, let's see the euent

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.

Exit

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne

Clo. Will you make me beleeeue, that I am not sent for
you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee

Shakespeare's First Folio

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you,
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
speake with her: nor your name is not Master Cesario,
nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so, is so

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some—where else, thou
know'st not me

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly:
I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a
Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, and tell
me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that
thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's
money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall giue worse
paiment

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wisemen
that giue fooles money, get themselues a good report,
after foureteene yeares purchase.
Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, haue I met you again: ther's for you

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To. Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house

Clo. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence

To. Come on sir, hold

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke
with him: Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if
there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet
it's no matter for that

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

Seb. Let go thy hand

To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong
souldier put vp your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come
on

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst y now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword

To. What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or
two of this malapert blood from you.
Enter Oliuia.

Oli. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold

To. Madam

Oli. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my sight.
Be not offended, deere Cesario:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wisdom, not thy passion sway
In this vnciuill, and vniust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And heare thou there how many fruitlesse pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:
Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee

Seb. What rellish is in this? How runs the streame?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:
Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will

Ol. O say so, and so be.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,
make him beleue thou art sir Topas the Curate, doe it
quickly. Ile call sir Toby the whilst

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe
in't, and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in
in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the
function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good
Student: but to be said an honest man and a good houskeeper
goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great
scholler. The Competitors enter.
Enter Toby.

To. Ioue blesse thee M[aster]. Parson

Clo. Bonos dies sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prage
that neuer saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece
of King Gorbodacke, that that is, is: so I being M[aster]. Parson,
am M[aster]. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him sir Topas

Scoena Secunda.

Clo. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Maluolio
the Lunaticke

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas goe to my
Ladie

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this
man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said M[aster]. Parson

Mal. Sir Topas, neuer was man thus wronged, good
sir Topas do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee
heere in hideous darknesse

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the
most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones,
that will vse the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou
that house is darke?

Mal. As hell sir Topas

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as baricadoes,
and the cleere stores toward the South north, are
as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad sir Topas, I say to you this house is
darke

Clo. Madman thou errest: I say there is no darknesse
but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the
aegyptians in their fogge

Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh
Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was neuer
man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are,
make the triall of it in any constant question

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning
Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the soule of our grandam, might happily
inhabite a bird

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aproue
his opinion

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse,
thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow
of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dispossesse
the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas

Tob. My most exquisite sir Topas

Clo. Nay I am for all waters

Mar. Thou mightst haue done this without thy berd
and gowne, he sees thee not

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word
how thou findest him: I would we were well ridde of this
knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would
he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece,
that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vppeshot.
Come by and by to my Chamber.

Exit

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady
does

Mal. Foole

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perdie

Mal. Foole

Clo. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deserue well at
my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:
as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankfull to thee
for't

Clo. M[aster]. Maluolio?

Mal. I good Foole

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?

Mal. Foole, there was neuer man so notoriouslie abus'd:

I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be
no better in your wits then a foole

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in
darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they
can to face me out of my wits

Clo. Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere.
Maluolio, Maluolio, thy wittes the heauens restore: endeauour
thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble
babble

Mal. Sir Topas

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.
Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas: Marry
Amen. I will sir, I will

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say

Clo. Alas sir be patient. What say you sir, I am shent
for speaking to you

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some
paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in
Illyria

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were sir

Shakespeare's First Folio

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, paper,
and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my
Lady: it shall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing
of Letter did

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not
mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I see his brains
I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree:
I prethee be gone

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to sustaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell.

Exit

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
 This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,
 And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's Anthonio then,
 I could not finde him at the Elephant,
 Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
 That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
 His counsell now might do me golden seruice,
 For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
 That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
 So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
 As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
 That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.
 Enter Oliuia, and Priest.

OI. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
 Now go with me, and with this holy man
 Into the Chantry by: there before him,
 And vnderneath that consecrated roofe,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
 That my most iealous, and too doubtfull soule
 May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
 What time we will our celebration keepe
 According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
 And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true

OI. Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,
 That they may fairely note this acte of mine.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartus.

Scaena Tertia.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter

Clo. Good M[aster]. Fabian, grant me another request

Fab. Any thing

Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Oliuia, friends?

Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings

Duke. I know thee well: how doest thou my good
Fellow?

Clo. Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends

Du. Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends

Clo. No sir, the worse

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes

Du. Why this is excellent

Clo. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be one of my friends

Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold

Clo. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another

Du. O you giue me ill counsell

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S[aint]. Bennet sir, may put you in minde, one, two, three

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further

Clo. Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come agen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my desire of hauing is the sinne of couetousnesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon.

Exit

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

1.Offi. Orsino, this is that Anthonio
That tooke the Phoenix, and her fraught from Candy,
And this is he that did the Tiger boord,
When your yong Nephew Titus lost his legge;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him

Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino: Noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:
Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratefull boy there by your side,
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his vse,
Not halfe an houre before

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No intrim, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.
Enter Oliuia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes
on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein Oliuia may seeme seruiceable?
Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me

Vio. Madam:

Du. Gracious Oliuia

Ol. What do you say Cesario? Good my Lord

Vio. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
As howling after Musicke

Du. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord

Du. What to peruersenesse? you vnciuill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars
My soule the faithfull'st offrings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?
Ol. Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him
Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,
That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screwes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-brested Tirant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue

Vio. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye

Ol. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I loue,

More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,

More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.

If I do feigne, you witnesses aboue

Punish my life, for tainting of my loue

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father

Du. Come, away

Ol. Whether my Lord? Cesario, Husband, stay

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I

Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:

Feare not Cesario, take thy fortunes vp,

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence

Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended

To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now

Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know

Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,

Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue traueil'd but two houres

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet

Vio. My Lord, I do protest

Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.
Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently
to sir Toby

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head acrosse, and has giuen Sir
**Toby a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your
helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home**

Ol. Who has done this sir Andrew?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one Cesario: we tooke
him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell, incardinate

Du. My Gentleman Cesario?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head
for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir
Toby

Vio. Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:
You drew your sword vpon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.
Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt
me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe.
Heere comes sir Toby halting, you shall heare more: but if
he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you
other gates then he did

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?
To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th' end on't:
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?
Clo. O he's drunke sir Toby an houre ago: his eyes
were set at eight i'th morning

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures pauyn: I
hate a drunken rogue

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke
with them?
And. Ile helpe you sir Toby, because we'll be drest together

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?
Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.
Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I haue hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not

Seb. Anthonio: O my deere Anthonio,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that Anthonio?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderfull

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my Father,
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright vs

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned Viola

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow

Seb. And so had mine

Vio. And dide that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares

Seb. O that record is liuely in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and iumpe
That I am Viola, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towe,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was preseru'd to serue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me

Vio. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That seuers day from night

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore

Shakespeare's First Folio

Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at Maluolio's suite,
a Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies

Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch Maluolio hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.
Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he sirrah?

Cl. Truly Madam, he holds Belzebub at the staues end as
well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to
you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a
madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much
when they are deliuer'd

Ol. Open't, and read it

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole
deliuers the Madman. By the Lord Madam

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your
Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow
Vox

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits

Clo. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to
reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue
eare

Ol. Read it you, sirrah

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me, yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladieship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of, and speake out of my iniury. The madly vs'd Maluolio

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame

Du. This sauours not much of distraction

Ol. See him deliuer'd Fabian, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th' alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost

Du. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
Your Masters Mistris

Ol. A sister, you are she.
Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now Maluolio?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong

Ol. Haue I Maluolio? No

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
 You must not now denie it is your hand,
 Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
 Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:
 You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
 And tell me in the modestie of honor,
 Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
 Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
 Vpon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
 And acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why haue you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
 And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
 That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas Maluolio, this is not my writing,
 Though I confesse much like the Charracter:
 But out of question, tis Marias hand.
 And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
 First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
 And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
 Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
 This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:
 But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
 Of thine owne cause

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
 And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
 Taint the condition of this present houre,
 Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confesse my selfe, and Toby
 Set this deuce against Maluolio heere,
 Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
 We had conceiu'd against him. Maria writ
 The Letter, at sir Tobyes great importance,
 In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
 How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
 May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
 If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,
 That haue on both sides past

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why some are borne great, some atchieue greatnesse,
and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir Topas sir, but that's
all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember,
Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall,
and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge
of time, brings in his reuenges

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd

Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario come
(For so you shall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistris, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt.

Clowne sings .

When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth euery day.
But when I came to mans estate,
with hey ho, Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their gate,
for the raine, But when I came alas to wiue,
with hey ho, By swaggering could I neuer thriue,
for the raine, But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, With tospottes still had drunken heades,
for the raine, A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l striue to please you euery day.

FINIS. Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

The Winters Tale

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now on-foot, you shall see (as I haue said) great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia meanes to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which hee iustly owes him

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed–

Cam. 'Beseech you–

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence– in so rare– I know not what to say– Wee will giue you sleepeie Drinkes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to Bohemia:
They were trayn'd together in their Childhoods;
and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection,
which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more
mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation
of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall)
hath been Royally attorneyed with enter-change of
Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to
be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast;
and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds.
The Heauens continue their Loues

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice
or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspeakable comfort
of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a Gentleman of the
greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him:
it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subiect,
makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches
ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should
desire to liue

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to
liue on Crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry–Starre hath been
The Shepherds Note, since we haue left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thousands moe,
That goe before it

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance,
Or breed vpon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd
To tyre your Royaltie

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put vs to't

Pol. No longer stay

Leo. One Seue' night longer

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that
Ile no gaine–saying

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so:
There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World
So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessitie in your request, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)
Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward

Leo. Well said, Hermione

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him goe;
But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.
Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture
The borrow of a Weeke. When at Bohemia
You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) Leontes,
I loue thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay?
Pol. No, Madame

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verely

Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t' vnsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely

You shall not goe; a Ladyes Verely 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish

Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall

Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours

Her. By this we gather
You haue tript since

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnflgd'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes

Of my young Play-fellow

Her. Grace to boot:

Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th' offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with vs

Leo. Is he woon yet?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not:

Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spoak'st
To better purpose

Her. Neuer?

Leo. Neuer, but once

Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?

I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:
My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace.
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long

Leo. Why, that was when

Three crabbed Moneths had sowr'd themselues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vtter,
I am yours for euer

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.

Why lo—you now; I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th' other, for some while a Friend

Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue Tremor Cordis on me: my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. Mamillius,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I, my good Lord

Leo. I'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes Sicilia?

Her. He something seemes vnsetled

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:

Are you mou'd (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?

It's tendernessee? and make it selfe a Pastime

To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle

Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,

In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,

Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue

(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:

How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,

This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,

Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother

Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we

Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)

He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;

Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;

My Parasite, my Souldier: States-man; all:

He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,

And with his varying childnesse, cures in me

Thoughts, that would thicke my blood

Leo. So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)

And leaue you to your grauer steps. Hermione,

How thou lou'st vs, shew in our Brothers welcome;

Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:

Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's

Apparant to my heart

Her. If you would seeke vs,

We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'll be found,

Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
 (Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
 Goe too, goe too.
 How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
 And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
 To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
 Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
 Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
 Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
 Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
 Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
 (Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
 And many a man there is (euen at this present,
 Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
 That little thinkes she ha's been sluyd in's absence,
 And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
 Sir Smile, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
 (As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
 That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
 Would hang themselues. Physick for't, there's none:
 It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
 From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
 No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
 It will let in and out the Enemy,
 With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
 Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?
Mam. I am like you say

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
 What? Camillo there?

Cam. I, my good Lord

Leo. Goe play (Mamillius) thou'rt an honest man:
 Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
 When you cast out, it still came home

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
 His Businesse more materiall

Leo. Didst perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (Camillo)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand
Bohemia stayes here longer

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse

Leo. Satisfie?

Th' entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (Camillo)
With all the neerest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which seemes so

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'st it all for ieast

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
In euery one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if industriously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmitie, that honestie
Is neuer free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
By it's owne visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine

Leo. Ha' not you seene Camillo?
(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and iustify't

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare

Shakespeare's First Folio

My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You neuer spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deepe as that, though true

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,
If this be nothing

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true

Cam. No, no, my Lord

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lvest Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,
Or else a houering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) she would not liue
The running of one Glasse

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging

About his neck (Bohemia) who, if I
 Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
 To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
 (Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
 Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou
 His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
 Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see
 Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,
 How I am gall'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,
 To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:
 Which Draught to me, were cordiall

Cam. Sir (my Lord)
 I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
 But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
 Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot
 Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
 (So soueraignely being Honorable.)
 I haue lou'd thee,

Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot:
 Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnsetled,
 To appoint my selfe in this vexation?
 Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
 (Which to preserue, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
 Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Wasps)
 Giue scandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,
 (Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)
 Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
 Could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleeue you (Sir)
 I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
 Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse
 Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
 Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
 The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
 Knowne, and ally'd to yours

Leo. Thou do'st aduise me,
 Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:
 Ile giue no blemish to her Honor, none

Cam. My Lord,
 Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
 As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with Bohemia,
 And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,

If from me he haue wholesome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne

Cam. Ile do't, my Lord

Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me.

Exit

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings,
And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes Bohemia.
Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day Camillo

Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir

Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him
With customarie complement, when hee
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't

Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.
I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: Camillo,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement

Cam. I may not answere

Pol. A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare Camillo,
I coniure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be preuented, if to be:
If not, how best to beare it

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night

Pol. On, good Camillo

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arriue, and my approch be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read

Cam. Sweare his thought ouer
 By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
 By all their Influences; you may as well
 Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
 As (or by Oath) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake
 The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
 Is pyl'd vpon his Faith, and will continue
 The standing of his Body

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
 Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
 If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
 That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
 Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
 Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
 And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,
 Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
 My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
 By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,
 For by the honor of my Parents, I
 Haue vttered Truth: which if you seeke to proue,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
 Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
 Thereon his Execution sworne

Pol. I doe beleeeue thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
 Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two dayes agoe. This Iealousie
 Is for a precious Creature: as shее's rare,
 Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
 Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
 He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer
 Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
 Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come Camillo,
 I will respect thee as a Father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)

Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better

2.Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2.Lady. Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'l'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you

2.Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it

Mam. There was a man

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare

Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? Camillo with

him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them
Euen to their Ships

Leo. How blest am I
In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th' abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discouer'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,
On your command

Leo. I know't too well.
Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him

Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that shee's big-with, for 'tis Polixenes
Ha's made thee swell thus

Her. But Il'd say he had not;
And Ile be sworne you would beleeeue my saying,
How e're you leane to th' Nay-ward

Leo. You (my Lords)
 Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
 To say she is a goodly Lady, and
 The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde
 'Tis pittie shee's not honest: Honorable;
 Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
 (Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight
 The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
 That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,
 That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare
 Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
 When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene,
 Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne
 (From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)
 Shee's an Adultresse

Her. Should a Villaine say so,
 (The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)
 He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
 Doe but mistake

Leo. You haue mistooke (my Lady)
 Polixenes for Leontes: O thou Thing,
 (Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
 Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)
 Should a like Language vse to all degrees,
 And mannerly distinguishment leaue out,
 Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said
 Shee's an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:
 More; shee's a Traytor, and Camillo is
 A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
 What she should shame to know her selfe,
 But with her most vild Principall: that shee's
 A Bed-swaruer, euen as bad as those
 That Vulgars giue bold'st Titles; I, and priuy
 To this their late escape

Her. No (by my life)
 Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,
 When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
 You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
 You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
 You did mistake

Leo. No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole–Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a farre–off guiltie,
But that he speakes

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be perform'd

Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris
Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice
Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne

Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Please you t' accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accuse her.)

Antig. If it proue
Shée's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:
For euery ynoch of Woman in the World,
I, euery dram of Womans flesh is false,
If she be

Leo. Hold your peaces

Lord. Good my Lord

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would Land-damme him: be she honor-flaw'd,
I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;
The second, and the third, nine: and some fiue:
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue

Leo. Cease, no more:
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele

Antig. If it be so,
We neede no graue to burie honesty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth

Leo. What? lacke I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true, then your suspition
Be blam'd for't how you might

Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Rellish a truth, like vs: informe your selues,
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: Camillo's flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made vp to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pitteous to be wilde) I haue dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Appollo's Temple,
Cleomines and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Giue rest to th' mindes of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th' truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to speake in publike: for this businesse
Will raise vs all

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene

Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I haue expresse commandment

Pau. Here's ado, to locke vp honesty &honour from
Th' accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?

Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth

Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw your selues

Gao. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference

Pau. Well: be't so: prethee.
Heere's such adoe, to make no staine, a staine,
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,
I am innocent as you,

Pau. I dare be sworne:
These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th' King, beshrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emilia)
Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th' lowd'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' Childe:
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking failes

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,
That your free vndertaking cannot misse
A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
To visit the next roome, Ile presently
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd

Paul. Tell her (Emilia)

Ile vse that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted
I shall do good,

Emil. Now be you blest for it.

Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer

Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Hauing no warrant

Paul. You neede not feare it (sir)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and processe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespasse of the Queene

Gao. I do beleeeue it

Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being: part o'th cause,
She, th' Adultresse: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofe: but shee,
I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there?

Ser. My Lord

Leo. How do's the boy?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.
He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leaue me solely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance
Take it on her: Camillo, and Polixenes
Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre.
Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is iealous

Antig. That's enough

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him

Pau. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you
That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe
At each his needlesse heauings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?
Pau. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you

Leo. What? canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this
(Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me:
Ant. La—you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, I let her run,
But shee'l not stumble

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares

Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I say good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you

Leo. Force her hence

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis. Commends it to your blessing

Leo. Out:

A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o' dore:
A most intelligencing bawd

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so entit'ling me: and no lesse honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors;

Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroosted
By thy dame Partlet heere. Take vp the Bastard,
Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane

Paul. For euer

Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha's put vpon't

Leo. He dreads his Wife

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours

Leo. A nest of Traitors

Ant. I am none, by this good light

Pau. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himselfe: for he,
The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was sound

Leo. A Callat
Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th' old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,

Her Children, not her Husbands

Leo. A grosse Hagge:
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe
Hardly one Subiect

Leo. Once more take her hence

Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord
Can doe no more

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell vsage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something sauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World

Leo. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: Ioue send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,

Scaena Tertia.

Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone.
Enter.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife

Antig. I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me in't

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither

Leo. You're lyers all

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech'
So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare seruices
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:

You that haue beene so tenderly officious
With Lady Margerie, your Mid-wife there,
To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To saue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To saue the Innocent: any thing possible

Leo. It shall be possible: Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
To some remote and desart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurses. Wolues and Beares, they say,
(Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.)
Enter.

Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Issue.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter a Seruant.

Seru. Please' your Highnesse, Posts
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come
An houre since: Cleomines and Dion,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond accompt

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great Apollo suddenly will haue
The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she haue
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,
And thinke vpon my bidding.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares

Dion. I shall report,

Shakespeare's First Folio

For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I so should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th' Offring?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to Ioues Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing

Dio. If th' euent o'th' Iourney
Proue as succesfull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vse on't

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon Hermione,
I little like

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discouer: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies:
Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great grieve we pronounce)

Scoena Secunda.

Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court. Silence

Leo. Reade the Indictment

Officer. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason,
in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,
and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our
Soueraigne
Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof
being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) contrary
to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subiect, didst counsaile
and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by
Night

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritie
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing

To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
 Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
 As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,
 'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
 And onely that I stand for. I appeale
 To your owne Conscience (Sir) before Polixenes
 Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so: Since he came,
 With what encounter so vncurrent, I
 Haue strayn'd t' appeare thus; if one iot beyond
 The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
 That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
 Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
 Cry fie vpon my Graue

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
 That any of these bolder Vices wanted
 Lesse Impudence to gaine—say what they did,
 Then to performe it first

Her. That's true enough,
 Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me

Leo. You will not owne it

Her. More then Mistresse of,
 Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes
 (With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
 I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
 With such a kind of Loue, as might become
 A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,
 So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
 Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
 Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
 To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,
 Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,
 That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
 For me to try how: All I know of it,
 Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
 And why he left your Court, the Gods themselues
 (Wotting no more then I) are ignorant

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vndersta'ne to doe in's absence

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailles: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on euery Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliuie,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you

'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge

Lord. This your request
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth
(And in Apollo's Name) his Oracle

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge

Officer. You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,
That you (Cleomines and Dion) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This seal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great Apollo's Priest; and that since then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't

Cleo. Dio. All this we sweare

Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read

Officer. Hermione is chast, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo
a true Subiect, Leontes a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that
which is lost, be not found

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo

Her. Praysed

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offic. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:
The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the businesse?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heauens themselues
Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And see what Death is doing

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspition:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon
My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woe my Queene, recall the good Camillo
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Iealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poyson
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard

Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glisters
Through my Rust? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while:

O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)
Breake too

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealousies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.
Thou would'st haue poyson'd good Camillo's Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't;
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,
When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,
The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet

Lord. The higher powres forbid

Pau. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,

Do not repent these things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bittrest

Lord. Say no more;
How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldnesse of your speech

Pau. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me

To these sorrowes.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepeheard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Desarts of Bohemia

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's

Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-board,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so ridde o'th businesse.

Exit

Ant. Come, poore babe;
 I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead
 May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
 Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
 I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow
 So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
 Like very sanctity she did approach
 My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
 And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
 Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
 Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,
 Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
 Hath made thy person for the Thrower-out
 Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
 Is counted lost for euer, Perdita
 I prethee call't: For this vngentle busnesse
 Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
 Thy Wife Paulina more: and so, with shriekes
 She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
 This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,
 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeeue
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
 Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
 Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide
 (Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
 Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
 There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,
 Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
 And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,
 That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
 To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
 But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
 To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
 The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
 A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw
 The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?
 Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
 I am gone for euer.

Exit pursued by a Beare.

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyldebraines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Maister; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoa-ho-hoa.
Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa

Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'st thou, man?

Clo. I haue seene two such sights, by Sea &by Land: but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore soules, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hogshead. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the

Scaena Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee
for helpe, and said his name was Antigonus, a Nobleman:
But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flapdragon'd
it: but first, how the poore soules roared, and
the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared,
and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder
then the sea, or weather

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these
sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the
Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde
man

Clo. I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue
help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee
heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things
dying, I with things new borne. Here's a sight for thee:
Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke
thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it
was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some
Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the sinnes of your
youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all
Gold

Shep. This is Faery Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp
with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We
are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but
secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next
way home

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go
see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how
much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they

are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him

Clowne. 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i'th' ground

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfoldes error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre
To plant, and orewhelme Custome. Let me passe
The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing
As you had slept betweene: Leontes leauing
Th' effects of his fond iealousies, so greeuing
That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be

In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings, which Florizell
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of Perdita, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues
I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daughter
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is th' argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importunate:
'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to
grant this

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres since I saw my Countrey:
though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I desire
to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King
(my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes
I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke so) which
is another spurre to my departure

Pol. As thou lou'st me (Camillo) wipe not out the rest
of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of
thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to
haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made
me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently
manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe,
or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done:
which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I
cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, shall bee my studie,
and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more,
whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance
of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King
my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to
me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizell my son? Kings
are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then
they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their
Vertues

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what
his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I
haue (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from
Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then
formerly he hath appeared

Pol. I haue considered so much (Camillo) and with
some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice,
which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue
this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a
most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very
nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,
is growne into an vnspeakable estate

Cam. I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a
daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended
more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I
feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou
shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing
what we are) haue some question with the shepheard;
from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneasie to
get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my
present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts
of Sicillia

Cam. I willingly obey your command

Pol. My best Camillo, we must disguise our selues.

Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus singing

When Daffadils begin to peere,
 With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,
 Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
 For the red blood raigns in y winters pale.
 The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
 With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:
 Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,
 For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.
 The Larke, that tirra Lyra chaunts,
 With heigh, the Thrush and the Iay:
 Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
 While we lye tumbling in the hay.
 I haue seru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three
 pile, but now I am out of seruice.
 But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
 the pale Moone shines by night:
 And when I wander here, and there
 I then do most go right.
 If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,
 and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
 Then my account I well may giue,
 and in the Stockes auouch-it.
 My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to
 lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me Autolicus, who being
 (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a
 snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab,
 I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennue is the silly
 Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on
 the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee:
 For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A
 prize, a prize.
 Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me see, euery Leauen-weather toddes, euery

tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling; fiteene hundred
shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see,
what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three
pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What
will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath
made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee
hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shearers
(three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but
they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan
amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes.
I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace:
Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen;
a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure
pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne

Clo. I'th' name of me

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these
ragges: and then, death, death

Clo. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags
to lay on thee, rather then haue these off

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee,
more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie
ones and millions

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come
to a great matter

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell
tane from me, and these detestable things put vpon
me

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments
he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it
hath seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe
thee. Come, lend me thy hand

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh

Clo. Alas poore soule

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my
shoulder-blade is out

Clo. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done
me a charitable office

Clo. Doest lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for
thee

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue
a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, vnto
whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie
thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes
my heart

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court

Clo. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-seruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauish professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some call him Autolicus

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings

Aut. Very true sir: he sir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bohemia; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'ld haue runne

Aut. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, &that he knew I warrant him

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, &pace softly

towards my Kinsmans

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir

Clo. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our
sheepe-shearing.

Enter.

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough
to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your
sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out
another, and the sheerers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold,
and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the Stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.

Enter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo,
Mopsa,
Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.

Flo. These your vnvsuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but Flora
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe

The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obscur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Most Goddesse-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts
In euery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custome, I should blush
To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse

Flo. I blesse the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse
Thy Fathers ground

Perd. Now Ioue affoord you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse
Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,
Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The sternnesse of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues
(Humbling their Deities to Ioue) haue taken
The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith

Perd. O but Sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' powre of the King:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speake, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life

Flo. Thou deer'st Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not

The Mirth o'th' Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue sworne shall come

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious

Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Adresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon
This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all,
Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now heere
At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feasted one: and not
The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid
These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe
That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hostessship o'th' day: you're welcome sir.
Giue me those Flowres there (Dorcas.) Reuerend Sirs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe
Seeming, and sauour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them

Perd. For I haue heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating-Nature

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature

Perd. So it is

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly' vors,
And do not call them bastards

Perd. Ile not put
 The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
 No more then were I painted, I would wish
 This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore
 Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
 Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
 The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with' Sun,
 And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
 Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
 To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome

Cam. I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,
 And onely liue by gazing

Perd. Out alas:
 You'd be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
 Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst Friend,
 I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
 Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
 That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
 Your Maiden-heads growing: O Proserpina,
 For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
 From Dysses Waggon: Daffadils,
 That come before the Swallow dares, and take
 The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
 But sweeter then the lids of Iuno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath) pale Prime-roses,
 That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Maladie
 Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
 The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
 (The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
 To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
 To strew him o're, and ore

Flo. What? like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
 Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
 But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
 Me thinkes I play as I haue seene them do
 In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
 Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,
 Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)

I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes

Perd. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd
With wisdom, I might feare (my Doricles)
You woo'd me the false way

Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Perdita:) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part

Perd. Ile sweare for 'em

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place

Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame

Clo. Come on: strike vp

Dorcas. Mopsa must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with

Mop. Now in good time

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shephearddresses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeeue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loues another best

Pol. She dances featly

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong Doricles
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.
Enter Seruant.

Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee singes
seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee vtters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to
his Tunes

Clo. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in:
I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter
merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and
sung lamentably

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes:
No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has
the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bawdrie
(which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's
and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where
some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane
mischiefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee
makes the maid to answere, Whoop, doe me no harme good
man: put's him off, slights him, with Whoop, doe mee no
harme good man

Pol. This is a braue fellow

Clo. Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited
fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow;
Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bohemia, can
learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse:
Inckles, Caddysses, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings
em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would
thinke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, he so chauntes to
the sleeue-hand, and the worke about the square on't

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words
in's tunes

Clow. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in
them, then youl'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus singing.

Lawne as white as driuen Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses,
Maskes for faces, and for noses:
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poaking-stickes of steele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy

Clo. If I were not in loue with Mopsa, thou shouldst
take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will
also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they
come not too late now

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there
be lyars

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be
he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue him
againe

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they
weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces?
Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed?
Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must
be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are
whispring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdrylace,

and a paire of sweet Gloues

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behoooues men to be wary

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut. I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge

Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vsurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist[ris]. Tale-Porter, and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other things anon

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared
vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie
thousand fadom aboue water, & sung this ballad against
the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Woman,
and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not exchange
flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very
pittifull, and as true

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you

Autol. Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witnesses more
then my packe will hold

Clo. Lay it by too; another

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one

Mop. Let's haue some merry ones

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the
tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide
westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou
shalt heare, 'tis in three parts

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation:
Haue at it with you:

Song

Get you hence, for I must goe

Aut. Where it fits not you to know

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Dor. Whether?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell

Dor: Me too: Let me go thether:

Mop: Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,

Dor: If to either thou dost ill,

Aut: Neither

Dor: What neither?

Aut: Neither:

Dor: Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,

Mop: Thou hast sworne it more to mee.

Then whether goest? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My
Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble
them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile
buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; folow
me girles

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?

My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?

Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head

Scena Quarta.

Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare—a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth vtter all mens ware—a.

Exit

Seruant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds,
three Neat—herds, three Swine—herds y haue made
themselues all men of haire, they cal themselues Saltiers,
and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gally—maufrey
of Gambols, because they are not in't: but
they themselues are o'th' minde (if it bee not too rough
for some, that know little but bowling) it will please
plentifully

Shep. Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too
much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie
you

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see
these foure—threes of Heardsmen

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,)
hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the
three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th' squire

Shep. Leaue your prating, since these good men are
pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter:
Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard)
Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed loue, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ransackt
The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue powr'd it
To her acceptance: you haue let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at least, if you make a care
Of happie holding her

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already,
But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)
Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Doues-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th' Northerne blasts, twice ore

Pol. What followes this?
How prettily th' yong Swaine seemes to wash
The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out,
But to your protestation: Let me heare
What you professe

Flo. Do, and be witnesse too't

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch
Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth
That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge
More then was euer mans, I would not prize them
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,

Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice,
Or to their owne perdition

Pol. Fairely offer'd

Cam. This shewes a sound affection

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better
By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine;
And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't:
I giue my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his

Flo. O, that must bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come-on,
Contract vs fore these Witnesses

Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you,
Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest
That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapable
Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?
Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then most haue of his age

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so) a wrong
Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne
Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else
But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile
In such a businesse

Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for some other reasons (my graue Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this businesse

Pol. Let him know't

Flo. He shall not

Pol. Prethee let him

Flo. No, he must not

Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue
At knowing of thy choice

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Marke our Contract

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong sir)
Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know
The royall Foole thou coap'st with

Shep. Oh my heart

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)
If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then Deucalion off: (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will devise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.
Enter.

Perd. Euen heere vndone:
I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainely,
The selfe-same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beseech you

Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest

Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of fourescore three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones; but now
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no Priest shouels—in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
To die when I desire.
Enter.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leash vnwillingly

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him

Flo. I not purpose it:
I thinke Camillo

Cam. Euen he, my Lord

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection

Cam. Be aduis'd

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason:
If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome

Cam. This is desperate (sir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs must thinke it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to her neede, I haue
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for aduice,

Or stronger for your neede

Flo. Hearke Perdita,
Ile heare you by and by

Cam. Hee's irremouable,
Resolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to serue my turne,
Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see

Flo. Now good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leaue out ceremony

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore seruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deseru'd: It is my Fathers Musicke
To speake your deeds: not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I loue the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled proiect
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enioy your Mistris; from the whom, I see
There's no disiunction to be made, but by
(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my best endeouours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, striue to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking

Flo. How Camillo

May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that trust to thee

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, so we professe
Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flyes
Of euery winde that blowes

Cam. Then list to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight: make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart

Flo. I am bound to you:

There is some sappe in this

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take—in the Mind

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such

Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare' our Birth

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pittie
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (Camillo)
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in Sicilia

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want: one word.
Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe
my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction
to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose
Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good
vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something
to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the
Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in
Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse;
'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I
would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd
and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter,
and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole
Army

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt

Flo. And those that you'le procure from King Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire

Cam. Who haue we here?
Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must
make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou
must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well
enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe
fled already

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with
conscience take it

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd

Perd. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part

Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)
Aut. Adieu, Sir

Flo. O Perdita: what haue we twaine forgot?
'Pray you a word

Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall re-view Sicilia; for whose sight,
I haue a Womans Longing

Flo. Fortune speed vs:
Thus we set on (Camillo) to th' Sea-side

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Enter.

Aut. I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the vniust man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.
Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke

Clowne. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of your flesh and blood

Shep. Nay, but heare me

Clow. Nay; but heare me

Shep. Goe too then

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whistle: I warrant you

Scena Quarta.

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law

Clo. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Master

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at' Pallace

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?

Clo. We are but plaine fellows, Sir

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye

Clo. Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if
you had not taken your selfe with the manner

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest
thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath
not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not
thy Nose Court–Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy
Basenesse, Court–Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I
insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore
no Courtier? I am Courtier Capape; and one that
will eyther push–on, or pluck–back, thy Businesse there:
whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire

Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King

Aut. What Aduocate ha'st thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court–word for a Pheazant: say
you haue none

Shep. None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?
Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdaine

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not
handsomely

Clo. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantastick:
A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking

on's Teeth

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell?
Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and
Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee
shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech
of him

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard
a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for
if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know
the King is full of grieve

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Sonne, that should
haue marryed a Shepheards Daughter

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him
flye; the Curses he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele,
will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster

Clo. Thinke you so, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make
heaueie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine
to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder
the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is
necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender,
to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some
say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him
(say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths
are too few, the sharpest too easie

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)
and't like you, Sir?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd aliue, then
'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps
Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead:
then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot
Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication
proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall,
(the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him;
where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.)
But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries
are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall?
Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you
haue to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile
bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his
presence, whisper him in your behafes; and if it be in
man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man
shall doe it

Clow. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with
him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne
Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold:
shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his
hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd
aliue

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse
for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much
more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it
you

Aut. After I haue done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in
this Businesse?

Clow. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pittifull
one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne:
hang him, hee'le be made an example

Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King,
and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of
your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I
will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse
is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne
till it be brought you

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside,
goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the
Hedge, and follow you

Clow. We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, euen
bless'd

Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to
doe vs good

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would
not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am
courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means
to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes
how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will
bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him: if
he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint
they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let
him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am
prooffe against that Title, and what shame else belongs
to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in
it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel,
Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence, then done trespass: At the last
Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,
With them, forgiue your selfe

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of
The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,
That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke something good,
To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd,
Would be vnparallell'd

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldome

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would
Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnesse better

Paul. You are one of those
Would haue him wed againe

Dio. If you would not so,
You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,
May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?
What holyer, then for Royalties repayre,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe
With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods
Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For ha's not the Diuine Apollo said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King Leontes shall not haue an Heire,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
As my Antigonus to breake his Graue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your councill,
My Lord should to the Heauens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander
Left his to th' Worthiest: so his Successor
Was like to be the best

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memorie of Hermione
I know in honor: O, that euer I
Had squar'd me to thy councill: then, euen now,
I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,
Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse,
And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,
She had iust such cause

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married

Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then Il'd shrieke, that euen your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine

Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile haue no Wife, Paulina

Paul. Will you sweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?

Leo. Neuer (Paulina) so be bless'd my Spirit

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnesse to his Oath

Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much

Paul. Vnlesse another,
As like Hermione, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye

Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office

Shakespeare's First Folio

To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.
Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince Florizell,
Sonne of Polixenes, with his Princesse (she
The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse
To your high presence

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few,
And those but meane

Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?
Ser. I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As euery present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue
Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you haue seene a better

Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow

Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will loue her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women

Leo. Goe Cleomines,
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale vpon vs.
Enter

Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births

Leo. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.
Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform'd before. Most dearely welcome,

And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
 Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as
 You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
 (All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
 Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
 (Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life
 Once more to looke on him

Flo. By his command
 Haue I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
 Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
 Can send his Brother: and but Infirmities
 (Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
 The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
 Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
 (He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
 And those that beare them, liuing

Leo. Oh my Brother,
 (Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre
 Afresh within me: and these thy offices
 (So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
 As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull vsage
 (At least vngentle) of the dreadfull Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
 Th' aduenture of her person?

Flo. Good my Lord,
 She came from Libia

Leo. Where the Warlike Smalus,
 That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?

Flo. Most Royall Sir,
 From thence: from him, whose Daughter
 His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
 (A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue cross'd,
 To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
 For visiting your Highnesse: My best Train
 I haue from your Sicilian Shores dismiss'd;
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signifie
 Not onely my successe in Libia (Sir)
 But my arriual, and my Wifes, in safetie

Here, where we are

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose person
(So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's bless'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?
Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the prooffe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me:
Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherds Daughter

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speake:
Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince

Flo. Camillo ha's betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake:
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen sets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated

Leo. You are married?
Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleys first:
The oddes for high and low's alike

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife

Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come—on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,
Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though Fortune, visible an Enemie,
Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles

Shakespeare's First Folio

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,
Which he counts but a Trifle

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard
the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it:
Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all commanded
out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I
heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it

Shakespeare's First Folio

Gent.1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse;
but the changes I perceiued in the King, and Camillo, were
very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring
on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes.
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their
very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World
ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder
appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew
no more but seeing, could not say, if th' importance were
Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must
needs be.
Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes, Rogero

Gent.2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.
Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's Steward, hee can deliuer
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is
in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent.3. Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le sweare
you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle
of Queene Hermiones: her Jewell about the Neck of it:
the Letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know
to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in resemblance
of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,
which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many other
Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
two Kings?

Gent.2. No

Gent.3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee
seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue beheld
one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their

Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor. Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Losse, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes Bohemia forgiuenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it

Gent.2. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carryed hence the Child?

Gent.3. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that Paulina knowes

Gent.1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent.3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing

Gent.1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted

Gent.3. One of the prettyest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't, brauely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuenesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to

another) shee did (with an Alas) I would faine say, bleed
Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was
most Marble, there changed colour: some swounded, all
sorrowed: if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe
had beene vniuersall

Gent.1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent.3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers
Statue (which is in the keeping of Paulina) a Peece many
yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare
Italian Master, Iulio Romano, who (had he himselfe Eternitie,
and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile
Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape:
He so neere to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that they
say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer.
Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone,
and there they intend to Sup

Gent.2. I thought she had some great matter there in
hand, for shee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer
since the death of Hermione, visited that remoued House.
Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing?

Gent.1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit
of Accesse? euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace
will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthrifitie to our
Knowledge. Let's along.
Enter.

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in
me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the
old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I
heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but
he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so
he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick,
and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing,
this Mysterie remained vndiscouer'd. But 'tis all
one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret,
it would not haue rellish'd among my other discredits.
Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will,
and already appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune

Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy
Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne

Clow. You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight
with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman
borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not,
and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best
say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the
Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman
borne

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne

Clow. I, and haue been so any time these foure houres

Shep. And so haue I, Boy

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before
my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the
hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings
call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother)
and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father;
and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like
teares that euer we shed

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more

Clow. I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous
estate as we are

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the
faults I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue
me your good report to the Prince my Master

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now
we are Gentlemen

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince,
thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bohemia

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let
Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may
sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to
the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that
thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow
of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile
sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of
thy hands

Aut. I will proue so (Sir) to my power

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not
wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being
a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and Princes
(our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture.
Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Masters.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina:
Hermione
(like a Statue:) Lords,

Leo. O graue and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I haue had of thee?

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answere

Leo. O Paulina,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother

Paul. As she liu'd peerelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeeue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (Paulina)
Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this seemes

Pol. Oh, not by much

Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence,
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liu'd now

Leo. As now she might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warme Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee

Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre

To take-off so much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himselfe

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
Il'd not haue shew'd it

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues

Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veines
Did verily beare blood?

Pol. 'Masterly done:
The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues

Leo. Oh sweet Paulina,
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:
No settled Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther

Leo. Doe Paulina:

For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:

The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne
With Oyly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres

Perd. So long could I

Stand-by, a looker-on

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers

Leo. What you can make her doe,

I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as moue

Paul. It is requir'd

You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart

Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?

Leo. Oh, she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawfull as Eating

Pol. She embraces him

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,
Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is liuing,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our Perdita is found

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by Paulina, that the Oracle

Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd
My selfe, to see the yssue

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they desire (vpon this push) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost

Leo. O peace Paulina:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) said many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted: and heere iustified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy looks
My ill suspition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely
Each one demand, and answere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.

Scaena Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleomines.
Dion.
Foure
Lords of Sicillia.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shephearddresses.

FINIS. The Winters Tale.

The life and death of King John

Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury,
with the
Chattylion of France.

King Iohn. Now say Chatillion, what would France with vs?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speakes the King
of France,
In my behauiour to the Maiesty,
The borrowed Maiesty of England heere

Elea. A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?

K.Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, Geffreyes sonne,
Arthur Plantaginet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To Ireland, Poyctiers, Aniowe, Torayne, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which swaies vsurpingly these seuerall titles,
And put the same into yong Arthurs hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne

K.Iohn. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,
To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,

K.Io. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: so answer France

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie

K.Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of France;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your owne decay:
An honourable conduct let him haue,
Pembroke looke too't: farewell Chattillion.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Ele. What now my sonne, haue I not euer said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her sonne.
This might haue beene preuented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of loue,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must
With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate

K.Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for vs

Eli. Your strong possessio[n] much more then your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my conscience whispers in your eare,
Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.
Enter a Sheriffe.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controuersie
Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K.Iohn. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
This expeditions charge: what men are you?
Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman,
Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand
Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field

K.Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same Faulconbridge

K.Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it seemes

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may

Eli. Out on thee rude man, y dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence

Phil. I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can proue, a pops me out,
At least from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere:
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land

K.Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he slanderd me with bastardy:
But where I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faie fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be Iudge your selfe
If old Sir Robert did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:
O old sir Robert Father, on my knee
I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee

K.Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Elen. He hath a tricke of Cordelions face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large composition of this man?

K.Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect Richard: sirra speake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To Germany, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th' aduantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time soiourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lusty gentleman was got:
Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will

K.Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother to enioy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of Cordelion,

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir Roberts his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eele skins stuft, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
It would not be sir nobbe in any case

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to France

Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death

Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither

Bast. Our Country manners giue our betters way

K.Iohn. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir Roberts wiues eldest sonne

K.Iohn. From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest:
Kneele thou downe Philip, but rise more great,
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet

Bast. Brother by th' mothers side, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir Robert was away

Ele. The very spirit of Plantaginet:
I am thy grandame Richard, call me so

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot

K.Iohn. Goe, Faulconbridge, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more then need

Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt. all but bastard.

Bast. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Ioane a Lady,
Good den Sir Richard, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be George, Ile call him Peter;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable
For your conuersion, now your traueller,
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
 I shall beseech you; that is question now,
 And then comes answer like an Absey booke:
 O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
 At your employment, at your seruice sir:
 No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
 And so ere answer knowes what question would,
 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
 The Perennean and the riuer Poe,
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipfull society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
 For he is but a bastard to the time
 That doth not smoake of obseruation,
 And so am I whether I smacke or no:
 And not alone in habit and deuice,
 Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliuer
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
 Which though I will not practice to deceiue,
 Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
 But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
 What woman post is this? hath she no husband
 That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
 O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
 What brings you heere to Court so hastily?
 Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slaue thy brother? where is he?
 That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe

Bast. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne:
 Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,
 Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seeke so?

Lady. Sir Roberts sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
 Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
 He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou

Bast. Iames Gournie, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?

Gour. Good leaue good Philip

Bast. Philip, sparrow, Iames,
There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.

Exit Iames.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,
Sir Robert might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me sir Robert could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Robert neuer holpe to make this legge

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What meanes this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?

Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne,
I haue disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I denie the deuill

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence

Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wish a better father:
Some sinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Against whose furie and vnmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from Richards hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had beene sinne;
Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin,
Austria,
Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met braue Austria,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Palestine,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue:
And for amends to his posteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vsurpation
Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, English Iohn,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether

Arth. God shall forgiue you Cordelions death
The rather, that you giue his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of vnstained loue,
Welcome before the gates Angiers Duke

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Aust. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kisse,
As seale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forreine purposes,
Euen till that vtmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes

Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,
To make a more requitall to your loue

Aust. The peace of heauen is theirs y lift their swords
In such a iust and charitable warre

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best aduantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-mens bloud,
But we will make it subiect to this boy

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Lest vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud,
My Lord Chattilion may from England bring
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.
Enter Chattilion.

King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish
Our Messenger Chaitilion is arriu'd,
What England saies, say breiefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, Chatilion speake,

Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:
England impatient of your iust demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerse windes
Whose leisure I haue staid, haue giuen him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,
With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
And all th' vnsetled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haue sold their fortunes at their natiue homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the English bottomes haue waft o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare

Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition

Aust. By how much vnexpected, by so much
We must awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.
Enter K[ing]. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and
others.

K.Iohn. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen

Fran. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweat:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing England art so farre,
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother Geffreyes face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, England was Geffreys right,
And this is Geffreyes in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest?

K.Iohn. From whom hast thou this great commission France,
To draw my answer from thy Articles?

Fra. Fro[m] that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and staines of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it

K.Iohn. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie

Fran. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe

Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper France?

Const. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne

Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world

Con. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Then thou and Iohn, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother

Queen. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy father
Const. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee

Aust. Peace

Bast. Heare the Cryer

Aust. What the deuill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the deuill sir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe

Bast. It lies as sightly on the backe of him
As great Alcides shooes vpon an Asse:
But Asse, Ile take that burthen from your backe,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait

Lew. Women &fooles, breake off your conference.
King Iohn, this is the very summe of all:
England and Ireland, Angiers, Toraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

Iohn. My life as soone: I doe defie thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy

Queen. Come to thy grandame child

Cons. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me

Qu.Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee weepes

Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles fro[m] his poor eies,
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd
To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth

Con. Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Remoued from thy sinne—conceiuing wombe

Iohn. Bedlam haue done

Con. I haue but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this remoued issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her

Que. Thou vnaduised scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne

Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will

Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill beseemes this presence to cry ayme
To these ill-tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, Arthurs or Iohns.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?

Fra. 'Tis France, for England

Iohn. England for it selfe:

You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, Arthurs subiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle

Iohn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first:
These flagges of France that are aduanced heere
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:
All preparation for a bloody siedge
And merciles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort your Citties eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to rush vppon your peace.
But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To saue vnscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now instead of bulletts wrapt in fire
To make a shaking feuer in your walles,
They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,
To make a faithlesse error in your eares,
Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,
Craues harbourage within your Citie walles

France. When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.
 Loe in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right
 Of him it holds, stands yong Plantagenet,
 Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
 And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
 For this downe-troden equity, we tread
 In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
 Being no further enemy to you
 Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,
 In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
 Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
 And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
 Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp:
 Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heauen,
 And with a blessed and vn-vext retyre,
 With vnhack'd swords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,
 We will beare home that lustie blood againe,
 Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
 And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.
 But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
 Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
 Though all these English, and their discipline
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
 Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
 In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
 Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,
 And stalke in blood to our possession?

Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects
 For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne

Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in

Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
 To him will we proue loyall, till that time
 Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world

Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the
 King?
 And if not that, I bring you Witnesses

Twice fiftene thousand hearts of Englands breed

Bast. Bastards and else

Iohn. To verifie our title with their liues

Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as those

Bast. Some Bastards too

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both

Iohn. Then God forgiue the sinne of all those soules,
That to their euerlasting residence,
Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King

Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes

Bast. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore
Teach vs some sence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monster of you

Aust. Peace, no more

Bast. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore

Iohn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth
In best appointment all our Regiments

Bast. Speed then to take aduantage of the field

Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand, God and our right.

Exeunt.

Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets
to the
gates.

F.Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in,
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband groueling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little losse doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.
Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E.Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King Iohn, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armour that march'd hence so siluer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There stucke no plume in any English Crest,

Scaena Secunda.

That is remoued by a staffe of France.
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth:
And like a iolly troope of Huntsmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retyre:
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue answerd blowes:
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must proue greatest. While they weigh so euen,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.
Enter the two Kings with their powers, at seuerall doores.

Iohn. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right rome on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leaue his natie channell, and ore-swell
With course disturb'd euen thy confining shores,
Vnlesse thou let his siluer Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean

Fra. England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iust-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom these Armes wee beare,
Or adde a royall number to the dead:
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings

Bast. Ha Maiesty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele,
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men

In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
 Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus:
 Cry hauocke kings, backe to the stained field
 You equall Potents, fierie kindled spirits,
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death

Iohn. Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit?

Fra. Speake Citizens for England, whose your king

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king

Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right

Iohn. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
 And beare possession of our Person heere,
 Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
 And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
 Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
 Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resolu'd
 Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd

Bast. By heauen, these scroyles of Angiers flout you kings,
 And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.
 Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,
 Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,
 Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
 Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
 By East and West let France and England mount.
 Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
 Till their soule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
 The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
 I'de play incessantly vpon these Iades,
 Euen till vnfenced desolation
 Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre:

That done, disseuer your vnited strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour she shall giue the day,
And kisse him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
Smackes it not something of the policie

Iohn. Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell

Fra. Let it be so: say, where will you assault?

Iohn. We from the West will send destruction
Into this Cities bosome

Aust. I from the North

Fran. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne

Bast. O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.
Ile stirre them to it: Come, away, away

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,

That heere come sacrifices for the field.
Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings

Iohn. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of Lewes the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie,
Where should he finde it fairer, then in Blanch:
If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in Blanch?
If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
If not compleat of, say he is not shee,
And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not hee.
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as shee,
And she a faire diuided excellence,
Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
O two such siluer currents when they ioyne
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vnion shall do more then batterie can
To our fast closed gates: for at this match,
With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And giue you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himselfe
In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie

Bast. Heeres a stay,
That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.

What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He giues the bastinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fist of France:
Zounds, I was neuer so bethumpt with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad

Old Qu. Son, list to this coniunction, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye
Thy now vnsur'd assurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.
I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was

Hub. Why answer not the double Maiesties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne

Fra. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
To speake vnto this Cittie: what say you?

Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, Poyctiers,
And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
(Except this Cittie now by vs besiedg'd)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world

Fra. What sai'st thou boy? looke in the Ladies face

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:
I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whispers with Blanch.

Bast. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he

Blan. My vnckles will in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he see's which moues his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easlie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselues should bee your
Iudge,
That I can finde, should merit any hate

Iohn. What saie these yong-ones? What say you my
Neece?

Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,
For I doe loue her most vnfaignedly

Iohn. Then I doe giue Volquessen, Toraine, Maine,
Poyctiers and Aniow, these fiue Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne:
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy sonne and daughter to ioyne hands

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands
Aust. And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie Constance in this troope?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would haue interrupted much.
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?
Dol. She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will giue her sadnesse very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage

Iohn. We will heale vp all,
For wee'l create yong Arthur Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Constance,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill vp the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hast will suffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Exeunt.

Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
 Iohn to stop Arthurs Title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part,
 And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
 Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
 As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
 With that same purpose-changer, that slye diuel,
 That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
 That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
 Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
 Who hauing no externall thing to loose,
 But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
 That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
 Commoditie, the byas of the world,
 The world, who of it selfe is peysed well,
 Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
 Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
 This sway of motion, this commoditie,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
 And this same byas, this Commoditie,
 This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
 Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
 From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
 And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
 Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
 When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
 But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
 Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
 And say there is no sin but to be rich:
 And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
 To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
 Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
 Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.
 Enter.

Actus Secundus

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
False blood to false blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall Lewis haue Blaunch, and Blaunch those Prouinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard,
Be well aduis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, subiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,
Like a proud riuier peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them false,
That giue you cause to proue my saying true

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleeue, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry Blaunch? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,

This newes hath made thee a most vgly man

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it

Ar. I do beseech you Madam be content

Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and slanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing blots, and sightlesse staines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh' adulterates houely with thine Vnckle Iohn,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king Iohn,
That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping Iohn:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings

Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
To me and to the state of my great greefe,
Lets kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,

That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,
Heere is my Throne bid kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Austria,
Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festiuall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall neuer see it, but a holy day

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, periury.
Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Const. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,

But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me

Aust. Lady Constance, peace

Const. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O Lymoges, O Austria, thou dost shame
That bloody spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, y coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou euer strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st neuer fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art periur'd too,
And sooth'st vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes

Aus. O that a man should speake those words to me

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs

Aus. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs

Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;
To thee King Iohn my holy errand is:
I Pandulph, of faire Millane Cardinall,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe Stephen Langton chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee

Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) devise a name
So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answeere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Adde thus much more, that no Italian Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are supream head,
So vnder him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th' assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
To him and his vsurp'd authoritie

Fra. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,

Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegiance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with Rome to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse

Cons. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of France vpon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to Rome

Elea. Look'st thou pale France? do not let go thy hand

Con. Looke to that Deuill, lest that France repent,
And by disioyning hands hell lose a soule

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinall

Bast. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs

Aust. Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,
Because,

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them

Iohn. Philip, what saist thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heauy curse from Rome,
Or the light losse of England, for a friend:
Forgoe the easier

Bla. That's the curse of Rome

Con. O Lewis, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere
In likenesse of a new vntrimmed Bride

Bla. The Lady Constance speakes not from her faith,
But from her need

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe

Iohn. The king is moud, and answers not to this

Con. O be remou'd from him, and answere well

Aust. Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout

Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to say

Pan. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fra. Good reuerend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the coniunction of our inward soules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vowes,
The latest breath that gaue the sound of words
Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,
And euen before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heauen knowes they were besmear'd and ouer-staind
With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,
Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?
Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heauen,
Make such vnconstant children of our selues
As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
Vn-sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To doe your pleasure, and continue friends

Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
Saue what is opposite to Englands loue.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,

A mothers curse, on her reuolting sonne:
 France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A cased Lion by the mortall paw,
 A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
 Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold

Fra. I may dis-ioyne my hand, but not my faith

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
 And like a ciuill warre setst oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
 First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,
 That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
 What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,
 And may not be performed by thy selfe,
 For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
 Is not amisse when it is truely done:
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better Act of purposes mistooke,
 Is to mistake again, though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
 And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
 Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:
 It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
 But thou hast sworne against religion:
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
 And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
 Against an oath the truth, thou art vnshure
 To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,
 Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?
 But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,
 And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
 Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
 Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:
 And better conquest neuer canst thou make,
 Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
 The perill of our curses light on thee
 So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off
 But in despaire, dye vnder their blacke weight

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Armes

Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Against mine Vncle

Const. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Daulphin,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen

Blan. Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor

Dolph. I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,
When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse vpon his head

Fra. Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall fro[m] thee

Const. O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie

Elea. O foule reuolt of French inconstancy

Eng. France, y shalt rue this houre within this houre

Bast. Old Time the clocke setter, y bald sexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue

Bla. The Sun's oreicast with bloud: faire day adieu,
Which is the side that I must goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
They whurle a-sunder, and dismember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:
Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thriue:
Who-euer wins, on that side shall I lose:
Assured losse, before the match be plaid

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies

Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies

Iohn. Cosen, goe draw our puisance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deerest valued bloud of France

Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee vp, &thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Looke to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie

Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms let's hie.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.

Scoena Secunda.

Allarums, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,
And pour's downe mischiefe. Austrias head lye there,
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes

Iohn. Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp,
My Mother is assayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare

Bast. My Lord I rescued her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end.
Enter.

Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Bastard,
Hubert,
Lords.

Iohn. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe

Iohn. Cosen away for England, haste before,
And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vse our Commission in his vtmost force

Bast. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not driue me back,
When gold and siluer becks me to come on.
I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand

Ele. Farewell gentle Cosen

Iohn. Coz, farewell

Ele. Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde

Iohn. Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this bosome, deerely cherished.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heauen Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I haue of thee

Hub. I am much bounden to your Maiesty

Iohn. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,

But thou shalt haue: and creepe time nere so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
Or if that surly spirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A passion hatefull to my purposes:
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:
Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'st me well

Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
By heauen I would doe it

Iohn. Doe not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wheresoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?
Thou art his keeper

Hub. And Ile keepe him so,
That he shall not offend your Maiesty

Iohn. Death

Hub. My Lord

Iohn. A Graue

Hub. He shall not liue

Iohn. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee.
Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
Ile send those powers o're to your Maiesty

Ele. My blessing goe with thee

Iohn. For England Cosen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With al true duetie: On toward Callice, hoa.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of conuicted saile
Is scattered and dis-ioyn'd from fellowship

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well

Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur tane prisoner? diuers deere friends slaine?
And bloudy England into England gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of France?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame:
Enter Constance.

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,
Holding th' eternall spirit against her will,
In the vilde prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me

Con. Lo; now: now see the issue of your peace

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Constance

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottennesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring these fingers with thy houshold wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,
And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,
O come to me

Fra. O faire affliction, peace

Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne Inuocation

Pand. Lady, you vtter madnesse, and not sorrow

Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is Constance, I was Geffreyes wife,
Yong Arthur is my sonne, and he is lost:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliuer'd of these woes.
And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie

Fra. Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of those her haire;
Where but by chance a siluer drop hath falne,
Euen to that drop ten thousand wiery fiends
Doe glew themselues in sociable griefe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie

Con. To England, if you will

Fra. Binde vp your haire

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore childe is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;
For since the birth of Caine, the first male-childe
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the natiue beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen
I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of greefe

Const. He talkes to me, that neuer had a sonne

Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe

Con. Greefe fils the roome vp of my absent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reason to be fond of greefe?
Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte:

Scaena Tertia.

O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire sonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.
Enter.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her.
Enter

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowsie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitterness

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Euen in the instant of repaire and health,
The fit is strongest: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, most of all shew euill:
What haue you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King Iohn hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearely wonne:
Are not you grieu'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him

Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit:
For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
Iohn hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The mis-plac'd Iohn should entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruely hand,
Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.

And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp:
That Iohn may stand, then Arthur needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so

Dol. But what shall I gaine by yong Arthurs fall?

Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claime that Arthur did

Dol. And loose it, life and all, as Arthur did

Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world?

Iohn layes you plots: the times conspire with you,
For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,
Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.
This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none so small aduantage shall step forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
No common winde, no customed euent,
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
Abbotiues, presages, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon Iohn

Dol. May be he will not touch yong Arthurs life,
But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment

Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong Arthur be not gone alreadie,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall reuolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of vnaacquainted change,
And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of Iohn.
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I haue nam'd. The Bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the Church,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King

Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,
If you say I, the King will not say no.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed

Hub. Vncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.
Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubert

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince

Ar. As little Prince, hauing so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad

Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier

Art. 'Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as merry as the day is long:
And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practises more harme to me:
He is affraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geffreyes sonne?
No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert:

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch

Ar. Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a little sicke,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.
Reade heere yong Arthur. How now foolish rheume?
Turning dispiteous torture out of doore?
I must be breefe, least resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairely Hubert, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must

Art. And will you?

Hub. And I will

Art. Haue you the heart? When your head did but
ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)
And I did neuer aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,
And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:
But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall
So much as frowne on you

Hub. I haue sworne to do it:
And with hot Irons must I burne them out

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should haue come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but Huberts

Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do

Art. O saue me Hubert, saue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierce lookes of these bloody men

Hub. Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere

Art. Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:
For heauen sake Hubert let me not be bound:
Nay heare me Hubert, driue these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede

Art. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Giue life to yours

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe

Art. Is there no remedie?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes

Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then feeling what small things are boysterous there,
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong

Art. Hubert, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,
Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no vse, but still to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harme me

Hub. I can heate it, Boy

Art. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vndererued extreames: See else your selfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should vse to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses

Hub. Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out

Art. O now you looke like Hubert. All this while
You were disguis'd

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee

Art. O heauen! I thanke you Hubert

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.

Iohn. Heere once againe we sit: once against crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being vrged at a time vnseasonable

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde vnto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration:
Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe

Pem. When Workemen striue to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in couetousnesse,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by th' excuse:
As patches set vpon a little breach,
Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will

Ioh. Some reasons of this double Corronation
I haue possest you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,

And well shall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' infranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich aduantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.
Enter Hubert.

Iohn. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what newes with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Liues in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleeeue 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Herald's 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death

Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels vs Arthur is deceas'd to night

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence

Ioh. Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?
Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;
So thriue it in your game, and so farewell

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th' inheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Exeunt.

Io. They burn in indignation: I repent:
Enter Mes.

There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,

Scena Secunda.

Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leuied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd

Ioh. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And she not heare of it?

Mes. My Liege, her eare
Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not

Iohn. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?
Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giu'st out are landed heere?

Mes. Vnder the Dolphin.
Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Ioh. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full

Bast. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head

Iohn. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will

Bast. How I haue sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I haue collected shall expresse:
But as I traueil'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne

Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so

Iohn. Hubert, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd
Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?

Bast. The French (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
Besides I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisburie
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seeke the graue
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your suggestion

Iohn. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,
I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
Bring them before me

Bast. I will seeke them out

Iohn. Nay, but make haste: the better foote before.
O, let me haue no subiect enemies,
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion.
Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,

And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

Exit

Iohn. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege

Iohn. My mother dead?
Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say fiue Moones were seene to night:
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about
The other foure, in wondrous motion

Ioh. Fiue Moones?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously:
Yong Arthurs death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.

Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of Arthurs death

Io. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why vrgest thou so oft yong Arthurs death?
Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him

H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?
Iohn. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect

Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did

Ioh. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against vs to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthurs death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince

Hub. My Lord

Ioh. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;

As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my sight, and neuer see me more:
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong Arthur is aliue: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe

Iohn. Doth Arthur liue? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,
I coniure thee but slowly: run more fast.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones.

Dies

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S[aint]. Edmondsbury,
It is our safetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count Meloone, a Noble Lord of France,
Whose priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then these lines import

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.
Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight

Sal. The king hath dispossessed himselfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-bestained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst

Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were best

Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now

Bast. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priuiledge

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?

P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede

Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
Found it too precious Princely, for a graue

Sal. Sir Richard, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almost thinke, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this obiect
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The heighth, the Crest: or Crest vnto the Crest
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest Sauagery, the vildest stroke
That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the teares of soft remorse

Pem. All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:
And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable,
Shall giue a holinesse, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times;
And proue a deadly bloodshed, but a iest,
Exampled by this heynous spectacle

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracelesse action of a heauy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:
It is the shamefull worke of Huberts hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuersant with Ease, and Idlenesse,
Till I haue set a glory to this hand,
By giuing it the worship of Reuenge

Pem. Big. Our soules religiously confirme thy words.
Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,

Arthur doth liue, the king hath sent for you

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone

Hu. I am no villaine

Sal. Must I rob the Law?

Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it vp againe

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say
By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.
I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility

Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer

Hub. Do not proue me so:
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies

Pem. Cut him to peeces

Bast. Keepe the peace, I say

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you Faulconbridge

Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hastie spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
Or Ile so maule you, and your toasting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his sweete liues losse

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme
Like Riuers of remorse and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
Th' vncleanly sauours of a Slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne

Big. Away, toward Burie, to the Dolphin there

P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out.

Ex. Lords.

Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art y damn'd Hubert

Hub. Do but heare me sir

Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe

Hub. Vpon my soule

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That euer Spider twisted from her wombe
Will serue to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.
I do suspect thee very greeuously

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well

Bast. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.
How easie dost thou take all England vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and England now is left

To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The vn-owed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maiesty,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Rauen on a sicke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:
A thousand businesses are briefe in hand,
And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land.
Enter.

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants.

K.Iohn. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory

Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie

Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the French,
And from his holinesse vse all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Counties doe reuolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of soule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of mistempred humor,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or ouerthrow incureable ensues

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
Vpon your stubborne vsage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes.
Enter.

Iohn. Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.
Enter Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Douer Castle: London hath receiu'd
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer seruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends

Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong Arthur was aliue?
Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away

Iohn. That villaine Hubert told me he did liue

Bast. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust
Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye:

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye

Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
Led by the Dolphin

Bast. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Inuasiue? Shall a beardlesse boy,
A cockred-silken wanton braue our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idly spread,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence

Iohn. Haue thou the ordering of this present time

Bast. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a powder foe.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot,
Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord Melloone, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable

Sal. Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeeue me Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of Time
Should seeke a plaster by contemn'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,
By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong:
And is't not pittie, (oh my griued friends)
That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,
That Neptunes Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,

And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly

Dolph. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrastling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
Between compulsion, and a braue respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That siluerly doth progresse on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This showre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I seene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisburie)
And with a great heart heaue away this storme:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.
Enter Pandulpho.

And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath

Pand. Haile noble Prince of France:
The next is this: King Iohn hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to Rome, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,
And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fostered vp at hand,

It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in shewe

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high-borne to be proportied
To be a secondary at controll,
Or vsefull seruing-man, and Instrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that same weake winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this Land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me Iohn hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong Arthur, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that Iohn hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Romes slaue? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men prouided? What munition sent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-goe this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out
Viue le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And shall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke

Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death:
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue

Pand. The Dolphin is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly saies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes

Bast. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,
The youth saies well. Now heare our English King,
For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
This apish and vnmanly approach,
This harness'd Maske, and vnaduis'd Reuell,
This vnheard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, euen at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,
Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
Shall that victorious hand be feeblede heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To sowsse annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
You bloody Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination

Scoena Secunda.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
with such a brabler

Pan. Giue me leaue to speake

Bast. No, I will speake

Dol. We will attend to neyther:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere

Bast. Indeeде your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike Iohn: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast vpon whole thousands of the French

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out

Bast. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me Hubert

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maiesty?

Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinsman Falconbridge,
Desires your Maiestie to leaue the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go

Iohn. Tell him toward Swinsted, to the Abbey there

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This newes was brought to Richard but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselues

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward Swinsted: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends

Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too

Sal. That misbegotten diuell Falconbridge,
In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day

Pem. They say King Iohn sore sick, hath left the field.
Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names

Pem. It is the Count Meloone

Sal. Wounded to death

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King Iohn, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,

And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S[aint]. Edmondsbury,
Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlasting loue

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceiue,
Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If Lewis, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The loue of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and deuout desires

Sal. We do beleeeue thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our ranknesse and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King Iohn.
My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,
For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnesse, that intends old right.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to set;
But staid, and made the Westernne Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
When with a volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp,
Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what newes?

Mes. The Count Meloone is slaine: The English Lords
By his perswasion, are againe falne off,
And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunke on Goodwin sands

Dol. Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very hart:
I did not thinke to be so sad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King Iohn did flie an houre or two before
The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mes. Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be vp so soone as I,
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, seuerally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or
I shoote

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I thinke

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well beleue
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the Plantagenets

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, &endles night,
Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes
abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I in the black brow of night
To finde you out

Bast. Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not swound at it

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolved villaine
Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peraduenture may recouer

Bast. Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,
And brought Prince Henry in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maiestie

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power.
Ile tell thee Hubert, halfe my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These Lincolne-Washes haue deuoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.
Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; euen now he sung

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feelee themselues.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them inuisible, and his seige is now
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Counfound themselues. 'Tis strange y death shold sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme vpon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

John brought in.

John. I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,
It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink vp

Hen. How fares your Maiesty?

Ioh. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Riuer take their course
Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releue you

John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.
Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty

John. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should saile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,

Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the Washes all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus

Hen. Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.
To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall Pandulph is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leaue this warre

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selues well sinew'd to our defence

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall

Hen. At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices
And true subiection euerlastingly

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make
To rest without a spot for euermore

Hen. I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thanks,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares

Bast. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes.
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

Exeunt.

The life and death of King Iohn.

The life and death of King Richard the Second

Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard. Old Iohn of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son:
Heere to make good y boistrous late appeale,
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I haue my Liege

King. Tell me moreouer, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subiect should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him

Gaunt. As neere as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice

Kin. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selues will heare
Th' accuser, and the accused, freely speake;
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage, deafe as the sea; hastie as fire.
Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Coosin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?

Bul. First, heauen be the record to my speech,
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,
The vglier seeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may proue

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your Highnesse curbes mee,
From giuing reines and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would post, vntill it had return'd
These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aside his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,

I do defie him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Englishman durst set his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then stoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoken, or thou canst deuise

Mow. I take it vp, and by that sword I sweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiualrous designe of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight

King. What doth our Cosin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him

Bul. Looke what I said, my life shall proue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiu'd eight thousand Nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
That euer was suruey'd by English eye,
That all the Treasons for these eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say, and further will maintaine

Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
 That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,
 Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
 And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
 Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abels cries,
 (Euen from the toonglesse cauernes of the earth)
 To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
 And by the glorious worth of my discent,
 This arme shall do it, or this life be spent

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
 Thomas of Norfolke, what sayest thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
 And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
 Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
 How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
 Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
 As he is but my fathers brothers sonne;
 Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
 Such neighbour-neerennesse to our sacred blood,
 Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
 The vn-stooping firmenesse of my vpriht soule.
 He is our subiect (Mowbray) so art thou,
 Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow

Mow. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat; thou lyst:
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
 Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers;
 The other part reseru'd I by consent,
 For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
 Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
 Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
 Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
 I slew him not; but (to mine owne disgrace)
 Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
 For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable Father to my foe,
 Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespasse that doth vex my greeued soule:
 But ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
 I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd

Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In hast whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no Physition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your son

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his

Gaunt. When Harrie when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid agen

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is
no boote

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:

The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson

King. Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame

Mo. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten times barr'd vp Chest,
Is a bold spirit, in a loyall brest.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die

King. Coosin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin

Bul. Oh heauen defend my soule from such foule sin.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbrayes face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues shall answer it)
At Couentree, vpon S[aint]. Lamberts day:
There shall your swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home Alarmes.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glousters blood,
Doth more sollicite me then your exclames,
To stirre against the Butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads

Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seuen sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were as seuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dride by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But Thomas, my deere Lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One Violl full of Edwards Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt downe, and his summer leafes all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah Gaunt! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,

Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (Gaunt) it is dispaire,
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts:
What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is to venge my Glousters death

Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens substitute
His Deputy annointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme against his Minister

Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe?
Gau. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cosine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest:
Or if misfortune misse the first carreere,
Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heauy in his bosome,
That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford:
Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, must end her life

Gau. Sister farewell: I must to Couentree,
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee

Dut. Yet one word more: Greefe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see
But empty lodgings, and vnfurnish'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden stones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where:
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L[ord]. Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, sprightly and bold,
Stayes but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

Flourish.

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then
Mowbray in Armor,
and Harrold.

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion

Scena Tertia.

The cause of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings say who y art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heauen, and thy valour

Mow. My name is Tho[mas]. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comst y hither
Before King Richard in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I: who ready heere do stand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,

Scena Tertia.

To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Listes,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire designes

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie:
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our seuerall friends

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead

Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbrayes speare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord Aumerle;
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde proffe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy blessings steele my Lances point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen Coate,

And furnish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the lusty hauiour of his sonne

Gaunt. Heauen in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue

Bul. Mine innocence, and S[aint]. George to thriue

Mow. How euer heauen or fortune cast my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings Richards Throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
This Feast of Battell, with mine Aduersarie.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to iest,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marshall, and begin

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen

Mar. Go beare this Lance to Thomas D[uke]. of Norfolke

1.Har. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight

2.Har. Here standeth Tho[mas]: Mowbray Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall:
Couragiously, and with a free desire
Attending but the signall to begin.

A charge sounded

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets &their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and list
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors swords,
Which so rouz'd vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:

Scena Tertia.

Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
 You Cosin Herford, vpon paine of death,
 Till twice fiue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our faire dominions,
 But treade the stranger pathes of banishment

Bul. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
 That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shine on me:
 And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment

Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe,
 Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
 The slye slow houres shall not determinate
 The datelesse limit of thy deere exile:
 The hopelesse word, of Neuer to returne,
 Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life

Mow. A heauy sentence, my most Soueraigne Liege,
 And all vnlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
 A deerer merit, not so deepe a maime,
 As to be cast forth in the common ayre
 Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands.
 The Language I haue learn'd these forty yeares
 (My natiue English) now I must forgo,
 And now my tongues vse is to me no more,
 Then an vnstringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
 Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd vp,
 Or being open, put into his hands
 That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
 Doubly perculist with my teeth and lippes,
 And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
 Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
 I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurse,
 Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
 What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?

Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
 After our sentence, plaining comes too late

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
 To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night

Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the Oath that we administer:
You neuer shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,
Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduised purpose meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
'Gainst Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land

Bull. I sweare

Mow. And I, to keepe all this

Bul. Norfolke, so fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soule

Mow. No Bullingbroke: If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen banish'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way.
Enter.

Rich. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy greeued heart: thy sad aspect,

Scena Tertia.

Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home, from banishment

Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile:
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne

Rich. Why Vncle, thou hast many yeeres to liue

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue;
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath

Ric. Thy sonne is banish'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
Why at our Iustice seem'st thou then to lowre?

Gau. Things sweet to tast, proue in digestion sowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong

Rich. Cosine farewell: and Vncle bid him so:
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.
Enter.

Flourish.

Au. Cosine farewell: what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time

Bull. Ioy absent, greefe is present for that time

Gau. What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten

Gau. Call it a trauell that thou tak'st for pleasure

Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage

Gau. The sullen passage of thy weary steppes
Esteeme a soyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Iewell of thy home returne

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frostie Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feast?
Or Wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantasticke summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore

Gau. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obserue. Cosine Aumerle,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
But to the next high way, and there I left him

Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepe rhewme, and so by chance

Did grace our hollow parting with a teare

Rich. What said our Cosin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell: and for my hart disdained y my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of Farwels,
But since it would not, he had none of me

Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and Bushy: heere Bagot and Greene
Obseru'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courtesie,
What reuerence he did throw away on slaues;
Wooing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrimen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope

Gr. Well, he is gone, &with him go these thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highnesse losse

Ric. We will our selfe in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennue whereof shall furnish vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanke-charters:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.
Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what newes?

Bu. Old Iohn of Gaunt is verie sicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Maiesty to visit him

Ric. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely house

Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Physitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray heauen we may make hast, and come too late.
Enter.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholsome counsell to his vnstaid youth?

Yor. Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare

Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.

He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
 Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,
 More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
 The setting Sun, and Musicke in the close
 As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,
 Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
 Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,
 My deaths sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare

Yor. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds
 As praises of his state: then there are found
 Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound
 The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.
 Report of fashions in proud Italy,
 Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation
 Limpes after in base imitation.
 Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
 So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
 That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
 That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
 Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
 Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,
 And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
 His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
 For violent fires soone burne out themselues,
 Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,
 He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming meanes soone preyes vpon it selfe.
 This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
 This earth of Maiesty, this seate of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise,
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,
 Which serues it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a Moate defensiuie to a house,
 Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
 This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,

For Christian seruice, and true Chiualrie,
 As is the sepulcher in stubborne Iury
 Of the Worlds ransome, blessed Maries Sonne.
 This Land of such deere soules, this deere–deere Land,
 Deere for her reputation through the world,
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious siedge
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.
 Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death?
 Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and
 Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
 For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more

Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?
Ri. What comfort man? How ist with aged Gaunt?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
 Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:
 Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,
 And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
 Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.
 The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,
 Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
 Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
 Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones

Ric. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?
Gau. No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:
 Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mee,
 I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that liue?
Gau. No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye

Rich. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me

Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be

Rich. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou lvest in reputation sicke,
And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy 'anointed body to the cure
Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in so small a Verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.
Why (Cosine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a shame to let his Land by lease:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy state of Law, is bondslaue to the law,
And—

Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
With fury, from his natiue residence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers Edwards sonne,
For that I was his Father Edwards sonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)

Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy soules)
May be a president, and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edwards blood:
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,
And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue.

Exit

Rich. And let them dye, that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue

Yor. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere
As Harry Duke of Herford, were he heere

Rich. Right, you say true: as Herfords loue, so his;
As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.
Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde Gaunt commends him to your
Maiestie

Rich. What sayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is said:
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent

Yor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo

Rich. The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which liue like venom, where no venom else
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge
Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,
Whereof our Vncle Gaunt did stand possest

Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?
Not Glousters death, nor Herfords banishment,
Nor Gautes rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
Haue euer made me sowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the last of noble Edwards sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou hast, for euen so look'd he
Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh Richard, Yorke is too farre gone with greefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene

Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?

Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd Herford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?

Is not his heyre a well-deseruing sonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights:
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you do wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke

Ric. Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,
What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their euent can neuer fall out good.
Enter.

Rich. Go Bushie to the Earle of Wiltshire streight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Ely house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouvernor of England:
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

Manet North. Willoughby, & Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead

Ross. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke

Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennue

Nor. Richly in both, if iustice had her right

Ross. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake to th' Du[ke]. of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie

Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne.
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
'Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires

Ros. The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts

Wil. And daily new exactions are deuis'd,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yeelded vpon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres

Ros. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme

Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man

Nor. Reproach, and dissolution hangeth ouer him

Ros. He hath not monie for these Irish warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:
We see the winde sit sore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish

Ros. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke

Nor. Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say

How neere the tidings of our comfort is

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Ros. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold

Nor. Then thus: I haue from Port le Blan
A Bay in Britaine, receiu'd intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Herford, Rainald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother Archbishop, late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Rainston,
Sir Iohn Norberie, & Sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slauish yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in poste to Rauenspurgh,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go

Ros. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them y feare

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard; yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King

Bush. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not seene;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrink

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something greefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuersion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.
Enter Greene.

Gre. Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his designes craue hast, his hast good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.
The banish'd Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
At Rauenspurg

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The L[ord]. Northumberland, his yong sonne Henrie Percie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him

Bush. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We haue: whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,
And al the houshold seruants fled with him to Bullinbrook

Qu. So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bullinbrooke my sorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd

Bush. Dispaire not Madam

Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.
Enter Yorke.

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:
Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:
Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home:
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.
Enter a seruant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came

Yor. He was: why so: go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare reuolt on Herfords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloster,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,

But I shall greeue you to report the rest

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heauen
(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these warres?
Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, prouide some Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muster men?
If I know how, or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleue me. Both are my kinsmen,
Th' one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: th' other againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen,
Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:
I should to Plashy too: but time will not permit,
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at six and seuen.

Exit

Bush. The winde sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes: For vs to leuy power
Proportionable to th' enemy, is all impossible

Gr. Besides our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King

Ba. And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue

Shakespeare's First Folio

Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate

Bush. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd

Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then so do we,
Because we haue beene euer neere the King

Gr. Well: I will for refuge straight to Bristoll Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curses, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r shall meete againe

Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back Bullinbroke

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye

Bush. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well, we may meete againe

Bag. I feare me neuer.
Enter.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord,

I am a stranger heere in Gloustershire,
These high wilde hilles, and rough vneuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome.
And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenspurch to Cottshold will be found,
In Rosse and Willoughby, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse, and processe of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse;
And hope to ioy, is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your Noble Companie

Bull. Of much lesse value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H[arry]. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young Harry Percie,
Sent from my Brother Worcester: Whence soeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his
health of you

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst
The Household of the King

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolu'd, when we last spake together

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barkely, to discouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenspurgh

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)
Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the
Duke

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme
To more approued seruice, and desert

Bull. I thanke thee gentle Percie, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It shall be still thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus seales it

North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre
Keepes good old Yorke there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkely, and Seymor,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.
Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Rosse and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence

Ross. Your presence makes vs rich, most Noble Lord

Willo. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it

Bull. Euermore thanks, th' Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?
Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I ghesse

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you

Bull. My Lord, my Answer is to Lancaster,
And I am come to seeke that Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our Natiue Peace with selfe-borne Armes.
Enter Yorke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Vnckle

Scaena Tertia.

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dutie is deceiuable, and false

Bull. My gracious Vnckle

York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why haue these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull Bosome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes?
Com'st thou because th' anynted King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt, thy Father, and my selfe
Rescued the Black Prince, that yong Mars of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thousand French:
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy Fault

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Euen in Condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th' expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes against thy Soueraigne

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And Noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd

Shakespeare's First Folio

A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You haue a Sonne, Aumerle, my Noble Kinsman,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle Gaunt a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denyde to sue my Liuerie here,
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:
My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Discent

North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd

Ross. It stands your Grace vpon, to doe him right

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Cosens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all

North. The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayd,
And let him neu'r see Ioy, that breakes that Oath

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,

Shakespeare's First Folio

I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night

Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bushie, Bagot, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue sworne to weed, and plucke away

York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee

Scoena Quarta.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loose what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard their King is dead.
Enter.

Sal. Ah Richard, with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnrest:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes.
Enter.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Rosse, Percie,
Willoughby,
with Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vn timer, and disfigur'd cleane:

You haue in manner with your sinfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn fro[m] her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him mis-interprete me,
Haue stoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Dis-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse, leauing me no signe,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death

Bushie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
Then Bullingbrooke to England

Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our soules,
And plague Iniustice with the paines of Hell

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd:
Vnckle, you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heauens sake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd

York. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatch'd
With Letters of your loue, to her at large

Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
To fight with Glendoure, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours. Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile,
and
Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weepe for ioy
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenuous sence:
But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,
And heaue-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
Mock not my sencelesse Coniuration, Lords;
This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest Bullingbrooke through our securitie,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnseene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
But when from vnder this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the prowde tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselues.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor Bullingbrooke,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heauen for his Richard hath in heauenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.
Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?

Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke, disperst, and fled

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are

Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Faurorites of a King: are wee not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle Yorke
Hath Power enough to serue our turne.
But who comes here?
Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
Striues Bullingbrooke to be as Great as wee?
Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,
Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,

Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,
 As if the World were all dissolu'd to teares:
 So high, aboue his Limits, swells the Rage
 Of Bullingbrooke, couering your fearefull Land
 With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
 White Beares haue arm'd their thin and haireslesse Scalps
 Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
 Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioints
 In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
 Thy very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes
 Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State
 Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:
 Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
 And all goes worse then I haue power to tell

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
 Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
 What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
 That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
 Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
 If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke

Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
 Dogges, easily wooon to fawne on any man,
 Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
 Three Iudasses, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
 Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
 Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,
 Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:
 Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made
 With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curse
 Haue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
 And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:

Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:
For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some haue been depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King.
Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:
I liue with Bread like you, feeble Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,
But presently preuent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to sight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death seruile breath

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him;
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud Bullingbrooke I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Vnckle Yorke is ioyn'd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction

Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire:
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine

Aum. My Liege, one word

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richards Night, to Bullingbrookes faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke,
Northumberland,
Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head

York. It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland,
To say King Richard: alack the heauie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out

York. The time hath beene,
Would you haue beene so briefe with him, he would
Haue beene so briefe with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the Head, your whole heads length

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should

York. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.
Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head

Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here?
Enter Percie.

Welcome Harry: what, will not this Castle yeeld?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance

Bull. Royally? Why, it containes no King?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King: King Richard lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile

Bull. Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kisse
King Richards hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Prouided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted:
If not, Ile vse th 'aduantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of Bullingbrooke
It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene Lap of faire King Richards Land,
My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.
Goe signifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyse of threatning Drum,
That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meet
With no lesse terror then the Elements

Shakespeare's First Folio

Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

Parle without, and answere within: then a Flourish. Enter on the
Walls,
Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
Of his bright passage to the Occident

York. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maiestie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harne should staine so faire a shew

Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we stood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the Hand of God,
That hath dismiss'd vs from our Stewardship,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he doe prophane, steale, or vsurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yond me thinkes he is,

That euery stride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treason: He is come to ope
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood

North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be rush'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your Royall Grandsires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt,
And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie:
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is iust,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him

Rich. Northumberland, say thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debase our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,

That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
 On yond prowde man, should take it off againe
 With words of sooth: Oh that I were as great
 As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,
 Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
 Or not remember what I must be now:
 Swell'st thou prowde heart? Ile giue thee scope to beat,
 Since Foes haue scope to beat both thee and me

Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke

Rich. What must the King doe now? must he submit?
 The King shall doe it: Must he be depos'd?
 The King shall be contented: Must he loose
 The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
 Ile giue my Iewels for a sett of Beades,
 My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
 My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
 My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
 My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
 My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
 And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
 A little little Graue, an obscure Graue.
 Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
 Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
 May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:
 For on my heart they tread now, whilst I liue;
 And buried once, why not vpon my Head?
 Aumerle, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)
 Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares:
 Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
 And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
 Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
 And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares?
 As thus: to drop them still vpon one place,
 Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
 Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes
 Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
 Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I see
 I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
 Most mightie Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What sayes King Bullingbrooke? Will his Maiestie
 Giue Richard leaue to liue, till Richard die?
 You make a Legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I

North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades.
In the base Court? base Court, where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls shrike, where mou[n]ting Larks should sing

Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow, and grieve of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie.
My gracious Lord

Rich. Faire Cousin,
You debase your Princely Knee,
To make the base Earth prowde with kissing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feelee your Loue,
Then my vnpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.
Vp Cousin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine
owne

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and
all

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue

Rich. Well you deseru'd:
They well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares shew their Loue, but want their Remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London:
Cousin, is it so?
Bull. Yea, my good Lord

Rich. Then I must not say, no.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas

La. Madame, wee'le Dance

Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport

La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of eyther, Madame

Qu. Of neyther, Girle.
For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine

La. Madame, Ile sing

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.
Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State: for euery one doth so,

Scena Quarta.

Against a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe

Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnrule Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twiggess.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen, in our Gouernment.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by Bullingbrooke:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pittie is it, that he had not so trim'd
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe?
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:

Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Gar. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings

Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:
Thou old Adams likenesse, set to dresse this Garden:
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing newes
What Eue? what Serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why do'st thou say, King Richard is depos'd,
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bullingbrooke, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe.
Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,
I speake no more, then euery one doth know

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great Bullingbrooke.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow.
Enter.

G. Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene.
Enter.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle,
Northumberland,
Percie, FitzWater, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Westminster. Herauld,
Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth Bagot.
Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end

Bag. Then set before my face, the Lord Aumerle

Bul. Cosin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man

Bag. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vsay, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cosins death

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,
On equall termes to giue him chasticement?
Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd
With th' Attaindor of his sland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lvest,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword

Bul. Bagot forbear, thou shalt not take it vp

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:
There is my Gage, Aumerle, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble Glousters death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lvest,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point

Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre

Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this

Per. Aumerle, thou lye'st: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to th' extreamest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke

Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in presence then,
And you can witnesse with me, this is true

Surrey. As false, by heauen,
As Heauen it selfe is true

Fitz. Surrey, thou Liest

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy;
That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st

Fitzw. How fondly do'st thou spurre a forward Horse?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete Surrey in a Wildernesse,
And spit vpon him, whilst I say he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my strong Correction.
As I intend to thrue in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolke say,
That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That Norfolke lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,
Till Norfolke be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;
And (though mine Enemie) restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his Tryall

Carl. That honorable day shall ne're be seene.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolke fought
For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long

Bull. Why Bishop, is Norfolke dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord

Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
To the Bosome of good old Abraham.
Lords Appealants, your differe[n]ces shal all rest vnder gage,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.
Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy Royall Hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,

And long liue Henry, of that Name the Fourth

Bull. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne

Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,
 Yet best beseeeming me to speake the truth.
 Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
 Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
 Of Noble Richard: then true Noblenesse would
 Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
 What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
 And who sits here, that is not Richards Subiect?
 Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
 Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
 And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
 His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
 Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
 Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,
 And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
 That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de
 Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.
 I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,
 Stir'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
 Is a foule Traytor to prowde Herefords King.
 And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
 Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
 And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
 Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
 Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
 Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
 Oh, if you reare this House, against this House
 It will the wofullest Diuision proue,
 That euer fell vpon this cursed Earth.
 Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
 Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe

North. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
 Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
 To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.

May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceede
Without suspition

Yorke. I will be his Conduct.
Enter.

Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer:
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.
Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
Before I haue shooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The fauors of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
So Iudas did to Christ: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.
God saue the King: will no man say, Amen?
Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God saue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither?

Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer:
The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
To Henry Bullingbrooke

Rich. Giue me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize y Crown:
Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil'st you mount vp on high

Bull. I thought you had been willing to resigne

Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes; still am I King of those

Bull. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne

Rich. Your Cares set vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

Bull. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I must nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my selfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes;
All Pompe and Maiestie I doe forswear:
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd.
Long may'st thou liue in Richards Seat to sit,
And soone lye Richard in an Earthie Pit.
God saue King Henry, vn-King'd Richard sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

North. No more: but that you reade
These Accusations, and these grieuous Crymes,
Committed by your Person, and your followers,
Against the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confessing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weau'd-vp follyes? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke vpon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you Pilates
Haue here deliuer'd me to my sowre Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I haue giuen here my Soules consent,
T' vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Soueraigntie, a Slaue;
Prowd Maiestie, a Subiect; State, a Pesant

North. My Lord

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurpt: alack the heauie day,
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of Bullingbrooke,
To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither straight,

That it may shew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maiestie

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse

North. Read o're this Paper, while y Glasse doth come

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell

Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord Northumberland

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.
Enter one with a Glasse.

Giue me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow stricke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,
Like to my followers in prosperitie,
Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That euery day, vnder his House-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,
That was at last out-fac'd by Bullingbrooke?
A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred shiuers.
Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
How soone my Sorrow hath destroy'd my Face

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your Face

Rich. Say that againe.
The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And these externall manner of Laments,
Are meerely shadowes, to the vnseene Griefe,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the substance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'st
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin

Rich. Faire Cousin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subiects; being now a subiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I haue no neede to begge

Bull. Yet aske

Rich. And shall I haue?

Bull. You shall

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights

Bull. Goe some of you, conuey him to the Tower

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your selues.

Exeunt.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne

Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
What euer I shall happen to deuise.
I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To Iulius Cæsars ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by prow'd Bullingbrooke.
Here let vs rest, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to dew,
And wash him fresh againe with true-loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King Richards Tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Necessitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyster thee in some Religious House:
Our holy liues must winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue stricken downe

Qu. What, is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bullingbrooke
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'st,

As from my Death-bed, my last liuing leaue.
 In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
 With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
 Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
 And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
 Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
 For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize
 The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
 And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
 And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
 For the deposing of a rightfull King.
 Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bullingbrooke is chang'd.
 You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
 And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
 With all swift speed, you must away to France

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
 The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne,
 The time shall not be many houres of age,
 More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
 Shall breake into corruption: thou shalt thinke,
 Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
 It is too little, helping him to all:
 He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
 To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
 Being ne're so little vrg'd another way,
 To pluck him headlong from the vsurped Throne.
 The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
 That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
 To worthie Danger, and deserued Death

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
 Take leaue, and part, for you must part forthwith

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
 A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me.
 And then betwixt me, and my married Wife.
 Let me vn-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
 And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.
 Part vs, Northumberland: I, towards the North,

Where shiuering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day

Qu. And must we be diuided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart fro[m] heart

Qu. Banish vs both, and send the King with me

North. That were some Loue, but little Pollicy

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes

Qu. So longest Way shall haue the longest Moanes

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, y Way being short,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe:
One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest, let Sorrow say.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story off,
Of our two Cousins comming into London

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
Where rude mis-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head

Yorke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cride, God saue thee Bullingbrooke.
You would haue thought the very windowes spake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had said at once,
Iesu preserue thee, welcom Bullingbrooke.
Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along

Dutch. Alas poore Richard, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowle on Richard: no man cride, God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him.
But heauen hath a hand in these euent,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.
To Bullingbrooke, are we sworne Subiects now,
Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.
Enter Aumerle

Dut. Heere comes my sonne Aumerle

Yor. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards Friend.
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealtie to the new-made King

Dut. Welcome my sonne: who are the Violets now,
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? Hold those Iusts & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do

Yorke. You will be there I know

Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so

Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing

Yorke. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene

Yorke. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare

Dut. What should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, against the Triumph

Yorke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.
Boy, let me see the Writing

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it

Yor. I will be satisfied: let me see it I say.

Snatches it

Scoena Secunda.

Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my boots, I say: Saddle my horse:
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine

Dut. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish Woman

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer

Dut. Thy life answer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King

Dut. Strike him Aumerle. Poore boy, y art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my sight

Yor. Giue me my Boots, I say

Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,

And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conspiracy?
A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford

Dut. He shall be none:
Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I haue bene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I loue him

Yorke. Make way, vnruely Woman.

Exit

Dut. After Aumerle. Mount thee vpon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke:
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone.

Exit

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthrifte Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tauernes there:
For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose Companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to support
So dissolute a crew

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford

Bul. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'st creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger

Bul. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?
Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes our Cosin, that hee stares
And lookes so wildely?

Aum. God saue your Grace. I do beseech your Maiesty
To haue some conference with your Grace alone

Bul. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Cosin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale be done

Bul. Haue thy desire.

Yorke within.

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee safe

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause
to feare

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.
Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) speak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,

Scoena Tertia.

That we may arme vs to encounter it

Yor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pittie him, least thy pittie proue
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart

Bul. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou sheere, immaculate, and siluer fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing sonne

Yorke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame;
As thriftlesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor liues, when his dishonor dies,
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutchesse within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens sake let me in

Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pittie me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenesse, prosper may.
This fester'd ioynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.
Enter Dutchesse.

Dut. O King, beleeeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, louing not it selfe, none other can

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost y make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege

Bul. Rise vp good Aunt

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,
And neuer see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee

Yorke. Against them both, my true ioynts bended be

Dut. Pleades he in earnest? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in iest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue

Bul. Good Aunt stand vp

Dut. Nay, do not say stand vp.
But Pardon first, and afterwards stand vp.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how.
The word is short: but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) say Pardon'ne moy

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set's the word it selfe, against the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand.
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearse

Bul. Good Aunt, stand vp

Dut. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suite I haue in hand

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee?
Yet am I sicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart

Dut. A God on earth thou art

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order seuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cosin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true

Dut. Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.

Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee
spake?

Scoena Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not so?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex.

Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?

Ser. He did.

Ex.

And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,
As who should say, I would thou wer't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.
Enter.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,

Scaena Quarta.

For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
 With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
 Against the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,
 It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
 To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.
 Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
 Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes
 May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
 And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
 Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselues,
 That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
 Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
 Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
 That many haue, and others must sit there;
 And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,
 Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
 Of such as haue before indur'd the like.
 Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
 Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Beggar,
 And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
 Perswades me, I was better when a King:
 Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
 Thinke that I am vn-king'd by Bullingbrooke,
 And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,

Musick

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?
 Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowre sweet Musicke is,
 When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
 So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:
 And heere haue I the daintinesse of eare,
 To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
 But for the Concord of my State and Time,
 Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
 I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
 For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
 My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
 Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
 Where to my finger, like a Dialls point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
 Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,

Scaena Quarta.

Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs poasting on, in Bullingbrookes proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th' Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to Richard,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.
Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who traueilling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When Bullingbrooke rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground

Rich. So proud, that Bullingbrooke was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse horse: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing Bullingbrooke.
Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer stay

Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall
say.
Enter.

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo

Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary

Rich. The diuell take Henrie of Lancaster, and thee;
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.
Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton strikes him downe.

That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,

Scaena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.
Enter.

Scoena Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords attendants.

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire
Our Towne of Cicester in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.
Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?

Nor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere

Bul. We thank thee gentle Percy for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.
Enter Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,

Shakespeare's First Folio

The heads of Broccas, and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That sought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow

Bul. Thy paines Fitzwaters shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.
Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But heere is Carlile, liuing to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride

Bul. Carlile, this is your doome:
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'st in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy, thou hast euer beene,
High sparkes of Honor in thee haue I seene.
Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought

Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex.

From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed

Bul. They loue not poyson, that do poyson neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.
With Caine go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on sullen Blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The life and death of King Richard the Second.

The First Part of Henry the Fourth

with the Life and Death of Henry Sirnamed Hot-Spyrre

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland,
with
others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,

Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
 And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
 To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote:
 No more the thirsty entrance of this Soile,
 Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
 No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
 Nor bruise her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes
 Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
 Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
 All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
 Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
 And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,
 Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes
 March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
 Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
 The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
 As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
 Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse
 We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
 Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,
 Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
 To chace these Pagans in those holy Fields,
 Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
 Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
 For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.
 But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,
 And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:
 Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
 Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
 What yesternight our Councell did decree,
 In forwarding this deere expedience

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
 And many limits of the Charge set downe
 But yesternight: when all athwart there came
 A Post from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
 Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
 (Without much shame) re-told or spoken of

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there,
Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald,
That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
At Holmeden met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:
As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes.
The Earle of Dowglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Atholl,
Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cosin, is it not? Infaith it is

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'st a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow

Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young Percies pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word
I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife

West. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester
Maleuolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a-while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.
Cosin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be saide, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping
vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten

to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truly know.
What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day?
vnlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,
and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes
of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire
hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason,
why thou shouldest bee so superfluous, to demaund the
time of the day

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that
take Purses, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not
by Phoebus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I
prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue
thy Grace, Maiesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt
haue none

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to
an Egge and Butter

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd
Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dianaes Forresters,
Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;
and let men say, we be men of good Gouvernment, being
gouerned as the Sea, by our noble and chast mistris the
Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and
flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the
Moone: as for prooffe. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely
snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely
spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by:
and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe
as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow
as the ridge of the Gallowes

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hostesse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there

Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag, shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rustie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe

Prin. No, thou shalt

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge

Prin. Thou iudgest false already. I meane, thou shalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare Hangman

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some sort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnsauoury smiles, and art indeed the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet yong Prince. But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vnto me Hall, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From
Praying, to Purse-taking

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a
man to labour in his Vocation

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a
Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole
in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent
Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man

Prin. Good morrow Ned

Poines. Good morrow sweet Hal. What saies Monsieur
remorse? What sayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar:
Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule,
that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a Cup of
Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuel shall haue
his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs:
He will giue the diuell his due

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with
the diuell

Prin. Else he had damn'd cozening the diuell

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by
foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going
to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding
to London with fat Purses. I haue vizards for you
all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hill lyes to
night in Rochester, I haue bespoke Supper to morrow in
Eastcheape; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will
go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will
not, tarry at home and be hang'd

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not,
Ile hang you for going

Poy. You will chops

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship
in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royall,
if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap

Fal. Why, that's well said

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King

Prin. I care not

Poy. Sir Iohn, I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone,
I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduventure, that
he shall go

Fal. Well, maist thou haue the Spirit of perswasion;
and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest,

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may moue; and what he heares may be beleueed, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you shall finde me in Eastcheape

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer

Poy. Now, my good sweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falstaffe, Haruey, Rossill, and Gads-hill, shall robbe those men that wee haue already way-layde, your selfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders

Prin. But how shal we part with them in setting forth?

Poy. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'l set vpon them

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues

Poy. Tut our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and sirrah, I haue Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes.

The vertue of this Iest will be, the incomprehensible lyes
that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper:
how thirty at least he fought with, what Wardes, what
blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe
of this, lyes the iest

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things
necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape,
there Ile sup. Farewell

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord.

Exit Pointz

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idlenesse:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidiaies,
To sport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised;
By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a sullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspurre, Sir Walter Blunt,
and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene smooth as Oyle, soft as yong Downe,
And therefore lost that Title of respect,
Which the proud soule ne're payes, but to the proud

Wor. Our house (my Soueraigne Liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnesse to be vsed on it,
And that same greatnesse too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly

Nor. My Lord

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a seruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.
You were about to speake

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which Harry Percy heere at Holmedon tooke,
Were (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was deliuered to your Maiesty:
Who either through enuy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
 But, I remember when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
 Breathlesse, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
 Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest;
 Fresh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
 Shew'd like a stubble Land at Haruest home.
 He was perfumed like a Milliner,
 And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
 A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon
 He gaue his Nose, and took't away againe:
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Tooke it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd:
 And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,
 To bring a slouely vnhandsome Coarse
 Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
 With many Holiday and Lady tearme
 He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded
 My Prisoners, in your Maiesties behalfe.
 I then, all-smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 (To be so pestered with a Poppingay)
 Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
 Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
 He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
 To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
 And talke so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
 Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God saue the marke;
 And telling me, the Soueraign'st thing on earth
 Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise:
 And that it was great pittie, so it was,
 That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
 Out of the Bowels of the harmlesse Earth,
 Which many a good Tall Fellow had destroy'd
 So Cowardly. And but for these vile Gunnes,
 He would himselfe haue beene a Souldier.
 This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
 Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)
 And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come currant for an Accusation,
 Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maiesty

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
 What euer Harry Percie then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably dye, and neuer rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he vnsay it now

King. Why yet doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Prouiso and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, shall ransome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who (in my soule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of those, that he did leade to Fight,
Against the great Magitian, damn'd Glendower:
Whose daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Feares,
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues.
No: on the barren Mountaine let him sterue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one peny cost
To ransome home reuolted Mortimer

Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes siedgie banke,
In single Opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of swift Seuernes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criske-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor neuer could the Noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be sland'ed with Reuolt

King. Thou do'st bely him Percy, thou dost bely him;
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth

Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease ye. My Lord Northumberland,
We License your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your Prisoners, or you'l heare of it.

Exit King.

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head

Nor. What? drunke with choller? stay & pause awhile,
Heere comes your Vnckle.
Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Yes, I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all these Veines,
And shed my deere blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall Mortimer
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred Bullingbrooke

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will (forsooth) haue all my Prisoners:
And when I vrg'd the ransom once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King

(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer,
Heyre to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did heare it

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountaines staru'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake, wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curses vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this subtill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard, that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banish'd Honors, and restore your selues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say—

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,

And to your quicke conceyuing Discontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnstedfast footing of a Speare

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimme:
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So Honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience

Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an easie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowship

Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he should attend:
Good Cousin giue me audience for a-while,
And list to me

Hot. I cry you mercy

Wor. Those same Noble Scottes
That are your Prisoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he shall not haue a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would saue his Soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them, by this Hand

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keepe

Hot. Nay, I will: that's flat:
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer:
Forbad my tongue to speake of Mortimer.
But I will finde him when he lyes asleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla Mortimer.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger still in motion

Wor. Heare you Cousin: a word

Hot. All studies heere I solemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would haue poyson'd him with a pot of Ale

Wor. Farewell Kinsman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend

Nor. Why what a Waspe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods,
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician Bullingbrooke.
In Richards time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Gloustershire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I first bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this Bullingbrooke:
When you and he came backe from Rauenspurgh

Nor. At Barkley Castle

Hot. You say true:

Why what a caudie deale of curtesie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kinde Cousin:
O, the Diuell take such Couzeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
Wee'l stay your leysure

Hot. I haue done insooth

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbishop

Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at Bristow, the Lord Scroope.
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on

Hot. I smell it:

Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well

Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a Noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with Mortimer, Ha

Wor. And so they shall

Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue

Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be sodainly:
Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you, and Dowglas, and our powres at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty

Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thriue, I trust

Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our sport.

Exit

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1.Car. Heigh—ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be
hang'd. Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet
our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon

1.Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few
Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers,
out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2.Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog,
and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes:
This house is turned vpside downe since Robin the Ostler
dyed

1.Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd since the price of oats
rose, it was the death of him

2.Car. I thinke this is the most villanous house in al
London rode for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench

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1.Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Christendome,
could be better bit, then I haue beene since the
first Cocke

2.Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and
then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye
breeds Fleas like a Loach

1.Car. What Ostler, come away, and be hangd: come
away

2.Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of
Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-crosse

1.Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite starued.
What Ostler? A plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in
thy head? Can'st not heare? And t'were not as good a
deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine.
Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?
Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to see my Gelding
in the stable

1.Car. Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two
of that

Gad. I prethee lend me thine

2.Car. I, when, canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne

(quoth—a) marry Ile see thee hang'd first

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2.Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugges, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Exeunt.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick—purse

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine:
For thou variest no more from picking of Purses,
then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou
lay'st the plot, how

Cham. Good morrow Master Gads—Hill, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S[aint]. Nicholas Clarks,
Ile giue thee this necke

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipst S[aint]. Nicholas as truly

as a man of falshood may

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir Iohn hangs with mee, and thou know'st hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that y dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should bee look'd into) for their owne Credit sake, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, No Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can holde in, such as will strike sooner then speake; and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp &downe on her, and make hir their Boots

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will she hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will; Iustice hath liquor'd her. We steale as in a Castle, cocksure: we haue the receit of Fernseede, we walke inuisible

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernseed, for your walking inuisible

Gad. Giue me thy hand.
Thou shalt haue a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a false Theefe

Gad. Goe too: Homo is a common name to all men.
Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell,
ye muddy Knaue.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I haue remoued Falstafs
Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet

Prin. Stand close.
Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Poiness, Poiness, and be hang'd Poiness

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling
dost thou keepe

Fal. What Poiness. Hal?

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seek
him

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Theefe company: that
Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not
where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a
foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but
to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing
that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company houely
any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewicht
with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen

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me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. Poines, Hal, a Plague vpon you both. Bardolph, Peto: Ile starue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.

They Whistle.

Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horse you
Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted

Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good Kings sonne

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.
Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand

Fal. So I do against my will

Poin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:
Bardolfe, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's
mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going
to the Kings Exchequer

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern

Gad. There's enough to make vs all

Fal. To be hang'd

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane:
Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter,
then they light on vs

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir Iohn Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your Grandfather;
but yet no Coward, Hal

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the prooffe

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horse stands behinde the hedg,
when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Farewell,
and stand fast

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I:
euery man to his businesse.
Enter Trauellers

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy shall leade our Horses
downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and ease our
Legges

Theeues. Stay

Tra. Iesu blesse vs

Fal. Strike down with them, cut the villains throats;
a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs
youth; downe with them, fleece them

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No
ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacons,
on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are
Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Paines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now
could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London,
it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a
Moneth, and a good iest for euer

Poynes. Stand close, I heare them comming.
Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horsse
before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand
Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no moe
valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke

Prin. Your money

Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poynes set vpon them. They all
run
away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse:
The Theeues are scattred, and possest with fear so strongly,
that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow
for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to
death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't
not for laughing, I should pittie him

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord. I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house. He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. The purpose you vndertake is dangerous. Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition. Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lackebraine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not besides, the Dowglas? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.
Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banish'd woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?
And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?
In my faint-slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,
Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at Warre,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweate hath stood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;
And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it: else he loues me not

Hot. What ho; Is Gilliams with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses fro[m] the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now

Hot. What Horse? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not

Ser. It is my Lord

Hot. That Roane shall be my Throne. Well, I will
backe him straight. Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth
into the Parke

La. But heare you, my lord

Hot. What say'st thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Loue) my horse

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not
such a deale of Spleene, as you are tost with. In sooth Ile
know your businesse Harry, that I will. I feare my Brother
Mortimer doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent
for you to line his enterprize. But if you go—

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Loue

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly
vnto this question, that I shall aske. Indeede Ile breake
thy little finger Harry, if thou wilt not tel me true

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We must haue bloodie Noses, and crack'd Crownes,
And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.
What say'st thou Kate? what wold'st thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you loue me not,
I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in iest, or no

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare
I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you Kate,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whether I go: nor reason whereabouts.
Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Euening must I leaue thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then Harry Percies wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will beleue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'st not know,
And so farre wilt I trust thee, gentle Kate

La. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you Kate,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you Kate?

La. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poincs.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend
me thy hand to laugh a little

Poincs. Where hast bene Hall?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst 3.
or fourescore Hogsheads. I haue sounded the verie base
string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of
Drawers, and can call them by their names, as Tom, Dicke,
and Francis. They take it already vpon their confidence,
that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King
of Curtesie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like Falstaffe,
but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and
when I am King of England, I shall command al the good
Laddes in East-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying
Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then
they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am
so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can

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drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then Eight shillings and six pence, and, You are welcome: with this shril addition, Anon, Anon sir, Score a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe Moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away time till Falstaffe come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling Francis, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and Ile shew thee a President

Poines. Francis

Prin. Thou art perfect

Poin. Francis.
Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet,
Ralfe

Prince. Come hither Francis

Fran. My Lord

Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to—

Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon sir

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clinking
of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as
to play the coward with thy Indenture, & show it a faire
paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the Books in
England, I could finde in my heart

Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon sir

Prin. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe—

Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou
gauest me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had bene two

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske
me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it

Poin. Francis

Fran. Anon, anon

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis:
or Francis, on thursday: or indeed Francis when thou
wilt. But Francis

Fran. My Lord

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall
button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice
garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Bastard is your onely
drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet
will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much

Fran. What sir?

Poin. Francis

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing
which way
to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling?
Looke to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir
Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: shall I let
them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.
Poines.
Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon sir

Prin. Sirra, Falstaffe and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselues humors, since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon sir

Prin. That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp–staires and down–staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some sixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and saies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answeres, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstaffe, Ile play Percy, and that damn'd Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Riue, sayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.
Enter Falstaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile sowe nether stockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I

say. I would I were a Weauer, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still

Prin. How now Woolsacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and Poines there?

Prin. Ye fat paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile stab thee

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day

Prin. O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last

Falst. All's one for that.

He drinkes.

A plague of all Cowards still, say I

Prince. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning

Prince. Where is it, Iack? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred
vpon poore foure of vs

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with
a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by
miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet,
foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and
through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, ecce signum.
I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe.
A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake
more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes
of darknesse

Prince. Speake sirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure set vpon some dozen

Falst. Sixteene, at least, my Lord

Gad. And bound them

Peto. No, no, they were not bound

Falst. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of
them, or I am a Iew else, an Ebrew Iew

Gad. As we were sharing, some sixe or seuen fresh men
set vpon vs

Falst. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the
other

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde Iack, then am I no two-legg'd Creature

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered some of them

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me

Prince. What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now

Falst. Foure Hal, I told thee foure

Poin. I, I, he said foure

Falst. These foure came all a-front, and mainely thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuet, thus

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now

Falst. In buckrom

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes

Falst. Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon

Falst. Doest thou heare me, Hal?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iack

Falst. Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these
nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of

Prin. So, two more alreadie

Falst. Their Points being broken

Poin. Downe fell his Hose

Falst. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me
close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seuen of
the eleuen I pay'd

Prin. O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne
out of two?

Falst. But as the Deuill would haue it, three mis-begotten
Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and
let driue at me; for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st
not see thy Hand

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them,
grosse as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Claybrayn'd
Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene
greasie Tallow Catch

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Greene, when it was so darke, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason Iack, your reason

Falst. What, vpon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? If Reasons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reason vpon compulsion, I

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Hors-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh

Falst. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-pissell, you stocke-fish: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath you Bow-case, you vile standing tucke

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou hast tyr'd thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus

Poin. Marke Iacke

Prin. We two, saw you foure set on foure and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale shall put you downe. Then did we two, set on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can shew it you in the House. And Falstaffe, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and still ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say

it was in fight. What trick? what deuce? what starting
hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open
and apparant shame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke hast
thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare
ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant?
Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest
I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware Instinct, the Lion
will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter.
I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall thinke the better of
my selfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion,
and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue
the Mony. Hostesse, clap to the doores: watch to night,
pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold,
all the good Titles of Fellowship come to you. What,
shall we be merry? shall we haue a Play extempory

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy runing
away

Fal. A, no more of that Hall, and thou louest me.

Enter Hostesse

Host. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st
thou to me?

Hostesse. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the
Court at doore would speake with you: hee sayes, hee
comes from your Father

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall
man, and send him backe againe to my Mother

Falst. What manner of man is hee?

Hostesse. An old man

Falst. What doth Grautie out of his Bed at Midnight?
Shall I giue him his answere?

Prin. Prethee doe Iacke

Falst. 'Faith, and Ile send him packing.
Enter.

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; so did you
Peto, so did you Bardol: you are Lyons too, you ranne
away vpon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince;
no, fie

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I saw others runne

Prin. Tell mee now in earnest, how came Falstaffes
Sword so hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, hee
would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make
you beleuee it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to doe
the like

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse,
to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments
with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did
that I did not this seuen yeeres before, I blusht to heare
his monstrous deuices

Prin. O Villaine, thou stolest a Cup of Sacke eightene
yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and
euer since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire
and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away; what
instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you see these Meteors? doe you
behold these Exhalations?

Prin. I doe

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purses

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.
Enter Falstaffe.

Heere comes leane Iacke, heere comes bare-bone. How
now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't agoe,
Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne Knee?

Falst. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres
(Hal) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could
haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague
of sighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder.
There's villanous Newes abroad; heere was Sir Iohn
Braby from your Father; you must goe to the Court in
the Morning. The same mad fellow of the North, Percy;
and hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the Bastinado,
and made Lucifer Cuckold, and swore the Deuill his true
Liege-man vpon the Crosse of a Welch-hooke; what a
plague call you him?

Poin. O, Glendower

Falst. Owen, Owen; the same, and his Sonne in Law
Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and the sprightly
Scot of Scots, Dowglas, that runnes a Horse-backe vp a
Hill perpendicular

Prin. Hee that rides at high speede, and with a Pistoll
kills a Sparrow flying

Falst. You haue hit it

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him,
hee will not runne

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to prayse him
so for running?

Falst. A Horse-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will
not budge a foot

Prin. Yes lacke, vpon instinct

Falst. I grant ye, vpon instinct: Well, hee is there too,
and one Mordake, and a thousand blew-Cappes more.
Worcester is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is
turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now
as cheape as stinking Mackrell

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this
ciuill buffetting hold, wee shall buy Maiden-heads as
they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like wee
shall haue good trading that way. But tell me Hal, art
not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant,
could the World picke thee out three such Enemyes againe,
as that Fiend Dowglas, that Spirit Percy, and that
Deuill Glendower? Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth
not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke some of thy instinct

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow,
when thou comest to thy Father: if thou doe loue me,
practise an answere

Prin. Doe thou stand for my Father, and examine mee
vpon the particulars of my Life

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chayre shall bee my
State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my
Crowne

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden
Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich
Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of
thee now shalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke
to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I
haue wept, for I must speake in passion, and I will doe it
in King Cambyeses vaine

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge

Falst. And heere is my speech: stand aside Nobilitie

Hostesse. This is excellent sport, yfaith

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares
are vaine

Hostesse. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queen,
For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes

Hostesse. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry
Players, as euer I see

Falst. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine.
Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy
time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though
the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faster it growes;
yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares.
Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word,

partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of
thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lippe, that
doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere
lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou so
poynted at? Shall the blessed Sonne of Heauen proue a
Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a question not to bee
askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and
take Purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to
many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as
ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; so doth the companie
thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to
thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleasure, but in Passion;
not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet
there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy
companie, but I know not his Name

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent,
of a chearefull Looke, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble
Carriage, and as I thinke, his age some fiftie, or (byrlady)
inclining to threescore; and now I remember mee, his
Name is Falstaffe: if that man should be lewdly giuen,
hee deceiues mee; for Harry, I see Vertue in his Lookes.
If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit
by the Tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is Vertue
in that Falstaffe: him keepe with, the rest banish. And
tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where hast
thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'st thou speake like a King? doe thou stand
for mee, and Ile play my Father

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so grauely, so
maiestically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the
heeles for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare

Prin. Well, heere I am set

Falst. And heere I stand: iudge my Masters

Prin. Now Harry, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East–cheape

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou conuerse with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting–Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that stufte Cloakebagge of Guts, that rosted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis–leader of Youth, Falstaffe, that old white–bearded Sathan

Falst. My Lord, the man I know

Prince. I know thou do'st

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe wnesse it: but that hee is (sauing your reuerence) a Whore–master, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a sinne, then many an olde Hoste that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharaohs leane Kine are

Shakespeare's First Folio

to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish
Bardolph, banish Poines: but for sweete Iacke Falstaffe,
kinde Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe,
and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde Iack
Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harryes companie, banish
not him thy Harryes companie; banish plumpe Iacke, and
banish all the World

Prince. I doe, I will.
Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a most
monstrous Watch, is at the doore

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much
to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.
Enter the Hostesse.

Hostesse. O, my Lord, my Lord

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddlesticke:
what's the matter?

Hostesse. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the
doore: they are come to search the House, shall I let
them in?

Falst. Do'st thou heare Hal, neuer call a true peece of
Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially made, without
seeming so

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct

Falst. I deny your Maior: if you will deny the
Sherife, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart
as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I
hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter, as another

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest
walke vp aboue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and
good Conscience

Falst. Both which I haue had: but their date is out,
and therefore Ile hide me.
Enter.

Prince. Call in the Sherife.
Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sherife, what is your will with
mee?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath
followed certaine men vnto this house

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord,
a grosse fat man

Car. As fat as Butter

Prince. The man, I doe assure you, is not heere,
For I my selfe at this time haue imploy'd him:
And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to answere thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:
And so let me entreat you, leaue the house

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this Robberie lost three hundred Markes

Prince. It may be so: if he haue robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable: and so farewell

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeeде, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke.
Enter.

Prince. This oyly Rascall is knowne as well as Poules:
goe call him forth

Peto. Falstaffe? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and
snorting like a Horse

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: search his
Pockets.

He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord

Prince. Let's see, what be they? reade them

Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.
Item, Sawce iiiii.d.
Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.
Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.
Item, Bread. ob

Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny—worth of

Scena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is
else, keepe close, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there
let him sleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning:
Wee must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable.
Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot,
and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-score.
The Money shall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage.
Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow
Peto

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are faire, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope

Hotsp. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit downe?
And Vnckle Worcester; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe

Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspurre:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster doth speake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heauen

Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower

spoke of

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward

Hotsp. Why so it would haue done at the same season,
if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your selfe
had neuer beene borne

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was borne

Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke

Glend. The heauens were all on fire, the Earth did
tremble

Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shooke
To see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement struiuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe
Steeple, and mosse-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke

Glend. Cousin: of many men
I doe not beare these Crossings: Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,

Shakespeare's First Folio

The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heardes
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields:
These signes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courses of my Life doe shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments

Hotsp. I thinke there's no man speakes better Welsh:
Ile to Dinner

Mort. Peace cousin Percy, you will make him mad

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deepe

Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the
Deuill

Hotsp. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Deuil,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the Deuill.
If thou haue power to rayse him, bring him hither,
And Ile be sworne, I haue power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and shame the Deuill

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable
Chat

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Against my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him
Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten backe

Hotsp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
Shall wee diuide our Right,
According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Seuerne. hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: And deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A Businesse that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meete your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father Glendower is not readie yet,
Nor shall wee neede his helpe these foureteene dayes:
Within that space, you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a World of Water shed,
Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you

Hotsp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monstrous Cantle out.
Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,
And here the smug and Siluer Trent shall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and euenly:
It shall not winde with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a Bottome here

Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth

Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his course,
And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you

Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes straight and euen

Hotsp. Ile haue it so, a little Charge will doe it

Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd

Hotsp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not

Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I

Hotsp. let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in
Welsh

Glend. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was trayn'd vp in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an English Dittie, louely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpfull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer seene in you

Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,

I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nagge

Glend. Come, you shall haue Trent turn'd

Hotsp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice so much Land
To any well-deseruing friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone shines faire,
You may away by Night:
Ile haste the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.
Enter.

Mort. Fie, Cousin Percy, how you crosse my Father

Hotsp. I cannot chuse: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer Merlin, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulted Rauens,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine howres,
In reckning vp the seuerall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:
I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smoakie House. I had rather liue
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-House in Christendome

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as Bountifull, as Mynes of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbes himselfe, euen of his naturall scope,
When you doe crosse his humor: 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might so haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not vse it oft, let me entreat you

Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And since your comming hither, haue done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it shew Greatnesse, Courage, Blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdaine:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a stayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation

Hotsp. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your speede;
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.
Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight, that angers me,
My Wife can speake no English, I no Welsh

Glend. My Daughter weepes, shee'le not part with you,
Shee'le be a Souldier too, shee'le to the Warres

Shakespeare's First Folio

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answeres him in the
same.

Glend. Shee is desperate heere:
A peeuish selfe–will'd Harlotry,
One that no perswasion can doe good vpon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Lookes: that pretty Welsh
Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady againe in welsh.

Mort. I vnderstand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rauishing Diuision to her Lute

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East

Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne

Glend. Doe so:
And those Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend

Hotsp. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy
Lappe

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke playes.

Hotsp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Musitian

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh

Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in
Irish

Lady. Would'st haue thy Head broken?

Hotsp. No

Lady. Then be still

Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault

Lady. Now God helpe thee

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed

Lady. What's that?

Hotsp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile haue your Song too

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?

You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:

Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;

And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:

And giuest such Sarcenet suretie for thy Oathes,

Shakespeare's First Folio

As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing

Lady. I will not sing

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Redbrest
teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away
within these two howres: and so come in, when yee
will.
Enter.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,
And then to Horse immediately

Mort. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Scaena Secunda.

Exeunt. Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,
 For some displeasing seruice I haue done;
 That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
 Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
 But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
 Make me beleeeue, that thou art onely mark'd
 For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
 To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
 As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
 Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
 And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could
 Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
 As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
 My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
 Yet such extenuation let me begge,
 As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd,
 Which oft the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
 By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
 I may for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
 Finde pardon on my true submission

King. Heauen pardon thee:
 Yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger Brother is supply'de;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
 Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
 Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
 Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
 Had still kept loyall to possession,

Scaena Secunda.

And left me in reputelesse banishment,
 A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
 By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
 But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
 That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
 Others would say; Where, Which is Bullingbrooke.
 And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,
 And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,
 That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
 Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
 Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.
 Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,
 My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,
 Ne're seene, but wondred at: and so my State,
 Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
 And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
 The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
 With shallow Iesters, and rash Bauin Wits,
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
 Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
 Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
 And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,
 To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
 Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;
 Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
 Enfeoff'd himselfe to Popularitie:
 That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
 They surfeted with Honey, and began to loathe
 The taste of Sweetnesse, whereof a little
 More then a little, is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seene,
 He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
 Heard, not regarded: seene but with such Eyes,
 As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
 Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
 Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
 When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
 Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
 As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,
 Being with his presence gluttred, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou:
 For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,
 With vile participation. Not an Eye
 But is awearie of thy common sight,
 Saue mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
 Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
 Make blinde it selfe with foolish tendernesse

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh;
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou, the shadow of Succession;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
To bloody Battailes, and to brusing Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned Dowglas? whose high Deedes,
Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great Dowglas, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safetie of our Throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Arch-bishops Grace of Yorke, Dowglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell these Newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'st and dearest Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vassall Feare,
Base Inclination, and the start of Spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate

Prince. Doe not thinke so, you shall not finde it so:
And Heauen forgiue them, that so much haue sway'd
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,

When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
 And staine my fauours in a bloody Maske:
 Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,
 That this same Child of Honor and Renowne.
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praysed Knight.
 And your vnthought-of Harry chance to meet:
 For euery Honor sitting on his Helme,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled. For the time will come,
 That I shall make this Northerne Youth exchange
 His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
 Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
 To engrosse vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render euery Glory vp,
 Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
 Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
 This, in the Name of Heauen, I promise here:
 The which, if I performe, and doe suruiue,
 I doe beseech your Maiestie, may salue
 The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:
 If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
 And I will dye a hundred thousand Deaths,
 Ere breake the smallest parcell of this Vow

King. A hundred thousand Rebels dye in this:
 Thou shalt haue Charge, and soueraigne trust herein.
 Enter Blunt.

How now good Blunt? thy Lookes are full of speed

Blunt. So hath the Businesse that I come to speake of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
 That Dowglas and the English Rebels met
 The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
 A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
 (If Promises be kept on euery hand)
 As euer offered foule play in a State

King. The earle of Westmerland set forth to day:
 With him my sonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
 For this aduertisement is fiue dayes old.

Shakespeare's First Folio

On Wednesday next, Harry thou shalt set forward:
On thursday, wee our selues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire: by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not falne away vilely, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple Iohn. Well, Ile repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And i haue not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the spoyle of me

Bard. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry; I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboute seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir Iohn, that you must needes bee out of of all compasse; out all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe

Bard. Why, Sir Iohn, my Face does you no harme

Falst. No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a Memento Mori. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy Face; my Oath should bee, By this Fire: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkenesse. When thou ran'st vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst beene an Ignis fatuus, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.
Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame Partlet the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir Iohn, what doe you thinke, Sir Iohn?
doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue
search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by
Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a
hayre was neuer lost in my house before

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse: Bardolph was shau'd, and lost
many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd:
goe to, you are a Woman, goe

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd so
in mine owne house before

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough

Hostesse. No, sir Iohn, you doe not know me, Sir Iohn:
I know you, Sir Iohn: you owe me Money, Sir Iohn, and
now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought
you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them
away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of
them

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight
shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir Iohn,
for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you,
foure and twentie pounds

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie marke

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper

Falst. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.
Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore?
Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistresse Quickly? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee

Prince. What say'st thou, Iacke?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets

Prince. What didst thou lose, Iacke?

Falst. Wilt thou beleeeue me, Hal? Three or foure Bonds
of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your
Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vilely of
you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee
would cudgell you

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood
in me else

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stu'de Prune;
nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for
Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife
of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on

Host. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou
shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting
thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast
to say otherwise

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter

Prin. An Otter, sir Iohn? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes
not where to haue her

Host. Thou art vniust man in saying so; thou, or anie
man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and he slanders thee
most grossely

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other
day, You ought him a thousand pound

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound Hal? A Million. Thy loue is
worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue

Host. Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and said hee
would cudgell you

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bar. Indeed Sir Iohn, you said so

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper

Prince. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as
thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I
dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the
roaring of the Lyons Whelpe

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon:
Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay
if I do, let my Girdle breake

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about
thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth,
nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe
with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman
with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent
imbost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but
Tauerne Recknings, Memorandums of Bawdie-houses,
and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee
long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other
iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will
stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not
asham'd?

Fal. Do'st thou heare Hal? Thou know'st in the state
of Innocency, Adam fell: and what should poore Iacke
Falstaffe do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue
more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty.
You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story

Fal. Hostesse, I forgiue thee:
Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband,
Looke to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests:
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason:
Thou seest, I am pacified still.
Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now Hal, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad?
How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beefe:
I must still be good Angell to thee.
The Monie is paid backe againe

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double

Labour

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do anything

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with vnwash'd hands too

Bard. Do my Lord

Prin. I haue procured thee Iacke, A Charge of Foot

Fal. I would it had beene of Horse. Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them

Prin. Bardolph

Bar. My Lord

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster To my Brother Iohn. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go Peto, to horse: for thou, and I, Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time. Iacke, meet me tomorrow in the Temple Hall At two a clocke in the afternoone, There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue Money and Order for their Furniture. The Land is burning, Percie stands on hye, And either they, or we must lower lye

Fal. Rare words! braue world.
Hostesse, my breakfast, come:
Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotspurre, Worcester, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution should the Dowglas haue,
As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe,
Should go so generall currant through the world.
By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place
In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor:
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will Beard him.
Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What letters hast there?
I can but thanke you

Mess. These Letters come from your Father

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himselfe?

Mes. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is greuous sicke

Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now,
In such a iustling time? Who leades his power?
Vnder whose Gouernment come they along?
Mess. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?
Mess. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician

Wor. I would the state of time had first beene whole,
Ere he by sicknesse had beene visited:
His health was neuer better worth then now

Hotsp. Sicke now? droope now? this sicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterprise,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay so dangerous and deare a trust
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,
That with our small coniunction we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possest
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers sicknesse is a mayme to vs

Hotsp. A perillous Gash, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his present want
Seemes more then we shall finde it.
Were it good, to set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? To set so rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein should we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,

The very List, the very vtmost Bound
Of all our fortunes

Dowg. Faith, and so wee should,
Where now remains a sweet reuersion.
We may boldly spend, vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this

Hotsp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Mischance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires

Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuision: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyaltie, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of question in our cause:
For well you know, wee of the offring side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in vpon vs:
This absence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That shewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of

Hotsp. You strayne too farre.
I rather of his absence make this vse:
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We shall o're-turne it topsie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole

Dowg. As heart can thinke:

There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.
Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotsp. My Cousin Vernon, welcome by my Soule

Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Westmerland, seuen thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince Iohn

Hotsp. No harme: what more?

Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mightie preparation

Hotsp. He shall be welcome too.

Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it passe?

Vern. All furnisht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I saw young Harry with his Beuer on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie Pegasus,
And witch the World with Noble Horsemanship

Hotsp. No more, no more,

Worse then the Sunne in March:
This prayse doth nourish Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoakie Warre,

Shakespeare's First Folio

All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled Mars shall on his Altar sit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarse?
Oh, that Glendower were come

Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteene dayes

Dowg. That's the worst Tidings that I heare of
yet

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound

Hotsp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach
vnto?

Ver. To thirty thousand

Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and Glendower being both away,
The powres of vs, may serue so great a day.
Come, let vs take a muster speedily:
Doomesday is neere; dye all, dye merrily

Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a
Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers shall march through: wee'le
to Sutton-cop-hill to Night

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

Falst. Lay out, lay out

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell

Falst. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it
make twentie, take them all, Ile answere the Coynage.
Bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at the Townes end

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell.

Enter.

Falst. If I be not asham'd of my Souldiers, I am a
sowc't-Gurnet: I haue mis-vs'd the Kings Presse damnably.
I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie
Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I presse me
none but good House-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire
me out contracted Batchelers, such as had beene ask'd
twice on the Banes: such a Commoditie of warme slaues,
as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; such as
feare the report of a Caliuier, worse then a struck-Foole,
or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I prest me none but such Tostes
and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger then
Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices:
And now, my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals,
Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as
ragged a Lazarus in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons
Dogges licked his Sores; and such, as indeed were

Shakespeare's First Folio

neuer Souldiers, but dis-carded vniust Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapsters and Ostlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and such haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their seruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead bodyes. No eye hath seene such skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without sleeues: and the Shirt, to say the truth, stolne from my Host of S[aint]. Albones, or the Red-Nose Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.
Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Westmerland.

Prince. How now blowne Iack? how now Quilt?

Falst. What Hal? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury

West. 'Faith, Sir Iohn, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we must away all to Night

Falst. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steale Creame

Prince. I thinke to steale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, Iack, whose fellowes are these that come after?

Falst. Mine, Hal, mine

Prince. I did neuer see such pittifull Rascals

Falst. Tut, tut, good enough to tosse: foode for Powder,
foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better:
tush man, mortall men, mortall men

Westm. I, but Sir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding
poore and bare, too beggarly

Falst. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they
had that; and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer
learn'd that of me

Prince. No, Ile be sworne, vnlesse you call three fingers
on the Ribbes bare. But sirra, make haste, Percy is already
in the field

Falst. What, is the King encamp'd?

Westm. Hee is, Sir Iohn, I feare wee shall stay too
long

Falst. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning
of a Feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Guest.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotsp. Wee'le fight with him to Night

Worc. It may not be

Dowg. You giue him then aduantage

Vern. Not a whit

Hotsp. Why say you so? lookes he not for supply?

Vern. So doe wee

Hotsp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull

Worc. Good Cousin be aduis'd, stirre not to night

Vern. Doe not, my Lord

Dowg. You doe not counsaile well:
You speake it out of feare, and cold heart

Vern. Doe me no slander, Dowglas: by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-respected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsaile with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.
Let it be seene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares

Dowg. Yea, or to night

Vern. Content

Hotsp. To night, say I

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being me[n] of such great leading as you are
That you fore-see not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horse
Of my Cousin Vernons are not yet come vp,
Your Vnckle Worcesters Horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is asleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe

Hotsp. So are the Horses of the Enemie

In generall iourney bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:

For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect

Hotsp. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt:

And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and euen those some
Enuie your great deseruings, and good name,
Because you are not of our qualitie,
But stand against vs like an Enemie

Blunt. And Heauen defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
 You stand against anynted Maiestie.
 But to my Charge.
 The King hath sent to know
 The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
 You coniure from the Brest of Ciuill Peace,
 Such bold Hostilitie, teaching his dutious Land
 Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
 Haue any way your good Deserts forgot,
 Which he confessest to be manifold,
 He bids you name your Griefes, and with all speed
 You shall haue your desires, with interest;
 And Pardon absolute for your selfe, and these,
 Herein mis-led, by your suggestion

Hotsp. The King is kinde:
 And well wee know, the King
 Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My Father, my Vnckle, and my selfe,
 Did giue him that same Royaltie he weares:
 And when he was not sixe and twentie strong,
 Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
 A poore vnminde Out-law, sneaking home,
 My Father gaue him welcome to the shore:
 And when he heard him sweare, and vow to God,
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
 With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
 My Father, in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
 Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
 Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
 Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
 Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
 Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
 Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
 He presently, as Greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Step me a little higher then his Vow
 Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
 Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh:
 And now (forsooth) takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
 That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
 Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
 This seeming Brow of Iustice, did he winne
 The hearts of all that hee did angle for.

Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Fauorites, that the absent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
When hee was personall in the Irish Warre

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this

Hotsp. Then to the point.
In short time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman March,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ransome, to lye forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This Head of safetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance

Blunt. Shall I returne this answer to the King?

Hotsp. Not so, Sir Walter.
Wee'le with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the Morning early shall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue

Hotsp. And't may be, so wee shall

Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michell, beare this sealed Briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haste

Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenor

Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayesd Power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: and I feare, Sir Michell,
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the first proportion;
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an instant tryall with the King

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Dowglas, and Lord Mortimer

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there

Sir Mic. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath Drawne
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike Blunt;
And many moe Corriuals, and deare men
Of estimation, and command in Armes

Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd

Arch. I hope no lesse? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worst, Sir Michell speed;
For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the King
Dismisse his power, he meanes to visit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisedome to make strong against him:
Therefore make hast, I must go write againe
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir Michell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of
Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his distemperature

Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,

And by his hollow whistling in the Leaues,
Fortels a Tempest, and a blust'ring day

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seeme foule to those that win.

The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our trust,
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,
To crush our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in the obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Mischeefe, to the vnborne Times?

Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do protest,
I haue not sought the day of this dislike

King. You haue not sought it: how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turne your looks
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you my Lord,

We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
 For you, my staffe of Office did I breake
 In Richards time, and poasted day and night
 To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,
 When yet you were in place, and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
 It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
 That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
 The danger of the time. You swore to vs,
 And you did sweare that Oath at Doncaster,
 That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
 Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
 The seate of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaster,
 To this, we sware our aide: But in short space,
 It rain'd downe Fortune showring on your head,
 And such a floud of Greatnesse fell on you,
 What with our helpe, what with the absent King.
 What with the iniuries of wanton time,
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious Windes that held the King
 So long in the vnlucky Irish Warres,
 That all in England did repute him dead:
 And from this swarme of faire aduantages,
 You tooke occasion to be quickly woo'd,
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
 Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaster,
 And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs so,
 As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
 Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest
 Grew by our Feeding, to so great a builke,
 That euen our Loue durst not come neere your sight
 For feare of swallowing: But with nimble wing
 We were infor'd for safety sake, to flye
 Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes
 As you your selfe, haue forg'd against your selfe,
 By vnkinde vsage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize

Kin. These things indeed you haue articulated,
 Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
 To face the Garment of Rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle Changelings, and poore Discontents,
 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
 Of hurly burly Innouation:
 And neuer yet did Insurrection want
 Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:

Nor moody Beggars, staruing for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confusion

Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praise of Henry Percie: By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may speake it to my shame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,
And so I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maiesty,
I am content that he shall take the oddes
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to saue the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight

King. And Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it: No good Worster, no,
We loue our people well; euen those we loue
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The Dowglas and the Hotspurre both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust.

Exeunt.

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that frendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well

Prin. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death

Falst. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him
before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him,
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes
me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come
on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an
arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour
A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednesday.
Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it
insensible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with
the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffer it, therefore
Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
ends my Catechisme.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberall kinde offer of the King

Ver. 'Twere best he did

Wor. Then we are all vndone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes Trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-brain'd Hotspurre, gouern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not Harry know
In any case, the offer of the King

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile say 'tis so.
Heere comes your Cosin.
Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vnkle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland

Hot. Lord Dowglas: Go you and tell him so

Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.
Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King Henries teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,

Scena Secunda.

But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and prooffe of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deseruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse,

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, heere are Letters for you

Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Consciencs, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iust.
Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduventure of this perillous day.
Now Esperance Percy, and set on:
Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Musicke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.

They embrace, the trumpets sound, the King entereth with his
power, alarum
vnto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus y crossest me?
What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is Dowglas,
And I do haunt thee in the Battell thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a King

Blunt. They tell thee true

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likenesse: for insted of thee King Harry,
This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is slaine, then enters Hotspur.

Scena Secunda.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere

Hot. This Dowglas? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himselfe

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy soule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title hast thou bought too deere.
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
He murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum, and enter Falstaffe solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear
the shot heere: here's no scoring, but vpon the pate. Soft
who are you? Sir Walter Blunt, there's Honour for you:
here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy
too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more

Scena Secunda.

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weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of
Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my
150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during
life. But who comes heere?
Enter the Prince

Pri. What, stand'st thou idle here? Lend me thy sword,
Many a Nobleman lies starke and stiffe
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are vnreueng'd. Prethy lend me thy sword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile:
Turke Gregory neuer did such deeds in Armes, as I haue
done this day. I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy sword

Falst. Nay Hal, is Percy bee aliue, thou getst not my
Sword; but take my Pistoll if thou wilt

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. I Hal, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to iest and dally now.

Enter.

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in
my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let

Scena Secunda.

him make a Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
honour as Sir Walter hath: Giue mee life, which if I can
saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an
end.

Exit

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of
Lancaster,
and Earle of Westmerland.

King. I prethee Harry withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest
too much: Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him

P.Ioh. Not I, My Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too

Prin. I beseech your Maiesty make vp,
Least your retirement do amaze your friends

King. I will do so:
My Lord of Westmerland leade him to his Tent

West. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a shallow scratch should driue
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in massacres

Ioh. We breath too long: Come cosin Westmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens sake come

Prin. By heauen thou hast deceiu'd me Lancaster,
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, Iohn;
But now, I do respect thee as my Soule

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for
Of such an vngrowne Warriour

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all.
Enter.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Dowglas, fatall to all those
That weare those colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a King?

King. The King himselfe: who Dowglas grieues at hart
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy selfe

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight, the K[ing]. being in danger, Enter Prince.

Scena Tertia.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Armes;
it is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir Nicolas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: Ile to Clifton straight

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to mee

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much iniury,
That euer said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Dowglas ouer you,
Which would haue bene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne

K. Make vp to Clifton, Ile to Sir Nicholas Gausey.

Exit

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth

Scena Tertia.

Prin. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name

Hot. My name is Harrie Percie

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales

Hot. Nor shall it Harry, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Crest,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities.

Fight.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay you shall finde no
Boyes play heere, I can tell you.
Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who fals down as if he
were dead.
The Prince killeth Percie.

Scena Tertia.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast wonne of me,
They wound my thoghts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes suruey of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could Prophetie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No Percy, thou art dust
And food for—

Prin. For Wormes, braue Percy. Farewell great heart:
Ill—weau'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my selfe
For doing these fayre Rites of Tendernesse.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better spar'd a better man.
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not strucke so fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble Percie lye.
Enter.

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow.
'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit;
to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede.

Shakespeare's First Folio

The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder Percy though he be dead. How if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure: yea, and Ile sweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee rise as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie sees me. Therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me.

Takes Hotspurre on his backe.

Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesht thy Maiden sword

Iohn. But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou seem'st

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but
if I be not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: There is Percy,
if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him
kill the next Percie himselfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can assure you

Prin. Why, Percy I kill'd my selfe, and saw thee dead

Fal. Did'st thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath,
and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought
a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleueed,

Shakespeare's First Folio

so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare
the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were aliue,
and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece
of my sword

Iohn. This is the strangest Tale that e're I heard

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother Iohn.
Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happiest tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is sounded.

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are liuing, who are dead.

Exeunt.

Fal. Ile follow as they say, for Reward. Hee that rewards
me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again,
Ile grow lesse? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue
cleanly, as a Nobleman should do.

Exit

Scaena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester & Vernon Prisoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'st thou turne our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee

King. Beare Worcester to death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause vpon.

Exit Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord Dowglas, when hee saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble Percy slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent
The Dowglas is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him

King. With all my heart

Prin. Then Brother Iohn of Lancaster,

Scaena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Dowglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomlesse and free:
His Valour shewne vpon our Crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our Aduersaries

King. Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne Iohn, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend you, with your deerest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate Scroope,
Who (as we heare) are busily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne Harry will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Checke of such another day:
And since this Businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death
of
HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth

Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

INDVCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares: For which of you will stop
 The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumor speakes?
 I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
 (Making the winde my Post-horse) still vnfold
 The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
 Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
 The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
 Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports:
 I speake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
 (Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World:
 And who but Rumour, who but onely I
 Make fearfull Musters, and prepar'd Defence,
 Whil'st the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
 Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
 And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe
 Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;
 And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
 That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
 The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
 Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
 My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
 Among my houshold? Why is Rumour heere?
 I run before King Harries victory,
 Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
 Hath beaten downe yong Hotspurre, and his Troopes,
 Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
 Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
 To speake so true at first? My Office is
 To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
 Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:
 And that the King, before the Dowglas Rage
 Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.
 This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
 Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
 And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
 Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,
 Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other newes
 Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,
 They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-wrongs.
 Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.
Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him

L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury

Nor. Good, and heauen will

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish:
The King is almost wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince Harrie slaine out-right: and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Dowglas. Yong Prince Iohn,
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.

And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir Iohn)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since Cæsars Fortunes

Nor. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I spake with one (my L[ord].) that came fro[m] thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Trauers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.
Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me

Nor. Now Trauers, what good tidings comes fro[m] you?
Tra. My Lord, Sir Iohn Vmfreuill turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer question

North. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong Harrie Percyes Spurre was cold?
(Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Trauers
Giue then such instances of Losse?

L.Bar. Who, he?
He was some hielding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.
Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witnest Vsurpation.
Say Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vgliest Maske
To fright our party

North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st; and the whitenesse in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'st it.
This, thou would'st say: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Dowglas,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to stop mine Eare indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead

Mor. Dowglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne

North. Why, he is dead.
 See what a ready tongue Suspition hath:
 He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
 Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
 That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)
 Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
 And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
 And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid:
 Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine

North. Yet for all this, say not that Percies dead.
 I see a strange Confession in thine Eye:
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it Feare, or Sinne,
 To speake a truth. If he be slaine, say so:
 The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
 And he doth sinne that doth belye the dead:
 Not he, which sayes the dead is not aliue:
 Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome Newes
 Hath but a loosing Office: and his Tongue,
 Sounds euer after as a sullen Bell
 Remembred, knolling a departing Friend

L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your son is dead

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to beleeeue
 That, which I would to heauen, I had not seene.
 But these mine eyes, saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
 To Henrie Monmouth, whose swift wrath beate downe
 The neuer-daunted Percie to the earth,
 From whence (with life) he neuer more sprung vp.
 In few; his death (whose spirit lent a fire,
 Euen to the dullest Peazant in his Campe)
 Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
 From the best temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
 For from his Mettle, was his Party steel'd;
 Which once, in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselues, like dull and heauy Lead:
 And as the Thing, that's heauy in it selfe,
 Vpon enforcement, flyes with greatest speede,

So did our Men, heauy in Hotspurres losse,
 Lend to this weight, such lightnesse with their Feare,
 That Arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
 Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their safety)
 Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worcester
 Too soone ta'ne prisoner: and that furious Scot,
 (The bloody Dowglas) whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slaine th' appearance of the King,
 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
 Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The summe of all,
 Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath sent out
 A speedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
 Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaster
 And Westmerland. This is the Newes at full

North. For this, I shall haue time enough to mourne.
 In Poyson, there is Physicke: and this newes
 (Hauing beene well) that would haue made me sicke,
 Being sicke, haue in some measure, made me well.
 And as the Wretch, whose Feauer-weakned ioynts,
 Like strengthlesse Hindges, buckle vnder life,
 Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
 Out of his keepers armes: Euen so, my Limbes
 (Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
 Are thrice themselues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
 A scalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
 Must gloue this hand. And hence thou sickly Quoife,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which Princes, flesh'd with Conquest, ayme to hit.
 Now binde my Browes with Iron and approach
 The ragged'st houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
 To frowne vpon th' enrag'd Northumberland.
 Let Heauen kisse Earth: now let not Natures hand
 Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
 And let the world no longer be a stage
 To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
 But let one spirit of the First-borne Caine
 Reigne in all bosomes, that each heart being set
 On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
 And darknesse be the burier of the dead

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wisdom from your Honor

Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices

Leane—on your health, the which if you giue—o're
 To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast th' euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
 And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said
 Let vs make head: It was your presumize,
 That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
 You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
 More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
 You were aduis'd his flesh was capeable
 Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
 Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
 Yet did you say go forth: and none of this
 (Though strongly apprehended) could restraine
 The stiffe—borne Action: What hath then befallne?
 Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
 More then that Being, which was like to be?

L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous Seas,
 That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
 And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
 Choak'd the respect of likely perill fear'd,
 And since we are o're—set, venture againe.
 Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,

Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my most Noble Lord)
 I heare for certaine, and do speake the truth:
 The gentle Arch—bishop of Yorke is vp
 With well appointed Powres: he is a man
 Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
 My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
 But shadowes, and the shewes of men to fight.
 For that same word (Rebellion) did diuide
 The action of their bodies, from their soules,
 And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
 As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
 Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Soules,
 This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
 As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
 Turnes Insurrection to Religion,
 Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
 He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
 And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
 Of faire King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones,
 Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cause:
 Tels them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
 Gasping for life, vnder great Bullingbrooke,
 And more, and lesse, do flocke to follow him

North. I knew of this before. But to speake truth,
 This present greefe had wip'd it from my minde.

Go in with me, and counsell euery man
The aptest way for safety, and reuenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Neuer so few, nor neuer yet more need.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what saies the Doct[or]. to my water?

Pag. He said sir, the water it selfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diseases then he knew for

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice for any other reason, then to set mee off, why then I haue no iudgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will sette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and send you backe againe to your Master, for a Iewell. The Iuuenall (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not sticke to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finish it when he will, it is not a haire amisse yet: he may keepe it still at a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall neuer earne six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euer since his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M[aster]. Dombledon, about

the Satten for my short Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He said sir, you should procure him better Assurance,
then Bardolfe: he wold not take his Bond & yours,
he lik'd not the Security

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his
Tongue be hotter, a horson Achitophel; a
Rascally-yea-forsooth-knaue,
to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then
stand vpon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now
weare nothing but high shoes, and bunches of Keyes at
their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest
Taking-vp, then they must stand vpon Securitie: I
had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as
offer to stoppe it with Security. I look'd hee should haue
sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true
Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in
Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the
lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot
he see, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him.
Where's Bardolfe?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship
a horse

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horse
in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I
were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.
Enter Chiefe Iustice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed
the Prince for striking him, about Bardolfe

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him

Ch.Iust. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship

Iust. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice

Shakespeare's First Folio

at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with some
Charge, to the Lord Iohn of Lancaster

Iust. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe

Ser. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe

Pag. You must speake lowder, my Master is deafe

Iust. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.
Go plucke him by the Elbow, I must speake with him

Ser. Sir Iohn

Fal. What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is
there not imployment? Doth not the K[ing]. lack subiects? Do
not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be
on any side but one, it is worse shame to begge, then to
be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion
can tell how to make it

Ser. You mistake me Sir

Fal. Why sir? Did I say you were an honest man? Setting
my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had
lyed in my throat, if I had said so

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and
your Souldier-ship aside, and giue mee leaue to tell you,

Scena Tertia.

you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me so? I lay a-side that which growes to me? If thou get'st any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'st leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speake with you

Iust. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sicke. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by aduise. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some rellish of the saltnesse of Time, and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to haue a reuerend care of your health

Iust. Sir Iohn, I sent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I heare his Maiestie is return'd with some discomfort from Wales

Iust. I talke not of his Maiesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreouer, his Highnesse is falne into this same whorson Apoplexie

Iust. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me speak with you

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie,
a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling

Iust. What tell you me of it? be it as it is

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from study
and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cause of
his effects in Galen. It is a kinde of deafenesse

Iust. I thinke you are falne into the disease: For you
heare not what I say to you

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please
you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not
Marking, that I am troubled withall

Iust. To punish you by the heeles, would amend the
attention of your eares, &I care not if I be your Physitian

Fal. I am as poore as Iob, my Lord; but not so Patient:
your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment
to me, in respect of Pouertie: but how I should bee your
Patient, to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make
some dram of a scruple, or indeede, a scruple it selfe

Iust. I sent for you (when there were matters against
you for your life) to come speake with me

Fal. As I was then aduised by my learned Councel, in
the lawes of this Land—seruice, I did not come

Iust. Wel, the truth is (sir Iohn) you liue in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, ca[n]not liue in lesse

Iust. Your Meanes is very slender, and your wast great

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Meanes
were greater, and my waste slenderer

Iust. You haue misled the youthfull Prince

Fal. The yong Prince hath misled mee. I am the Fellow
with the great belly, and he my Dogge

Iust. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your
daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer
your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the
vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action

Fal. My Lord?

Iust. But since all is wel, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Wolfe

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to smell a Fox

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Wassell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did
say of wax, my growth would approue the truth

Iust. There is not a white haire on your face, but shold
haue his effect of grauity

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy

Iust. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like

his euill Angell

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of so little regard in these Costormongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapster, and hath his quicke wit wasted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not woorth a Gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you measure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals: &we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse, are waggess too

Iust. Do you set downe your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Haue you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an incresing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde short? your wit single? and euery part about you blasted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your selfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, sir Iohn

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, &something a round belly. For my voice, I haue lost it with hallowing and singing of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thousand Markes, let him lend me the mony, &haue at him. For the boxe of th' eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in ashes and sacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke

Iust. Wel, heauen send the Prince a better companion

Fal. Heauen send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him

Iust. Well, the King hath seuer'd you and Prince Harry,
I heare you are going with Lord Iohn of Lancaster, against
the Archbishop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty sweet wit for it: but
looke you pray, (all you that kisse my Ladie Peace, at
home) that our Armies ioyne not in a hot day: for if I take
but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweat
extraordinarily:
if it bee a hot day, if I brandish any thing
but my Bottle, would I might neuer spit white againe:
There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head,
but I am thrust vpon it. Well, I cannot last euer

Iust. Well, be honest, be honest, and heauen blesse your
Expedition

Fal. Will your Lordship lend mee a thousand pound,
to furnish me forth?

Iust. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient
to beare crosses. Fare you well. Commend mee to my
Cosin Westmerland

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man
can no more separate Age and Couetousnesse, then he can
part yong limbes and litchery: but the Gowt galles the
one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees
preuent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seuen groats, and two pence

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of
the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out,
but the disease is incureable. Go beare this letter to my
Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of
Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Vrsula, whome I
haue weekly sworne to marry, since I perceiu'd the first
white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to
finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe:

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for the one or th' other playes the rogue with my great
toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my
colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable.
A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseases
to commodity.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, &kno our Means:
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puisance of the King

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File
To fiue and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed Fire of Iniuries

L.Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus
Whether our present fiue and twenty thousand
May hold—vp—head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may

L.Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to feeble,
My iudgement is, we should not step too farre
Till we had his Assistance by the hand.
For in a Theame so bloody fac'd, as this,

Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed
It was yong Hotspurres case, at Shrewsbury

L.Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,
Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power,
Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,
And so with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into destruction

Hast. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope

L.Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,
We see th' appearing buds, which to proue fruite,
Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire
That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We first suruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp) should we suruey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Consent vpon a sure Foundation:
Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,
How able such a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost
A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,

And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be still-borne: and that we now possest
The vtmost man of expectation:
I thinke we are a Body strong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King

L.Bar. What is the King but fiue &twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolf.
For Ohis diuisions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against Glendower: Perforce a third
Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirm King
In three diuided: and his Coffers sound
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptinesse

Ar. That he should draw his seuerall strengths together
And come against vs in full puissance
Need not be dreaded

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that

L.Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh himselfe, and Harrie Monmouth.
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I haue no certaine notice

Arch. Let vs on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfetted:
An habitation giddy, and vn Timer
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Did'st thou beate heauen with blessing Bullingbrooke,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Before he was, what thou would'st haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.
So, so, (thou common Dogge) did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard,
And now thou would'st eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on,
After th' admired heeles of Bullingbrooke,
Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
``Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present, worst

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. Fang, haue you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?
Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hostesse. I, I, good M[aster]. Snare

Snare. Heere, heere

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Shakespeare's First Folio

Host. I good M[aster]. Snare, I haue enter'd him, and all

Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he wil stab

Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me
in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not
what mischeefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will
foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman,
nor childe

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust

Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my
Vice

Host. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an
infinitue thing vpon my score. Good M[aster]. Fang hold him
sure: good M[aster]. Snare let him not scape, he comes
continuantly
to Py-Corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle,
and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in
Lombardstreet, to M[aster]. Smoothes the Silkman. I pra' ye, since
my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the
world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke
is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: &I haue
borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and
fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to
be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, vnles
a woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to beare euery
Knaues wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose Bardolfe
with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M[aster]. Fang, M[aster].
Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir Iohn, I arrest you, at the suit of Mist. Quickly

Falst. Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the
Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel

Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there.
Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder,
O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers,
and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art
a honyseed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller

Falst. Keep them off, Bardolfe

Fang. A rescu, a rescu

Host. Good people bring a rescu. Thou wilt not? thou
wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustillirian:
Ile tucke your Catastrophe.
Enter Ch. Iustice.

Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa

Host. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you
stand to me

Ch.Iust. How now sir Iohn? What are you brauling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse?

You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.
Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your
Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested
at my suit

Ch.Iust. For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all
I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath
put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will
haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights,
like the Mare

Falst. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue
any vantage of ground, to get vp

Ch.Iust. How comes this, Sir Iohn? Fy, what a man of
good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?
Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so
rough a course, to come by her owne?

Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy selfe, the mony too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell
gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round
table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,
when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a singing
man of Windsor; Thou didst sweare to me then (as I
was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my
Lady thy wife. Canst y deny it? Did not goodwife Keech
the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip Quickly?
comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs,
she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby y didst desire to
eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene
wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe
staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore
people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?
And did'st y not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I
put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad soule: and she sayes
vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She
hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distracted
her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I
may haue redresse against them

Iust. Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you, can thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the easie-yeelding spirit of this woman

Host. Yes in troth my Lord

Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, &the other with currant repentance

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse: If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty reme[m]bred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliu'rance from these Officers being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires

Iust. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the poore woman

Falst. Come hither Hostesse.

Enter M[aster]. Gower]

Ch.Iust. Now Master Gower; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles

Falst. As I am a Gentleman

Host. Nay, you said so before

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Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it

Host. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be
faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dyning
Chambers

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the onely drinking: and for
thy walles a pretty slight Drollery, or the Storie of the
Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is
worth a thousand of these Bed-hangings, and these Flybitten
Tapistries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canst.)
Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better
Wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy
Action: Come, thou must not bee in this humour with
me, come, I know thou was't set on to this

Host. Prethee (Sir Iohn) let it be but twenty Nobles,
I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earnest la

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other shift: you'l be a fool
still

Host. Well, you shall haue it although I pawne my
Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on,
hooke-on

Host. Will you haue Doll Teare-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her

Ch.Iust. I haue heard bitter newes

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch.Iu. Where lay the King last night?

Mes. At Basingstoke my Lord

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes
my Lord?

Ch.Iust. Come all his Forces backe?

Mes. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horse
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L[ord]?

Ch.Iust. You shall haue Letters of me presently.
Come, go along with me, good M[aster]. Gowre

Fal. My Lord

Ch.Iust. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gowre, shall I entreate you with mee to
dinner?

Gow. I must waite vpon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you, good Sir Iohn

Ch.Iust. Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long being you
are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gowre?

Ch.Iust. What foolish Master taught you these manners,
Sir Iohn?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become mee not, hee was a
Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing
grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and so part faire

Ch.Iust. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great
Foole.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Trust me, I am exceeding weary

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durst
not haue attach'd one of so high blood

Prin. It doth me: though it discolours the complexion
of my Greatnesse to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew
vildely in me, to desire small Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince should not be so loosely studied,
as to remember so weake a Composition

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely
got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature,
Small Beere. But indeede these humble considerations
make me out of loue with my Greatnesse. What a
disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know
thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of
Silk stockings y hast? (Viz. these, and those that were thy
peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy
shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other, for vse. But
that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for
it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'st
not Racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because
the rest of thy Low Countries, haue made a shift to
eate vp thy Holland

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd so
hard, you should talke so idly? Tell me how many good
yong Princes would do so, their Fathers lying so sicke, as
yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing

Prin. It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding
then thine

Poin. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing, that
you'l tell

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I should be
sad now my Father is sicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as
to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend)
I could be sad, and sad indeed too

Poin. Very hardly, vpon such a subiect

Prin. Thou think'st me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as
thou, and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistencie. Let the
end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly,
that my Father is so sicke: and keeping such vild company
as thou art, hath in reason taken from me, all ostentation
of sorrow

Poin. The reason?

Prin. What would'st thou think of me, if I shold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a most Princely hypocrite

Prin. It would be euery mans thought: and thou art
a blessed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a
mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better
then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede.
And what accites your most worshipful thought
to thinke so?

Poin. Why, because you haue beene so lewde, and so
much ingraffed to Falstaffe

Prin. And to thee

Pointz. Nay, I am well spoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and those two things I confesse I canot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes Bardolfe

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue Falstaffe, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain haue not transform'd him Ape.
Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace

Prin. And yours, most Noble Bardolfe

Poin. Come you pernicious Asse, you bashfull Foole, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it such a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window: at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, &peeped through

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson vpright Rabbet, away

Page. Away, you rascally Altheas dreame, away

Prin. Instruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) Althea dream'd, she was deliuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream

Prince. A Crownes—worth of good Interpretation:
There it is, Boy

Poin. O that this good Blossome could bee kept from
Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserue thee

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you,
the gallowes shall be wrong'd

Prince. And how doth thy Master, Bardolph?
Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces
comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you

Poin. Deliuer'd with good respect: And how doth the
Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health Sir

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Physitian:
but that moues not him: though that bee sicke, it dyes
not

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with
me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you
he writes

Poin.

Letter.

Ioehn Falstaffe Knight: (Euery man must
know that, as oft as hee hath occasion to name himselfe:)
Euen like those that are kinne to the King, for they neuer

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

pricke their finger, but they say, there is som of the kings
blood spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes vpon
him not to conceiue? the answer is as ready as a borrowed
cap: I am the Kings poore Cosin, Sir

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch
it from Iaphet. But to the Letter: – Sir Iohn Falstaffe,
Knight, to the Sonne of the King, nearest his Father, Harrie
Prince of Wales, greeting

Poin. Why this is a Certificate

Prin. Peace.
I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: short-winded.
I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee
not too familiar with Pointz, for hee misuses thy Fauours so
much, that he sweares thou art to marrie his Sister Nell. Repent
at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.
Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou
vsest him. Iacke Falstaffe with my Familiars:
Iohn with my Brothers and Sister: & Sir
Iohn, with all Europe.
My Lord, I will steepe this Letter in Sack, and make him
eate it

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words.
But do you vse me thus Ned? Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worse Fortune. But I
neuer said so

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is
your Master heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord

Prin. Where suppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in

the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in East-cheape

Prin. What Company?

Page. Ephesians my Lord, of the old Church

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Mistris Quickly, and M[istris] .
Doll Teare-sheet

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman
of my Masters

Prin. Euen such Kin, as the Parish Heyfours are to the
Towne-Bull?

Shall we steale vpon them (Ned) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, Ile follow you

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your
Master that I am yet in Towne.
There's for your silence

Bar. I haue no tongue, sir

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it

Prin. Fare ye well: go.
This Doll Teare-sheet should be some Rode

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene
S[aint]. Albans, and London

Prin. How might we see Falstaffe bestow himselfe to night, in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declension: It was Ioues case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me Ned.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troublesome

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will speak no more,
Do what you will: your Wisedome, be your guide

North. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it

La. Oh yet, for heauens sake, go not to these Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his Father

Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
 Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
 There were two Honors lost; Yours, and your Sonnes.
 For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
 For His, it stucke vpon him, as the Sunne
 In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light
 Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
 To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse
 Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselues.
 He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:
 And speaking thicke (which Nature made his blemish)
 Became the Accents of the Valiant.
 For those that could speake low, and tardily,
 Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuse,
 To seeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
 In Diet, in Affections of delight,
 In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,
 He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
 That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
 O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
 (Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
 To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
 In dis-aduantage, to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspurs Name
 Did seeme defensible: so you left him.
 Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong,
 To hold your Honor more precise and nice
 With others, then with him. Let them alone:
 The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
 Had my sweet Harry had but halfe their Numbers,
 To day might I (hanging on Hotspurs Necke)
 Haue talk'd of Monmouth's Graue

North. Beshrew your heart,
 (Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights.
 But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
 Or it will seeke me in another place,
 And finde me worse prouided

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
 Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
 Haue of their Puissance made a little taste

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselues. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolute for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company.

Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1.Drawer. What hast thou brought there? Apple-Iohns?
Thou know'st Sir Iohn cannot endure an Apple-Iohn

2.Draw. Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish
of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue
more Sir Iohns: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now
take my leaue of these sixe drie, round, old-wither'd
Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot
that

1.Draw. Why then couer, and set them downe: and
see if thou canst finde out Sneakes Noyse; Mistris Teare-sheet

Scaena Quarta.

would faine haue some Musique

2.Draw. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir Iohn must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word

1.Draw. Then here will be old Vtis: it will be an excellent stratagem

2.Draw. Ile see if I can finde out Sneake.
Enter.

Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulsidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous searching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir Iohn.
Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When Arthur first in Court – (emptie the Iordan) and was a worthy King: How now Mistris Dol?

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are sick

Scaena Quarta.

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, Mistris Dol

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make them, I make them not

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases (Dol) we catch of you (Dol) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you: you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier Vessell

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not seene a Hulke better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee Iacke: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.
Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient Pistoll is below, and would speake with you

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dst Rogue in England

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the doore, I pray you

Falst. Do'st thou heare, Hostesse?

Host. 'Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir Iohn) there comes no Swaggerers heere

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient

Host. Tilly-fally (Sir Iohn) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master Tisick the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me, it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee;) Master Dombe, our Minister, was by then: Neighbour Quickly (sayes hee) receiue those that are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would blesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no Swaggerers

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hostesse:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not swagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Shakespeare's First Folio

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest
man my house, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swaggering;
I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele
Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you

Dol. So you doe, Hostesse

Host. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aspen
Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.
Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. 'Saue you, Sir Iohn

Falst. Welcome Ancient Pistol. Here (Pistol) I charge
you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine
Hostesse

Pist. I will discharge vpon her (Sir Iohn) with two
Bullets

Falst. She is Pistoll-prooffe (Sir) you shall hardly offend
her

Host. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I
will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans
pleasure, I

Pist. Then to you (Mistris Dorotheie) I will charge
you

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scuruie Companion)
what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate:
away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for

Scaena Quarta.

your Master

Pist. I know you, Mistris Dorothie

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung,
away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie
Chappes, if you play the sawcie Cuttle with me. Away
you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Iugler, you.
Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on
your shoulder? much

Pist. I will murther your Ruffe, for this

Host. No, good Captaine Pistol: not heere, sweete
Captaine

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater,
art thou not asham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines
were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking
their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them.
You a Captaine? you slaue, for what? for tearing a poore
Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang
him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and
dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make
the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had
neede looke to it

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient

Falst. Hearke thee hither, Mistris Dol

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall Bardolph, I
could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to Pluto's damn'd Lake,
to the Infernall Deepe, where Erebus and Tortures vilde
also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe
Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captaine Peesel be quiet, it is very late:
I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall PackHorses,
and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which cannot
goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with Cæsar, and
with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne
them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare: shall
wee fall foule for Toyes?

Host. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter
words

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a
Brawle anon

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:
Haue we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here.
What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her?
I pray be quiet

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire Calipolis.) Come,
giue me some Sack, Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contente.
Feare wee broad-sides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:
Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there:
Come wee to full Points here, and are et cetera's nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neaffe: what? wee haue
seene the seuen Starres

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such
a Fustian Rascall

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Galloway
Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (Bardolph) like a shoue-groat
shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee
shall be nothing here

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres

Pist. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee embrew?
then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull
dayes: why then let grieuous, gastly, gaping Wounds,
vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come Atropos, I say

Host. Here's good stuffe toward

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy

Dol. I prethee Iack, I prethee doe not draw

Fal. Get you downe stayres

Host. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping
house, before Ile be in these tiritts, and frights. So: Murther
I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons,
put vp your naked Weapons

Dol. I prethee Iack be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah,
you whorson little valiant Villaine, you

Host. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee
made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt
him (Sir) in the shoulder

Fal. A Rascall to braue me

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,
how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come
on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou
art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth fiue of Agamemnon,
and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah
Villaine

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will tosse the Rogue in a Blanket

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st,
Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.
Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, Dol.
A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like
Quick-siluer

Dol. And thou followd'st him like a Church: thou
whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt
thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and
begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?
Enter the Prince and Paines disguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good Dol) doe not speake like a Deathshead:
doe not bid me remember mine end

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue
made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread
well

Dol. They say Poincs hath a good Wit

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is
as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit
in him, then is in a Mallet

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and
hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell,
and drinckes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides
the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyndstooles,
and sweares with a good grace, and weares his
Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and
breedes no bate with telling of discreete stories: and such
other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that shew a weake
Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits
him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the
weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their
Haberdepois

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his
Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll
claw'd like a Parrot

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many

yeeres out–liue performance?

Fal. Kisse me Dol

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeere in Coniunction?

What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie Trigon, his Man,
be not lispig to his Masters old Tables, his Note–Booke,
his Councell–keeper?

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flatt'ring Busses

Dol. Nay truely, I kisse thee with a most constant
heart

Fal. I am olde, I am olde

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a scuruie young
Boy of them all

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall
receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe
to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,
wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am
gone

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so:
proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne:
well, hearken the end

Fal. Some Sack, Francis

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not

thou Poincs, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares

Host. Oh, the Lord preserve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heaven blesse that sweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you

Poin. My Lord, hee will drive you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the heat

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how vildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing on your good heart, and so shee is by my troth

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you

Fal. No abuse (Hall) on mine Honor, no abuse

Prince. Not to dispraise me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (Hal.)

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (Ned) in the World: honest Ned none. I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankses for it. No abuse (Hal:) none (Ned) none; no Boyes, none

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shee of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest Bardolph (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer thou dead Elme, answer

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe Bardolph irrecoverable, and his Face is Lucifers Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shee bee damn'd for that, I know not

Host. No, I warrant you

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit
for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee,
for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to
the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle

Host. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of
Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Falst. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebells
against

Host. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Looke to the
doore there, Francis?
Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Prince. By Heauen (Paines) I feelee me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempest of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.
Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:
Falstaffe, good night.
Enter.

Falst. Now comes in the sweetest Morsell of the
night, and wee must hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More
knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently,

Scaena Quarta.

A dozen Captaines stay at doore for you

Falst. Pay the Musitians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell Dol. You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vndereruer may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart bee not readie to burst— Well (sweete Iacke) haue a care of thy selfe

Falst. Farewell, farewell.
Enter.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pescod-time: but an honeste, and truer-hearted man— Well, fare thee well

Bard. Mistris Teare-sheet

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistris Teare-sheet come to my Master

Host. Oh runne Dol, runne: runne, good Dol.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.
Enter.

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects
Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And steepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse?
Why rather (Sleepe) lvest thou in smoakie Cribs,
Vpon vneasie Pallads stretching thee,
And huisht with bussing Night, flyes to thy slumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lvest thou with the vilde,
In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the visitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes?
Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude:
And in the calmest, and most stillest Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.
Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good aduice, and little Medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soone be cool'd

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And see the reuolution of the Times
Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
(Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to see
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for Neptunes hippes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since,
This Percie was the man, neerest my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:
Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard
Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Cousin Neuil, as I may remember)
When Richard, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by Northumberland)
Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which
My Cousin Bullingbrooke ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no such intent,
But that necessitie so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kisse:)
The Time shall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the diuision of our Amitie

War. There is a Historie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessarie forme of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guesse,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnlesse on you

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let vs meete them like Necessities;
And that same word, euen now cryes out on vs:
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fiftie thousand strong

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd
A certaine instance, that Glendour is dead.
Your Maiestie hath beene this fort-night ill,
And these vnseason'd howres perforce must adde
Vnto your Sicknesse

King. I will take your counsaile:
And were these inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin Shallow

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Cousin Shallow.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir. I dare say my Cousin William is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford still, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my cost

Shal. Hee must then to the Innes of Court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad Shallow yet

Sil. You were call'd lustie Shallow then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little Iohn Doit of Staffordshire, and blacke George Bare, and Francis Pick-bone, and Will Squele a Cotsal-man, you had not foure such Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may say to you, wee knew where the Bona-Roba's were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was Iacke Falstaffe (now Sir Iohn) a Boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolke

Sil. This Sir Iohn (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir Iohn, the very same: I saw him breake Scoggan's Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was

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a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight
with one Sampson Stock-fish, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne.
Oh the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see
how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very sure, very sure:
Death is certaine to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke
of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Cousin, I was not there

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old Double of your Towne
liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir

Shal. Dead? See, see: hee drew a good Bow: and
dead? hee shot a fine shoote. Iohn of Gaunt loued
him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead?
hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-score, and
carried you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene
and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart
good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes
may be worth tenne pounds

Shal. And is olde Double dead?
Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir Iohn Falstaffes Men (as I
thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow (Sir) a poore Esquire of this
Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace:
What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you:
my Captaine, Sir Iohn Falstaffe: a tall Gentleman, and a
most gallant Leader

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phrases are surely, and euery where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of Accommodo: very good, a good Phrase

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.
Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very iust: Looke, heere comes good Sir Iohn. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir Iohn

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good M[aster]. Robert Shallow: Master Sure-card as I thinke?

Shal. No sir Iohn, it is my Cosin Silence: in Commission with mee

Fal. Good M[aster]. Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you
prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we sir: Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's
the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so:
yea marry Sir. Raphe Mouldie: let them appeare as I call:
let them do so, let them do so: Let mee see, Where is
Mouldie?

Moul. Heere, if it please you

Shal. What thinke you (Sir Iohn) a good limb'd fellow:
yong, strong, and of good friends

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, if it please you

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldie,
lacke vse: very singular good. Well saide Sir Iohn,
very well said

Fal. Pricke him

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could
haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for
one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need
not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe
out, then I

Fal. Go too: peace Mouldie, you shall goe. Mouldie,
it is time you were spent

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other sir Iohn: Let me see: Simon Shadow

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to sit vnder: he's like to be a cold souldier

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Heere sir

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers sonne, Sir

Falst. Thy Mothers sonne: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the sonne of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeede, but not of the Fathers substance

Shal. Do you like him, sir Iohn?

Falst. Shadow will serue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of shadowes to fill vppe the Muster-Booke

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falst. Where's he?

Wart. Heere sir

Falst. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea sir

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe,
Sir Iohn?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparel is built vpon
his backe, and the whole frame stands vpon pins: prick
him no more

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir: you can doe it: I
commend you well.
Francis Feeble

Feeble. Heere sir

Shal. What Trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor sir

Shal. Shall I pricke him, sir?

Fal. You may:

But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd
you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile,
as thou hast done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will sir, you can haue no
more

Falst. Well said, good Womans Tailour: Well sayde
Couragious Feeble: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull
Doe, or most magnanimous Mouse. Pricke the womans
Taylour well Master Shallow, deepe Maister Shallow

Feeble. I would Wart might haue gone sir

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y might'st
mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to
a priuate souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands.
Let that suffice, most Forcible Feeble

Feeble. It shall suffice

Falst. I am bound to thee, reuerend Feeble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene

Falst. Yea marry, let vs see Bulcalfe

Bul. Heere sir

Fal. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me Bulcalfe till he roare againe

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine

Fal. What? do'st thou roare before th'art prickt

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, sir

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must haue but foure heere sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot
tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master
Shallow

Shal. O sir Iohn, doe you remember since wee lay all
night in the Winde-mill, in S[aint]. Georges Field

Falstaffe. No more of that good Master Shallow: No
more of that

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is Iane Nightworke
aliue?

Fal. She liues, M[aster]. Shallow

Shal. She neuer could away with me

Fal. Neuer, neuer: she would alwayes say shee could
not abide M[aster]. Shallow

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: shee was then a
Bona-Roba. Doth she hold her owne well

Fal. Old, old, M[aster]. Shallow

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be
old: certaine shee's old: and had Robin Night-worke, by
old Night-worke, before I came to Clements Inne

Sil. That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe

Shal. Hah, Cousin Silence, that thou hadst seene that,
that this Knight and I haue seene: hah, Sir Iohn, said I
well?

Falst. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid–night, Master
Shallow

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir Iohn,
wee haue: our watch–word was, Hem–Boyes. Come,
let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that
wee haue seene. Come, come

Bul. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my
friend, and heere is foure Harry tenne shillings in French
Crownes for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd
sir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, sir, I do not care;
but rather, because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne
part, haue a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did
not care, for mine owne part, so much

Bard. Go–too: stand aside

Mould. And good Master Corporall Captaine, for my
old Dames sake, stand my friend: shee hath no body to
doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old,
and cannot helpe her selfe: you shall haue fortie, sir

Bard. Go–too: stand aside

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a
death. I will neuer beare a base minde: if it be my destinie,
so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serue his
Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this
yeere, is quit for the next

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no base minde

Falst. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to
free Mouldie and Bull-calfe

Falst. Go-too: well

Shal. Come, sir Iohn, which foure will you haue?

Falst. Doe you chuse for me

Shal. Marry then, Mouldie, Bull-calfe, Feeble, and
Shadow

Falst. Mouldie, and Bull-calfe: for you Mouldie, stay
at home, till you are past seruice: and for your part, Bull-calfe,
grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you

Shal. Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they
are your likelyest men, and I would haue you seru'd with
the best

Falst. Will you tell me (Master Shallow) how to chuse
a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the stature,
bulke, and bigge assemblance of a man? giue mee the
spirit (Master Shallow.) Where's Wart? you see what
a ragged appearance it is: hee shall charge you, and
discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer:
come off, and on, swifter then hee that gibbets on
the Brewers Bucket. And this same halfe-fac'd fellow,
Shadow, giue me this man: hee presents no marke to the
Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at

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the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how swiftly
will this Feeble, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue
me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a
Calyuer into Warts hand, Bardolph

Bard. Hold Wart, Trauerse: thus, thus, thus

Falst. Come, manage me your Calyuer: so: very well,
go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes
a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said Wart, thou
art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tester for thee

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-master, hee doth not doe
it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay
at Clements Inne, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthurs
Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would
manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about,
and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah,
tah, tah, would hee say, Bownce would hee say, and
away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come:
I shall neuer see such a fellow

Falst. These fellowes will doe well, Master Shallow.
Farewell Master Silence, I will not vse many wordes with
you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you:
I must a dozen mile to night. Bardolph, giue the Souldiers
Coates

Shal. Sir Iohn, Heauen blesse you, and prosper your
Affaires, and send vs Peace. As you returne, visit
my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture
I will with you to the Court

Falst. I would you would, Master Shallow

Shal. Go-too: I haue spoke at a word. Fare you
well.

Enter.

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On Bardolph, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off these Iustices: I doe see the bottome of Iustice Shallow. How subiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This same staru'd Iustice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-street, and euery third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheese-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was so forlorne, that his Dimensions (to any thicke sight) were inuincible. Hee was the very Genius of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Fashion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of Iohn of Gaunt, as if hee had beene sworne Brother to him: and Ile be sworne hee neuer saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his Head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told Iohn of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truss'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Case of a Treble Hoeboy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it shall goe hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Coleuile.

Bish. What is this Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forrest, and't shall please your
Grace

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discouerers forth,
To know the numbers of our Enemies

Hast. Wee haue sent forth alreadie

Bish. 'Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in these great Affaires)
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from Northumberland:
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus.
Here doth hee wish his Person, with such Powers
As might hold sortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Opposite

Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And dash themselues to pieces.
Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now? what newes?

Mess. West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thousand

Mow. The iust proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs sway-on, and face them in the field.
Enter Westmerland.

Bish. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?

Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Westmerland

West. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord Iohn, and Duke of Lancaster

Bish. Say on (my Lord of Westmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?

West. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appeare,
In his true, natue, and most proper shape,
You (Reuerend Father, and these Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dresse the ougly forme
Of base, and bloodie Insurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-bishop,
Whose Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whose Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whose Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white Inuestments figure Innocence,
The Doue, and very blessed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you so ill translate your selfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre

Bish. Wherefore doe I this? so the Question stands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diseas'd,
And with our surfetting, and wanton howres,
Haue brought our selues into a burning Feuer,
And wee must bleede for it: of which Disease,
Our late King Richard (being infected) dy'd.
But (my most Noble Lord of Westmerland)
I take not on me here as a Physician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,
Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:
But rather shew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, sicke of happinesse,

And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainly.
 I haue in equall ballance iustly weigh'd,
 What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
 Wee see which way the streame of Time doth runne,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there,
 By the rough Torrent of Occasion,
 And haue the summarie of all our Griefes
 (When time shall serue) to shew in Articles;
 Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
 And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
 When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
 Wee are deny'd accesse vnto his Person,
 Euen by those men, that most haue done vs wrong.
 The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
 Whose memorie is written on the Earth
 With yet appearing blood; and the examples
 Of euery Minutes instance (present now)
 Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming Armes:
 Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
 But to establish here a Peace indeede,
 Concurring both in Name and Qualitie

West. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
 Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
 What Peere hath beene suborn'd, to grate on you,
 That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
 Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
 I make my Quarrell, in particular

West. There is no neede of any such redresse:
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you

Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
 That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
 And suffer the Condition of these Times
 To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?

West. O my good Lord Mowbray,
 Construe the Times to their Necessities,
 And you shall say (indeede) it is the Time,
 And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
 Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
 Either from the King, or in the present Time,

That you should haue an ynch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?

Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father lost,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State stood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then, that Henry Bullingbrooke and hee
Being mounted, and both rowed in their Seates,
Their neighing Coursers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire, sparkling through sights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue stay'd
My Father from the Breast of Bullingbrooke;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himselfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue since mis-carried vnder Bullingbrooke

West. You speak (Lord Mowbray) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue smil'd?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were set on Herford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
It shall appeare, that your demands are iust,
You shall enioy them, euery thing set off,
That might so much as thinke you Enemies

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue

West. Mowbray, you ouer-weene to take it so:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.

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For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vse of Armes,
Our Armor all as strong, our Cause the best;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd

Mow. Well, by my will, wee shall admit no Parley

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Case abides no handling

Hast. Hath the Prince Iohn a full Commission,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee shall stand vpon?

West. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muse you make so slight a Question

Bish. Then take (my Lord of Westmerland) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Grievances:
Each seuerall Article herein redress'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are insinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,
And present execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purposes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace

West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords,
In sight of both our Battailles, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must decide it

Bish. My Lord, wee will doe so

Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can stand

Hast. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist vpon,
Our Peace shall stand as firme as Rockie Mountaines

Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such,
That euery slight, and false-deriued Cause,
Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall, to the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee shall be winnowed with so rough a winde,
That euen our Corne shall seeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition

Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and such picking Grieuances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Historie his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot so precisely weede this Land,
As his mis-doubts present occasion:
His foes are so en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,
Hee doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd Correction in the Arme,
That was vprear'd to execution

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Instruments of Chastisement:
So that his power, like to a Fanglesse Lion

May offer, but not hold

Bish. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
Grow stronger, for the breaking

Mow. Be it so:
Heere is return'd my Lord of Westmerland.
Enter Westmerland.

West. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, iust distance 'twene our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then
forward

Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.
Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are wel encountred here (my cosin Mowbray)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that sits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-shine of his fauor,
Would hee abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Mischiefes might hee set abroach,
In shadow of such Greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is euen so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th' imagine Voyce of Heauen it selfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;

And our dull workings. O, who shall beleue,
But you mis-vse the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a false Fauorite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes dis-honorable? You haue taken vp,
Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
The Subiects of Heauens Substitute, my Father,
And both against the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Haue here vp-swarmed them

Bish. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Westmerland)
The Time (mis-order'd) doth in common sence
Crowd vs, and crush vs, to this monstrous Forme,
To hold our safetie vp. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with scorne shou'd from the Court:
Whereon this Hydra-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleepe,
With graunt of our most iust and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maiestie

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the last man

Hast. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplyes, to second our Attempt:
If they mis-carry, theirs shall second them.
And so, successe of Mischiefe shall be borne,
And Heire from Heire shall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation

Iohn. You are too shallow (Hastings)
Much too shallow,
To sound the bottome of the after-Times

West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And sweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
And some, about him, haue too lauishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, these Griefes shall be with speed redrest:
Vpon my Life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers vnto their seuerall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare those Tokens home,
Of our restored Loue, and Amitie

Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses

Iohn. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace

Hast. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well please them.
High thee Captaine.
Enter.

Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of Westmerland

West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue bestow'd,
To breede this present Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter

Bish. I doe not doubt you

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin Mowbray

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
For I am, on the sodaine, something ill

Bish. Against ill Chances, men are euer merry,
But heauinesse fore–runnes the good euent

West. Therefore be merry (Cooze) since sodaine sorrow
Serues to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow

Bish. Beleeue me, I am passing light in spirit

Mow. So much the worse, if your owne Rule be true

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how
they showt

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie

Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither partie looser

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord (so please you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruse the men
Enter.

Wee should haue coap'd withall

Bish. Goe, good Lord Hastings:
And ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
Enter.

Iohn. I trust (Lords) wee shall lye to night together.
Enter Westmerland.

Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?
West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you speake

Iohn. They know their duties.
Enter Hastings.

Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their course
East, West, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place

West. Good tidings (my Lord Hastings) for the which,
I doe arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-bishop, and you Lord Mowbray,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both

Mow. Is this proceeding iust, and honorable?
West. Is your Assembly so?
Bish. Will you thus breake your faith?
Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grieuances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heauen, and not wee, haue safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the Block of Death,

Treasons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

Exeunt.

Enter Falstaffe and Colleuile.

Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is Colleuile of the Dale

Falst. Well then, Colleuile is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. Colleuile shall still be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: so shall you be still Colleuile of the Dale

Col. Are not you Sir Iohn Falstaffe?

Falst. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obseruance to my mercy

Col. I thinke you are Sir Iohn Falstaffe, & in that thought yeeld me

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, speakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.
Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.

Iohn. The heat is past, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallowes back

Falst. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee
thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow,
or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,
the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with
the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred
nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted
as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and
valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
yeilded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came

Iohn. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deseruing

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld
him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with
the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it
in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
of it (Colleuile kissing my foot:) To the which course, if
I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences
to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you
as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element
(which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeeue not
the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right,
and let desert mount

Iohn. Thine's too heaue to mount

Falst. Let it shine then

Iohn. Thine's too thick to shine

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may
doe me good, and call it what you will

Iohn. Is thy Name Colleuile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, Colleuile

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue

Falst. I know not how they sold themselues, but thou
like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke
thee, for thee.
Enter Westmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd

Iohn. Send Colleuile, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to present Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Colleuile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father, is sore sicke.
Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:
And wee with sober speede will follow you

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe
through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,
stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report

John. Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserue.
Enter.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded
Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinke no
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
to any prooffe: for thinne Drinke doth so ouer-coole
their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sickness: and then,
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
Foolles, and Cowards; which some of vs should be too,
but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold
operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
which enuiron it: makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forgetiue,
full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapes; which
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie of
your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:
which before (cold, and settled) left the Liuer white, and
pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowardize:
but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course
from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth
the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the
rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster
me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft
vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this
Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon
is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-worke:) and
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till
Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hereof
comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood
hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and

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tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and
good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot,
and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle
I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Potations,
and to addict themselues to Sack.
Enter Bardolph.

How now Bardolph?

Bard. The Armie is discharged all, and gone

Falst. Let them goe: Ile through Gloucestershire,
and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I
haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my
thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successefull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addressed, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wish;
Onely wee want a little personall Strength:
And pause vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
Shall soone enioy

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windsor

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
Hee loues thee, and thou do'st neglect him (Thomas.)
Thou hast a better place in his Affection,
Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy)
And Noble Offices thou may'st effect
Of Mediation (after I am dead)
Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,
Nor loose the good aduantage of his Grace,
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will.
For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd:
Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,
As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:
Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,
When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:
But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope,
Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)
Confound themselues with working. Learne this Thomas,
And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
That the vnited Vessell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong
As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him (Thomas?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Pointz, and other his continuall followers

King. Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:
And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my grieve
Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shape
(In formes imaginarie) th' vnguided Dayes,
And rotten Times, that you shall looke vpon,
When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.
For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsailors,
When Meanes and lauish Manners meete together;
Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:
The Prince but studies his Companions,
Like a strange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,
'Tis needfull, that the most immodest word
Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,
Your Highnesse knowes, comes to no farther vse,
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like grosse termes,
The Prince will, in the perfectnesse of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memorie
Shall as a Patterne, or a Measure, liue,
By which his Grace must mete the liues of others,
Turning past-euills to aduantages

King. 'Tis seldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe
In the dead Carrion.
Enter Westmerland.

Who's heere? Westmerland?

West. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happinesse
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.
Prince Iohn, your Sonne, doth kisse your Graces Hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and all,

Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where:
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
Here (at more leysure) may your Highnesse reade,
With euery course, in his particular

King. O Westmerland, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which euer in the haunch of Winter sings
The lifting vp of day.
Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maiestie:
And when they stand against you, may they fall,
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,
With a great Power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherife of Yorkeshire ouerthrowne:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet (please it you) containes at large

King. And wherefore should these good newes
Make me sicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But write her faire words still in foulest Letters?
Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or else a Feast,
And takes away the Stomack (such are the Rich,
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)
I should reioyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill

Glo. Comfort your Maiestie

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father

West. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your selfe, looke
vp

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, these Fits
Are with his Highnesse very ordinarie.
Stand from him, giue him ayre:
Hee'le straight be well

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: these pangs,
Th' incessant care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that should confine it in,
So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obserue
Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seasons change their manners, as the Yeere
Had found some Moneths asleepe, and leap'd them ouer

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did so, a little time before
That our great Grand-sire Edward sick'd, and dy'de

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recouers

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into some other Chamber: softly 'pray.
Let there be no noyse made (my gentle friends)
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
Will whisper Musicke to my wearie Spirit

War. Call for the Musicke in the other Roome

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse.
Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauinesse

P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none
abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill

P.Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?
Tell it him

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it

P.Hen. If hee be sicke with Ioy,
Hee'le recouer without Physicke

War. Not so much noyse (my Lords)
Sweet Prince speake lowe,
The King, your Father, is dispos'd to sleepe

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome

War. Wil't please your Grace to goe along with vs?
P.Hen. No: I will sit, and watch here, by the King.
 Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,
 Being so troublesome a Bed-fellow?
 O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
 That keep'st the Ports of Slumber open wide,
 To many a watchfull Night: sleepe with it now,
 Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,
 As hee whose Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
 Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maiestie!
 When thou do'st pinch thy Bearer, thou do'st sit
 Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
 That scald'st with safetie: by his Gates of breath,
 There lyes a dowlney feather, which stirres not:
 Did hee suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne
 Perforce must moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,
 This sleepe is sound indeede: this is a sleepe,
 That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd
 So many English Kings. Thy due, from me,
 Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,
 Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tendernesse,
 Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteously.
 My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
 Which (as immediate from thy Place, and Blood)
 Deriues it selfe to me. Loe, heere it sits,
 Which Heauen shall guard:
 And put the worlds whole strength into one gyant Arme,
 It shall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
 This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,
 As 'tis left to me.
 Enter.

Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence

Clar. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Maiestie? how fares your
 Grace?
King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)
Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
 Who vndertooke to sit and watch by you

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee
see him

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way

Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee
stayd

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my
Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it
heere

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Goe seeke him out.
Is hee so hastie, that hee doth suppose
My sleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
With my disease, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
When Gold becomes her Obiect?
For this, the foolish ouer-carefull Fathers
Haue broke their sleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with industry.
For this, they haue ingrossed and pyl'd vp
The canker'd heapes of strange-atchieued Gold:
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inuest
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exercises:
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;
And like the Bees, are murdered for our paines.
This bitter taste yeelds his engrossements,
To the ending Father.
Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sicknesse hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Washing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With such a deepe demeanure, in great sorrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue wash'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?
Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (Harry.)
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone.
Enter.

P.Hen. I neuer thought to heare you speake againe

King. Thy wish was Father (Harry) to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I wearie thee.
Do'st thou so hunger for my emptie Chayre,
That thou wilt needes inuest thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O foolish Youth!
Thou seek'st the Greatnesse, that will ouerwhelme thee.
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with so weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou hast stolne that, which after some few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou hast seal'd vp my expectation.
Thy Life did manifest, thou lou'dst me not,
And thou wilt haue me dye assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stonie heart,
To stab at halfe an howre of my Life.
What? canst thou not forbear me halfe an howre?
Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
And bid the merry Bells ring to thy eare
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that should bedew my Hearse
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten dust.
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,

Downe Royall State: All you sage Counsailors, hence:
 And to the English Court, assemble now
 From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idlenesse.
 Now neighbor-Confiners, purge you of your Scum:
 Haue you a Ruffian that will sweare? drinke? dance?
 Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
 The oldest sinnes, the newest kinde of wayes?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
 England, shall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
 For the Fift Harry, from curb'd License pluckes
 The muzzle of Restraint; and the wilde Dogge
 Shall flesh his tooth in euery Innocent.
 O my poore Kingdome (sicke, with ciuill blowes)
 When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
 What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
 O, thou wilt be a Wildernesse againe,
 Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.)

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
 But for my Teares,
 The most Impediments vnto my Speech,
 I had fore-stall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
 Ere you (with greefe) had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so farre. There is your Crowne,
 And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
 Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
 Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
 Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
 Which my most true, and inward duteous Spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
 Heauen witnesse with me, when I heere came in,
 And found no course of breath within your Maiestie,
 How cold it strooke my heart. If I do faine,
 O let me, in my present wildenesse, dye,
 And neuer liue, to shew th' incredulous World,
 The Noble change that I haue purposed.
 Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
 (And dead almost (my Liege) to thinke you were)
 I spake vnto the Crowne (as hauing sense)
 And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
 Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
 Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
 Other, lesse fine in Charract, is more precious,
 Preseruing life, in Med'cine potable:
 But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
 Hast eate the Bearer vp.
 Thus (my Royall Liege)
 Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
 To try with it (as with an Enemie,
 That had before my face mured my Father)
 The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or swell my Thoughts, to any straine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine spirit of mine,
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Giue entertainment to the might of it,
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the poorest Vassaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it

King. O my Sonne!

Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'st ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither Harrie, sit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very latest Counsell
That euer I shall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my selfe know well
How troublesome it sate vpon my head.
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the soyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in mee,
But as an Honour snatch'd with boyst'rous hand,
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their Assistances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-shed,
Wounding supposed Peace.
All these bold Feares,
Thou seest (with perill) I haue answered:
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer sort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st successiue.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since greefes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy Friends
Haue but their stings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whose fell working, I was first aduanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe displac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my Harrie)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,

May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech it vtterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue

Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintaine.
Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,
Heere comes my Iohn of Lancaster:
Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happinesse,
To my Royall Father

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse and Peace
(Sonne Iohn:)
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy sight
My worldly businesse makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

Prin. My Lord of Warwicke

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?
War. 'Tis call'd Ierusalem, my Noble Lord

King. Laud be to heauen:
Euen there my life must end.
It hath beene prophesi'de to me many yeares,
I should not dye, but in Ierusalem:
Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that Ierusalem, shall Harry dye.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dauie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.
What Dauy, I say

Fal. You must excuse me, M[aster]. Robert Shallow

Shal. I will not excuse you: you shall not be excused.
Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall
serue: you shall not be excus'd.
Why Dauie

Dauie. Heere sir

Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see (Dauy) let me see:
William Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir Iohn, you shal
not be excus'd

Dauy. Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee
seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with
Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate Dauy. But for William Cook:
are there no yong Pigeons?

Dauy. Yes Sir.
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons

Shal. Let it be cast, and payde: Sir Iohn, you shall

not be excus'd

Dauy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of Williams Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at Hinckley Fayre?

Shal. He shall answer it:
Some Pigeons Dauy, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickshawes, tell William Cooke

Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?
Shal. Yes Dauy:
I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purse. Vse his men well Dauy, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite

Dauy. No worse then they are bitten, sir: For they haue maruellous fowle linnen

Shallow. Well conceited Dauy: about thy Businesse, Dauy

Dauy. I beseech you sir,
To countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Clement Perkes of the hill

Shal. There are many Complaints Dauy, against that Visor, that Visor is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge

Dauy. I graunt your Worship, that he is a knaue (Sir:) But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir, is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue seru'd your Worshipp truely sir, these eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with

your Worshipp. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,
therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Countenanc'd

Shal. Go too,
I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about Dauy.
Where are you Sir Iohn? Come, off with your Boots.
Giue me your hand M[aster]. Bardolfe

Bard. I am glad to see your Worship

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master
Bardolfe: and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come Sir Iohn

Falstaffe. Ile follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.
Bardolfe, looke to our Horsses. If I were saw'de into
Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded
Hermites staues, as Master Shallow. It is a wonderfull
thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,
and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beare themselues
like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is
turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are
so married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society,
that they flocke together in consent, like so many
Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Mayster Shallow, I
would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing
neere their Mayster. If to his Men, I would currie with
Maister Shallow, that no man could better command his
Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ignorant
Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of
another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie.
I will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to
keepe Prince Harry in continuall Laughter, the wearing
out of sixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions,
and he shall laugh with Interuallums. O it is much
that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde
brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache
in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face
be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp

Shal. Sir Iohn

Falst. I come Master Shallow, I come Master Shallow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iustice.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whether away?

Ch.Iust. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended

Ch.Iust. I hope, not dead

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purposes, he liues no more

Ch.Iust. I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,
The seruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not

Ch.Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.
Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heauy Issue of dead Harrie:
O, that the liuing Harrie had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike saile, to Spirits of vilde sort?
Ch.Iust. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd

Iohn. Good morrow Cosin Warwick, good morrow

Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Cosin

Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake

War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke

Ioh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

Ch.Iust. Peace be with vs, least we be heauier

Glou. O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:
And I dare sweare, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne

Iohn. Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise

Cla. Wel, you must now speake Sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of Quality

Ch.Iust. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th' Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.
If Troth, and vpriht Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him

War. Heere comes the Prince.
Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch.Iust. Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not Amurah, an Amurah succeeds,
But Harry, Harry: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Fashion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that Harrie's dead, and so will I.
But Harry liues, that shall conuert those Teares
By number, into houres of Happinesse

Iohn, We hope no other from your Maiesty

Prin. You all looke strangely on me: and you most,
You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not

Ch.Iust. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee

Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
Th' immediate Heire of England? Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch.Iust. I then did vse the Person of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th' administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
The Maiesty, and power of Law, and Iustice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And strooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To haue a Sonne, set your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iustice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
Nay more, to spurne at your most Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the Father, and propose a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
Behold your selfe, so by a Sonne disdained:
And then imagine me, taking your part,
And in your power, soft silencing your Sonne:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speake in your State,
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Lieges Soueraigntie

Prin. You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do liue, to see a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I liue, to speake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man so bold,
That dares do Iustice, on my proper Sonne;
And no lesse happy, hauing such a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatnesse so,
Into the hands of Iustice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th' vnstained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:

With this Remembrance; That you vse the same
 With the like bold, iust, and impartiall spirit
 As you haue done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a Father, to my Youth:
 My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine eare,
 And I will stoope, and humble my Intent,
 To your well-practis'd, wise Directions.
 And Princes all, beleeeue me, I beseech you:
 My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
 (For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
 And with his Spirits, sadly I suruiue,
 To mocke the expectation of the World;
 To frustrate Prophetesies, and to race out
 Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
 After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
 Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of Floods,
 And flow henceforth in formall Maiesty.
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
 And let vs choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile,
 That the great Body of our State may go
 In equall ranke, with the best gouern'd Nation,
 That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
 In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
 Our Coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remembred) all our State,
 And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
 No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
 Heauen shorten Harries happy life, one day.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Pistoll.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
 Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graffing,
 with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come Cosin

Silence, and then to bed

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread Dauy, spread Daue:
Well said Daue

Falst. This Daue serues you for good vses: he is your
Seruingman, and your Husband

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet,
Sir Iohn: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
Cosin

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
Lads rome heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
so merrily

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M[aster]. Silence, Ile giue
you a health for that anon

Shal. Good M[aster]. Bardolfe: some wine, Daue

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete
sir, sit. Master Page, good M[aster]. Page, sit: Proface. What
you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
the heart's all

Shal. Be merry M[aster]. Bardolfe, and my little Souldiour

there, be merry

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry

Fal. I did not thinke M[aster]. Silence had bin a man of this
Mettle

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere
now

Dauy. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you

Shal. Daue

Dau. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, &drinke
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a

Fal. Well said, M[aster]. Silence

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M[aster]. Silence

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome

Scena Tertia.

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M[aster]. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauileroes about London

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die

Bar. If I might see you there, Dauie

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M[aster]. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo. Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat

Dau. If it please your Worshippe, there's one Pistoll come from the Court with newes

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.
Enter Pistoll.

How now Pistoll?

Pist. Sir Iohn, 'saue you sir

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Pistoll?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
the Realme

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman Puffe of
Barson

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward
base. Sir Iohn, I am thy Pistoll, and thy Friend: helter
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
price

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
World

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King Couitha know the truth thereof

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the Hellicons?
And shall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lappe

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding

Pist. Why then Lament therefore

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.
If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority

Pist. Vnder which King?
Bezonian, speake, or dye

Shal. Vnder King Harry

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. Harry the Fourth

Pist. A footra for thine Office.
Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I speake the truth.
When Pistoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.
The things I speake, are iust

Fal. Away Bardolfe, Sadle my Horse,
Master Robert Shallow, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double charge thee
With Dignities

Bard. O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune

Pist. What? I do bring good newes

Fal. Carrie Master Silence to bed: Master Shallow, my
Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.
Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet Pistoll:
Away Bardolfe: Come Pistoll, vtter more to mee: and
withall deuise something to do thy selfe good. Boote,
boote Master Shallow, I know the young King is sick for
mee. Let vs take any mans Horsses: The Lawes of England
are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which
haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe
Iustice

Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the life that late I led, say they?
Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete, and Beadles.

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
shoulder out of ioynt

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:
and shee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
her

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the
Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine

Host. O that Sir Iohn were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
of her Wombe might miscarry

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions
againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Pistoll
beate among you

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
will haue you as soundly swindg'd for this, you blew Bottel'd
Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
be not swing'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come

Host. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel
of sufferance, comes ease

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iustice

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Rascall

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1.Groo. More Rushes, more Rushes

2.Groo. The Trumpets haue sounded twice

1.Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come
from the Coronation.

Exit Groo.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Scena Quinta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Falstaffe. Stand heere by me, M[aster]. Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me

Pistol. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight

Falst. Come heere Pistol, stand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him

Shal. It doth so

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection

Pist. It doth so

Fal. My deuotion

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to shift me

Shal. It is most certaine

Fal. But to stand stained with Trauaile, and sweating

Shakespeare's First Folio

with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting
all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee
done, but to see him

Pist. 'Tis semper idem: for obsque hoc nihil est. 'Tis all
in euery part

Shal. 'Tis so indeed

Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and
make thee rage. Thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoghts
is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hall'd thither
by most Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe
Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for
Dol is in. Pistol, speakes nought but troth

Fal. I will deliuer her

Pistol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour
sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord
Chiefe
Iustice.

Falst. Saue thy Grace, King Hall, my Royall Hall

Pist. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, most royall
Impe of Fame

Fal. 'Saue thee my sweet Boy

King. My Lord Chiefe Iustice, speake to that vaine
man

Ch. Iust. Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my Ioue; I speake to thee, my heart

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haire become a Foole, and Iester?
I haue long dream'd of such a kinde of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awake, I do despise my dreame.
Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Iest,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (so shall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I those that kept me Companie.
When thou dost heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come neere our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your selues,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.

Exit King.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound

Shal. I marry Sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me
haue home with me

Fal. That can hardly be, M[aster]. Shallow, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnlesse you should giue me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with Straw. I beseech you, good Sir Iohn, let mee haue fiue hundred of my thousand

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye in, Sir Iohn

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner: Come Lieutenant Pistol, come Bardolfe, I shall be sent for soone at night

Ch.Iust. Go carry Sir Iohn Falstaffe to the Fleete, Take all his Company along with him

Fal. My Lord, my Lord

Ch.Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone: Take them away

Pist. Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.

Exit. Manent Lancaster and Chiefe Iustice

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are banisht, till their conuersations
Appeare more wise, and modest to the world

Ch.Iust. And so they are

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord

Ch.Iust. He hath

Iohn. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird so sing,
Whose Musicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence?

Exeunt.

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

First, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech.
My Feare, is your Displeasure: My Curtsie, my Dutie:
And my speech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a
good speech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to say, is
of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I should say, will
(I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpose,
and so to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very

EPILOGVE.

Shakespeare's First Folio

well) I was lately heere in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray
your
Patien for it, and to promise you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to
pay you with
thi which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake;
and you,
my Creditors lose. Heere I promist you I would be, and heere I
commit my Bodie
to your Mercies: Bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as
most Debtors d
promise you infinitely.
If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command
me to vse
my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of
your debt:
But
a good Conscience, will make any possible satisfaction, and so
will I. All
the
heere haue forgien me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the
Gentlemen
do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer seene
before, in such an
As
One word more, I beseech you: if you be not too much cloid with
Fat Meate,
our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn in it) and
make yo

merry, with faire Katherine of France: where (for any thing I
know) Fals
shall dye of a sweat, vnlesse already he be kill'd with your hard
Opinions:

For Old-Castle dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue
is wearie
when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneele
downe before
yo
But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

EPILOGVE.

Rumour the Presentor.
King Henry the Fourth.
Prince Henry, afterwards Crowned King Henrie the Fift.
Prince Iohn of Lancaster.
Humphrey of Gloucester.
Thomas of Clarence.
Sonnes to Henry the Fourth, & brethren to Henry 5.
Northumberland.
The Arch Byshop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Hastings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coleuile.
Opposites against King Henrie the Fourth.
Warwicke.
Westmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iustice.
Of the Kings
Partie.
Shallow.
Silence.
Both Country
Iustices.
Daue, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bullcalfe.
Country Soldiers
Pointz.
Falstaffe.
Bardolphe.
Pistoll.
Peto.
Page.
Irregular
Humorists.
Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes
Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.

EPILOGVE.

Hostesse Quickly.
Doll Teare—sheete.

Epilogue. The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his
Death: and
the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

The Life of Henry the Fift

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heauen of Inuention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnrayed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;

Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.
Enter.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish.Cant. My Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th' eleue[n]th yere of y last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
But that the scrambling and vnquiet time
Did push it out of farther question

Bish.Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?

Bish.Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th' yeere. Thus runs the Bill

Bish.Ely. This would drinke deepe

Bish.Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all

Bish.Ely. But what preuention?

Bish.Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard

Bish.Ely. And a true loue of the holy Church

Bish.Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th' offending Adam out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
T' inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currance scowring faults:
Nor neuer Hidra-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King

Bish.Ely. We are blessed in the Change

Bish.Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.
Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,

Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie

B.Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie

B.Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected

B.Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
Incline to it, or no?

B.Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
Then cherishing th' exhibitors against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall

B.Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B.Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from Edward, his great Grandfather

B.Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

B.Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant

Shakespeare's First Folio

Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B.Ely. It is

B.Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it

B.Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick,
Westmerland, and
Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence

King. Send for him, good Vnckle

Westm. Shall we call in th' Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.
Enter two Bishops.

B.Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Why the Law Salike, that they haue in France,
 Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
 And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
 Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
 With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
 Sutes not in natie colours with the truth:
 For God doth know, how many now in health,
 Shall drop their blood, in approbation
 Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
 Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
 How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
 We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
 For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
 Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
 That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
 Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
 For we will heare, note, and beleeeue in heart,
 That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
 As pure as sinne with Baptisme

B.Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, &you Peers,
 That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
 To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
 To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
 But this which they produce from Pharamond,
 In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
 No Woman shall succeed in Salike Land:
 Which Salike Land, the French vniustly gloze
 To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
 Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
 That the Land Salike is in Germanie,
 Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
 Where Charles the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certaine French:
 Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
 Should be Inheritrix in Salike Land:
 Which Salike (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meisen.
 Then doth it well appeare, the Salike Law
 Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
 Nor did the French possesse the Salike Land,
 Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
 After defunction of King Pharamond,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie six: and Charles the Great
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerike,
 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
 Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne
 Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
 Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
 To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Conuey'd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
 To Lewes the Emperour, and Lewes the Sonne
 Of Charles the Great: also King Lewes the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper Capet,
 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
 That faire Queene Isabel, his Grandmother,
 Was Lineall of the Lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
 Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
 So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
 King Pepins Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme,
 King Lewes his satisfaction, all appeare
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
 So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
 Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
 To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
 Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
 For in the Booke of Numbers is it writ,
 When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
 Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
 Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
 Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,
 From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
 And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,

Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and might;
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France

Bish.Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors

King. We must not onely arme t' inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages

Bish.Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers

King. We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood

B.Can. She hath bin the[n] more fear'd the[n] harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasures

Bish.Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate

Exet. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,

Th' aduised head defends it selfe at home:
 For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like Musicke

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
 The state of man in diuers functions,
 Setting endeuour in continual motion:
 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
 Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
 The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
 They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,
 Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
 Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
 Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
 Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
 Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
 To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
 Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes
 The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
 The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
 The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
 Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:
 The sad-ey'd Iustice with his surly humme,
 Deliuering ore to Executors pale
 The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
 That many things hauing full reference
 To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
 As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes
 Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
 As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardinesse and policie

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe

And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tomblesse, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.
Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cosin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
Tell vs the Dolphins minde

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you sauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes

King. What Treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege

Kin. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:
 When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
 That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 Not measuring what vse we made of them.
 We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
 To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common,
 That men are merriest, when they are from home.
 But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
 And plodded like a man for working dayes:
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
 That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:
 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 That shal haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
 Tel you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
 His Iest will sauour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
 Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt. Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heeles, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.
If Hell and Treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
Th' abuse of distance; force a play:
The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the Scene
Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas
To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.

Exit

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall Nym

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe

Bar. What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
toste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will: and there's an end

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
be so good Corporall Nym

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Nym. Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the certaine
of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezuous of it

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men
may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them
at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
tell.
Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient Pistoll and his wife: good
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoste Pistoll?

Pist. Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my Nel keep
Lodgers

Host. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue
honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adultery
and murther committed

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere

Nym. Pish

Pist. Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur
of Island

Host. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pistols
cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot coniure mee: I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you
grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a soldier

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spirites
are most tall

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire

termes, that is the humor of it

Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe.
O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy,
fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Cressids kinde, Doll
Teare-sheete, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I
will hold the Quondam Quickly for the onely shee: and
Pauca, there's enough to go to.
Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast Pistoll, you must come to my Mayster,
and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, & would to bed.
Good Bardolfe, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill

Bard. Away you Rogue

Host. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband
come home presently.

Exit

Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues
to cut one anothers throats?

Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle
on

Nym. You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
at Betting?

Pist. Base is the Slaue that payes

Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it

Pist. As manhood shal compound: push home.

Draw

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil

Pi. Sword is an Oath, &Oaths must haue their course

Bar. Coporall Nym, &thou wilt be friends be frends,
and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: prethee
put vp

Pist. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by Nymme, Nymme shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal
Sutler
be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
thy hand

Nym. I shall haue my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.
Enter Hostesse.

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly
to sir Iohn: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning
quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
that's the euen of it

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted
and corroborate

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
may: he passes some humors, and carrees

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we
will liue.
Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselues,
As if allegiance in their bosomes sate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard.

Shakespeare's First Folio

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masham,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head assembled them

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire consent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish
Successe and Conquest to attend on vs

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect
That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse
Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnes,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthinesse

Scro. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruices

King. We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of Exeter,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rayl'd against our person: We consider
It was excesse of Wine that set him on,

And on his more aduice, We pardon him

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind

King. O let vs yet be mercifull

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of much correction

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care
And tender preservation of our person
Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day

Scro. So did you me my Liege

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours:
There yours Lord Scroope of Masham, and Sir Knight:
Gray of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.
My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,

We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you loose
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance

Cam. I do confesse my fault,
And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counsaile is suppress and kill'd:
You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furnish with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
And sworne vnto the practises of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,
What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,
That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,
Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse?
May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
As black and white, my eye will scarsely see it.
Treason, and murther, euer kept together,
As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose,
Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:
And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was

That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:
 And other diuels that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
 From glist'ring semblances of piety:
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
 Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
 If that same Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
 He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,
 And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
 A soule so easie as that Englishmans.
 Oh, how hast thou with ielousie infected
 The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
 Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
 Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
 Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye, without the eare,
 And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
 To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
 With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.
 For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
 Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
 And God acquit them of their practises

Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
 Richard Earle of Cambridge.
 I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas
 Lord Scroope of Marsham.
 I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas
 Grey, Knight of Northumberland

Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discouer'd,
 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,
 Although my body pay the price of it

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce
At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,
Preuented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,
Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.
Enter.

Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.

Flourish.

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.

Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. Bardolph, be blythe: Nim, rowse thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bristle thy Courage vp: for Falstaffe hee is dead, and wee must erne therefore

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bosome, if euer man went to Arthurs Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Childe: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir Iohn (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack

Hostesse. I, that a did

Bard. And of Women

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incarnate

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour
he neuer lik'd

Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about
Women

Hostesse. A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:
but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon

Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon
Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
in Hell

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
that's all the Riches I got in his seruice

Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from
Southampton

Pist. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences
rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast
is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Caueto bee
thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yokefellowes

Shakespeare's First Folio

in Armes, let vs to France, like Horseleeches
my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to
sucke

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march

Bard. Farwell Hostesse

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but
adieu

Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee
command

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and
Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
 With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
 For England his approaches makes as fierce,
 As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
 It fits vs then to be as prouident,
 As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
 Left by the fatall and neglected English,
 Vpon our fields

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,
 It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:
 For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
 (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
 But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a Warre in expectation.
 Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
 And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,
 No, with no more, then if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance:
 For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd,
 Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
 By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
 That feare attends her not

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
 You are too much mistaken in this King:
 Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
 With what great State he heard their Embassie,
 How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
 How modest in exception; and withall,
 How terrible in constant resolution:
 And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
 Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,
 Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;
 As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
 But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
 Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,

Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth

King. Thinke we King Harry strong:
And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene flesht vpon vs:
And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:
Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy Battell fatallly was stricke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie

King. Weele giue them present audience.
Goe, and bring them.
You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, whe[n] what they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
Take vp the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
As selfe-neglecting.
Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,

That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart
 The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,
 By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
 And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
 By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
 Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward Clayme,
 Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,
 Nor from the dust of old Obliuion rakt,
 He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
 In euery Branch truly demonstratiue;
 Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:
 And when you find him euenly deriu'd
 From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
 Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
 From him, the Natiue and true Challenger

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne
 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Ioue:
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
 That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie.
 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message:
 Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here;
 To whom expressely I bring greeting to

King. For vs, we will consider of this further:
 To morrow shall you beare our full intent
 Back to our Brother of England

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
 I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not mis-become

Shakespeare's First Folio

The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now: now he weiges Time
Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France

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

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already

King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,
To answer matters of this consequence.

Exeunt.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you haue seene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young Phebus fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th' inuisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th' inconstant Billowes dauncing:
For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Grandsires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choyse-drawne Caualiers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppose th' Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind.
Enter.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester. Alarum: Scaling
Ladders
at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'whelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lyms were made in England; shew vs here
The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so meane and base,
That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and S[aint]. George.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.

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

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame

Boy. Would I were in a Ale-house in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie

Pist. And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.
Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage,

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse lenitie
sweet Chuck

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad
humors.
Enter.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three
Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three,
though they would serue me, could not be Man to me;
for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man:
for Bardolph, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the
meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Pistoll,
hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the
meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole
Weapons: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few
Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say
his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his
few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for
a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was
against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any
thing, and call it Purchase. Bardolph stole a Lute-case,
bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfepence.
Nim and Bardolph are sworne Brothers in filching: and
in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece
of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would
haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues
or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my
Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put
into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs.
I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their
Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore
I must cast it vp.
Enter.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen, you must come presently to
the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with
you

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concauties of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th' athuersarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by Cheshu, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith

Welch. It is Captaine Makmorrice, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be

Welch. By Cheshu he is an Asse, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog. Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine Iamy, with him

Welch. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine Fluellen

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine Iames

Gower. How now Captaine Mackmorrice, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, so Chrish saue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point

Scot. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I sall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion: that sall I mary

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish saue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take themselues to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine Mackmorrice, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: so Chrish saue me, I will cut off your Head

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Towne sounds a Parley

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre: and there is an end.
Enter.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolves the Gouvernour of the Towne? This is the latest Parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,

Actus Secundus.

Or like to men prowde of destruction,
 Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
 A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
 If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
 I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
 Till in her ashes she lye buried.
 The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
 And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
 With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grasse
 Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
 Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
 Enlynckt to wast and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,
 If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing Violation?
 What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
 When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
 We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
 Vpon th' enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
 As send Precepts to the Leuiathan, to come ashore.
 Therefore, you men of Harflew,
 Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
 Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
 Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
 O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
 Of heady Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
 If not: why in a moment looke to see
 The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
 Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters:
 Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,
 And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls:
 Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
 Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
 At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
 Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.
 Enter Gouverneur.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
 Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
 To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,
 We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:
 Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter,
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:
Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, &tu bien parlas
le Language

Alice. En peu Madame

Kath. Ie te prie m' ensigniez, il faut que ie apprend a parlen:
Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il &appelle de Hand

Kath. De Hand

Alice. E le doys

Kat. Le doys, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt mays, ie me souemeray
le doys ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doys le Fingres, ie pense que ie

suis le bon escolier

Kath. l'ay gaynie diux mots d' Anglois vistement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles

Kath. De Nayles escoute: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles

Alice. C'est bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois

Kath. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras

Alice. De Arme, Madame

Kath. E de coudee

Alice. D' Elbow

Kath. D' Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense

Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arma, de Bilbow

Alice. D' Elbow, Madame

Shakespeare's First Folio

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d' Elbow, coment appelle vous le col

Alice. De Nick, Madame

Kath. De Nick, e le menton

Alice. De Chin

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots ausi droict, que le Natifs d' Angleterre

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

Alice. N' aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a ensignie

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees

Alice. De Nayles, Madame

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow

Alice. Sans vostre honeus d' Elbow

Kath. Ainsi de ie d' Elbow, de Nick, &de Sin: coment appelle vous les pied &de roba

Alice. Le Foot Madame, &le Count

Kath. Le Foot, &le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse &impudique, &non pour le Dames de Honeur d' vser: Je ne vouldray pronouncer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le Foot &le Count, neant moys, Je recitera vn autrefois ma lecon ensemble, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, d' Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count

Alice. Excellent, Madame

Kath. C'est asses pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.
Enter.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France,
and
others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People

Dolph. O Dieu viuant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,
Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:

Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,
To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion

Const. Dieu de Battailes, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Isyckles
Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach Lauolta's high, and swift Carranto's,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most loftie Run-awayes

King. Where is Montioy the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of Orleance, Burbon, and of Berry,
Alanson, Brabant, Bar, and Burgonie,
Iaques Chattillion, Rambures, Vandemont,
Beumont, Grand Pree, Roussi, and Faulconbridge,
Loys, Lestrade, Bouciquall, and Charaloyes,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
Barre Harry England, that sweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome

King. Therefore Lord Constable, hast on Montioy,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will giue.
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with vs in Roan

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall.

Exeunt.

Enter Capitaines, English and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices committed
at the Bridge

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon,
and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing,
and my vttermost power. He is not, God be prayesd and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient
Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conscience hee is as valiant a man as Marke Anthony, and
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant seruice

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient Pistoll

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well

Flu. I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands

Pist. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and sound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddess blind, that
stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone

Flu. By your patience, aunchient Pistoll: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:

in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description
of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall

Pist. Fortune is Bardolphs foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but Exeter
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not Bardolphs vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite

Flu. Aunchient Pistoll, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execution;
for discipline ought to be vsed

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and Figo for thy friendship

Flu. It is well

Pist. The Figge of Spaine.
Enter.

Flu. Very good

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I

remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse

Flu. Ile assure you, a vtt'ered as praue words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is serue

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such fellows are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mistooke

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine Gower: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie

King. How now Fluellen, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praue passages: marry, th' athuersarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie,

the Duke is a praue man

King. What men haue you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athuersarie hath beene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out

King. Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off: and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mountioy. My Masters mind

King. Vnfold it

Mountioy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall:

England shall repent his folly, see his weakenesse,
and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider
of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we
haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse
would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th' effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthlesse
satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation
is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master;
so much my Office

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie

Mount. Mountiroy

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountiroy.
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so Mountiroy, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:

So tell your Master

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your Highnesse

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our selues,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Exeunt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance,
Dolphin, with
others.

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World:
would it were day

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
Horse haue his due

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable,
you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures:
ch' ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres: le Cheual volante, the Pegasus, ches les narines de
feu. When I bstryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots
the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest
horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the Pipe of
Hermes

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
for Perseus: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements
of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only
in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call
Beasts

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent
Horse

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like
the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces
Homage

Orleance. No more Cousin

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from
the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe,
varie deserued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as
fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues,
and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect
for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne
to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs,
and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse,
and began thus, Wonder of Nature

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd
to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse

Orleance. Your Mistresse beares well

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection
of a good and particular Mistresse

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse
shrewdly shooke your back

Dolph. So perhaps did yours

Const. Mine was not bridled

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you
rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in
your strait Strossers

Const. You haue good iudgement in Horsemanship

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and
ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue
my Horse to my Mistresse

Const. I had as liue haue my Mistresse a Iade

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his
owne hayre

Const. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a
Sow to my Mistresse

Dolph. Le chien est retourne a son propre vemissement est
la leuye lauee au boubier: thou mak'st vse of any thing

Const. Yet doe I not vse my Horse for my Mistresse,
or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in
your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Const. Starres my Lord

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously,
and 'twere more honor some were away

Const. Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who
would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert.
Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile,
and my way shall be pauered with English Faces

Const. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out
of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would
faine be about the eares of the English

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie
Prisoners?

Const. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you
haue them

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe.
Enter.

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning

Ramb. He longs to eate the English

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant
Prince

Const. Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the
Oath

Orleance. He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of
France

Const. Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
that good name still

Orleance. I know him to be valiant

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better
then you

Orleance. What's hee?

Const. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee
car'd not who knew it

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
him

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw
it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
appeares, it will bate

Orleance. Ill will neuer sayd well

Const. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie
in friendship

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
his due

Const. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the
Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
Pox of the Deuill

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
a Fooles Bolt is soone shot

Const. You haue shot ouer

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree

Const. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
it were day? Alas poore Harry of England: hee longs
not for the Dawning, as wee doe

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this
King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers
so farre out of his knowledge

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they
would runne away

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall
Armour, they could neuer weare such heaue
Head-pieces

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant

Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable courage

Orleance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into
the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crusht
like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a valiant
Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a
Lyon

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with
the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on,
leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of
Beefe

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only
stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to
arme: come, shall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night

Actus Tertius.

The Humme of eyther Army stilly sounds;
 That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
 The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each Battaile sees the others vंबर'd face.
 Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
 Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,
 Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
 The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
 And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,
 Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
 The confident and ouer-lustie French,
 Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
 And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
 Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
 So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminare
 The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
 Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
 Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
 Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:
 For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
 Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
 How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
 Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
 But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie:
 That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
 A Largesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,
 His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
 Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
 Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
 A little touch of Harry in the Night,
 And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye:
 Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
 With foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles,
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
 The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
 Enter.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother Bedford: God Almighty,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.
Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowsie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pauillion

Gloster. We shall, my Liege

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company

Erping. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble
Harry.

Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st chearefully.
Enter Pistoll

Pist. Che vous la?

King. A friend

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Euen so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor

King. Then you are a better then the King

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist
most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heartstring
I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy

Pist. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman

Actus Tertius.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King. Yes

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
S[aint]. Dauies day

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day, least he knock that about yours

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinsman too

Pist. The Figo for thee then

King. I thanke you: God be with you

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd.
Enter.

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night

Flu. If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.
Enter.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.
Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother Iohn Bates, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to desire the approach of day

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir Iohn Erpingham

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde

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

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleeeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens liues saued

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoeuer you speake this to feele other

mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented,
as in the Kings company; his Cause being iust, and
his Quarrell honorable

Williams. That's more then we know

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee
know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects:
if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes
the Cryme of it out of vs

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe
hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,
shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed
at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgean;
some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them;
some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children
rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye
in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any
thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion
of subiection

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about
Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the imputation
of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed
vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnder
his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money,
be assayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd
Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the
author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so:
The King is not bound to answer the particular endings
of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master
of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when
they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be
his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement
of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers:
some (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of
premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling
Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some,
making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored

the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie.
 Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne
 Natiue punishment; though they can out-strip
 men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is
 his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men
 are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death,
 they haue borne life away; and where they would bee
 safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more
 is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before
 guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are
 now visited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but
 euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should
 euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in
 his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and
 dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying,
 the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was
 gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to
 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him outliue
 that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others
 how they should prepare

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon
 his owne head, the King is not to answer it

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and
 yet I determine to fight lustily for him

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be
 ransom'd

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but
 when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee
 ne're the wiser

King. If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out
 of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure

Shakespeare's First Folio

can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about
to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a
Peacocks feather: You'le neuer trust his word after;
come, 'tis a foolish saying

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should
be angry with you, if the time were conuenient

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you
liue

King. I embrace it

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it
in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it,
I will make it my Quarrell

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of
thine

King. There

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou
come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue,
by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare

King. If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the
Kings companie

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee
haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French
Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them
on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut
French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will
be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose sence
No more can feelee, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.

Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?

Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame,
That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farsed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates vpon the high shore of this World:
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiestically,
Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweates in the eye of Phebus; and all Night
Sleepes in Elizium: next day after dawne,
Doth rise and helpe Hiperio[n] to his Horse,
And followes so the euer-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whose howres, the Pesant best aduantages.
Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord.
Enter.

King. O God of Battailles, steele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
The sence of reckning of th' opposed numbers:

Actus Tertius.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
I Richards body haue interred new,
And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood.
Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still
For Richards Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.
Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege

King. My Brother Gloucesters voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my
Lords

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horse, Verlot Lacquay:
Ha

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit

Dolph. Via les ewes & terre

Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu

Dolph. Cein, Cousin Orleance.
Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice
neigh

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horses blood?
How shall we then behold their naturall teares?
Enter Messenger.

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French
Peeres

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.
Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band,
And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,
To giue each naked Curtleax a stayne,
That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.
'Tis positieue against all exceptions, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pesants,
Who in vnnecessarie action swarme
About our Squares of Battaile, were enow

Actus Tertius.

To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;
 Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,
 Tooke stand for idle speculation:
 But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let vs doe,
 And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound
 The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.
 Enter Graundpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
 Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
 Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,
 And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
 Bigge Mars seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
 And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.
 The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
 With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore Iades
 Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
 Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.
 And their executors, the knauish Crowes,
 Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
 Description cannot sute it selfe in words,
 To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
 In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe

Const. They haue said their prayers,
 And they stay for death

Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
 And giue their fasting Horses Prouender,
 And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
 To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
 And vse it for my haste. Come, come away,
 The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day.

Exeunt.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoast:
Salisbury, and Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaile

West. Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand

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

Salisb. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.
God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;
Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu

Bedf. Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee:
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,
Princely in both.
Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That doe no worke to day

King. What's he that wishes so?

Actus Tertius.

My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin:
 If we are markt to dye, we are enow
 To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
 By Ioue, I am not couetous for Gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:
 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
 But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,
 I am the most offending Soule aliue.
 No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England:
 Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
 As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
 For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more:
 Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Hoast,
 That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
 Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
 And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:
 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
 This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian:
 He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rowse him at the Name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day, and liue old age,
 Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, to morrow is Saint Crispian.
 Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
 But hee'le remember, with aduantages,
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
 This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
 And Crispine Crispian shall ne're goe by,
 From this day to the ending of the World,
 But we in it shall be remembred;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
 This day shall gentle his Condition.
 And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
 Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here;
 And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
 That fought with vs vpon Saint Crispines day.
 Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are brauely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht fiue thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:

Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
 Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
 The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
 While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
 Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
 Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
 And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
 Marke then abounding valour in our English:
 That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
 Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
 Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
 Let me speake prowdly: Tell the Constable,
 We are but Warriors for the working day:
 Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
 With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
 Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
 And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.
 But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
 And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
 They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
 And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
 As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
 Will soone be leuyed.
 Herauld, saue thou thy labour:
 Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
 They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:
 Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
 Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
 Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more.
 Enter.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
 Ransome.
 Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward

King. Take it, braue Yorke.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre

French. Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhome de bon qualitee

Pist. Qualtitie calme custure me. Art thou a Gentleman?
What is thy Name? discusse

French. O Seigneur Dieu

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend
my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur
thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome

French. O prennes miserecordie aye pitez de moy

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for
I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of
Crimson blood

Actus Tertius.

French. Est il impossible d' eschapper le force de ton bras

Pist. Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine
Goat, offer'st me Brasse?

French. O perdonne moy

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his
Name

Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?

French. Mounsieur le Fer

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer

Pist. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:
discusse the same in French vnto him

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
firke

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat

French. Que dit il Mounsieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous
prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppez vostre
gorge

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, vnlesse
thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt

thou be by this my Sword

French. O le vous supplie pour l' amour de Dieu: ma pardonner,
le suis le Gentilhomme de bon maison, garde ma vie, & le
vous donneray deux cent escus

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman
of a good house, and for his ransom he will giue you two
hundred Crownes

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes
will take

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner aucune
prisonner: neantmons pour les escues que vous layt a promets,
il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement

Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donnes milles remerciours, et
le me estime heurux que le intombe, entre les main d' vn Cheualier
le pense le plus braue valiant et tres distime signieur
d' Angleterre

Pist. Expound vnto me boy

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks,
and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into
the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous
and thrice-worthy signieur of England

Pist. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow
mee

Boy. Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, Bardolfe and Nym had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Enter.

Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Rambures.

Con. O Diable

Orl. O signeur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,
Reproach, and euerlasting shame
Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away

Con. Why all our rankes are broke

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:
Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,
Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

Actus Tertius.

And he that will not follow Burbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,
His fairest daughter is contaminated

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
To smother vp the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought vpon

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.
Enter.

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, with Prisoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field

Exe. The D[uke]. of York commends him to your Maiesty
King. Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre
I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteept,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
He cries aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,
My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chiualrie.
Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:
The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.

Alarum

But hearke, what new alarum is this same?
The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then euery souldiour kill his Prisoners,
Giue the word through.

Exit

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knauery
marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience
now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the
Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried away
all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
most worthily hath caus'd euery soldiour to cut his prisoners
throat. O 'tis a gallant King

Flu. I, hee was porne at Monmouth Captaine Gower:
What call you the Townes name where Alexander the
pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous,
are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a litle variations

Gower. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in
Macedon, his Father was called Phillip of Macedon, as I
take it

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is
porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of
the Orld, I warrant you sall finde in the comparisons betweene
Macedon & Monmouth, that the situations looke
you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in Macedon, & there
is also moreouer a Riuer at Monmouth, it is call'd Wye at
Monmouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name
of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers
is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you
marke Alexanders life well, Harry of Monmouthes life is
come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all
things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his
rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and
his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations,
and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in
his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend
Clytus

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd
any of his friends

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the
tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak
but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as Alexander
kild his friend Clytus, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so
also Harry Monmouth being in his right wittes, and his
good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the
great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and
knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name

Gow. Sir Iohn Falstaffe

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne
at Monmouth

Gow. Heere comes his Maiesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to France,
Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our sight.
If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.
Enter Montioy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?
Com'st thou againe for ransome?

Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field

Her. The day is yours

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by

Her. They call it Agincourt

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiesty) and your great Vncle Edward the Placke

Shakespeare's First Folio

Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
a most praue pattle here in France

Kin. They did Fluellen

Flu. Your Maiesty sayes very true: If your Maiesties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Maiesty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleue
your Maiesty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke vppon
S[aint]. Tauies day

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that:
God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiesty too

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen

Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I
care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God
so long as your Maiesty is an honest man

King. Good keepe me so.
Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King

Kin. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be aliue

Kin. An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swagger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil strike it out soundly

Kin. What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this souldier keepe his oath

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please your Maiesty in my conscience

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great sort quite from the answer of his degree

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

King. Then keepe thy vow sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue

King. Who seru'st thou vnder?

Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge
and literatured in the Warres

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier

Will. I will my Liege.
Enter.

King. Here Fluellen, weare thou this fauour for me, and
sticke it in thy Cappe: when Alanson and my selfe were
downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If
any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alanson, and an
enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend
him, and thou do'st me loue

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be
desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine see
the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe
agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see
it once, and please God of his grace that I might see

King. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my
Tent

Flu. I will fetch him.
Enter.

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heeles.
The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,
May haply purchase him a box a'th' eare.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should
Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin Warwick:
If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge
By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it:
For I doe know Fluellen valiant,
And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an iniurie.
Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.
Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech
you now, come apace to the King: there is more good
toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to
dreame of

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall
World, or in France, or in England

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treason
his payment into plowes, I warrant you

Will. I am no Traytor

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke
Alansons.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, praysed be God
for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke
you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his
Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor,
that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which
your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of Alanson

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow
of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare
it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met
this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as
good as my word

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties
Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie
Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie
and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue
of Alanson, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience
now

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answer
for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?
Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer
came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you
appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the
Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what
your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you
take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you
beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I
beseech your Highnesse pardon me

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell

enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you

Will. I will none of your Money

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good silling I warrant you, or I will change it.
Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'red French

King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King, Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fiftene hundred, besides common men

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie six: added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,
Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
There are but sixtene hundred Mercenaries:
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Iaques of Chatilion, Admirall of France,
The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord Rambures,
Great Master of France, the braue Sir Guichard Dolphin,
Iohn Duke of Alanson, Anthonie Duke of Brabant,

Shakespeare's First Folio

The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And Edward Duke of Barr: of lustie Earles,
Grandpree and Roussie, Fauconbridge and Foyes,
Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Lestræle.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Ketly, Dauby Gam Esquire;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But fiue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne so great and little losse?
On one part and on th' other, take it God,
For it is none but thine

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull

King. Come, goe we in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,
To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,
Which is his onely

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell
how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good

King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be sung Non nobis, and Te Deum,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there seene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whose shouts &claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
Being free from vainnesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senatours of th' antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Cæsar in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of Englands stay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,

Shakespeare's First Folio

To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
Till Harryes backe returne againe to France:
There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd
The interim, by remembring you 'tis past.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.
Enter.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? S[aint]. Dauies day is past

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine
Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowsie, pragg
Knaue Pistoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
sault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:
it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my desires.
Enter Pistoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkycock

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkycocks .
God plesse you aunchient Pistoll: you scuruie lowsie
Knaue, God plesse you

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base
Troian, to haue me fold vp Parcas fatall Web? Hence;
I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scuruie lowsie Knaue, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eate it

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats

Flu. There is one Goat for you.

Strikes him.

Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pist. Base Troian, thou shalt dye

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe

Pist. Must I bite

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question

too, and ambiguities

Pist. By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I
eate and eate I sweare

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce
to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate

Flu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay,
pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your
broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see
Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all

Pist. Good

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to
heale your pate

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue
another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels,
you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of
me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, &heale
your pate.

Exit

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue,
will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an
honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée
of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking &galling
at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
he could not speake English in the natiue garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise,
and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
you a good English condition, fare ye well.

Exit

Pist. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now?
Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady
of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off:
Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and
there Ile steale:
And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them in the Gallia warres.
Enter.

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and
other
Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of
Bourgogne, and
other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister
Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes
To our most faire and Princely Cosine Katherine:

Actus Quintus.

And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriu'd,
We do salute you Duke of Burgogne,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (English) euery one

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
In them against the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murdering Basiliskes:
The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare

Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.
Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeuors,
To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview;
Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse.
Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage?
Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.

Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
 Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
 Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
 The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
 Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts,
 That should deracinate such Sauagery:
 The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
 Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;
 Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
 But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres,
 Loosing both beautie and vtilitie;
 And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
 Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
 Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children,
 Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
 The Sciences that should become our Countrey;
 But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
 To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
 And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.
 Which to reduce into our former fauour,
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expell these inconueniences,
 And blesse vs with her former qualities

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
 Whose want giues growth to th' imperfections
 Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace
 With full accord to all our iust demands,
 Whose Tenures and particular effects
 You haue enschedul'd briefly in your hands

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
 There is no Answer made

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg'd,
 Lyes in his Answer

France. I haue but with a curselarie eye
 O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace

Shakespeare's First Folio

To appoint some of your Councell presently
To sit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-suruey them; we will suddenly
Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Huntington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best
Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le consign thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on

England. Yet leaue our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles

Quee. She hath good leaue.

Exeunt. omnes.

Manet King and Katherine

King. Faire Katherine, and most faire,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
your England

King. O faire Katherine, if you will loue me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confesse
it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me

King. An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an
Angell

Kath. Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il

King. I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blush
to affirme it

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de
tromperies

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits:
dat is de Princesse

King. The Princesse is the better English–woman:
yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that
thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my
Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly
to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther,
then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue
me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargaine:
how say you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honeur, me vnderstand well

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to

Dance for your sake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one
 I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I
 haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in
 strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by
 vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
 vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken. I should
 quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my
 Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on
 like a Butcher, and sit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But
 before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
 my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation;
 onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd,
 nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
 of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning?
 that neuer looks in his Glasse, for loue of any
 thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
 to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
 take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
 for thy loue, by the L[ord]. No: yet I loue thee too. And
 while thou liu'st, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and
 vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right,
 because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
 these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues
 into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues
 out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
 but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
 stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
 grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
 hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the
 Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
 shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his course
 truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and
 take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King.
 And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,
 and fairely, I pray thee

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould loue de ennemie of
 Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Enemie
 of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue
 the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
 will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine:
 and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
 is France, and you are mine

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; Ie quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le possession de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee my speede) Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne. It is as easie for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me

Kath. Sauf vostre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleys, il & melieus que l' Anglois le quel Ie parle

King. No faith is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must needes be graunted to be much at one. But Kate, doo'st thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue mee?

Kath. I cannot tell

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'le question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beest mine, Kate, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce

Kate. I doe not know dat

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise:

doe but now promise Kate, you will endeaour for your
French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie,
take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
you. La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher &deuin
deesse

Kath. Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to
deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor
in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare
not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter
me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and
vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my
Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborne
out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come
to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder
I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that
Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at
the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me,
better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire Katherine,
will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, Harry of
England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner
blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England
is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry
Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his
Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt
finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer
in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and
thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine,
breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou
haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de Roy mon pere

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please
him, Kate

Kath. Den it sall also content me

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my
Queene

Kath. Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne
veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeus, en baisant le
main d' une nostre Seigneur indignie seruiteur excuse moy. Je
vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, Kate

Kath. Les Dames &Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant
leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of
Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en Anglish

King. To kisse

Lady. Your Maiestee entendre bettere que moy

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to
kisse before they are marryed, would she say?

Lady. Ouy verayment

King. O Kate, nice Customes cursie to great Kings.
Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the
weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers
of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that followes
our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I
will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your
Country, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently,
and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes,
Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of

them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perswade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to consigne to

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you
will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well
Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde,
blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then
they will endure handling, which before would not abide
looking on

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot
Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in
the latter end, and she must be blinde to

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke
Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire
French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my
way

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectiuelly:
the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are
all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred

England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So please you

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you
talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in
the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my
Will

France. Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted euery Article:

His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,
According to their firme proposed natures

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addition,
in French: Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre
Heretere de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; Praeclarissimus
Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciae

France. Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France

Lords. Amen

King. Now welcome Kate: and beare me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Paction of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receiue each other. God speake this Amen

All. Amen

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to Kate, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

Senet. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed:
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS. The Life of Henry the Fift.

Actus Quintus.

The first Part of Henry the Sixt

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of
Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the
Duke of
Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of
Somerset.

Bedford. Hung be y heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad reuolting Stars,
That haue consented vnto Henries death:
King Henry the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth

Glost. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.

What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous

Glost. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe

Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is prowde, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may

Glost. Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes

Bed. Cease, cease these Iarres, &rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry's dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then Iulius Cæsar, or bright-
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost

Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead Henry's Coarse?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death

Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?
If Henry were recall'd to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?
Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:
And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.
Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is reuolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side.
Enter.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither shall we flye from this reproach?
Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out

Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army haue I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.
Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henries hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot, and the French

Win. What? wherein Talbot ouercame, is't so?
3.Mes. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o'rethrown:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round incompassed, and set vpon:
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant Talbot, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.

Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he slew.
The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,
A Talbot, a Talbot, cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,
If Sir Iohn Falstaffe had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face

Bedf. Is Talbot slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd

3.Mess. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise

Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint Georges Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake

3.Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To goe about my preparation.

Exit Bedford.

Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th' Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young Henry King.

Exit Gloster.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouvernor,
And for his safetie there Ile best deuise.
Enter.

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Iack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.
Enter.

Sound a Flourish.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and
Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine vpon the English side:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth

Alan. They want their Porredge, &their fat Bul Beeues:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice

Reigneir. Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye.

Exeunt.

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies

Reigneir. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey

Alanson. Froysard, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all Oliuers and Rowlands breed,
During the time Edward the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e'er suppose,
They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege

Reigneir. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, wee'le euen let them alone

Alanson. Be it so.
Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes
for him

Dolph. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs

Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And driue the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her prowldly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.
Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous
feats?

Puzel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while

Reigneir. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,
Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.
Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.

Resolute on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receivest me for thy Warlike Mate

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence

Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in S[aint]. Katherines Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman

Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of Debora

Puzel. Christs Mother helps me, else I were too
weake

Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Puzel, if thy name be so,
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from aboue:
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall

Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke

Alans. Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech

Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no
meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues

Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight
it out

Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:
Expect Saint Martins Summer, Halcyons dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With Henries death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that prowde insulting Ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once

Dolph. Was Mahomet inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great Constantine,
Nor yet S[aint]. Philips daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of Venus, falne downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

Alanson. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayse the
Siege

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd

Dolph. Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false.

Exeunt.

Enter Gloster, with his Seruing-men.

Glost. I am come to suruey the Tower this day;
Since Henries death, I feare there is Conueyance:
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis Gloster that calls

1.Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

Glost. 1.Man. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster

2.Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in

1.Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1.Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,

We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd

Glost. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile the
Lieutenant speakes
within.

Wooduile. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue
wee here?

Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's Gloster that would enter

Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
From him I haue expresse commandement,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in

Glost. Faint-hearted Wooduile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom Henry our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly

Seruimgmen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.
Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester and his men
in
Tawney Coates.

Winchest. How now ambitious Vmpheir, what meanes
this?

Glost. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
shut out?

Winch. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme

Glost. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contriued'st to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt

Glost. I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy
face

Glost. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.
Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe

Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the
Pope

Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace

Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse

Winch. Here's Gloster, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines;
That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himselfe King, and suppress the Prince

Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:
All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,
against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command
you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre to your seuerall dwelling
places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Weapon,
or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death

Glost. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large

Winch. Gloster, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke

Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill

Glost. Maior farewell: thou doo'st but what thou
may'st

Winch. Abhominable Gloster, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long.

Exeunt.

Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such stomachs beare,
I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere.

Exeunt.

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M.Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd,
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne

Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I miss'd my ayme

M.Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espyals haue informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence discover, how with most aduantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I haue plac'd,
And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors.
Enter.

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
He neuer trouble you, if I may spye them.
Enter.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salisb. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle,
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I disdainig, scorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous Falstaffe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power

Salisb. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd

Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salisb. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?
Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords

Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
Bridge

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

Here they shot, and Salisbury falls downe.

Salisb. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners

Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, Salisbury o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargraue, hast thou any life?
Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles—
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one Ioane de Puzel ioyn'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.
Puzel or Pussel, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and
driueth him:
Then enter Ioane de Puzel, driuing Englishmen before her. Then
enter
Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.
Enter Puzel.

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace
thee.

Here they fight.

Talb. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:

A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.

O're-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-starued men,
Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be.
Enter.

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like Hannibal,
Driues back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:
So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away.
They call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.

A short Alarum.

Hearke Countreyemen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:
Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,

Shakespeare's First Folio

As you flye from your oft-subdued slaues.

Alarum. Here another Skirmish.

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all consented vnto Salisburies death,
For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with Salisbury,
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.

Exit Talbot.

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanson, and
Souldiers.

Puzel. Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.
Thus Ioane de Puzel hath perform'd her word

Dolph. Diuine Creature, Astrea's Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like Adonis Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did ne're befall our State

Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,

Shakespeare's First Folio

To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs

Alans. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men

Dolph. 'Tis Ioane, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.
A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then Rhodophe's or Memphis euer was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffe of Darius,
Transported, shall be at high Festiualls
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Ioane de Puzel shall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard

Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladders: Their
Drummes
beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach, the Regions of Artoys,
Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell

Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that Puzell whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun

Tal. Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let vs resolute scale their flinty bulwarkes

Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner

Bur. And I to this

Tal. And heere will Talbot mount, or make his graue.
Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S[aint]. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter seuerall
wayes,
Bastard, Alanson, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe vnready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?

Bast. Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well

Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate then this

Bast. I thinke this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him

Alans. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?
Enter Charles and Ioane.

Bast. Tut, holy Ioane was his defensiue Guard

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
That now our losse might be ten times so much?
Ioane. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you haue my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne

Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge

Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the gouernment,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd

Bast. Mine was secure

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,
About relieuing of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,

Shakespeare's First Folio

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,
And lay new Platformes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye,
leauing
their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:
The Cry of Talbot serues me for a Sword,
For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,
Vsing no other Weapon but his Name.
Enter.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat.

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,
And here aduance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this cursed Towe.
Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:
For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
Within their chieftest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-come Champion, vertuous Ioane of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,
That could not liue asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests
Are often welcommest when they are gone

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)
I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.

Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,
And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me

Port. Madame, I will.
Enter.

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchieuements of no lesse account:
Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares,
To giue their censure of these rare reports.
Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,
By Message crau'd, so is Lord Talbot come

Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.
I thought I should haue seene some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe
Should strike such terror to his Enemies

Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
Ile sort some other time to visit you

Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?

Mess. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craues,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her Talbot's here.
Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:
And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,

Shakespeare's First Folio

That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuat

Talb. Ha, ha, ha

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?
Thy mirth shall turne to moane

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but Talbots shadow,
Whereon to practise your seueritie

Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Talb. I am indeede

Count. Then haue I substance too

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peale of Ordenance: Enter
Souldiors.

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster
The minde of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serue them well

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feast so great a Warrior in my House.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence?
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more conuenient

York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling Somerset in th' error?

Suff. Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene
vs

War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryest eye,
I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands vpon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me

War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well obiected:
If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence

York. And I

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will

Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?
Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too

Yorke. Now Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red

Yorke. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side

Som. No Plantagenet:
Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error

Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, Plantagenet?
Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seene

Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy

Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, Plantagenet

Yorke. Prowd Poole, I will, and scorne both him and
thee

Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat

Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole,
We grace the Yeoman, by conuersing with him

Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
His Grandfather was Lyonel Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England:
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?

Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus

Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.
Was not thy Father, Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman

Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue on better men then Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd

Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare

Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree

Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And so farwell, vntill I meet thee next.
Enter.

Som. Haue with thee Poole: Farwell ambitious Richard.
Enter.

Yorke. How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure
it?

Warw. This blot that they object against your House,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of Winchester and Gloucester:
And if thou be not then created Yorke,
I will not liue to be accounted Warwicke.
Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,
Against prow'd Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night

Yorke. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower

Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same

Lawyer. And so will I

Yorke. Thankes gentle.
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Iaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himselfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These Eyes like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.
Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,
(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come

Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reigne,
Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration haue I had;
And euen since then, hath Richard beene obscur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaire,
Iust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recouer what was lost.
Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late despised Richard, comes

Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.
And now declare sweet Stem from Yorkes great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument vpon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauish tongue,
And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true Plantagenet,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head

Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was cursed Instrument of his decease

Rich. Discouer more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of Edward King, the Third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the Percies of the North,
Finding his Vsurpation most vniust,
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reason mou'd these Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young Richard thus remou'd,
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother, I deriued am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne

To King Edward the Third; whereas hee,
From Iohn of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues.
Long after this, when Henry the Fift
(Succeeding his Father Bullingbrooke) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
Againe, in pittie of my hard distresse,
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue install'd me in the Diademe:
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the Title rested, were suppress

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care

Rich. Thy graue admonishments preuayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the House of Lancaster,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place

Rich. O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the passage of your Age

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth,
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Onely giue order for my Funerall.
And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre.

Dyes.

Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.
Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life.
Enter.

Here dyes the duskie Torch of Mortimer,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Iniuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my will th' aduantage of my good.
Enter.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick.
Somerset,
Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers to put vp a Bill:
Winchester
snatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously deuised?
Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dishonor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous Crimes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious Vsurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart

Winch. Gloster, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To giue me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,
As he will haue me: how am I so poore?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance
Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,
And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good

Glost. As good?
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather

Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?

Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?

Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft

Winch. Vnreuerent Gloucester

Glost. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life

Winch. Rome shall remedie this

Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear

Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such

Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead

Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere

Warw. State holy, or vnhallo'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I haue a fling at Winchester

King. Vnckles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

A noyse within, Downe with the Tawny-Coats.

King. What tumult's this?
Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselues in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.
Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,

Shakespeare's First Folio

To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray' Vnckle Gloster mittigate this strife

1.Seru. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall
to it with our Teeth

2.Seru. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish againe.

Glost. You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside

3.Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iust, and vpriht; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes

1.Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.

Glost. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld Winchester,
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld

Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
Should euer get that priuiledge of me

Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Glost. Here Winchester, I offer thee my Hand

King. Fie Vnckle Beauford, I haue heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chiefe offendor in the same

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue

Glost. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done

1.Seru. Content, Ile to the Surgeons

2.Seru. And so will I

3.Seru. And I will see what Physick the Tauerne affords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet,
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie

Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,
You haue great reason to doe Richard right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie

King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his Blood

Warw. Let Richard be restored to his Blood,

So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't

Winch. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester

King. If Richard will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
That doth belong vnto the House of Yorke,
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent

Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,
And humble seruice, till the point of death

King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of Yorke:
Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created Princely Duke of Yorke

Rich. And so thriue Richard, as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Maiesty

All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of Yorke

Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of Yorke

Glost. Now will it best auaille your Maiestie,
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders loue
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies

King. When Gloster sayes the word, King Henry goes,

Shakespeare's First Folio

For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes

Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,
And will at last breake out into a flame,
As festred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and enuious discord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,
That Henry borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And Henry borne at Windsor, loose all:
Which is so plaine, that Exeter doth wish,
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time.
Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with Sacks vpon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,

Scoena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock.

Knock.

Watch. Che la

Pucell. Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne

Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung

Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.

Charles. Saint Dennis blesse this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan

Bastard. Here entred Pucell, and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie?

Scoena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Here is the best and safest passage in

Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.
Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the Talbonites

Bastard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes

Reig. Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
And then doe execution on the Watch.

Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If Talbot but suruiue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France.
Enter.

An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sicke in a Chayre.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles,
Bastard, and
Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?

Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne

Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that
time

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason

Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame

Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet Pucell hold thy peace,
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?

Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no

Talb. I speake not to that rayling Hecate,
But vnto thee Alanson, and the rest.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?

Alans. Seignior no

Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Pesant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen

Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
For Talbot meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here.

Exeunt. from the Walls.

Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbots greatest fame.
Vow Burgonie, by honor of thy House,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as sure as English Henry liues,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great Cordelions Heart was buried;
So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye

Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
Vowes

Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,

Shakespeare's First Folio

The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age

Bedf. Lord Talbot, doe not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe

Burg. Courageous Bedford, let vs now perswade you

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Me thinkes I should reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
Because I euer found them as my selfe

Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,
Then be it so: Heauens keepe old Bedford safe.
And now no more adoe, braue Burgonie,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set vpon our boasting Enemie.
Enter.

An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir Iohn Falstaffe, in such haste?

Falst. Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe

Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord Talbot?

Falst. I, all the Talbots in the World, to saue my life.
Enter.

Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.
Enter.

Scoena Secunda.

Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.

Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Lost, and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, Burgonie:
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie

Burg. Warlike and Martiall Talbot, Burgonie
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments

Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucel now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.
Now where's the Bastards braues, and Charles his glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for grieve,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young Henry with his Nobles lye

Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgonie

Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd

Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World

Alans. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
And haue thee reuerenc't like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth Ioane deuise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the Talbot, and to follow vs

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for Henryes Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces

Alans. For euer should they be expuls'd from France,
And not haue Title of an Earledome here

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a farre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

There goes the Talbot with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely Charles of France, thy Countreyman

Burg. What say'st thou Charles? for I am marching
hence

Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy
words

Pucell. Braue Burgonie, vndoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots

Burg. Either she hath bewicht me with her words,

Or Nature makes me suddenly relent

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
And ioyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talbot, Ile no longer trust thee

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes
vs fresh

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our
Breasts

Alans. Pucell hath brauely play'd her part in this,

Scaena Tertia.

And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,
Somerset,
Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissiue loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloucester,
That hath so long beene resident in France?

Glost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,

A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as Yorke

Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in wittnesse take ye that.

Strikes him.

Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.

Scoena Quarta.

But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost

Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset,
Warwicke,
Talbot, and Gouvernor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head

Win. God saue King Henry of that name the sixt

Glo. Now Gouvernour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his State:
This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.
Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haste vnto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,
Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)
Thou was't installed in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:
This Dastard, at the battell of Poictiers,
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.
In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.
My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd
his Stile?
No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?

Or doth this churlish Superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's heere? I haue vpon especiall cause,
Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,
Forsaken your pernitious Faction,
And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes

King. Why then Lord Talbot there shal talk with him,
And giue him chasticement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am preuented,
I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd

King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him
straight:

Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.
Enter Vernon and Bassit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne

Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong

King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain
First let me know, and then Ile answer you

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he seeme with forged queint conceite
To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in brainesicke
men,
When for so slight and friuolous a cause,
Such factious aemulations shall arise?
Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,
Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their peruerse Obiections:
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues.
Let me perswade you take a better course

Exet. It greeues his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:
If they perceyue dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selues we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebel?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henries Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Destroy'd themselues, and lost the Realme of France?
Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspitious
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.
As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your discretions better can perswade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs still continue peace, and loue.
Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digest
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your Victories,
With Charles, Alanson, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme

York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affayres must now be managed.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou Richard to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should haue seene decipher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth presage some ill euent.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion.
Enter.

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall.

Sounds.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Generall aloft.

English Iohn Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to Harry King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their loue

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Christian soule but English Talbot:
Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the processe of his sandy houre,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Exit

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curses.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S[aint]. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.
Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet,
and many
Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Mess. They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march'd along.
By your espyals were discouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for Burdeaux
Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delayes my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were leui'd for this siege.
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.
Enter another Messenger

2.Mes. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Else farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor

Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,
So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe

Mes. O send some succour to the distrest Lord

Yorke. He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset

Mes. Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,
And on his Sonne yong Iohn, who two houres since,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done

Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot haue,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
That sundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, Bloys, Poytiers, and Toures, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Exit

Mes. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse:
The Conquest of our scarce-cold Conqueror,
That euer-liuing man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.
Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a sally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name

Cap. Heere is Sir William Lucie, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde

Som. How now Sir William, whether were you sent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L[ord]. Talbot,
Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate assayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:
Let not your priuate discord keepe away
The leuiued succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, Charles, Burgundie,
Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him
ayde

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclames,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoast,
Collected for this expedition

Som. York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,
And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded Talbot:
Neuer to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
And flye would Talbot neuer though he might

Som. If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu

Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong Iohn Talbot, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

That Talbots name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone

Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne?
And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will say, he is not Talbots blood,
That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood

Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine

Iohn. He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe

Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye

Iohn. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preseru'd with Infamie

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?

Iohn. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe

Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe

Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe

Talb. Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee

Iohn. No part of him, but will be shame in mee

Talb. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it

Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?

Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from y staine

Iohn. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye

Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?

My Age was neuer tainted with such shame

Iohn. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?

No more can I be seuered from your side,

Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:

Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;

For liue I will not, if my Father dye

Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,

Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:

Come, side by side, together liue and dye,

And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye.

Enter.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and
Talbot
rescues him.

Talb. Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is Iohn Talbot? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death

Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date

Talb. When fro[m] the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prow'd desire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quickened with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard Orleance, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my braue Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, Iohn? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,

'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away

Iohn. The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life–blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,
To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not Talbots Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot

Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou Icarus, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride.
Enter.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant Iohn?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
Young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
Dizzie–ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer–mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.
O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong Iohn Talbots graue.

Dyes

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should haue found a bloody day of this

Bast. How the yong whelp of Talbots raging wood,
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus: Yong Talbot was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes

Bast. Hew them to peeeces, hack their bones assunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder

Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.
Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day

Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to suruey the bodies of the dead

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Vrchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdon of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingefield, Lord Furniuall of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the Noble Order of S[aint]. George,
Worthy S[aint]. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshall to Henry the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France

Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:

Shakespeare's First Folio

The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete

Lucy. Is Talbot slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth

Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old Talbots Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre

Char. Go take their bodies hence

Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal
be reard
A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody Talbots slaine.
Enter.

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Scena secunda.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on euery side

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to Charles,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Then wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th' Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them haue their answeres euery one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.
Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of Winchester install'd,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene

King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,
Beare her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to Douer, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exeunt.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The summe of money which I promised
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these graue Ornaments

Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;

Scena secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:
He either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Ione.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping
spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.

Scout. Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak

Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell presently

Scoena Tertia.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them

Bur. I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare

Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.

Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And giue me signes of future accidents.

Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

Shakespeare's First Folio

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condescend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Scoena Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
Enter.

Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Circe, she would change my shape

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:
Yor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue

Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,
Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend.

She is going

Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
Twinkling another counterfettèd beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye De la Pole, disable not thy selfe:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough

Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ransome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne

Mar, Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare

Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card

Mar. He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad

Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me

Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooodden thing

Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established betweene these Realmes.
But there remaines a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naples,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Duke of Aniou and Mayne, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match

Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:

Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.

Madam, I haue a secret to reueale

Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not craue his curtesie

Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause

Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo

Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slaue, in base seruility:
For Princes should be free

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free

Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?

Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee Henries Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His loue

Mar. I am vnworthy to be Henries wife

Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content

Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.

See Reignier see, thy daughter prisoner

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?

Suf. Faire Margaret knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine

Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To giue thee answer of thy iust demand

Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in Aniou what your Honor pleases

Suf. Thanks Reignier, happy for so sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?

Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne, the Country Maine and Aniou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter shall be Henries, if he please

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliuer her,
And those two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy

Reig. And I againe in Henries Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith

Suf. Reignier of France, I giue thee Kingly thanks,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atturney in this case.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell Reignier, set this Diamond safe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Henrie were he heere

Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, &praiers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of Margaret.

Shee is going.

Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you Margaret,
No Princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,
But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maiestie?

Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King

Suf. And this withall.

Kisse her.

Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peeuish tokens to a King

Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but Suffolke stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke,
Solicite Henry with her wonderous praise.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at Henries feete,
Thou mayest bereaue him of his wits with wonder.

Exit

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne

Shep. Ah Ione, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah Ione, sweet daughter Ione, Ile die with thee

Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine

Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship

War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?

Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes

Shep. Fye Ione, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Ione

Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth

Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck'st her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good.
Enter.

Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities

Puc. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it straight a thing impossible

To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No misconceyued, Ione of Aire hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen

Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution

War. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrells of pitch vpon the fatall stake,
That so her torture may be shortned

Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then Ione discouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death

Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?

Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge

War. Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,
Especially since Charles must Father it

Puc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,
It was Alanson that inioy'd my loue

Yorke. Alanson that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues

Shakespeare's First Folio

Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Reignier King of Naples that preuayl'd

War. A married man, that's most intollerable

Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think she knowes not wel
(There were so many) whom she may accuse

War. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free

Yor. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine

Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your selues.

Exit

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell

Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,

Scoena Tertia.

Mou'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter

Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
And sold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
The vtter losse of all the Realme of France

War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace
It shall be with such strict and seuere Couenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.
Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selues,
What the conditions of that league must be

Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry giues consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And Charles, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,

And still enioy thy Regall dignity

Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibility of all

Yorke. Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cauill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subiects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues

War. How sayst thou Charles?
Shall our Condition stand?

Char. It Shall:
Onely reseru'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison

Yor. Then sweare Allegiance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismissee your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue

Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,

She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord

King. And otherwise, will Henry ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
That Marg'ret may be Englands Royall Queene

Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter sinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?

Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence

Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more
then that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegiance

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto Charles

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receyue, than giue

Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
 That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
 To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
 Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
 And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
 So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wiues,
 As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
 Marriage is a matter of more worth,
 Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship:
 Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
 Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
 And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
 Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
 An Age of discord and continuall strife,
 Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
 And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
 Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
 Her peerelesse feature, ioyned with her birth,
 Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
 Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
 (More then in women commonly is seene)
 Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
 For Henry, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
 If with a Lady of so high resolute,
 (As is faire Margaret) he be link'd in loue.
 Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
 That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but shee

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
 My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
 My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming Loue,
 I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,
 I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
 As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
 Agree to any couenants, and procure
 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
 King Henries faithfull and annointed Queene.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather vp a tenth.
 Be gone I say, for till you do returne,

Shakespeare's First Folio

I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminare my greefe.
Enter.

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.

Exit Gloucester.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But prosper better than the Troian did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.

Exit

FINIS. The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

The second Part of Henry the Sixt

with the death of the Good Duke Hvmfrey

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one side. The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke. As by your high Imperiall Maiesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, Toures,
In presence of the Kings of France, and Sicill,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Britaigne, and Alanson,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, &twenty reuerend Bishops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was espous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In sight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuier vp my Title in the Queene
To your most gracious hands, that are the Substance
Of that great Shadow I did represent:
The happiest Gift, that euer Marquesse gaue,
The Fairest Queene, that euer King receiu'd

King. Suffolke arise. Welcome Queene Margaret,
I can expresse no kinder signe of Loue
Then this kinde kisse: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulnesse:
For thou hast giuen me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly blessings to my soule,
If Simpaty of Loue vnite our thoughts

Queen. Great King of England, &my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine Alder liefest Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to salute my King,
With ruder termes, such as my wit affoord,
And ouer ioy of heart doth minister

King. Her sight did rauish, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wisdomes Maiesty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulnesse of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue

All kneel. Long liue Qu[eene]. Margaret, Englands happines

Queene. We thanke you all.

Florish

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King Charles,
For eighteene moneths concluded by consent

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, It is agreed betweene the French K[ing].
Charles, and William de la Pole Marquesse of Suffolke,
Ambassador
for Henry King of England, That the said Henry shal
espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of
Naples, Sicillia, and Ierusalem, and Crowne her Queene of
England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.
Item, That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main,
shall be released and deliuered to the King her father

King. Vnkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some sodaine qualme hath stricke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further

King. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray read on

Win. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutchesse of Aniou and Maine, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her Father, and shee sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Cost and Charges, without hauing any Dowry

King. They please vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the first Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Cosin of Yorke,
We heere discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vncle Winchester,
Gloster, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all speede prouide
To see her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the rest.

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humfrey must vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he so often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toyle his wits,
To keepe by policy what Henrie got:
Haue you your selues, Somerset, Buckingham,
Braue Yorke, Salisbury, and victorious Warwicke,
Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnckle Beauford, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Crowned in Paris in despite of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall Henries Conquest, Bedfords vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This preroration with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still

Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the rost,
Hath giuen the Dutchy of Aniou and Mayne,
Vnto the poore King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leannesse of his purse

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of Normandie:
But wherefore weepes Warwicke, my valiant sonne?

War. For greefe that they are past recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Aniou and Maine? My selfe did win them both:
Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:
France should haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King Henry giues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages

Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France
Before –

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.

Exit Humfrey.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had Henrie got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke Humfrey:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering glosse,
He will be found a dangerous Protector

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,

Wee'l quickly hoyse Duke Humfrey from his seat

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently.

Exit Cardinall.

Som. Cosin of Buckingham, though Humfries pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Despite Duke Humfrey, or the Cardinall.

Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall,
More like a Souldier then a man o'th' Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somersets and Buckingham's Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey

Yor. And so sayes Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause

Salisbury. Then lets make hast away,
And looke vnto the maine

Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, Maine is lost,
That Maine, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:
Main—chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Aniou and Maine are giuen to the French,
Paris is lost, the state of Normandie
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the silly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his haplesse hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloofe,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,

Ready to sterue, and dare not touch his owne.
 So Yorke must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
 Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
 Beare that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatall brand Althaea burnt,
 Vnto the Princes heart of Calidon:
 Aniou and Maine both giuen vnto the French?
 Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
 Euen as I haue of fertile Englands soile.
 A day will come, when Yorke shall claime his owne,
 And therefore I will take the Neuils parts,
 And make a shew of loue to proud Duke Humfrey,
 And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
 For that's the Golden marke I seeke to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
 Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
 Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
 Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
 Then Yorke be still a-while, till time do serue:
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
 To prie into the secrets of the State,
 Till Henrie surfetting in ioyes of loue,
 With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
 And Humfrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
 Then will I raise aloft the Milke-white-Rose,
 With whose sweet smell the Ayre shall be perfum'd,
 And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster,
 And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
 Whose bookish Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
 Why doth the Great Duke Humfrey knit his browes,
 As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seemes to dimme thy sight?
 What seest thou there? King Henries Diadem,
 Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
 If so, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,

Vntill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance vnto the ground

Hum. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost loue thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, vertuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad

Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dreame?

Hum. Me thought this staffe mine Office-badge in
Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes

Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall loose his head for his presumption.
But list to me my Humfrey, my sweete Duke:
Me thought I sate in Seate of Maiesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Westminster,
And in that Chaire where Kings &Queens wer crownd,
Where Henrie and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem

Hum. Nay Elinor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd Elianor,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Aboue the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering Treachery,

Shakespeare's First Folio

To tumble downe thy husband, and thy selfe,
From top of Honor, to Disgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more

Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you so chollericke
With Elianor, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my selfe,
And not be check'd

Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.
Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleasure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S[aint]. Albons,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke

Hu. I go. Come Nel thou wilt ride with vs?

Ex[it]. Hum[frey]

Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster beares this base and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue these tedious stumbling blockes,
And smooth my way vpon their headlesse neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be slacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir Iohn; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, &I.
Enter Hume.

Hume. Iesus preserue your Royall Maiesty

Elia. What saist thou? Maiesty: I am but Grace

Hume. But by the grace of God, and Humes aduice,
Your Graces Title shall be multiplied

Elia. What saist thou man? Hast thou as yet confer'd
With Margerie Iordane the cunning Witch,
With Roger Bollingbrooke the Coniurer?
And will they vndertake to do me good?

Hume. This they haue promised to shew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,
That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him

Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Questions:
When from Saint Albones we doe make returne,
Wee'le see these things effected to the full.
Here Hume, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cause.

Exit Elianor

Hume. Hume must make merry with the Duchesse Gold:
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir Iohn Hume?
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecie.
Dame Elianor giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Deuill.
Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it so: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame Elianors aspiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Duchesse,
And buzze these Coniurations in her brayne.
They say, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I Suffolke and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, so it stands: and thus I feare at last,
Humes Knauerie will be the Duchesse Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be Humphreyes fall:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Sort how it will, I shall haue Gold for all.
Enter.

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1.Pet. My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector
will come this way by and by, and then wee may
deliuer our Supplications in the Quill

2.Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good
man, Iesu blesse him.
Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with
him: Ile be the first sure

2.Pet. Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolke,
and not my Lord Protector

Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?
1.Pet. I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my
Lord Protector

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications
to his Lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

1.Pet. Mine is, and't please your Grace, against Iohn
Goodman, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House,
and Lands, and Wife and all, from me

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeede.
What's yours? What's heere? Against the Duke of
Suffolke, for enclosing the Commons of Melforde. How
now, Sir Knaue?

2.Pet. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our
whole Towneship

Peter. Against my Master Thomas Horner, for saying,
That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the
Crowne

Queene. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of Yorke
say, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master
said, That he was, and that the King was an Vsurper

Suff. Who is there?
Enter Seruant.

Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Purseuant
presently: wee'le heare more of your matter before
the King.

Enter.

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and sue to him.

Teare the Supplication.

Away, base Cullions: Suffolke let them goe

All. Come, let's be gone.
Enter.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, say, is this the guise?

Is this the Fashions in the Court of England?
Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of Albions King?
What, shall King Henry be a Pupill still,
Vnder the surly Glosters Gouernance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subiect to a Duke?
I tell thee Poole, when in the Citie Tours
Thou ran'st a-tilt in honor of my Loue,
And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King Henry had resembled thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holinesse,
To number Aue-Maries on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Sawes of sacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holinesse

Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cause
Your Highnesse came to England, so will I
In England worke your Graces full content

Queene. Beside the haughtie Protector, haue we Beauford
The imperious Churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling Yorke: and not the least of these,
But can doe more in England then the King

Suff. And he of these, that can doe most of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the Neuils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple Peeres

Queene. Not all these Lords do vex me halfe so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She sweepes it through the Court with troupes of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke Humphreyes Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart she scornes our Pouertie:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-borne Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions t' other day,
The very trayne of her worst wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till Suffolke gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter

Suff. Madame, my selfe haue lym'd a Bush for her,
And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Layes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
So let her rest: and Madame list to me,
For I am bold to counsaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet must we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme.
Enter.

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke,
Salisbury,
Warwicke, and the Duchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or Yorke, all's one to me

Yorke. If Yorke haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regentship

Som. If Somerset be vnworthy of the Place,
Let Yorke be Regent, I will yeeld to him

Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, Yorke is the worthyer

Card. Ambitious Warwicke, let thy betters speake

Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwicke

Warw. Warwicke may liue to be the best of all

Salisb. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this?

Queene. Because the King forsooth will haue it so

Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe
To giue his Censure: These are no Womens matters

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleasure will resigne my Place

Suff. Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie

Card. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attire
Haue cost a masse of publique Treasurie

Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law

Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey.

Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?

She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowde French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could set my ten Commandements in your face

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will

Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shée'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Elianor vnreueng'd.

Exit Elianor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow Elianor,
And listen after Humfrey, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France

Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That Yorke is most vnmeet of any man

Yorke. Ile tell thee, Suffolke, why I am vnmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famisht, and lost

Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit

Suff. Peace head—strong Warwicke

Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?
Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accused of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe

Yorke. Doth any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolke? tell me, what are these?

Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,
And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper

King. Say man, were these thy words?

Armorer. And't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd
nor thought any such matter: God is my wnesse, I am
falsely accus'd by the Villaine

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake
them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scowring
my Lord of Yorkes Armor

Yorke. Base Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:
I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the
words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct
him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his
knees he would be euen with me: I haue good wnesse
of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast

away an honest man for a Villaines accusation

King. Vnckle, what shall we say to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let Somerset be Regent o're the French,
Because in Yorke this breedes suspition;
And let these haue a day appointed them
For single Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke Humfreyes doome

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie

Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake
pitty my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me.
O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to
fight a blow: O Lord my heart

Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of
Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come
Somerset, wee'le see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you expects
performance of your promises

Shakespeare's First Folio

Bulling. Master Hume, we are therefore prouided: will
her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? feare you not her courage

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of
an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master
Hume, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie below;
and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Hume.

Mother Iordan, be you prostrate, and grouell on the
Earth; Iohn Southwell reade you, and let vs to our worke.
Enter Elianor aloft.

Elianor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To
this geere, the sooner the better

Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,
The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;
That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.
Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,
Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,
Bullingbrooke or
Southwell reades, Coniuro te, It Thunders and Lightens
terribly: then
the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. Ad sum

Shakespeare's First Folio

Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God,
Whose name and power thou tremblest at,
Answered that I shall aske: for till thou speake,
Thou shalt not passe from hence

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and
done

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him become?
Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?
Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end

Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?
Spirit. Let him shun Castles,
Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Haue done, for more I hardly can endure

Bulling. Discend to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:
False Fiend auoide.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their
Guard, and
breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon these Traytors, and their trash:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale
Are deeply indebted for this peece of paines;

Shakespeare's First Folio

My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts

Elleanor. Not halfe so bad as thine to Englands King,
Iniurious Duke, that threatest where's no cause

Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp close,
And kept asunder: you Madame shall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.
Wee'le see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away.
Enter.

Yorke. Lord Buckingham, me thinks you watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build vpon.
Now pray my Lord, let's see the Deuils Writ.
What haue we here?

Reades.

The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Why this is iust, Aio aeacida Romanos vincere posso.
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shunne Castles,
Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly vnderstood.
The King is now in progresse towards Saint Albones,
With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:
Thither goes these Newes,
As fast as Horse can carry them:
A sorry Breakfast for my Lord Protector

Shakespeare's First Folio

Buck. Your Grace shal giue me leaue, my Lord of York,
To be the Poste, in hope of his reward

Yorke. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?
Enter a Seruingman.

Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To suppe with me to morrow Night. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with
Faulkners
hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I saw not better sport these seuen yeeres day:
Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old Ioane had not gone out

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch she flew aboue the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high

Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maiestie,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,
They know their Master loues to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch

Glost. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore:

Card. I thought as much, hee would be aboue the

Clouds

Glost. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treasurie of euerlasting Ioy

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne, the Treasure of thy Heart,
Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere,
That smooth'st it so with King and Common-weale

Glost. What, Cardinall?
Is your Priest-hood growne peremptorie?
Tantæne animis Coelestibus iræ, Church-men so hot?
Good Vnckle hide such mallice:
With such Holynesse can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes
So good a Quarrell, and so bad a Peere

Glost. As who, my Lord?
Suff. Why, as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorship

Glost. Why Suffolke, England knowes thine insolence

Queene. And thy Ambition, Gloster

King. I prythee peace, good Queene,
And whet not on these furious Peeres,
For blessed are the Peace-makers on Earth

Card. Let me be blessed for the Peace I make
Against this prowde Protector with my Sword

Glost. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that

Card. Marry, when thou dar'st

Glost. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine owne person answere thy abuse

Card. I, where thou dar'st not peepe:
And if thou dar'st, this Euening,
On the East side of the Groue

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put vp the Fowle so suddenly,
We had had more sport.
Come with thy two-hand Sword

Glost. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd?
The East side of the Groue:
Cardinall, I am with you

King. Why how now, Vnckle Gloster?

Glost. Talking of Hawking; nothing else, my Lord.
Now by Gods Mother, Priest,
Ile shaue your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence shall fayle

Card. Medice teipsum, Protector see to't well, protect
your selfe

King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomacks, Lords:
How irkesome is this Musick to my heart?
When such Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony?

Shakespeare's First Folio

I pray my Lords let me compound this strife.
Enter one crying a Miracle

Glost. What meanes this noyse?
Fellow, what Miracle do'st thou proclayme?
One. A Miracle, a Miracle

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle

One. Forsooth, a blinde man at Saint Albones Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his sight,
A man that ne're saw in his life before

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules
Giues Light in Darknesse, Comfort in Despaire.
Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the
man
betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Townes-men, on Procession,
To present your Highnesse with the man

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his sight his sinne be multiplyed

Glost. Stand by, my Masters, bring him neere the King,
His Highnesse pleasure is to talke with him

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What, hast thou beene long blinde, and now restor'd?
Simp. Borne blinde, and't please your Grace

Wife. I indeede was he

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worship

Glost. Hadst thou been his Mother, thou could'st haue
better told

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simpc. At Barwick in the North, and't like your
Grace

King. Poore Soule,
Gods goodnesse hath beene great to thee:
Let neuer Day nor Night vnhalloved passe,
But still remember what the Lord hath done

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'st thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine?

Simpc. God knowes of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my sleepe, by good Saint Albon:
Who said; Symon, come; come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee

Wife. Most true, forsooth:
And many time and oft my selfe haue heard a Voyce,
To call him so

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simpc. I, God Almightye helpe me

Suff. How cam'st thou so?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Simpc. A fall off of a Tree

Wife. A Plum-tree, Master

Glost. How long hast thou beene blinde?

Simpc. O borne so, Master

Glost. What, and would'st climbe a Tree?

Simpc. But that in all my life, when I was a youth

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare

Glost. 'Masse, thou lou'dst Plummes well, that would'st
venture so

Simpc. Alas, good Master, my Wife desired some
Damsons, and made me climbe, with danger of my
Life

Glost. A subtill Knaue, but yet it shall not serue:
Let me see thine Eyes; winck now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou seest not well

Simpc. Yes Master, cleare as day, I thanke God and
Saint Albones

Glost. Say'st thou me so: what Colour is this Cloake
of?

Simpc. Red Master, Red as Blood

Glost. Why that's well said: What Colour is my

Gowne of?

Simpc. Black forsooth, Coale-Black, as Iet

King. Why then, thou know'st what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer see

Glost. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many

Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life

Glost. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simpc. Alas Master, I know not

Glost. What's his Name?

Simpc. I know not

Glost. Nor his?

Simpc. No indeede, Master

Glost. What's thine owne Name?

Simpc. Saunder Simpcox, and if it please you, Master

Glost. Then Saunder, sit there,
The lying'st Knaue in Christendome.
If thou hadst beene borne blinde,
Thou might'st as well haue knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the seuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may distinguish of Colours:
But suddenly to nominate them all,
It is impossible.
My Lords, Saint Albone here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could restore this Cripple to his Legges againe

Simpc. O Master, that you could?

Glost. My Masters of Saint Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes?

Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it please your Grace

Glost. Then send for one presently

Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither straight.
Enter.

Glost. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to saue your selfe from Whipping,
leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away

Simpc. Alas Master, I am not able to stand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.
Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Glost. Well Sir, we must haue you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that same
Stoole

Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly

Simpc. Alas Master, what shall I doe? I am not able to
stand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and
runnes
away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Queene. It made me laugh, to see the Villaine runne

Glost. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need

Glost. Let the[m] be whipt through euery Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
Enter.

Card. Duke Humfrey ha's done a Miracle to day

Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away

Glost. But you haue done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.
Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:
A sort of naughtie persons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
Of Lady Elianor, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerously against your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Raising vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King Henries Life and Death,
And other of your Highnesse Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace shall vnderstand

Card. And so my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre

Glost. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grieffe haue vanquisht all my powers;
And vanquisht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meanest Groome

King. O God, what mischiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confusion on their owne heads thereby

Queene. Gloster, see here the Taincture of thy Nest,
And looke thy selfe be faultlesse, thou wert best

Glost. Madame, for my selfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it stands,
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard,
Noble shee is: but if shee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with such,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I banish her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored Glosters honest Name

King. Well, for this Night we will repose vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Businesse thorowly,
And call these foule Offendors to their Answeres;
And poyse the Cause in Iustice equall Scales,
Whose Beame stands sure, whose rightful cause preuailes.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our simple Supper ended, giue me leaue,
In this close Walke, to satisfie my selfe,
In crauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne

Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it at full

Warw. Sweet Yorke begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The Neuills are thy Subiects to command

Yorke. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:
The first, Edward the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was Edmond Langley, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seuenth, and last.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him Richard, his onely Sonne,
Who after Edward the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till Henry Bullingbrooke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest Sonne and Heire of Iohn of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmelesse Richard was murdered traiterously

Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the House of Lancaster the Crowne

Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For Richard, the first Sonnes Heire, being dead,

The Issue of the next Sonne should haue reign'd

Salisb. But William of Hatfield dyed without an
Heire

Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whose Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Issue Phillip, a Daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, Earle of March:
Edmond had Issue, Roger, Earle of March;
Roger had Issue, Edmond, Anne, and Elianor

Salisb. This Edmond, in the Reigne of Bullingbrooke,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for Owen Glendour, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the rest

Yorke. His eldest Sister, Anne,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to Edmond Langley,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to Roger, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of Edmond Mortimer,
Who married Phillip, sole Daughter
Vnto Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Issue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King

Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from Iohn of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, Yorke claymes it from the third:
Till Lionels Issue fayles, his should not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire slippes of such a Stock.
Then Father Salisbury, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth—right to the Crowne

Both. Long liue our Soueraigne Richard, Englands
King

Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At Beaufords Pride, at Somersets Ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue snar'd the Shepherd of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke Humfrey:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if Yorke can prophecie

Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde
at full

Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King

Yorke. And Neuill, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to banish
the
Duchesse.

King. Stand forth Dame Elianor Cobham,
Glosters Wife:
In sight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for sinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Prison, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the Gallows.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Despoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Banishment,
With Sir Iohn Stanly, in the Ile of Man

Elianor. Welcome is Banishment, welcome were my
Death

Glost. Elianor, the Law thou seest hath iudged thee,
I cannot iustifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah Humfrey, this dishonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your Maiestie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would sollace, and mine Age would ease

King. Stay Humfrey, Duke of Gloster,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himselfe Protector be,
And God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, Humfrey, no lesse belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King

Queene. I see no reason, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King Henry gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme

Glost. My Staffe? Here, Noble Henry, is my Staffe:

As willingly doe I the same resigne,
As ere thy Father Henry made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.

Exit Gloster.

Queene. Why now is Henry King, and Margaret Queen,
And Humfrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce himselfe,
That beares so shrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady banisht, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henries hand

Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne, & hangs his sprayes,
Thus Elianors Pride dyes in her youngest dayes

Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Please it your Maiestie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Lists,
So please your Highnesse to behold the fight

Queene. I, good my Lord: for purposely therefore
Left I the Court, to see this Quarrell try'de

King. A Gods Name see the Lysts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right

Yorke. I neuer saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The seruant of this Armorer, my Lords.
Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to
him so
much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before

him, and his
Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other Doore his
Man,
with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1.Neighbor. Here Neighbour Horner, I drinke to you
in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you shall doe
well enough

2.Neighbor. And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of
Charneco

3.Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere
Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all,
and a figge for Peter

1.Prent. Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid

2.Prent. Be merry Peter, and feare not thy Master,
Fight for credit of the Prentices

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray
you, for I thinke I haue taken my last Draught in this
World. Here Robin, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne;
and Will, thou shalt haue my Hammer: and here Tom,
take all the Money that I haue. O Lord blesse me, I pray
God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Master, hee
hath learnt so much fence already

Salisb. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forsooth

Shakespeare's First Folio

Salisb. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe

Salisb. Thumpe? Then see thou thumpe thy Master
well

Armorer. Masters, I am come hither as it were vpon
my Mans instigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my selfe
an honest man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will
take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King,
nor the Queene: and therefore Peter haue at thee with a
downe-right blow

Yorke. Dispatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double.
Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold Peter, hold, I confesse, I confesse Treason

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God,
and the good Wine in thy Masters way

Peter. O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this
presence? O Peter, thou hast preuayl'd in right

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,
And God in Iustice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.

Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Glost. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud:
And after Summer, euermore succedes
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru. Tenne, my Lord

Glost. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my punisht Duchesse:
Vnneath may shee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiect People, gazing on thy face,
With enuious Lookes laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy prowde Chariot-Wheelles,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But soft, I thinke she comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-stayn'd eyes, to see her Miseries.
Enter the Duchesse in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her
hand, with
the Sherife and Officers.

Seru. So please your Grace, wee'le take her from the
Sherife

Gloster. No, stirre not for your liues, let her passe
by

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah Gloster, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Closet pent vp, rue my shame,

And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine

Glost. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this grieve

Elleanor. Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe:
For whilst I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I should not thus be led along,
Mayl'd vp in shame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce
To see my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes.
The ruthlesse Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduised how I treade.
Ah Humfrey, can I beare this shamefull yoake?
Trowest thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,
Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?
No: Darke shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke vpon my Pompe, shall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile say, I am Duke Humfreyes Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorne Duchesse,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock
To euery idle Rascall follower.
But be thou milde, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolke, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And Yorke, and impious Beauford, that false Priest,
Haue all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be snar'd,
Nor neuer seeke preuention of thy foes

Glost. Ah Nell, forbear: thou aymest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times so many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimelesse.
Would'st haue me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.
Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth

Glost. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Nell, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission

Sh. And't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:
And Sir Iohn Stanly is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man

Glost. Must you, Sir Iohn, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your
Grace

Glost. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And so Sir Iohn, farewell

Elleanor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glost. Witsesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Gloster.

Elleanor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene afear'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke Humfreyes Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd

Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me

Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come Stanley, shall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney

Elianor. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison.

Exeunt.

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke,
Buckingham,
Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keeps him from vs now

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,
How prowd, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe vnbowd Knee,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And Humfrey is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is neere you in discent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproue my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectuell

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse seene into this Duke:
And had I first beene put to speake my minde,
I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.

The Duchesse, by his subornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises:
Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successiue Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
The Fox barkes not, when he would steale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, Glouster is a man
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humfrey

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,
Our Kinsman Gloster is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauens.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,
For hee's enclin'd as is the rauinous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.
Enter Somerset

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne

King. Welcome Lord Somerset: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is lost

King. Cold Newes, Lord Somerset: but Gods will be done

Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.
Enter Gloucester.

Glost. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long

Suff. Nay Gloster, know that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arrest thee of High Treason here

Glost. Well Suffolke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France

Glost. Is it but thought so?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I dis-pursed to the Garrisons,
And neuer ask'd for restitution

Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much

Glost. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God

Yorke. In your Protectorship, you did deuise
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie

Glost. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Vnlesse it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore passengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment.
Murther indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd
Aboue the Felon, or what Trespas else

Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your selfe.
I doe arrest you in his Highnesse Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall

King. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my speciall hope,
That you will cleare your selfe from all suspence,
My Conscience tells me you are innocent

Glost. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highnesse Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingnesse.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beaufords red sparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And Suffolks cloudie Brow his stormie hate;
Sharpe Buckingham vnburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged Yorke, that reaches at the Moone,
Whose ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By false accuse doth leuell at my Life.
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the rest,
Causelesse haue lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeuour haue stirr'd vp
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemie:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My selfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltlesse Life.
I shall not want false Witenesse, to condemne me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If those that care to keepe your Royall Person
From Treasons secret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted scope of speech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?

As if she had suborned some to sweare
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state

Qu. But I can giue the loser leaue to chide

Glost. Farre truer spoke then meant: I lose indeede,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may haue leaue to speake

Buck. Hee'le wrest the sence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Prisoner

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure

Glost. Ah, thus King Henry throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolues are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my feare were false, ah that it were;
For good King Henry, thy decay I feare.

Exit Gloster.

King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our selfe were here

Queene. What, will your Highnesse leaue the Parliament?

King. I Margaret: my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whose floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miserie:
For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Vnckle Humfrey, in thy face I see
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:
And yet, good Humfrey, is the houre to come,
That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What lowring Starre now enuies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and Margaret our Queene,
Doe seeke subuersion of thy harmelesse Life.
Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-house;
Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;
Euen so my selfe bewayles good Glosters case
With sad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? Gloster he is none.
Enter.

Queene. Free Lords:

Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of foolish pittie: and Glosters shew
Beguiles him, as the mournefull Crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This Gloster should be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him

Card. That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
The King will labour still to saue his Life,
The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death

Yorke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye

Suff. Ah Yorke, no man aliue, so faine as I

Yorke. 'Tis Yorke that hath more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke Humfrey for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madnesse then,
To make the Fox surueyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,
As Humfrey prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.
And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit

Queene. Thrice Noble Suffolke, 'tis resolutely spoke

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest

Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:

Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And Ile prouide his Executioner,
I tender so the safetie of my Liege

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing

Queene. And so say I

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.
Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe.
What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?

Yorke. That Somerset be sent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd,
Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France

Som. If Yorke, with all his farre-fet pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in stead of me,
He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long

Yorke. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens flesh preseru'd so whole, doe seldome winne

Qu. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good Yorke; sweet Somerset be still.
Thy fortune, Yorke, hadst thou beene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his

Yorke. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame
take all

Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wishest
shame

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th' vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie some,
And trie your hap against the Irishmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his consent,
And what we doe establish, he confirms:
Then, Noble Yorke, take thou this Taske in hand

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires

Suff. A charge, Lord Yorke, that I will see perform'd.
But now returne we to the false Duke Humfrey

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:
And so breake off, the day is almost spent,
Lord Suffolke, you and I must talke of that euent

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
At Bristow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland

Suff. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of Yorke.

Exeunt.

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now Yorke, or neuer, steele thy fearfull thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;
Resigne to death, it is not worth th' enioying:
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faster the[n] Spring-time showres, comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,
Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
To send me packing with an Hoast of men:
I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,
Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,
You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,
I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:
And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a minister of my intent,
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the title of Iohn Mortimer.
In Ireland haue I seene this stubborne Cade
Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts

Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being rescued, I haue seene
Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a shag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
Hath he conuersed with the Enemie,
And vndiscouer'd, come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
This Deuill here shall be my substitute;
For that Iohn Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the House and Clayme of Yorke.
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.
Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.
For Humfrey; being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart: the next for me.
Enter.

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of
Duke
Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded

2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?
Didst euer heare a man so penitent?
Enter Suffolke.

1. Here comes my Lord

Suff. Now Sirs, haue you dispatcht this thing?

1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead

Suff. Why that's well said. Goe, get you to my House,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gaue directions?

1. 'Tis, my good Lord

Suff. Away, be gone.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
Somerset,
with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as 'tis published

Suff. Ile call him presently, my Noble Lord.
Enter

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our Vnckle Gloster,
Then from true euidence, of good esteeme,
He be approu'd in practise culpable

Queene. God forbid any Malice should preuayle,
That faultlesse may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of suspition

King. I thanke thee Nell, these wordes content mee
much.
Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, Suffolke?

Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: Gloster is dead

Queene. Marry God forfend

Card. Gods secret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not speake a word.

King sounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is
dead

Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Nose

Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh Henry ope thine eyes

Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient

King. Oh Heauenly God

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious Henry comfort

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a Rauens Note,
Whose dismall tune bereft my Vitall powres:

And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
 By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 Can chase away the first-conceiued sound?
 Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,
 Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I say,
 Their touch affrights me as a Serpents sting.
 Thou balefull Messenger, out of my sight:
 Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie
 Sits in grim Maiestie, to fright the World.
 Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
 Yet doe not goe away: come Basiliske,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
 For in the shade of death, I shall finde ioy;
 In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
 Although the Duke was enemie to him,
 Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
 And for my selfe, Foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
 Or blood-consuming sighes recall his Life;
 I would be blinde with weeping, sicke with grones,
 Looke pale as Prim-rose with blood-drinking sighes,
 And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
 What know I how the world may deeme of me?
 For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
 It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
 So shall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
 And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
 This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,
 To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie

King. Ah woe is me for Gloster, wretched man

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
 What, Dost thou turne away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.
 What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
 Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Glosters Tombe?
 Why then Dame Elianor was neere thy ioy.
 Erect his Statue, and worship it,
 And make my Image but an Ale-house signe.
 Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
 And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke

Shakespeare's First Folio

Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did seeme to say, seeke not a Scorpions Nest,
Nor set no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,
And bid them blow towards Englands blessed shore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet aeolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldst haue me drown'd on shore
With teares as salt as Sea, through thy vnkindnesse.
The splitting Rockes cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, perish Elianor.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempest beate vs backe,
I stood vpon the Hatches in the storme:
And when the duskie sky, began to rob
My earnest-gaping-sight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a costly Iewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiue'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I lost faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For loosing ken of Albions wished Coast.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconstancie)
To sit and watch me as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would vnfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not false like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye Elinor,
For Henry weepes, that thou dost liue so long.

Noyse within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke Humfrey Traiterously is mured
By Suffolke, and the Cardinall Beaufords meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter vp and downe,
And care not who they sting in his reuenge.

My selfe haue calm'd their spleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not Henry:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathlesse Corpes,
And comment then vpon his sodaine death

War. That shall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne

King. O thou that iudgeth all things, stay my thoghts:
My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soule,
Some violent hands were laid on Humfries life:
If my suspect be false, forgiue me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
But all in vaine are these meane Obsequies,

Bed put forth.

And to suruey his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this
body

King. That is to see how deepe my graue is made,
For with his soule fled all my worldly solace:
For seeing him, I see my life in death

War. As surely as my soule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our state vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curse,

I do beleeeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, sworne with a solemn tongue:
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft haue I seene a timely-parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodlesse,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aydance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To blush and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But see, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
His hayre vprear'd, his nostrils stretcht with struggling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.
Looke on the sheets his haire (you see) is sticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was mured heere,
The least of all these signes were probable

Suf. Why Warwicke, who should do the D[uke]. to death?
My selfe and Beauford had him in protection,
And we I hope sir, are no murtherers

War. But both of you were vowed D[uke]. Humfries foes,
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seene, he found an enemy

Queen. Than you belike suspect these Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke Humfries timelesse death

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte soare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie

Qu. Are you the Butcher, Suffolk? where's your Knife?
Is Beauford tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scowred in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with Murthers Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, prowld Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faultie in Duke Humfreyes death

Warw. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolke dare
him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though Suffolke dare him twentie thousand times

Warw. Madame be still: with reuerence may I say,
For euery word you speake in his behalfe,
Is slander to your Royall Dignitie

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some sterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slippe, whose Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the Neuils Noble Race

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soueraignes presence makes me milde,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in Bastardie;

And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st goe with me

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe some seruice to Duke Humfreyes Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Brest-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iust;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whose Conscience with Iniustice is corrupted.

A noyse within.

Queene. What noyse is this?
Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.
Enter Salisbury.

Salisb. Sirs stand apart, the King shall know your
minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Vnlesse Lord Suffolke straight be done to death,

Or banished faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humfrey dy'de:
They say, in him they feare your Highnesse death;
And meere instinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a stubborne opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royall Person,
That if your Highnesse should intend to sleepe,
And charge, that no man should disturbe your rest,
In paine of your dislike, or paine of death;
Yet not withstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent seene, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glyded towards your Maiestie,
It were but necessarie you were wak't:
Least being suffer'd in that harmefull slumber,
The mortall Worme might make the sleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false Suffolke is;
With whose inuenomed and fatall sting,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life

Commons within. An answer from the King, my Lord
of Salisbury

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht Hindes,
Could send such Message to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To shew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor Salisbury hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King

Within. An answer from the King, or wee will all
breake in

King. Goe Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited so by them,

Yet did I purpose as they doe entreat:
For sure, my thoughts doe hourelly prophecie,
Mischance vnto my State by Suffolkes meanes.
And therefore by his Maiestie I sweare,
Whose farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death

Qu. Oh Henry, let me pleade for gentle Suffolke

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle Suffolke.
No more I say: if thou do'st pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encrease vnto my Wrath.
Had I but sayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I sweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes space thou here bee'st found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come Warwicke, come good Warwicke, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee.
Enter.

Qu. Mischance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your steps

Suff. Cease, gentle Queene, these Execrations,
And let thy Suffolke take his heauie leaue

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and soft harted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse
them?
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to heare,

Deliuier'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signes of deadly hate,
 As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
 Mine haire be fixt an end, as one distract:
 I, euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
 And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
 Should I not curse them. Poyson be their drinke.
 Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
 Their sweetest shade, a groue of Cypresse Trees:
 Their cheefest Prospect, murd'ring Basiliskes:
 Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
 Their Musicke, frightfull as the Serpents hisse,
 And boading Screech-Owles, make the Consort full.
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell –

Q. Enough sweet Suffolke, thou torment'st thy selfe,
 And these dread curses like the Sunne 'gainst glasse,
 Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
 And turnes the force of them vpon thy selfe

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
 Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a Winters night,
 Though standing naked on a Mountaine top,
 Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
 And thinke it but a minute spent in sport

Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, giue me thy hand,
 That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
 Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
 To wash away my wofull Monuments.
 Oh, could this kisse be printed in thy hand,
 That thou might'st thinke vpon these by the Seale,
 Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
 So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
 'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
 As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
 I will repeale thee, or be well assur'd,
 Aduenture to be banished my selfe:
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speake not to me; euen now be gone.
 Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
 Embrace, and kisse, and take ten thousand leaues,
 Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
 Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wildernesse is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it selfe,
With euery seuerall pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My selfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'st.
Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes Vaux so fast? What newes I
prethee?

Vaux. To signifie vnto his Maiesty,
That Cardinal Beauford is at point of death:
For sodainly a greeuous sicknesse tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and stare, and catch the aire,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke Humfries Ghost
Were by his side: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his ouer-charged soule,
And I am sent to tell his Maiestie,
That euen now he cries aloud for him

Qu. Go tell this heauy Message to the King.

Exit

Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore losse,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my soules Treasure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encrease, mine for my sorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,

And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugges betweene it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou eyther turne my flying soule,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liu'd in sweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in iest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull corosiue,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wheresoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an Iris that shall finde thee out

Suf. I go

Qu. And take my heart with thee

Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofulst Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a splitted Barke, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death

Qu. This way for me.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake Beauford to thy
Soueraigne

Ca. If thou beest death, Ile giue thee Englands Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine

King. Ah, what a signe it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is seene so terrible

War. Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne speakes to thee

Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confesse.
Aliue againe? Then shew me where he is,
Ile giue a thousand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it stands vpright,
Like Lime–twigs set to catch my winged soule:
Giue me some drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the strong poyson that I bought of him

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the busie medling Fiend,
That layes strong siege vnto this wretches soule,
And from his bosome purge this blacke dispaire

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin

Sal. Disturbe him not, let him passe peaceably

King. Peace to his soule, if Gods good pleasure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'st on heauens blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, make signall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no signe: Oh God forgiue him

War. So bad a death, argues a monstrous life

King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are sinners all.
Close vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine close,
And let vs all to Meditation.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorsefull day,
Is crept into the bosome of the Sea:
And now loud houling Wolues arouse the Iades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowsie, slow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their misty Iawes,
Breath foule contagious darknesse in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilst our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere shall they make their ransome on the sand,
Or with their blood staine this discoloured shore.
Maister, this Prisoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other Walter Whitmore is thy share

1.Gent. What is my ransome Master, let me know

Ma. A thousand Crownes, or else lay down your head

Mate. And so much shall you giue, or off goes yours

Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you shall:
The liues of those which we haue lost in fight,
Be counter-poyts'd with such a pettie summe

1.Gent. Ile giue it sir, and therefore spare my life

2.Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight

Whitm. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to reuenge it, shalt thou dye,
And so should these, if I might haue my will

Lieu. Be not so rash, take ransome, let him liue

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be payed

Whit. And so am I: my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why starts thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I should dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded

Whit. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did base dishonour blurre our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I sell reuenge,

Broke be my sword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world

Suf. Stay Whitmore, for thy Prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Pole

Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?

Suf. I, but these ragges are no part of the Duke

Lieu. But Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be,
Obscure and lowsie Swaine, King Henries blood

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaster
Must not be shed by such a iaded Groome:
Hast thou not kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I shooke my head.
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feasted with Queene Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee Crest-falne,
I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby hast thou stood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore shall it charme thy riotous tongue

Whit. Speak Captaine, shall I stab the forlorn Swain

Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he hath me

Suf. Base slaue, thy words are blunt, and so art thou

Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats side,
Strike off his head

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy owne

Lieu. Poole, Sir Poole? Lord,
 I kennell, puddle, sinke, whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the siluer Spring, where England drinkes:
 Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the Treasure of the Realme.
 Thy lips that kist the Queene, shall sweepe the ground:
 And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humfries death,
 Against the senselesse windes shall grin in vaine,
 Who in contempt shall hisse at thee againe.
 And wedded be thou to the Haggas of hell,
 For daring to affye a mighty Lord
 Vnto the daughter of a worthlesse King,
 Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
 By diuellish policy art thou growne great,
 And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,
 With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
 By thee Aniou and Maine were sold to France.
 The false reuolting Normans thorough thee,
 Disdaine to call vs Lord, and Piccardie
 Hath slaine their Gouernors, surpriz'd our Forts,
 And sent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
 The Princely Warwicke, and the Neuils all,
 Whose dreadfull swords were neuer drawne in vaine,
 As hating thee, and rising vp in armes.
 And now the House of Yorke thrust from the Crowne,
 By shamefull murther of a guiltlesse King,
 And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
 Burnes with reuenging fire, whose hopefull colours
 Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, striuing to shine;
 Vnder the which is writ, Inuitis nubibus.
 The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
 And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
 Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
 And all by thee: away, conuey him hence

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth Thunder
 Vpon these paltry, seruile, abiect Drudges:
 Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
 Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
 Then Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pyrate.
 Drones sucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
 It is impossible that I should dye

By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell

Lieu. Water:

W. Come Suffolke, I must waft thee
to thy death

Suf. Pine gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I feare

Wal. Thou shalt haue cause to feare before I leaue thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye stoope

1.Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, speak him fair

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is sterne and rough:
Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.
Farre be it, we should honor such as these
With humble suite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then these knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And sooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then stand vnouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sword, and Bandetto slaue
Murder'd sweet Tully. Brutus Bastard hand
Stab'd Iulius Cæsar. Sauage Islanders
Pompey the Great, and Suffolke dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for these whose ransome we haue set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

Wal. There let his head, and liuelesse bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Mistris bury it.

Exit Walter

1.Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.
Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a
Lath, they haue bene vp these two dayes

Hol. They haue the more neede to sleepe now then

Beuis. I tell thee, Iacke Cade the Cloathier, meanes to
dresse the Common-wealth and turne it, and set a new
nap vpon it

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say,
it was neuer merrie world in England, since Gentlemen
came vp

Beuis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in
Handy-crafts men

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke scorne to goe in Leather
Aprons

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good
Workemen

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation:
which is as much to say, as let the Magistrates be labouring
men, and therefore should we be Magistrates

Beuis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a
braue minde, then a hard hand

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's Bests Sonne, the
Tanner of Wingham

Beuis. Hee shall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to
make Dogges Leather of

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher

Beuis. Then is sin stricke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities
throate cut like a Calfe

Hol. And Smith the Weauer

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is spun

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a
Sawyer, with
infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee Iohn Cade, so tearm'd of our supposed Father

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings

Cade. For our enemies shall faile before vs, inspired
with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command
silence

But. Silence

Cade. My Father was a Mortimer

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet

Butch. I knew her well, she was a Midwife

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & sold many
Laces

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her
furr'd Packe, she washes buckes here at home

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there
was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a
house but the Cage

Cade. Valiant I am

Weauer. A must needs, for beggery is valiant

Cade. I am able to endure much

But. No question of that: for I haue seene him whipt
three Market dayes together

Cade. I feare neither sword, nor fire

Wea. He neede not feare the sword, for his Coate is of
prooffe

But. But me thinks he should stand in feare of fire, being
burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheepe

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and
Vowes Reformation. There shall be in England, seuen
halfe peny Loaues sold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot,
shall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink
small Beere. All the Realme shall be in Common, and in
Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am
King, as King I will be

All. God saue your Maiesty

Cade. I thanke you good people. There shall bee no
mony, all shall eate and drinke on my score, and I will
apparrell them all in one Liuary, that they may agree like
Brothers, and worship me their Lord

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable
thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should
be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore,
should vndoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say,
'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but seale once to a thing, and
I was neuer mine owne man since. How now? Who's
there?
Enter a Clarke.

Weauer. The Clarke of Chartam: hee can write and
reade, and cast accompt

Cade. O monstrous

Wea. We tooke him setting of boyes Copies

Cade. Here's a Villaine

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnlesse I finde him guilty he shall not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clarke. Emanuell

But. They vse to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you

Cade. Let me alone: Dost thou vse to write thy name? Or hast thou a marke to thy selfe, like a honest plain dealing man?

Clarke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin so well brought vp, that I can write my name

All. He hath confest: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clarke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother
are hard by, with the Kings Forces

Cade. Stand villaine, stand, or Ile fell thee downe: he
shall be encountred with a man as good as himselfe. He
is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No

Cade. To equall him I will make my selfe a knight, presently;
Rise vp Sir Iohn Mortimer. Now haue at him.
Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and
Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groome.
The King is mercifull, if you reuolt

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaues I passe not,
It is to you good people, that I speake,
Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playsterer,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And thou thy selfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a Gardiner

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this Edmund Mortimer Earle of March,
married the Duke of Clarence daughter, did he not?

Staf. I sir

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth

Bro. That's false

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a begger-woman stolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His sonne am I, deny it if you can

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie it: therefore
deny it not

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Wordes,
that speakes he knowes not what

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone

Bro. Iacke Cade, the D[uke]. of York hath taught you this

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my selfe. Go too Sirrah,
tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake Henry
the fift, (in whose time, boyes went to Span-counter
for French Crownes) I am content he shall raigne, but Ile
be Protector ouer him

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord Sayes
head, for selling the Dukedome of Maine

**Cade And good reason: for thereby is England main'd
And faine to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds
it vp.** Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord Say hath
gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: more then that, he can speake French, and therefore hee is
a Traitor

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our
enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks
with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councillour, or
no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not preuayle,
Assaile them with the Army of the King

Staf. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with Cade,
That those which flye before the battell ends,
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens sight,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.
Enter.

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me:
Now shew your selues men, 'tis for Liberty.

Shakespeare's First Folio

We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shooen,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out
of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slaine. Enter
Cade
and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Ashford?

But. Heere sir

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, thou behaued'st thy selfe, as if thou hadst beene in thine
owne Slaughter-house: Therfore thus will I reward thee,
the Lent shall bee as long againe as it is, and thou shalt
haue a License to kill for a hundred lacking one

But. I desire no more

Cade. And to speake truth, thou deseru'st no lesse.
This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies
shall be dragg'd at my horse heeles, till I do come to
London, where we will haue the Maiors sword born before
vs

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open
the Gaoles, and let out the Prisoners

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march
towards London.

Exeunt.

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes
head,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe softens the mind,
And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebells
Supplication?

King. Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with Iacke Cade their Generall.
But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the same

King. Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath sworne to haue thy
head

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?

Shakespeare's First Folio

I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me

Qu. No my Loue, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in such haste?

Mes. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence house,
And calles your Grace Vsurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercilesse:
Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call false Catterpillers, and intend their death

Kin. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,
These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd

King. Lord Say, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I stay,
And liue alone as secret as I may.
Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Iacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly sweare
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse

King. Come Margaret, God our hope will succor vs

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceast

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels

Buc. Trust no body for feare you betraid

Say. The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters two or
three
Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is Iacke Cade slaine?

1.Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The L[ord]. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

Exeunt.

Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his staffe on London
stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer Lord of this City,
And heere sitting vpon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This first yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,
That calles me other then Lord Mortimer.
Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade

Cade. Knocke him downe there.

They kill him.

But. If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee Iacke
Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in Smithfield

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

Exeunt. omnes.

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Iacke
Cade,
with his Company.

Cade. So sirs: now go some and pull down the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all

But. I haue a suite vnto your Lordship

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that
word

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out
of your mouth

Iohn. Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet

Smith. Nay Iohn, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath
stinkes with eating toasted cheese

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be
the Parliament of England

Iohn. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out

Cade. And hence—forward all things shall be in Common.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord Say,
which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty Fifteenes, and one shilling to the pound,
the last Subsidie.
Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:
Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now
art thou within point—blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall.
What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of
Normandie vnto Mounsieur Basimecu, the Dolphine of
France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen
the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the Beesome
that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou
art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of
the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas
before, our Fore—fathers had no other Bookes but the
Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,
and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou
hast built a Paper—Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face,
that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a
Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable wordes, as
no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appointed
Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about
matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer,
thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not
read, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for
that cause they haue beene most worthy to liue. Thou
dost ride in a foot—cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare
a Cloake, when honester men then thou go in their Hose
and Doublets

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for example,
that am a butcher

Say. You men of Kent

Dic. What say you of Kent

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis bona terra, mala gens

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee wher'e you will:

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the ciuel'st place of all this Isle:
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandie,
Yet to recouer them would loose my life:
Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,
Because my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnlesse you be possest with diuellish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck
Those that I neuer saw, and stricke them dead

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde
Folkes?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o'th' eare, and that wil make 'em
red againe

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases

Cade. Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, &the help
of hatchet

Dicke. Why dost thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me

Cade. Nay, he noddles at vs, as who should say, Ile be
euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on
a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended most?

Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye seeke my death?

These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding,

This breast from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me liue

Cade. I feelee remorse in my selfe with his words: but
Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so
well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder
his Tongue, he speakes not a Gods name. Goe, take
him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then
breake into his Sonne in Lawes house, Sir Iames Cromer,
and strike off his head, and bring them both vppon two
poles hither

All. It shall be done

Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
God should be so obdurate as your selues:
How would it fare with your departed soules,
And therefore yet relent, and saue my life

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the
proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on
his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not
a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her Maydenhead
ere they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite.
And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free
as heart can wish, or tongue can tell

Dicke. My Lord,
When shall we go to Cheapside, and take vp commodities
vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently

All. O braue.
Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer:
Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Least they consult about the giuing vp
Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, &at euery Corner
Haue them kisse. Away.

Exit

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fish-streete, downe Saint Magnes corner,

kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noise is this I heare?
Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?
Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know Cade, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace

Clif. What say ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'st 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by

All. God saue the King, God saue the King

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye so braue?
And you base Pezants, do ye beleeeue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til
you had recouered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to liue in slauerie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens,
take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your
Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Cursse light vpon you
all

All. Wee'l follow Cade,
Wee'l follow Cade

Clif. Is Cade the sonne of Henry the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying Villiago vnto all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-borne Cades miscarry,
Then you should stoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too &fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hailes them
to an hundred mischiefes, and makes them leaue mee desolate.
I see them lay their heades together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
in despight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie
middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that
no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
my heeles.

Exit

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt. some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'l deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Exeunt. omnes.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerset on the Tarras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.
Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?
Enter Multitudes with Halts about their Neckes

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halts on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death

King. Then heauen set ope thy euerlasting gates,

Shakespeare's First Folio

To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be infortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
And so with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do dismissee you to your seuerall Countries

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and Yorke
distrest,
Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driuen backe, his men dispierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And Somerset we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him

Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good

King. In any case, be not too rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my selfe, that haue a
sword, and yet am ready to famish. These fiue daies haue
I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all
the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that
if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I
could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue
I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or
picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole
a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word
Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for
a Sallet, my brain-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;
and many a time when I haue beene dry, &brauely marching,
it hath seru'd me insteede of a quart pot to drinke
in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.
Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy such quiet walkes as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I seeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me
for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A
Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes

of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make
thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword
like a great pin ere thou and I part

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was
broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue
eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy
fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore
naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a sticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champion
that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe,
ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees
thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten
thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but the
ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. Wither

Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do
dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of
Cade is fled

Iden. Is't Cade that I haue slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got

Cade. Iden farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all
the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any,
am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Dyes.

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy most vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon.
Enter.

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Irish, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble Henries head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah Sancta Maiestas! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,

Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,
On which Ile tosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.
Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble

Buc. Yorke, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well

Yor. Humfrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure

Buc. A Messenger from Henry, our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegeance sworne,
Should raise so great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarse can I speake, my Choller is so great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.
And now like Ajax Telamonius,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weake, and I more strong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no answer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,
Is to remoue proud Somerset from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State

Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower

Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Prisoner?

Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Prisoner

Yorke. Then Buckingham I do dismisse my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: disperse your selues:
Meet me to morrow in S[aint]. Georges Field,
You shall haue pay, and euery thing you wish.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous Henry,
Command my eldest sonne, nay all my sonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
Ile send them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vse, so Somerset may die

Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde submission,
We twaine will go into his Highnesse Tent.
Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?

Yorke. In all submission and humility,
Yorke doth present himselfe vnto your Highnesse

K. Then what intends these Forces thou dost bring?

Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.
Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so meane condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew

King. The head of Cade? Great God, how iust art thou?
Oh let me view his Visage being dead,
That liuing wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Idea. I was, an't like your Maiesty

King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?

Idea. Alexander Idea, that's my name,
A poore Esquire of Kent, that loues his King

Buc. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good seruice

King. Idea, kneele downe, rise vp a Knight:
We giue thee for reward a thousand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs

Idea. May Idea liue to merit such a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.
Enter Queene and Somerset.

K. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with th' Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke

Qu. For thousand Yorkes he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face

Yor. How now? is Somerset at libertie?
Then Yorke vnloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graspe a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt these browes of mine,
Whose Smile and Frowne, like to Achilles Speare

Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the same to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler

Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace

Yorke. Wold'st haue me kneele? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their swords of my infranchisement

Qu. Call hither Clifford, bid him come amaine,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father

Yorke. O blood-bespotted Neopolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, Englands bloody Scourge,
The sonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.
Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.
Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes Clifford to deny their baile

Clif. Health, and all happinesse to my Lord the King

Yor. I thanke thee Clifford: Say, what newes with thee?

Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne Clifford, kneele againe;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee

Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad

King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himselfe against his King

Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his

Qu. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sonnes (he sayes) shall giue their words for him

Yor. Will you not Sonnes?

Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will serue

Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shal

Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?

Yorke. Looke in a Glasse, and call thy Image so.

I am thy King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the stake my two braue Beares,
That with the very shaking of their Chaines,
They may astonish these fell-lurking Curses,
Bid Salisbury and Warwicke come to me.
Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'st bring them to the bayting place

Rich. Oft haue I seene a hot ore—weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And such a peece of seruice will you do,
If you oppose your selues to match Lord Warwicke

Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigested lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape

Yor. Nay we shall heate you thorowly anon

Clif. Take heede least by your heate you burne your
selues:

King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy siluer haire,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sicke sonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And seeke for sorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be banisht from the frostie head,
Where shall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And shame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore doest abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age

Sal. My Lord, I haue considered with my selfe
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall seate

King. Hast thou not sworne Allegiance vnto me?
Sal. I haue

Ki. Canst thou dispense with heauen for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sinne, to sweare vnto a sinne:
But greater sinne to keepe a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastitie,
To reauue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her custom'd right,
And haue no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemne Oath?
Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe

Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolu'd for death and dignitie

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
War. You were best to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempest of the field

Old Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy housed Badge

War. Now by my Fathers badge, old Neuils Crest,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged staffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar shewes,
That keepe his leaues inspight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Beare

Yo. Clif. And so to Armes victorious Father,

To quell the Rebels, and their Complices

Rich. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesu Christ to night

Yo.Clif. Foule stygmaticke that's more then thou
canst tell

Ric. If not in heauen, you'l surely sup in hell.

Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.
Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot

Yor. The deadly handed Clifford slew my Steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beast he loued so well.
Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come

Yor. Hold Warwick: seek thee out some other chace
For I my selfe must hunt this Deere to death

War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightst:
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
It greeues my soule to leaue thee vnassail'd.

Exit War.

Clif. What seest thou in me Yorke?
Why dost thou pause?
Yorke. With thy braue bearing should I be in loue,
But that thou art so fast mine enemie

Clif. Nor should thy prowesse want praise &esteeme,
But that 'tis shewne ignobly, and in Treason

Yorke. So let it helpe me now against thy sword,
As I in iustice, and true right expresse it

Clif. My soule and bodie on the action both

Yor. A dreadfull lay, addresse thee instantly

Clif. La fin Corrone les eumenes

Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for y art still,
Peace with his soule, heauen if it be thy will.
Enter yong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confusion all is on the rout,
 Feare frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O Warre, thou sonne of hell,
 Whom angry heauens do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
 Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
 He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
 Hath no selfe-loue: nor he that loues himselfe,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
 The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
 And the premised Flames of the Last day,
 Knit earth and heauen together.
 Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities, and pettie sounds
 To cease. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
 To loose thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue
 The Siluer Liurey of aduised Age,
 And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
 To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this sight,
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. Yorke, not our old men spares:
 No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
 Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
 And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
 Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
 Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
 Meet I an infant of the house of Yorke,
 Into as many gobbits will I cut it
 As wilde Medea yong Absirtis did.
 In cruelty, will I seeke out my Fame.
 Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords house:
 As did Aeneas old Anchyses beare,
 So beare I thee vpon my manly shoulders:
 But then, Aeneas bare a liuing load;
 Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.
 Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
 For vnderneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
 The Castle in S[aint]. Albons, Somerset
 Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
 Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
 Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away

King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret
stay

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to secure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be stopt.
Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future mischeefe set,
I would speake blasphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you must: Vncureable discomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To see their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers,
with Drum Colours.

Yorke. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salisbury be lost

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.
Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
By'th' Masse so did we all. I thanke you Richard.
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repaying Nature

Yorke. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament:
Let vs pursue him ere the Writs go forth.
What sayes Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The second Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the
Good Duke
HVMFREY.

The third Part of Henry the Sixt

with the death of the Duke of Yorke

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountague,
Warwicke, and
Souldiers.

Warwicke. I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?

Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of y North,
He slyly stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himselfe.
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-brest
Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers slaine

Edw. Lord Staffords Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltshires blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioynd

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did

Plan. Richard hath best deseru'd of all my sonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Nor. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gaunt

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henries head

Warw. And so doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of Lancaster vsurpes,
I vow by Heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it Yorke,
For this is thine, and not King Henries Heires

Plant. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force

Norf. Wee'le all assist you: he that flyes, shall dye

Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolke, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to thrust you out perforce

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we shall be of her counsaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House

Warw. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Vnlesse Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,
And bashfull Henry depos'd, whose Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be resolute,
I meane to take possession of my Right

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him best,
The prowdest hee that holds vp Lancaster,
Dares stirre a Wing, if Warwick shake his Bells.
Ile plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:
Resolue thee Richard, clayme the English Crowne.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,
Westmerland, Exeter,
and the rest.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the sturdie Rebell sits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of Warwicke, that false Peere,
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele

Westm. What, shall we suffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Westmerland

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs assayle the Family of Yorke

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?
Westm. But when the Duke is slaine, they'le quickly
flye

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henries heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vse.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke descend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne

Yorke. I am thine

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of
Yorke

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne

Warw. Exeter thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this vsurping Henry

Clifford. Whom should hee follow, but his naturall
King?

Warw. True Clifford, that's Richard Duke of Yorke

Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

Yorke. It must and shall be so, content thy selfe

Warw. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King

Westm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Lord of Westmerland shall maintaine

Warw. And Warwick shall disproue it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates

Northumb. Yes Warwicke, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy House shall rue it

Westm. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines

Cliff. Vrge it no more, lest that in stead of words,
I send thee, Warwicke, such a Messenger,
As shall reuenge his death, before I stirre

Warw. Poore Clifford, how I scorne his worthlesse
Threats

Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords shall pleade it in the field

Henry. What Title hast thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather Roger Mortimer, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of Henry the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoupe,
And seiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces

Warw. Talke not of France, sith thou hast lost it all

Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old

Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you loose:
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers Head

Edward. Sweet Father doe so, set it on your Head

Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lou'st and honorest Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus

Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the
King will flye

Plant. Sonnes peace

Henry. Peace thou, and giue King Henry leaue to
speake

Warw. Plantagenet shal speake first: Heare him Lords,
And be you silent and attentiu too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not liue

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat?
No: first shall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his

Warw. Proue it Henry, and thou shalt be King

Hen. Henry the Fourth by Conquest got the Crowne

Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King

Henry. I know not what to say, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?

Plant. What then?

Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For Richard, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crowne to Henry the Fourth,
Whose Heire my Father was, and I am his

Plant. He rose against him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to resigne his Crowne perforce

Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it vnconstrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?

Exet. No: for he could not so resigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire should succeed and reigne

Henry. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me

Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King

Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him

Northumb. Plantagenet, for all the Clayme thou lay'st,
Thinke not, that Henry shall be so depos'd

Warw. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all

Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Essex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despite of me

Clifford. King Henry, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me aliue,
Where I shall kneele to him that slew my Father

Henry. Oh Clifford, how thy words reuiue my heart

Plant. Henry of Lancaster, resigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?

Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the House with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he sits,
Write vp his Title with vsurping blood.

He stamper with his foot, and the Souldiers shew themselues.

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King

Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'st

Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet
Enioy the Kingdome after my decease

Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your
Sonne?

Warw. What good is this to England, and himselfe?

Westm. Base, fearefull, and despayring Henry

Clifford. How hast thou iniur'd both thy selfe and vs?

Westm. I cannot stay to heare these Articles

Northumb. Nor I

Clifford. Come Cousin, let vs tell the Queene these
Newes

Westm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold blood no sparke of Honor bides

Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the House of Yorke,
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed

Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'st thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despis'd

Warw. Turne this way Henry, and regard them not

Exeter. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not
yeeld?

Henry. Ah Exeter

Warw. Why should you sigh, my Lord?

Henry. Not for my selfe Lord Warwick, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally shall dis-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To cease this Ciuill Warre: and whil'st I liue,
To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neyther by Treason nor Hostilitie,
To seeke to put me downe, and reigne thy selfe

Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe

Warw. Long liue King Henry: Plantagenet embrace
him

Henry. And long liue thou, and these thy forward

Sonnes

Plant. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcil'd

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Castle

Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers

Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followers

Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came

Henry. And I with grieve and sorrow to the Court.
Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,
Whose Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile steale away

Henry. Exeter so will I

Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee

Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will stay

Queene. Who can be patient in such extreames?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?
And neuer seene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou hast prou'd so vnnaturall a Father.
Hath he deseru'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lou'd him halfe so well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'st haue left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then haue made that sauage Duke thine Heire,
And dis-inherited thine onely Sonne

Prince. Father, you cannot dis-inherite me:
If you be King, why should not I succede?

Henry. Pardon me Margaret, pardon me sweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me

Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I shame to heare thee speake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giu'n vnto the House of Yorke such head,
As thou shalt reigne but by their sufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne Falconbridge commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.
Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should haue toss'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'st thy Life, before thine Honor.
And seeing thou do'st, I here diuorce my selfe,
Both from thy Table Henry, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is dis-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that haue forsworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foule disgrace,
And vtter ruine of the House of Yorke.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them

Henry. Stay gentle Margaret, and heare me speake

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee
gone

Henry. Gentle Sonne Edward, thou wilt stay me?

Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies

Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her

Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus

Henry. Poore Queene,
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughtie spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the flesh of me, and of my Sonne.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Cousin, you shall be the Messenger

Exet. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
Enter.

Flourish. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngest, giue mee

leauē

Edward. No, I can better play the Orator

Mount. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.
Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?

Edward. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention

Yorke. About what?

Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours

Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King Henry be dead

Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death

Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:
By giuing the House of Lancaster leauē to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end

Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee should quietly
reigne

Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thousand Oathes, to reigne one yeere

Richard. No: God forbid your Grace should be forsworne

Yorke. I shall be, if I clayme by open Warre

Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee
speake

Yorke. Thou canst not, Sonne: it is impossible

Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authoritie ouer him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did vsurpe the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How sweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whose Circuit is Elizium,
And all that Poets faine of Blisse and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Vntill the White Rose that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the luke-warme blood of Henries heart

Yorke. Richard ynough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this Enterprise.
Thou Richard shalt to the Duke of Norfolke,
And tell him priuily of our intent.
You Edward shall vnto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust: for they are Souldiors,
Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of spirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what resteth more?
But that I seeke occasion how to rise,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the House of Lancaster.
Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what Newes? Why comm'st thou in such
poste?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.
She is hard by, with twentie thousand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord

Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'st thou, that we feare them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me,
My Brother Mountague shall poste to London.
Let Noble Warwicke, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie strengthen themselues,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his Oathes

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.
And thus most humbly I doe take my leaue.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to besiege vs

Iohn. Shee shall not neede, wee'le meete her in the
field

Yorke. What, with fiue thousand men?
Richard. I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what should we feare?

A March afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them Battaile straight

Yorke. Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
Why should I not now haue the like successe?

Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither shall I flye, to scape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.
Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall dye

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him

Tutor. Ah Clifford, murther not this innocent Child,
Least thou be hated both of God and Man.
Enter.

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie?
Or is it feare, that makes him close his eyes?

Ile open them

Rutland. So looks the pent–vp Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And so he walkes, insulting o're his Prey,
And so he comes, to rend his Limbes asunder.
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet Clifford heare me speake, before I dye:
I am too meane a subiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue

Clifford. In vaine thou speak'st, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath stopt the passage
Where thy words should enter

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and Clifford cope with him

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore–fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accursed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.
Therefore–

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford pittie me

Clifford. Such pittie as my Rapiers point affords

Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou slay
me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou hast one Sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Prison all my dayes,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou hast no cause

Clifford. No cause? thy Father slew my Father: therefore
dye

Rutland. *Dij faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ*

Clifford. Plantagenet, I come Plantagenet:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall rust vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both.
Enter.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are slaine, in rescuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes pursu'd by hunger-starued Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themselues
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did Richard make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of those that had encountred him:
And when the hardyest Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or else a glorious Tombe,
A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue seene a Swan

Shakespeare's First Folio

With bootlesse labour swimme against the Tyde,
And spend her strength with ouer-matching Waues.

A short Alarum within.

Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I strong, I would not shunne their furie,
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.
Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince,
and
Souldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot

Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud Plantagenet

Clifford. I, to such mercy, as his ruthlesse Arme
With downe-right payment, shew'd vnto my Father.
Now Phæton hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick

Yorke. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?

Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So desperate Theeues, all hopelesse of their Liues,
Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainst the Officers

Yorke. Oh Clifford, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:

And if thou canst, for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with Cowardice,
Whose frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this

Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford, for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; speake thou Northumberland

Northumb. Hold Clifford, doe not honor him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thrust his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might spurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour

Clifford. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the
Gynne

Northumb. So doth the Connie struggle in the
Net

York. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, so o're-matcht

Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto
him now?

Queene. Braue Warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-stretched Armes,
Yet parted but the shadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Descent?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Where are your Messe of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the rest, where is your Darling, Rutland?
Looke Yorke, I stayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his Rapiers point,
Made issue from the Bosome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore Yorke, but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, Yorke.
What, hath thy fierie heart so parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for Rutlands death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for Yorke; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this is he that tooke King Henries Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soone, and broke his solemne Oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our King Henry had shooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in Henries Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, against your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too vnardonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whilst we breathe, take time to doe him dead

Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers sake

Queene. Nay stay, let's heare the Orizons hee
makes

Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worse then Wolues of France,
Whose Tongue more poysons then the Adders Tooth:

How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
 To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
 Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
 But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
 Made impudent with vse of euill deedes.
 I would assay, prowde Queene, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriu'd,
 Were shame enough, to shame thee,
 Wert thou not shamelesse.
 Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils, and Ierusalem,
 Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
 Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowde Queene,
 Vnlesse the Adage must be verify'd,
 That Beggers mounted, runne their Horse to death.
 'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowde,
 But God he knowes, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis Vertue, that doth make them most admir'd,
 The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
 'Tis Gouernment that makes them seeme Diuine,
 The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
 Thou art as opposite to euery good,
 As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
 Or as the South to the Septentrion.
 Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,
 How could'st thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
 To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
 And yet be seene to beare a Womans face?
 Women are soft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
 Thou, sterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorselesse.
 Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
 Would'st thou haue me weepe? why now thou hast thy will.
 For raging Wind blowes vp incessant showers,
 And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
 These Teares are my sweet Rutlands Obsequies,
 And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman

Northumb. Beshrew me, but his passions moues me so,
 That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares

Yorke. That Face of his,
 The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
 Would not haue stayn'd with blood:
 But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
 Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.

See, ruthlesse Queene, a haplesse Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'st in blood of my sweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe wash the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boast of this,
And if thou tell'st the heauie storie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will shed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will shed fast-falling Teares,
And say, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curse,
And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads

Northumb. Had he been slaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I should not for my Life but weepe with him,
To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers
Death

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted
King

Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through these wounds, to seeke out thee

Queene. Off with his Head, and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.

Flourish. Exit.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father scap't:
Or whether he be scap't away, or no,
From Cliffords and Northumberlands pursuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we should haue heard the newes;
Had he beene slaine, we should haue heard the newes:
Or had he scap't, me thinkes we should haue heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be resolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I saw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he singled Clifford forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickest troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompass'd round with Dogges:
Who hauing pinch't a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I see three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not seperated with the racking Clouds,
But seuer'd in a pale cleare-shining Skye.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vow'd some League inuiolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures some euent

Edward. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithstanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-shine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire shining Sunnes

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I speake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.
Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whose heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was slaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord

Edward. Oh speake no more, for I haue heard too
much

Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all

Mess. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to oddes:
And many stroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardest-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was subdu'd,
But onely slaught'ed by the irefull Arme
Of vn-relenting Clifford, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthlesse Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, steeped in the harmelesse blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slaine:
And after many scornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They set the same, and there it doth remaine,
The saddest spectacle that ere I view'd

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh Clifford, boyst'rous Clifford, thou hast slaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And trecherously hast thou vanquisht him,

For hand to hand he would haue vanquisht thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Prison:
Ah, would she breake from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed vp in rest:
For neuer henceforth shall I ioy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer shall I see more ioy

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moysture
Scarse serues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For selfe-same winde that I should speake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my brest,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make lesse the depth of greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Marquesse Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What
newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguish then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord Clifford done to death

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd these newes in teares.
 And now to adde more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things sith then befallne.
 After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your braue Father breath'd his latest gaspe,
 Tydings, as swiftly as the Postes could runne,
 Were brought me of your Losse, and his Depart.
 I then in London, keeper of the King,
 Muster'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
 Marcht toward S[aint]. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
 Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
 For by my Scouts, I was aduertised
 That she was comming with a full intent
 To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
 Touching King Henries Oath, and your Succession:
 Short Tale to make, we at S[aint]. Albons met,
 Our Battailes ioyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
 That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
 Or whether 'twas report of her successe,
 Or more then common feare of Cliffords Rigour,
 Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
 I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
 Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
 Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
 Or like a lazie Thresher with a Flaile,
 Fell gently downe, as if they stricke their Friends.
 I cheer'd them vp with iustice of our Cause,
 With promise of high pay, and great Rewards:
 But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
 And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
 Lord George, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
 In haste, post haste, are come to ioyne with you:
 For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
 Making another Head, to fight againe

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
 And for your Brother he was lately sent
 From your kinde Aunt Dutchesse of Burgundie,
 With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praises in Pursuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire

War. Nor now my Scandall Richard, dost thou heare:
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildnesse, Peace, and Prayer

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me speake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords

War. Why therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother Mountague:
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the easie-melting King, like Wax.
He swore consent to your Succession,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my selfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among'st the louing Welshmen can'st procure,
Will but amount to fiue and twenty thousand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, bestride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye

Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick speak;
Ne're may he liue to see a Sun-shine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him stay

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou failst (as God forbid the houre)
Must Edward fall, which perill heauen forefend

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In euery Burrough as we passe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard Mountague:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne.
But sound the Trumpets, and about our Taske

Rich. Then Clifford, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou hast shewne it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine

Ed. Then strike vp Drums, God and S[aint]. George for vs.
Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mes. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant Hoast,
And craues your company, for speedy counsell

War. Why then it sorts, braue Warriors, let's away.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum[berland]
and Yong
Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That sought to be incompast with your Crowne.
Doth not the object cheere your heart, my Lord

K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
To see this sight, it irkes my very soule:
With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pittie must be layd aside:
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beast, that would vsurpe their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoyles her yong before her face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doues will pecke in safegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Did'st yeeld consent to disinherit him:
Which argued thee a most vnlouing Father.
Vnreasonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those wings,
Which sometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their nest,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pittie that this goodly Boy
Should loose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter say vnto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandsire got,
My carelesse Father fondly gaue away.

Ah, what a shame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successefull Fortune steele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him

King. Full well hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But Clifford tell me, did'st thou neuer heare,
That things ill got, had euer bad successe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:
Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keepe,
Then in possession any iot of pleasure.
Ah Cosin Yorke, would thy best Friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your spirits, our foes are nye,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promist Knighthood to our forward sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneele downe

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this Lesson; Draw thy Sword in right

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, vse it to the death

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent

Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile stay

North. Be it with resolution then to fight

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Vnsheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S[aint]. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolke,
Mountague, and
Soldiers.

Edw. Now periur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem vpon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his consent

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,

To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in

Clif. And reason too,
Who should succcede the Father, but the Sonne

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot speake

Clif. I Crooke-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not satisfied

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight

War. What say'st thou Henry,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne?

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare you speak?
When you and I, met at S[aint]. Albons last,
Your legges did better seruice then your hands

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled

War. 'Twas not your valor Clifford droue me thence

Nor. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,
Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine
The execution of my big-swolne heart

Vpon that Clifford, that cruell Child-killer

Clif. I slew thy Father, cal'st thou him a Child?

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didd'st kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunset, Ile make thee curse the deed

King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare
me speake

Qu. Defie them then, or els hold close thy lips

King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to speake

Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still

Rich. Then Executioner vnsheath thy sword:
By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd,
That Cliffords Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue

Ed. Say Henry, shall I haue my right, or no:
A thousand men haue broke their Fastes to day,
That ne're shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne

War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iustice put's his Armour on

Pr.Ed. If that be right, which Warwick saies is right,
There is no wrong, but euery thing is right

War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue

Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule mishapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be auoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull stings

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English guilt,
Whose Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-borne heart

Ed. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shamelesse Callet know her selfe:
Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be Menelaus;
And ne're was Agamemnons Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might haue kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Euen then that Sun-shine brew'd a showre for him,
That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'st thou bene meeke, our Title still had slept,
And we in pittie of the Gentle King,
Had slipt our Claime, vntill another Age

Cla. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increase,
We set the Axe to thy vsurping Roote:
And though the edge hath something hit our selues,
Yet know thou, since we haue begun to strike,
Wee'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods

Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'st the gentle King to speake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
And either Victorie, or else a Graue

Qu. Stay Edward

Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand liues this day.

Exeunt. omnes.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-spent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a-while.
Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or strike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and Edwards Sunne is clouded

War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of
good?
Enter Clarence

Cla. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad dispaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs.
What counsaile giue you? whether shall we flye?

Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot shun pursuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why hast y withdrawn thy selfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of Cliffords Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlockes in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghost

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horse, because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our losses, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in iest, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
Ile neuer pawse againe, neuer stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me measure of Reuenge

Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my soule to thine:
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Beseeching thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue sweet passage to my sinfull soule.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth

Rich. Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so

War. Away, away:
Once more sweet Lords farwell

Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not stay:
And call them Pillars that will stand to vs:
And if we thriue, promise them such rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:
Foreslow no longer, make we hence amaine.

Exeunt.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now Clifford, I haue singled thee alone,
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.
They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, single out some other Chace,
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
 When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
 What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 Now swayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
 Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
 Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,
 Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
 Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
 Now, one the better: then, another best;
 Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:
 Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
 So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.
 Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,
 To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
 For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too
 Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;
 For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
 Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
 To be no better then a homely Swaine,
 To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,
 To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:
 How many makes the Houre full compleate,
 How many Houres brings about the Day,
 How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,
 How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
 When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
 So many Houres, must I tend my Flocke;
 So many Houres, must I take my Rest:
 So many Houres, must I Contemplate:
 So many Houres, must I Sport my selfe:
 So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
 So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
 So many yeares, ere I shall sheere the Fleece:
 So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
 Past ouer to the end they were created,
 Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
 Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how louely?
 Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
 To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,
 Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
 To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
 Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.

And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,
All which secure, and sweetly he enioyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and
a
Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heauy times! begetting such Euent.
From London, by the King was I prest forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwicks man,
Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill

King. O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with grieve
Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.

But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
 Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,
 Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,
 Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
 O pittie God, this miserable Age!
 What Stratagems? how fell? how Butcherly?
 Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
 This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
 O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late

King. Wo aboue wo: greefe, more the[n] common greefe
 O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:
 O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:
 The Red Rose and the White are on his face,
 The fatall Colours of our striuing Houses:
 The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,
 The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:
 Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:
 If you contend, a thousand liues must wither

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
 Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?
Fa. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,
 Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?
King. How will the Country, for these woful chances,
 Mis-thinke the King, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was euer sonne, so rew'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was euer King so greeu'd for Subiects woe?
 Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much

Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill

Fath. These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:
 My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
 For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go.
 My sighing brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;
 And so obsequious will thy Father be,
 Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,
 As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I should not kill.

Exit

Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite

Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post amaine:
Edward and Richard like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steele graspt in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine

Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
Or else come after, Ile away before

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away.

Exeunt.

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
 Which whiles it lasted, gaue King Henry light.
 O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow,
 More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
 My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
 And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
 Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud Yorke;
 And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
 And who shines now, but Henries Enemies?
 O Phoebus! had'st thou neuer giuen consent,
 That Phæton should checke thy fiery Steeds,
 Thy burning Carre neuer had scorch'd the earth.
 And Henry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,
 Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
 Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,
 They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flyes:
 I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,
 Had left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
 And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.
 For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle ayre?
 And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootlesse are Complaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:
 No way to flye, no strength to hold out flight:
 The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pitty:
 For at their hands I haue deseru'd no pitty.
 The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
 And much effuse of blood, doth make me faint:
 Come Yorke, and Richard, Warwicke, and the rest,
 I stab'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and
 Soldiers, Montague,
 & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pause,
 And smooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
 Some Troopes pursue the bloody-minded Queene,
 That led calme Henry, though he were a King,
 As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Gust
 Command an Argosie to stemme the Waues.
 But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 (For though before his face I speake the words)
 Your Brother Richard markt him for the Graue.
 And wheresoere he is, hee's surely dead.

Clifford grones

Rich. Whose soule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is

Ed. And now the Battailles ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vsed

Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But set his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down y head,
Your Fathers head, which Clifford placed there:
In stead whereof, let this supply the roome,
Measure for measure, must be answered

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our house,
That nothing sung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismall threatning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speake

War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft:
Speake Clifford, dost thou know who speakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And he nor sees, nor heares vs, what we say

Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Because he would auoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father

Cla. If so thou think'st,
Vex him with eager Words

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace

Ed. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence

War. Clifford, deuise excuses for thy faults

Cla. While we deuise fell Tortures for thy faults

Rich. Thou didd'st loue Yorke, and I am son to Yorke

Edw. Thou pittied'st Rutland, I will pittie thee

Cla. Where's Captaine Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee Clifford,
Sweare as thou was't wont

Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When Clifford cannot spare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all despight) might rayle at him,
This hand should chop it off: &with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whose vnstanch'd thirst
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not satisfie

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers stands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, shall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie Bona for thy Queene:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And hauing France thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattred Foe, that hopes to rise againe:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares:
First, will I see the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord

Ed. Euen as thou wilt sweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy shoulder do I builde my Seate;
And neuer will I vndertake the thing
Wherein thy counsaile and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George of Clarence; Warwicke as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaseth best

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous

War. Tut, that's a foolish obseruation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these Honors in possession.

Exeunt.

Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands.

Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l shrowd our selues:
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere

Hum. Ile stay aboue the hill, so both may shoot

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Crosse-bow

Will scarre the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Heere stand we both, and ayme we at the best:
And for the time shall not seeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this selfe-place, where now we meane to stand

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's stay till he be past:
Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my wishfull sight:
No Harry, Harry, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme washt off, wherewith thou was Anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suters prease to speake for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my selfe?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's seize vpon him

Hen. Let me embrace the sower Aduersaries,
For Wise men say, it is the wisest course

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him

Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Sister
To wife for Edward. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but lost:
For Warwicke is a subtle Orator:
And Lewis a Prince soone wonne with mouing words:
By this account then, Margaret may winne him,
For she's a woman to be pittied much:
Her sighes will make a batt'ry in his brest,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:

The Tyger will be milde, whiles she doth mourne;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To heare and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but shee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shee on his left side, crauing ayde for Henrie;
He on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
Shee Weepes, and sayes, her Henry is depos'd:
He Smiles, and sayes, his Edward is instaul'd;
That she (poore Wretch) for greefe can speake no more:
Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, smooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion winnes the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edwards place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore soule)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorne

Hum. Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings &Queens?

King. More then I seeme, and lesse then I was born to:
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, but thou talk'st, as if thou wer't a King

King. Why so I am (in Minde) and that's enough

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian stones:
Nor to be seene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that sildome Kings enioy

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd:
And we his subiects, sworne in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie

King. But did you neuer sweare, and breake an Oath

Hum. No, neuer such an Oath, nor will not now

King. Where did you dwell when I was K[ing]. of England?

Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine

King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?

Sin. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you sweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that sinne,
My milde intreatie shall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey

Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,
King Edward

King. So would you be againe to Henrie,
If he were seated as king Edward is

Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name &the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe.
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto.

Exeunt.

Enter K[ing]. Edward, Gloster, Clarence, Lady Gray.

King. Brother of Gloster, at S[aint]. Albons field
This Ladyes Husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slaine,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her suit is now, to repossesse those Lands,
Which wee in Iustice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrell of the House of Yorke,
The worthy Gentleman did lose his Life

Rich. Your Highnesse shall doe well to graunt her suit:
It were dishonor to deny it her

King. It were no lesse, but yet Ile make a pawse

Rich. Yea, is it so:
I see the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble suit

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes
the winde?

Rich. Silence

King. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our minde

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it please your Highnesse to resolute me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfie me

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you:
Fight closer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow

Clarence. I feare her not, vnlesse she chance to fall

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages

King. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell
me

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two

Wid. Three, my most gracious Lord

Rich. You shall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him

King. 'Twere pittie they should lose their Fathers
Lands

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes
wit

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,

Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my selfe

King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would sustayne some harme

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maiestie

King. Ile tell you how these Lands are to be got

Wid. So shall you bind me to your Highnesse seruice

King. What seruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

Wid. What you command, that rests in me to doe

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it

King. I, but thou canst doe what I meane to aske

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the
Marble

Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax must melt

Wid. Why stoppes my Lord? shall I not heare my
Taske?

King. An easie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King

Wid. That's soone perform'd, because I am a Subiect

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue
thee

Wid. I take my leaue with many thousand thanks

Rich. The Match is made, shee seales it with a Cursie

King. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege

King. I, but I feare me in another sence.
What Loue, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane such loue

Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde

Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue
Your Highnesse aymes at, if I ayme aright

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Prison

King. Why then thou shalt not haue thy Husbands
Lands

Wid. Why then mine Honestie shall be my Dower,
For by that losse, I will not purchase them

King. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily

Wid. Herein your Highnesse wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadnesse of my suit:
Please you dismisse me, eyther with I, or no

King. I, if thou wilt say I to my request:
No, if thou do'st say No to my demand

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my suit is at an end

Rich. The Widow likes him not, shee knits her
Browes

Clarence. Hee is the bluntest Wooer in Christendome

King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modesty,
Her Words doth shew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,
One way, or other, shee is for a King,
And shee shall be my Loue, or else my Queene.
Say, that King Edward take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a subiect fit to ieast withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I sweare to thee,
I speake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine

King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene

Wid. 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes should call
you Father

King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Haue other-some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queene

Rich. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuier, 'twas for shift

King. Brothers, you muse what Chat wee two haue
had

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for shee lookes very
sad

King. You'ld thinke it strange, if I should marrie
her

Clarence. To who, my Lord?

King. Why Clarence, to my selfe

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the least

Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder lasts

Rich. By so much is the Wonder in extremes

King. Well, ieast on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.
Enter a Noble man

Nob. My gracious Lord, Henry your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Pallace Gate

King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow goe you along: Lords vse her honourable.

Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, Edward will vse Women honourably:
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may spring,
To crosse me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules desire, and me,
The lustfull Edwards Title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his Sonne young Edward,
And all the vnlook'd-for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my selfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
Like one that stands vpon a Promontorie,
And spyes a farre-off shore, where hee would tread,
Wishing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that sunders him from thence,
Saying, hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I wish the Crowne, being so farre off,
And so I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And so (I say) Ile cut the Causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnlesse my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, say there is no Kingdome then for Richard:
What other Pleasure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch sweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miserable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accomplish twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue forswore me in my Mothers Wombe:

And for I should not deale in her soft Lawes,
 Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with some Bribe,
 To shrink mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
 To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
 Where sits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
 To shape my Legges of an vnequall size,
 To dis-proportion me in euery part:
 Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelp,
 That carryes no impression like the Damme.
 And am I then a man to be belou'd?
 Oh monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought.
 Then since this Earth affords no Ioy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o're-beare such,
 As are of better Person then my selfe:
 Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
 And whiles I liue, t' account this World but Hell,
 Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
 And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
 For many Liues stand betweene me and home:
 And I, like one lost in a Thornie Wood,
 That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
 But toying desperately to finde it out,
 Torment my selfe, to catch the English Crowne:
 And from that torment I will free my selfe,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
 Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
 And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
 And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
 And frame my Face to all occasions.
 Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid shall,
 Ile slay more gazers then the Basiliske,
 Ile play the Orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceiue more slyly then Vlisses could,
 And like a Synon, take another Troy.
 I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
 Change shapes with Proteus, for aduantages,
 And set the murtherous Macheuill to Schoole.
 Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
 Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe.
 Enter.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his Sister Bona, his
 Admirall,
 call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of
 Oxford.
 Lewis sits, and riseth vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit

Marg. No, mightie King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sayle, and learne a while to serue,
Where Kings command. I was (I must confesse)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now mischance hath trod my Title downe,
And with dis-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I must take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my selfe

Lewis. Why say, faire Queene, whence springs this
deepe despaire?

Marg. From such a cause, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares

Lewis. What ere it be, be thou still like thy selfe,
And sit thee by our side.

Seats her by him.

Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntlesse minde still ride in triumph,
Ouer all mischance.
Be plaine, Queene Margaret, and tell thy griefe,
It shall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe

Marg. Those gracious words
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
And giue my tongue—ty'd sorrowes leaue to speake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my Loue,
Is, of a King, become a banisht man,
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;

While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of Yorke,
Vsurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cause that I, poore Margaret,
With this my Sonne, Prince Edward, Henries Heire,
Am come to craue thy iust and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:
Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selues in heauie plight

Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off

Marg. The more wee stay, the stronger growes our
Foe

Lewis. The more I stay, the more Ile succour thee

Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.
Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our presence?

Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, Edwards greatest
Friend

Lewis. Welcome braue Warwicke, what brings thee
to France?

Hee descends. Shee ariseth.

Marg. I now begins a second Storme to rise,

For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde

Warw. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and vnfayned Loue)
First, to doe greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And lastly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady Bona, thy faire Sister,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage

Marg. If that goe forward, Henries hope is done

Warw. And gracious Madame,

Speaking to Bona.

In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soueraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue

Marg. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, heare me speake,
Before you answer Warwicke. His demand
Springs not from Edwards well-meant honest Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessitie:
For how can Tyrants safely gouerne home,
Vnlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?
To proue him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liueth still: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henries Sonne.
Looke therefore Lewis, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vsurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heau'ns are iust, and Time suppresseth Wrongs

Warw. Iniurious Margaret

Edw. And why not Queene?

Warw. Because thy Father Henry did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then shee is Queene

Oxf. Then Warwicke disanulls great Iohn of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spaine;
And after Iohn of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, Henry the Fift,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all France:
From these, our Henry lineally descends

Warw. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the Sixt hath lost
All that, which Henry the Fift had gotten:
Me thinkes these Peeres of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of threescore and two yeeres, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth

Oxf. Why Warwicke, canst thou speak against thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyd'st thirtie and six yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treason with a Blush?

Warw. Can Oxford, that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leaue Henry, and call Edward King

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose iniurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No Warwicke, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the House of Lancaster

Warw. And I the House of Yorke

Lewis. Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I vse further conference with Warwicke.

They stand aloofe.

Marg. Heauens graunt, that Warwicks wordes bewitch
him not

Lew. Now Warwicke, tell me euen vpon thy conscience
Is Edward your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull chosen

Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Honor

Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?

Warw. The more, that Henry was vnfortunate

Lewis. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his Loue
Vnto our Sister Bona

War. Such it seemes,
As may beseeme a Monarch like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him say, and sweare,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Disdaine,
Vnlesse the Lady Bona quit his paine

Lewis. Now Sister, let vs heare your firme resolute

Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, shall be mine.
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day,

Speaks to War[wicke].

When I haue heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to desire

Lewis. Then Warwicke, thus:
Our Sister shall be Edwards.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Ioynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowrie shall be counter-poyts'd:
Draw neere, Queene Margaret, and be a witnesse,
That Bona shall be Wife to the English King

Pr.Edw. To Edward, but not to the English King

Marg. Deceitfull Warwicke, it was thy deuice,
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy comming, Lewis was Henries friend

Lewis. And still is friend to him, and Margaret.
But if your Title to the Crowne by weake,
As may appeare by Edwards good successe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giuing ayde, which late I promised.
Yet shall you haue all kindnesse at my hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yeeld

Warw. Henry now liues in Scotland, at his ease;
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you your selfe (our quondam Queene)
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,

And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France

Mar. Peace impudent, and shamelesse Warwicke,
Proud setter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King Lewis behold
Thy slye conueyance, and thy Lords false loue,

Post blowing a horne Within.

For both of you are Birds of selfe–same Feather

Lewes. Warwicke, this is some poste to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poste.

Post. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you.

Speakes to Warwick,

Sent from your Brother Marquesse Montague.
These from our King, vnto your Maiesty.

To Lewis.

And Madam, these for you:

To Margaret

From whom, I know not.

They all reade their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistris
Smiles at her newes, while Warwicke frownes at his

Prince Ed. Nay marke how Lewis stampes as he were
netled. I hope, all's for the best

Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene

Mar. Mine such, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes

War. Mine full of sorrow, and hearts discontent

Lew. What? has your King married the Lady Grey?
And now to sooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
Is this th' Alliance that he seekes with France?
Dare he presume to scorne vs in this manner?

Mar. I told your Maiesty as much before:
This proueth Edwards Loue, and Warwickes honesty

War. King Lewis, I heere protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
That I am cleere from this misdeed of Edwards;
No more my King, for he dishonors me,
But most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of Yorke
My Father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let passe th' abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

Did I put Henry from his Natiue Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last, with Shame?
Shame on himselfe, for my Desert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor lost for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to Henry.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges passe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state

Mar. Warwicke,
These words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,
And ioy that thou becom'st King Henries Friend

War. So much his Friend, I, his Vnfained Friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiours,
Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him.
And as for Clarence, as my Letters tell me,
Hee's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Lust, then Honor,
Or then for strength and safety of our Country

Bona. Deere Brother, how shall Bona be reueng'd,
But by thy helpe to this distressed Queene?

Mar. Renowned Prince, how shall Poore Henry liue,
Vnlesse thou rescue him from foule dispaire?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English Queens, are one

War. And mine faire Lady Bona, ioynes with yours

Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margarets.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolu'd
You shall haue ayde

Mar. Let me giue humble thanks for all, at once

Lew. Then Englands Messenger, returne in Poste,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed King,
That Lewis of France, is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou seest what's past, go feare thy King withall

Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower shortly,
I weare the Willow Garland for his sake

Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Post.

Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fiue thousand men
Shall crosse the Seas, and bid false Edward battaile:
And as occasion serues, this Noble Queen
And Prince, shall follow with a fresh Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands

Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne Edward, she is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,
That onely Warwicks daughter shall be thine

Prin.Ed. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserues it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.

He giues his hand to Warw[icke].

Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shalbe leuied,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.
I long till Edward fall by Warres mischance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.

Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.

War. I came from Edward as Ambassador,
But I returne his sworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull Warre shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his Iest to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pittie Henries misery,
But seeke Reuenge on Edwards mockery.
Enter.

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerset, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother Clarence, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady Gray?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?

Cla. Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,
How could he stay till Warwicke made returne?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talke: heere comes the
King.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford,

Hastings:
foure stand on one side, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-chosen Bride

Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke

King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you stand pensiue, as halfe malecontent?

Clarence. As well as Lewis of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are so weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuse

King. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but Lewis and Warwicke, I am Edward,
Your King and Warwicks, and must haue my will

Rich. And shall haue your will, because our King:
Yet hastie Marriage seldome proueth well

King. Yea, Brother Richard, are you offended too?

Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I should wish them seuer'd,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to sunder them,
That yoake so well together

King. Setting your skornes, and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the Lady Grey
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, Somerset, and Mountague,
Speake freely what you thinke

Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King Lewis becomes your Enemie,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady Bona

Rich. And Warwicke, doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage

King. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
By such inuention as I can deuise?

Mount. Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in such alliance,
Would more haue strength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainst forraine stormes, then any home-bred Marriage

Hast. Why, knowes not Mountague, that of it selfe,
England is safe, if true within it selfe?

Mount. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France

Hast. 'Tis better vsing France, then trusting France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our selues:
In them, and in our selues, our safetie lyes

Clar. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserues
To haue the Heire of the Lord Hungerford

King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will shall stand for Law

Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord Scales
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;
Shee better would haue fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood

Clar. Or else you would not haue bestow'd the Heire
Of the Lord Bonuill on your new Wiues Sonne,
And leaue your Brothers to goe speede elsewhere

King. Alas, poore Clarence: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee

Clarence. In chusing for your selfe,
You shew'd your iudgement:
Which being shallow, you shall giue me leaue
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I shortly minde to leaue you

King. Leaue me, or tarry, Edward will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will

Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maiestie
To rayse my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you must all confesse,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner then my selfe haue had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with sorrow

King. My Loue, forbear to fawne vpon their frownes:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnlesse they seeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee safe,
And they shall feelee the vengeance of my wrath

Rich. I heare, yet say not much, but thinke the more.
Enter a Poste

King. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what Newes
from France?

Post. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But such, as I (without your speciall pardon)
Dare not relate

King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canst guesse them.
What answer makes King Lewis vnto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Goe tell false Edward, the supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride

King. Is Lewis so braue? belike he thinkes me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my Marriage?

Post. These were her words, vtt'ed with mild disdaine:
Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower shortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake

King. I blame not her; she could say little lesse:
She had the wrong. But what said Henries Queene?
For I haue heard, that she was there in place

Post. Tell him (quoth she)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on

King. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwicke to these iniuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Maiestie,
Then all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long

King. Ha? durst the Traytor breath out so prowd words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:

They shall haue Warres, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwicke friends with Margaret?

Post. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are so link'd in friendship,
That yong Prince Edward marryes Warwicks Daughter

Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will haue the younger.
Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwickes other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not proue inferior to your selfe.
You that loue me, and Warwicke, follow me.

Exit Clarence, and Somerset followes.

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I stay not for the loue of Edward, but the Crowne

King. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwicke?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:
And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalfe
Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:
My selfe in person will straight follow you.

Exeunt. Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I goe, Hastings and Mountague
Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,
Are neere to Warwicke, by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you loue Warwicke more then me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may neuer haue you in suspect

Mount. So God helpe Mountague, as hee proues
true

Hast. And Hastings, as hee fauours Edwards cause

King. Now, Brother Richard, will you stand by vs?

Rich. I, in despight of all that shall withstand you

King. Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.
Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,
Till wee meet Warwicke, with his forreine powre.

Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England, with French Souldiors.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes:
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

Clar. Feare not that, my Lord

Warw. Then gentle Clarence, welcome vnto Warwicke,
And welcome Somerset: I hold it cowardize,
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;
Else might I thinke, that Clarence, Edwards Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet Clarence, my Daughter shall be thine.
And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our Scouts haue found the aduventure very easie:
That as Vlysses, and stout Diomedes,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard,
And seize himselfe: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but onely to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader.

They all cry, Henry.

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For Warwicke and his friends, God and Saint George.

Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1.Watch. Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe

2.Watch. What, will he not to Bed?

1.Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,
Till Warwicke, or himselfe, be quite suppress

2.Watch. To morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwicke be so neere as men report

3.Watch. But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1.Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the Kings chiefest
friend

3.Watch. O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himselfe keepes in the cold field?

2.Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous

3.Watch. I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If Warwicke knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted if he would waken him

1.Watch. Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his passage

2.Watch. I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?
Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French
Souldiors, silent
all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours

1.Watch. Who goes there?

2.Watch. Stay, or thou dyest.

Warwicke and the rest cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke, and set vpon
the
Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme, Warwicke and the rest
following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding. Enter Warwicke,
Somerset, and
the rest, bringing the King out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire:
Richard
and Hastings flyes ouer the Stage

Som. What are they that flye there?

Warw. Richard and Hastings: let them goe, heere is
the Duke

K.Edw. The Duke?

Why Warwicke, when wee parted,
Thou call'dst me King

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That know not how to vse Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies?

K.Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe.
Yet Warwicke, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele

Warw. Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne,

The third Part of Henry the Sixt

Shakespeare's First Folio

And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with Pembroke, and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

They leade him out forcibly.

K.Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both winde and tide.

Exeunt.

Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?

War. I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regall Throne.
Enter.

Enter Riuers, and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?

Gray. Why Brother Riuers, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befallne King Edward?

Riu. What losse of some pitcht battell
Against Warwicke?

Gray. No, but the losse of his owne Royall person

Riu. Then is my Soueraigne slaine?

Gray. I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:
And as I further haue to vnderstand,

Is new committed to the Bishop of Yorke,
Fell Warwicks Brother, and by that our Foe

Riu. These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may loose, that now hath wonne the day

Gray. Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:
And I the rather waine me from dispaire
For loue of Edwards Off-spring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne
King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th' English Crowne

Riu. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?

Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the Crowne once more on Henries head,
Guesse thou the rest, King Edwards Friends must downe.
But to preuent the Tyrants violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,
To saue (at least) the heire of Edwards right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take vs, we are sure to dye.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands

He hath good vsage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.
I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captiuitie.
Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Huntsman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game

King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now Brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner

King Ed. But whether shall we then?

Hast. To Lyn my Lord,
And shipt from thence to Flanders

Rich. Wel guest beleeeue me, for that was my meaning

K.Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardnesse

Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke

K.Ed. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?

Hunts. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd

Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo

K.Ed. Bishop farwell,
Sheeld thee from Warwickes frowne,
And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King Henry the sixt, Clarence, Warwicke,
Somerset, young
Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

K.Hen. M[aster]. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Haue shaken Edward from the Regall seate,
And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,
My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I then craue pardon of your Maiestie

K.Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?
Nay, be thou sure, Ile well requite thy kindnesse.
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Houshold harmonie,
They quite forget their losse of Libertie.
But Warwicke, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punisht with my thwarting starres,
Warwicke, although my Head still weare the Crowne,
I here resigne my Gouernment to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds

Warw. Your Grace hath still beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seeme as wise as vertuous,
By spying and auoiding Fortunes malice,

For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place

Clar. No Warwicke, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be blest in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free consent

Warw. And I chuse Clarence onely for Protector

King. Warwick and Clarence, giue me both your Hands:
Now ioyne your Hands, &with your Hands your Hearts,
That no dissention hinder Gouernment:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my selfe will lead a priuate Life,
And in deuotion spend my latter dayes,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayse

Warw. What answeres Clarence to his Soueraignes
will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwicke yeeld consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my selfe

Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
Wee'le yoake together, like a double shadow
To Henries Body, and supply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,
While he enioyes the Honor, and his ease.
And Clarence, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscate

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined

Warw. I, therein Clarence shall not want his part

King. But with the first, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That Margaret your Queene, and my Sonne Edward,
Be sent for, to returne from France with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull feare,
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd

Clar. It shall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all
speede

King. My Lord of Somerset, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seeme to haue so tender care?
Somers. My Liege, it is young Henry, Earle of Richmond

King. Come hither, Englands Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my diuining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries blisse.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maiestie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himselfe
Likely in time to blesse a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Must helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.
Enter a Poste.

Warw. What newes, my friend?

Poste. That Edward is escaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares since) to Burgundie

Warw. Vnsauorie newes: but how made he escape?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Poste. He was conuey'd by Richard, Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exercise

Warw. My Brother was too carelesse of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
A salue for any sore, that may betide.

Exeunt.

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of Edwards:
For doubtlesse, Burgundie will yeeld him helpe,
And we shall haue more Warres befor't be long.
As Henries late presaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond:
So doth my heart mis-giue me, in these Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to preuent the worst,
Forthwith wee'le send him hence to Brittanie,
Till stormes be past of Ciuill Enmitie

Oxf. I: for if Edward re-possesse the Crowne,
'Tis like that Richmond, with the rest, shall downe

Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittanie.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings, and Souldiers.

Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for Henries Regall Crowne.
Well haue we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd
From Rauenspurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?

Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within

Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright vs:
By faire or foule meanes we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs

Hast. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to summon
them.
Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safetie of our selues;
For now we owe allegiance vnto Henry

Edw. But, Master Maior, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of Yorke

Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no
lesse

Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
Hee'le soone finde meanes to make the Body follow

Hast. Why, Master Maior, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King Henries friends

Maior. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.

He descends.

Rich. A wise stout Captaine, and soone perswaded

Hast. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soone perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reason.
Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Maior: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,

Takes his Keyes.

For Edward will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all those friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir Iohn Mountgomerie,

Our trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiu'd

Edw. Welcome Sir Iohn: but why come you in Armes?

Mount. To helpe King Edward in his time of storme,
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe

Edw. Thankes good Mountgomerie:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest

Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to serue a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike vp, and let vs march away.

The Drumme begins to march.

Edw. Nay stay, Sir Iohn, a while, and wee'le debate
By what safe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd

Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

Edw. When wee grow stronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceale our meaning

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must
rule

Shakespeare's First Folio

Rich. And fearelesse minds clyme soonest vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends

Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And Henry but vsurpes the Diademe

Mount. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion

Hast. Sound Trumpet, Edward shal be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.

Flourish. Sound.

Soul. Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of
England and France, and Lord of Ireland,

Mount. And whosoe're gainsayes King Edwards right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

Throwes downe his Gauntlet.

All. Long liue Edward the Fourth

Edw. Thankes braue Mountgomery,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune serue me, Ile requite this kindnesse.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne shall rayse his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards Warwicke, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that Henry is no Souldier.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Ah froward Clarence, how euill it beseemes thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and Warwicke.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence,
Oxford, and
Somerset.

War. What counsaile, Lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him

King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, Riuers cannot quench

War. In Warwickshire I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Those will I muster vp: and thou Sonne Clarence
Shalt stirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother Mountague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'st.
And thou, braue Oxford, wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modest Dyan, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne

King. Farewell my Hector, and my Troyes true hope

Clar. In signe of truth, I kisse your Highnesse Hand

King. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate

Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leaue

Oxf. And thus I seale my truth, and bid adieu

King. Sweet Oxford, and my louing Mountague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell

War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.

Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinkes your Lordship?
Me thinkes, the Power that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine

Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest

King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I haue not stopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor posted off their suites with slow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,

My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much opprest them with great Subsidies,
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they loue Edward more then me?
No Exeter, these Graces challenge Grace:
And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.

Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.

Exet. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are
these?
Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

Exit with King Henry.

And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our course,
Where peremptorie Warwicke now remaines:
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay

Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyned,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.

Exeunt.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two Messengers, and others vpon the Walls.

War. Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

Mess .1. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward

War. How farre off is our Brother Mountague?
Where is the Post that came from Mountague?

Mess. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troope.
Enter Someruile.

War. Say Someruile, what sayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?

Someru. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here some two howres hence

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme

Someru. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwicke

War. Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends

Someru. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle

Rich. See how the surly Warwicke mans the Wall

War. Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull Edward come?
Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre

Edw. Now Warwicke, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confesse who set thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,
Call Warwicke Patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke

Rich. I thought at least he would haue said the King,
Or did he make the Ieast against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,
He doe thee seruice for so good a gift

War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother

Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwicks gift

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And Weakeling, Warwicke takes his gift againe,
And Henry is my King, Warwicke his Subiect

Edw. But Warwicks King is Edwards Prisoner:
And gallant Warwicke, doe but answer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Rich. Alas, that Warwicke had no more fore-cast,
But whiles he thought to steale the single Ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace,

And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower

Edw. 'Tis euen so, yet you are Warwicke still

Rich. Come Warwicke,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee

Edw. Sayle how thou canst,
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwicke now can change no more.
Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster

Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too

Edw. So other foes may set vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of small defence,
Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same

War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster

Rich. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason
Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare

Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde presageth happy gaine, and Conquest.
Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster

Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Haue sold their Liues vnto the House of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.
Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.
Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwicke call

Clar. Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers House,
Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together,
And set vp Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwicke,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, vnnaturall,
To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre
Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then Iephah, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,

Shakespeare's First Folio

I here proclayme my selfe thy mortall foe:
With resolution, wheresoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwicke, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes.
Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:
And Richard, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate

Rich. Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like

Warw. Oh passing Traytor, periur'd and vniust

Edw. What Warwicke,
Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee Battaile, Edward, if thou dar'st

Edw. Yes Warwicke, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie.

Exeunt.

March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

Alarum, and Excursions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For Warwicke was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now Mountague sit fast, I seeke for thee,
That Warwicks Bones may keepe thine companie.
Enter.

Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, Yorke, or Warwicke?
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,
My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,
That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,
Whose top-branch ouer-peer'd Ioues spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To search the secret Treasons of the World:
The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
And who durst smile, when Warwicke bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory smear'd in dust and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Euen now forsake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.
Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah Warwicke, Warwicke, wert thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Losse againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puissant power.
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'st thou flye

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah Mountague,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou'st me not: for, Brother, if thou did'st,
Thy teares would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me speake.
Come quickly Mountague, or I am dead

Som. Ah Warwicke, Mountague hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gaspe, cry'd out for Warwicke:
And said, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguisht: but at last,
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,
Oh farewell Warwicke

Warw. Sweet rest his Soule:
Flye Lords, and saue your selues,
For Warwicke bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.

Here they beare away his Body. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence,
and the
rest.

King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an vpward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his easefull Western Bed:
I meane, my Lords, those powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coast,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs

Clar. A little gale will soone disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry those Vapours vp,
For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme

Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she haue time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours

King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We hauing now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingnesse rids way,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented:
In euery Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away.

Exeunt.

Flourish. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerset,
Oxford, and
Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wise men ne'r sit and waile their losse,
But chearely seeke how to redresse their harmes.
What though the Mast be now blowne ouer-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor lost,
And halfe our Saylors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot still. Is't meet, that hee
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship splits on the Rock,
Which Industrie and Courage might haue sau'd?
Ah what a shame, ah what a fault were this.
Say Warwicke was our Anchor: what of that?
And Mountague our Top-Mast: what of him?
Our slaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of these?
Why is not Oxford here, another Anchor?
And Somerset, another goodly Mast?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskilfull, why not Ned and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to sit and weepe,
But keepe our Course (though the rough Winde say no)
From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.

Shakespeare's First Folio

As good to chide the Waues, as speake them faire.
And what is Edward, but a ruthlesse Sea?
What Clarence, but a Quick-sand of Deceit?
And Richard, but a raged fatall Rocke?
All these, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can swim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sinke,
Bestride the Rock, the Tyde will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold Death.
This speake I (Lords) to let you vnderstand,
If case some one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthlesse Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
'Twere childish weakenesse to lament, or feare

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her speake these words,
Infuse his Breast with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I speake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearefull man,
He should haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Least in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himselfe.
If any such be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe

Oxf. Women and Children of so high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall shame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'st thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wondred at

Qu. Thankes gentle Somerset, sweet Oxford thankes

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing

else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you Lords, for Edward is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be resolute

Oxf. I thought no lesse: it is his Policie,
To haste thus fast, to finde vs vnprovided

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readinesse

Qu. This cheares my heart, to see your forwardnesse

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flourish, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and
Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder stands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens assistance, and your strength,
Must by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue signall to the fight, and to it Lords

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gaine-say: for euery word I speake,
Ye see I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: Henry your Soueraigne
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State vsurp'd,
His Realme a slaughter-house, his Subiects slaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this spoyle.
You fight in Iustice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue signall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions. Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford,
Somerset.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with Oxford, to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guiltie Head.
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them speake

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words

Som. Nor I, but stoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Qu. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in sweet Ierusalem

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds Edward,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull Edward comes.
Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him speake.
What? can so young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Armes, for stirring vp my Subiects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prowld ambitious Yorke.
Suppose that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Resigne thy Chayre, and where I stand, kneele thou,

Whil'st I propose the selfe-same words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'st haue me answer to

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene so resolu'd

Rich. That you might still haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne're haue stolne the Breech from Lancaster

Prince. Let Aesop fable in a Winters Night,
His Currish Riddles sorts not with this place

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men

Rich. For Gods sake, take away this Captiue Scold

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crooke-backe,
rather

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dicke, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou vsurp'st my Fathers right and mine

Edw. Take that, the likenesse of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich[ard]. stabs him.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Clar[ence]. stabs him.

Qu. Oh, kill me too

Rich. Marry, and shall.

Offers to kill her.

Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we haue done too much

Rich. Why should shee liue, to fill the World with
words

Edw. What? doth shee swowne? vse meanes for her
recouerie

Rich. Clarence excuse me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a serious matter,
Ere ye come there, be sure to heare some newes

Cla. What? what?
Rich. Tower, the Tower.
Enter.

Qu. Oh Ned, sweet Ned, speake to thy Mother Boy.
Can'st thou not speake? O Traitors, Murtherers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.
He was a Man; this (in respect) a Childe,
And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Childe.
What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speake,
And I will speake, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,
How sweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:
You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would haue stirr'd vp remorse,
But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off.
As deathsmen you haue rid this sweet yong Prince

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, dispatch me heere:
Here sheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? Then Clarence do it thou

Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee so much ease

Qu. Good Clarence do: sweet Clarence do thou do it

Cla. Did'st thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou vsest to forswear thy selfe.

'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity

What wilt y not? Where is that diuels butcher Richard?

Hard fauor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almes-deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'st backe

Ed. Away I say, I charge ye beare her hence,

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit Queene.

Ed. Where's Richard gone

Cla. To London all in post, and as I guesse,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower

Ed. He's sodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle Queene how well she fares,
By this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for me.
Enter.

Enter Henry the sixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the
Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke so
hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, Good was little better:
'Good Gloster, and good Deuill, were alike,
And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our selues, we must conferre

Hen. So flies the wreaklesse shepherd from y Wolfe:
So first the harmlesse Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath Rossius now to Acte?

Rich. Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,
The Theefe doth feare each bush an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth euery bush;
And I the haplesse Male to one sweet Bird,
Haue now the fatall Object in my eye,
Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd

Rich. Why what a peeuish Foole was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd

Hen. I Dedalus, my poore Boy Icarus,
Thy Father Minos, that deni'de our course,
The Sunne that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy.
Thy Brother Edward, and thy Selfe, the Sea
Whose enuious Gulfe did swallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My brest can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragicke History.
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Persecutor I am sure thou art,
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd, when first y didst presume,
Thou had'st not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcell of my feare,
And many an old mans sighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-standing-eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,
Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne.
The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an euill signe,
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding lucklesse time,
Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempest shook down Trees:
The Rauens rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chatt'ring Pies in dismall Discords sung:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lumpe,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly Tree.
Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true, which I haue heard,
Thou cam'st—
Rich. Ile heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy speech,

Stabbes him.

For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this,
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee.

Dyes.

Rich. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.
O may such purple teares be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house.
If any sparke of Life be yet remaining,
Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.

Stabs him againe.

I that haue neyther pittie, loue, nor feare,
 Indeed 'tis true that Henrie told me of:
 For I haue often heard my Mother say,
 I came into the world with my Legges forward.
 Had I not reason (thinke ye) to make hast,
 And seeke their Ruine, that vsurp'd our Right?
 The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de
 O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth,
 And so I was, which plainly signified,
 That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
 Then since the Heauens haue shap'd my Body so,
 Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
 I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
 And this word (Loue) which Gray-beards call Diuine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
 Clarence beware, thou kept'st me from the Light,
 But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
 For I will buzze abroad such Prophetesies,
 That Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
 And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
 King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
 Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
 Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
 Ile throw thy body in another roome,
 And Triumph Henry, in thy day of Doome.
 Enter.

Flourish. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse,
 and
 Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
 Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
 What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
 Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
 Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
 For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
 Two Cliffords, as the Father and the Sonne,
 And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
 Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.
 With them, the two braue Beares, Warwick & Montague,
 That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
 And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus haue we swept Suspition from our Seate,
 And made our Footstoole of Security.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong Ned, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine

Rich. Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute

King. Clarence and Gloster, loue my louely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both

Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,
I Seale vpon the lips of this sweet Babe

Cla. Thanke Noble Clarence, worthy brother thanks

Rich. And that I loue the tree fro[m] whence y sprang'st:
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,
To say the truth, so Iudas kist his master,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme

King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues

Cla. What will your Grace haue done with Margaret,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:

Shakespeare's First Folio

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell sowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt. omnes

FINIS. The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke
of
YORKE.

The Tragedie of Richard the Third

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth
Field

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduersaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportiue trickes,

Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
 I, that am Rudely stamp't, and want loues Maiesty,
 To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
 I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
 And that so lamely and vnfashionable,
 That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
 Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
 Haue no delight to passe away the time,
 Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
 And descant on mine owne Deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
 To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
 I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
 Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
 By drunken Prophetesies, Libels, and Dreames,
 To set my Brother Clarence and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
 And if King Edward be as true and iust,
 As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd vp:
 About a Prophetesie, which sayes that G,
 Of Edwards heyres the murtherer shall be.
 Diue thoughts downe to my soule, here Clarence comes.
 Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
 That waites vpon your Grace?

Cla. His Maiesty tendring my persons safety,
 Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th' Tower

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is George

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
 He should for that commit your Godfathers.
 O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new Christned in the Tower,
 But what's the matter Clarence, may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard, when I know: but I protest
 As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
 He hearkens after Prophetesies and Dreames,
 And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter G:
 And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
 His issue disinherited should be.

And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath moou'd his Highnesse to commit me now

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady Grey his Wife, Clarence 'tis shee,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodeuile her Brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe

Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris Shore.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord Hastings was, for her deliuey?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liurey.
The ieaious ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother

Rich. Euen so, and please your Worship Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no Treason man; We say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not ieaious.
We say, that Shores Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to
doo

Rich. Naught to do with Mistris Shore?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knaue, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the Noble Duke

Cla. We know thy charge Brakenbury, and wil obey

Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards Widdow, Sister,
I will performe it to infranchise you.
Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or else lye for you:
Meane time, haue patience

Cla. I must perforce: Farewell.

Exit Clar[ence].

Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the present at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered Hastings?
Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?
Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,
Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty

Rich. What newes abroad?
Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Physitians feare him mightily

Rich. Now by S[aint]. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Person:
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Hast. He is

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to Clarence,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to bussle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwicks yongest daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines.

Exit

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady
Anne
being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th' vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Ashes of the House of Lancaster;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To heare the Lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helplesse Balme of my poore eyes.
O cursed be the hand that made these holes:
Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whose vgly and vnnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this waight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henries Coarse.
Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, &set it down

An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S[aint]. Paul,
Ile make a Coarse of him that disobeyes

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'st thou when I commaund:
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by S[aint]. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,
And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell;
Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst

An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, see, see dead Henries wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses

An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,
No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast

An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

Shakespeare's First Folio

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:
Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue
By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe

An. Foulter then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'st make no excuse currant,
But to hang thy selfe

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe

An. And by despairing shalt thou stand excused,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,
That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others

Rich. Say that I slew them not

An. Then say they were not slaine:
But dead they are, and diuellish slaue by thee

Rich. I did not kill your Husband

An. Why then he is aliue

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by Edwards hands

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,
Queene Margaret saw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'st bend against her brest,
But that thy Brothers beate aside the point

Rich. I was prouoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders

An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'st on ought but Butcheries:
Did'st thou not kill this King?

Rich. I graunt ye

An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous

Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him

An. He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come

Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth

An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it

An. Some dungeon

Rich. Your Bed-chamber

An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lyeest

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you

An. I hope so

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady Anne,
To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
And fall something into a slower method.
Is not the causer of the timelesse deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henrie and Edward,
As blamefull as the Executioner

An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
These Nails should rent that beauty from my Cheekes

Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life

An. Blacke night ore—shade thy day, & death thy life

Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,
Thou art both

An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee

Rich. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee

An. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband

An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth

Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could

An. Name him

Rich. Plantagenet

An. Why that was he

Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature

An. Where is he?

Rich. Heere:

Spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me

An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake

Rich. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place

An. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.
Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine

An. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares;
Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which neuer shed remorsefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pause to sob and weepe:
That all the standers by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:
And what these sorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.

Shakespeare's First Folio

I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

She lookes scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,

He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.

Nay do not pause: For I did kill King Henrie,
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong Edward,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.

She fals the Sword.

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me

An. Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner

Rich. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it

An. I haue already

Scena Secunda.

Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary

An. I would I knew thy heart

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue

An. I feare me, both are false

Rich. Then neuer Man was true

An. Well, well, put vp your Sword

Rich. Say then my Peace is made

An. That shalt thou know heereafter

Rich. But shall I liue in hope

An. All men I hope liue so.
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,
Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer

An. What is it?

Rich. That it may please you leaue these sad designes,
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repayre to Crosbie House:
Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty see you,
For diuers vnknowne Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon

An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Barkley, go along with me

Rich. Bid me farwell

An. 'Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue saide farewell already.

Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming

Exit Coarse

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest hate,
With curses in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witsse of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,
And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The spacious World cannot againe affoord:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do mistake my person all this while:
Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)
My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,
To study fashions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with some little cost.
But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.
Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray.

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty
Will soone recouer his accustom'd health

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but losse of such a Lord

Qu. The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes

Gray. The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the trust of Richard Glouster,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you

Riu. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.
Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby

Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace

Der. God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin

Qu. The Countesse Richmond, good my L[ord]. of Derby.
To your good prayer, will scarsely say, Amen.
Yet Derby, notwithstanding shee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance

Der. I do beseech you, either not beleuee
The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:

Or if she be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from visiting his Maiesty

Que. What likelihood of his amendment Lords

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. I Madam, he desires to make attonement
Betweene the Duke of Glouster, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And sent to warne them to his Royall presence

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happinesse is at the height.
Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
That I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?
By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,
I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,
With silken, slye, insinuating Iackes?

Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:

When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preserue better then you would wish)
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints

Qu. Brother of Glouster, you mistake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall disposition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)
Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
That in your outward action shewes it selfe
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother Gloster
You enuy my aduancement, and my friends:
God grant we neuer may haue neede of you

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,
My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily giuen to ennoble those
That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
I neuer did incense his Maiestie
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin
An earnest aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects

Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment

Riu. She may my Lord, for—

Rich. She may Lord Riwers, why who knowes not so?
She may do more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those Honors on your high desert.
What may she not, she may, I marry may she

Riu. What marry may she?

Ric. What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handsome stripling too,
Iwis your Grandam had a worser match

Qu. My Lord of Glouster, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiestie
Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.
Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech him,
Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will auouch't in presence of the King:
I dare aduenture to be sent to th' Towre.
'Tis time to speake,
My paines are quite forgot

Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou killd'st my Husband Henrie in the Tower,

And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie

Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne

Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband Grey
Were factious, for the House of Lancaster;
And Riuers, so were you: Was not your Husband,
In Margarets Battaile, at Saint Albons, slaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you haue beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am

Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and so still thou art

Rich. Poore Clarence did forsake his Father Warwicke,
I, and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)
Q.M. Which God reuenge

Rich. To fight on Edwards partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like Edwards,
Or Edwards soft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World

Q.M. High thee to Hell for shame, &leauē this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is

Riu. My Lord of Gloster: in those busie dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So should we you, if you should be our King

Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof

Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little ioy you may suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof

Q.M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am shee, and altogether ioylesse:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In sharing that which you haue pill'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away

Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q.M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe

Rich. Wert thou not banished, on paine of death?

Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in banishment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegiance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you vsurpe, are mine

Rich. The Curse my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didst Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy scornes drew'st Riuers from his eyes,

And then to dry them, gau'st the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultlesse blood of prettie Rutland:
His Curses then, from bitternesse of Soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are all falne vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed

Qu. So iust is God, to right the innocent

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse, that ere was heard of

Riu. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported

Dors. No man but prophecied reuenge for it

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it

Q.M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did Yorkes dread Curse preuaile so much with Heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their Kingdomes losse, my wofull Banishment,
Should all but answer for that peeuish Brat?
Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long may'st thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of grieve,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.

Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my Sonne
Was stab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may liue his naturall age,
But by some vnlook'd accident cut off

Rich. Haue done thy Charme, y hateful wither'd Hagge

Q.M. And leaue out thee? stay Dog, for y shalt heare me.
If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conscience still begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liu'st,
And take deepe Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleepe close vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be while some tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.
Thou eluish mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Natiuitie
The slaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou slander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou detested—

Rich. Margaret

Q.M. Richard

Rich. Ha

Q.M. I call thee not

Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names

Q.M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse

Rich. 'Tis done by me and ends in Margaret

Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curse against your self

Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadly Web ensnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy selfe:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To helpe thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toade

Hast. False boding Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
Least to thy harme, thou moue our patience

Q.M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine

Ri. Were you wel seru'd, you would be taught your duty

Q.M. To serue me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O serue me well, and teach your selues that duty

Dors. Dispute not with her, shee is lunaticke

Q.M. Peace Master Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of Honor is scarce currant.
O that your yong Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall, they dash themselues to peece

Rich. Good counsaile marry, learne it, learne it Marquesse

Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me

Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne so high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the Sunne

Mar. And turnes the Sun to shade: alas, alas,
Witnesse my Sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darknesse folded vp.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Nest:
O God that seest it, do not suffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, lost be it so

Buc. Peace, peace for shame: If not, for Charity

Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor shame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my shame,
And in that shame, still liue my sorrowes rage

Buc. Haue done, haue done

Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kisse thy hand,
In signe of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble house:
Thy Garments are not spotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse

Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre

Mar. I will not thinke but they ascend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their markes on him,
And all their Ministers attend on him

Rich. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham

Buc. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord

Mar. What dost thou scorne me
For my gentle counsell?
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:
And say (poore Margaret) was a Prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods.
Enter.

Buc. My haire doth stand an end to heare her curses

Riu. And so doth mine, I muse why she's at libertie

Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her

Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge

Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof

Riu. A vertuous, and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that haue done scath to vs

Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.

Speakes to himselfe.

For had I curst now, I had curst my selfe.
Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord

Qu. Catesby I come, Lords will you go with mee

Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt. all but Gloster.

Rich. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawle.
The secret Mischeefes that I set abroach,

Scena Tertia.

I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede haue cast in darknesse,
I do beweepe to many simple Gulles,
Namely to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeeue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on Riuers, Dorset, Grey.
But then I sigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, stolne forth of holy Writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the deuill.
Enter two murtherers.

But soft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy stout resolued Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is

Ric. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
When you haue done, repayre to Crosby place;
But sirs be sodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pittie, if you marke him

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be assur'd:
We go to vse our hands, and not our tongues

Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fooles eyes
fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your businesse straight.
Go, go, dispatch

Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace so heauily to day

Cla. O, I haue past a miserable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of dismall terror was the time

Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me

Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to crosse to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouster,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thousand heauy times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaster
That had befallne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouster stumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to stay him) ouer-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of water in mine eares,
What sights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I saw a thousand fearfull wrackes:
A thousand men that Fishes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Inestimable Stones, vnvaiewed Iewels,
All scattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattred by

Keep. Had you such leysure in the time of death
To gaze vpon these secrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I striue
To yeeld the Ghost: but still the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my soule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring ayre:
But smother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almost burst, to belch it in the Sea

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempest to my Soule.
I past (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that sowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who spake alowd: What scourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy affoord false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he shriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, periur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
Could not beleeeue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impression made my Dreame

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done these things
(That now giue euidence against my Soule)
For Edwards sake, and see how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O spare my guiltlesse Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee sit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good rest.
Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seasons, and reposing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of restlesse Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.
Enter two Murtherers.

1.Mur. Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'st thou Fellow? And how camm'st
thou hither

2.Mur. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither
on my Legges

Bra. What so breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talke no more.

Reads

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant heereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and signifie to him,
That thus I haue resign'd to you my charge.
Enter.

1 You may sir, 'tis a point of wisdom:

Scena Quarta.

Far you well

2 What, shall we stab him as he sleepes

1 No: hee'l say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he shall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement
day

1 Why then hee'l say, we stab'd him sleeping

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a
kinde of remorse in me

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me

1 I thought thou had'st bin resolute

2 So I am, to let him liue

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouster, and tell him so

2 Nay, I prythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty

1 How do'st thou feele thy selfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conscience are yet within
mee

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward

1 Where's thy conscience now

2 O, in the Duke of Glousters purse

**1 When hee opens his purse to giue vs our Reward,
thy Conscience flyes out**

**2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will
entertaine it**

1 What if it come to thee againe?

**2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
A man cannot steale, but it accuseth him: A man cannot
Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his
Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing
shamefac'd spirit, that mutinies in a mans bosome: It
filles a man full of Obstacles.** It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any
man that keepe it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Citties
for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to
liue well, endeouours to trust to himselfe, and liue without
it

**1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perswading me not to
kill the Duke**

**2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleue him not:
He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh**

1 I am strong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me

2 Spoke like a tall man, that respects thy reputation.

Come, shall we fall to worke?

**1 Take him on the Costard, with the hiltes of thy
Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesey-Butte in
the next roome**

2 O excellent deuice; and make a sop of him

1 Soft, he wakes

2 Strike

1 No, wee'l reason with him

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine

2 You shall haue Wine enough my Lord anon

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are

Cla. But not as I am Royall

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speake?
Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to—

Cla. To murther me?

Both. I, I

Cla. You scarcely haue the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King

Cla. I shall be reconcil'd to him againe

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the Euidence that doth accuse me?
What lawfull Quest haue giuen their Verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by course of Law?
To threaten me with death, is most vnlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodnesse,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you vndertake is damnable

1 What we will do, we do vpon command

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King

Cla. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou shalt do no murther. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law

**2 And that same Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For false Forswearing, and for murther too:
Thou did'st receiue the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the House of Lancaster**

**1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did'st breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnrip'st the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne**

2 Whom thou was't sworne to cherish and defend

**1 How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in such deere degree?**

**Cla. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deede?
For Edward, for my Brother, for his sake.**

He sends you not to murther me for this:
For in that sinne, he is as deepe as I.
If God will be auenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawlesse course,
To cut off those that haue offended him

**1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing braue Plantagenet,
That Princely Nouice was stricke dead by thee?**

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage

**1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prouoke vs hither now, to slaughter thee**

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,
And I will send you to my Brother Glouster:
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death

**2 You are deceiu'd,
Your Brother Glouster hates you**

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me

1 I so we will

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Blest his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this diuided Friendship:
Bid Glouster thinke on this, and he will weepe

1 I Milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe

Cla. O do not slander him, for he is kinde

**1 Right, as Snow in Haruest:
Come, you deceiue your selfe,
'Tis he that sends vs to destroy you heere**

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,

And hugg'd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuary

**1 Why so he doth, when he deliuers you
From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen**

2 Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord

Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your soules,
To counsaile me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne soules so blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.
O sirs consider, they that set you on
To do this deede will hate you for the deede

2 What shall we do?

**Clar. Relent, and saue your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as your selues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse**

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish

Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:
My Friend, I spy some pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do,

Stabs him.

Ile drowne you in the MalmeseyBut within.
Enter.

**2 A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht:
How faine (like Pilate) would I wash my hands
Of this most greuous murther.**

Enter 1.Murtherer]

**1 How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me
not? By Heauen the Duke shall know how slacke you
haue beene**

2.Mur. I would he knew that I had sau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine.
Enter.

1.Mur. So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

Exit

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Flourish.

Enter the King sicke, the Queene, Lord Marquesse Dorset, Riuers,
Hastings,
Catesby, Buckingham, Wooduill.

King. Why so: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorset and Riuers, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, Swear your loue

Riu. By heauen, my soule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I seale my true hearts Loue

Hast. So thriue I, as I truly sweare the like

King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Lest he that is the supreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue

Ri. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart,

King. Madam, your selfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne Dorset, Buckingham nor you;
You haue bene factious one against the other.
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly

Qu. There Hastings, I will neuer more remember

Our former hatred, so thriue I, and mine

King. Dorset, imbrace him:
Hastings, loue Lord Marquesse

Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere protest
Vpon my part, shall be inuiolable

Hast. And so sweare I

King. Now Princely Buckingham, seale y this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity

Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours.

Embrace

King. A pleasing Cordiall, Princely Buckingham
Is this thy Vow, vnto my sickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloster heere,
To make the blessed period of this peace

Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke.
Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day

King. Happy indeed, as we haue spent the day:
Gloster, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres

Rich. A blessed labour my most Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By false intelligence, or wrong surmize
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue,
First Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dutious seruice.
Of you my Noble Cosin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord Riuers and of Dorset,
That all without desert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord Wooduill, and Lord Scales of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whom my soule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility

Qu. A holy day shall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beseech your Highnesse
To take our Brother Clarence to your Grace

Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be so flowted in this Royall presence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead?

They all start.

You do him iniurie to scorne his Coarse

King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?

Qu. All-seeing heauen, what a world is this?

Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes

King. Is Clarence dead? The Order was reuerst

Rich. But he (poore man) by your first order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to see him buried.
God grant, that some lesse Noble, and lesse Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet go currant from Suspition.
Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my seruice done

King. I prethee peace, my soule is full of sorrow

Der. I will not rise, vnlesse your Highnes heare me

King. Then say at once, what is it thou requests

Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke

King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
 And shall that tongue giue pardon to a slaue?
 My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who sued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
 Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
 Who spoke of Brother-hood? who spoke of loue?
 Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
 The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
 Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
 When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me:
 And said deare Brother liue, and be a King?
 Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
 Frozen (almost) to death, how he did lap me
 Euen in his Garments, and did giue himsele
 (All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
 All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
 But when your Carters, or your wayting Vassalls
 Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
 And I (vniustly too) must grant it you.
 But for my Brother, not a man would speake,
 Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe
 For him poore Soule. The proudest of you all,
 Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
 Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
 O God! I feare thy iustice will take hold
 On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
 Come Hastings helpe me to my Closset.
 Ah poore Clarence.

Exeunt. some with K[ing]. & Queen.

Rich. This is the fruits of rashnes: Markt you not,
 How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
 Look'd pale, when they did heare of Clarence death.
 O! they did vrge it still vnto the King,
 God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
 To comfort Edward with our company

Buc. We wait vpon your Grace.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutchesse of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No Boy

Daugh. Why do weepe so oft? And beate your Brest?
And cry, O Clarence, my vnhappy Sonne

Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and shake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Castawayes,
If that our Noble Father were aliue?

Dut. My pretty Cosins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your Fathers death:
It were lost sorrow to waile one that's lost

Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect

Daugh. And so will I

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Incapeable, and shallow Innocents,
You cannot guesse who caus'd your Fathers death

Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloster
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my Vnckle told me so, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kist my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deerely as a childe

Dut. Ah! that Deceit should steale such gentle shape,
And with a vertuous Vizer hide deepe vice.
He is my sonne, I, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit

Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did dissemble Grandam?

Dut. I Boy

Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noise is this?
Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Dorset
after
her.

Qu. Ah! who shall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile ioyne with blacke dispaire against my Soule,
And to my selfe, become an enemie

Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaues that want their sap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our swift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night

Dut. Ah so much interest haue in thy sorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one false Glasse,
That greeues me, when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And hast the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause haue I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewise be vnwept

Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord Edward

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord Clarence

Dut. Alas for both, both mine Edward and Clarence

Qu. What stay had I but Edward, and hee's gone?

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone

Dut. What staves had I, but they? and they are gone

Qu. Was neuer widdow had so deere a losse

Chil. Were neuer Orphans had so deere a losse

Dut. Was neuer Mother had so deere a losse.
Alas! I am the Mother of these Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepes, so doth not shee:
These Babes for Clarence weepe, so do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold distrest:
Power all your teares, I am your sorrowes Nurse,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulnesse his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingnesse to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you

Riuers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your sonne: send straight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne desperate sorrow in dead Edwards graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing Edwards Throne.
Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Sister haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Blessing

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meeknes in thy breast,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers blessing;
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out

Buc. You cloudy-Princes, & hart-sorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall load of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue spent our Haruest of this King,
We are to reape the Haruest of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-swolne hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
Must gently be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be set
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King

Riuers. Why with some little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, least by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should breake out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
Where euery Horse beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his course as please himselfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me

Riu. And so in me, and so (I thinke) in all.
Yet since it is but greene, it should be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I say with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete so few should fetch the Prince

Hast. And so say I

Rich. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall poste to London.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go
To giue your censures in this businesse.

Exeunt.

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,
For God sake let not vs two stay at home:
For by the way, Ile sort occasion,
As Index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince

Rich. My other selfe, my Counsailes Consistory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Cosin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not stay behinde.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1.Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away so
fast?

2.Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead

Scena Tertia.

2. Ill newes byrlady, seldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.
Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God speed

1. Giue you good morrow sir

3. Doth the newes hold of good king Edwards death?
2. I sir, it is too true, God helpe the while

3. Then Masters looke to see a troublous world

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son shall reigne

3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe

2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,
Which in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well

1. So stood the State, when Henry the sixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old

3. Stood the State so? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politike graue Counsell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace

1. Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother

3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who shall now be neerest,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouster,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly Land, might solace as before

1. Come, come, we feare the worst: all will be well

3. When Clouds are seen, wisemen put on their clokes;
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'Tis more then we deserue, or I expect

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reason (almost) with a man,
That looks not heauily, and full of dread

3. Before the dayes of Change, still is it so,
By a diuine instinct, mens mindes mistrust
Pursuing danger: as by prooffe we see
The Water swell before a boyst'rous storme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?

2 Marry we were sent for to the Iustices

3 And so was I: Ile beare you company.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-bishop, yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutchesse.

Arch. Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere

Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince:
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him

Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Ha's almost ouertane him in his growth

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it so

Dut. Why my good Cosin, it is good to grow

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at Supper,
My Vnkle Riuers talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouster,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And since, me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet Flowres are slow, and Weeds make hast

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did obiect the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and so leysurely,
That if his rule were true, he should be gracious

Yor. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine

Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it

Yor. Marry (they say) my Vnkle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Iest

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nursse

Dut. His Nurse? why she was dead, ere y wast borne

Yor. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me

Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too shrew'd

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe

Qu. Pitchers haue eares.
Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Messenger: What Newes?

Mes. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well Madam, and in health

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Mess. Lord Riuers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, Glouster and Buckingham

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The summe of all I can, I haue disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord

Qu. Aye me! I see the ruine of my House:
The Tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Insulting Tiranny beginnes to lutt
Vpon the innocent and awelesse Throne:
Welcome Destruction, Blood, and Massacre,
I see (as in a Map) the end of all

Dut. Accursed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband lost his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and losse.
And being seated, and Domesticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themselues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themselues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, selfe against selfe: O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farwell

Dut. Stay, I will go with you

Qu. You haue no cause

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treasure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

The Trumpets sound.

Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Glocester, and Buckingham, Lord
Cardinall,
with others.

Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber

Rich. Welcome deere Cosin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly

Prin. No Vnkle, but our crosses on the way,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
Those Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyson of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from such false Friends

Prin. God keepe me from false Friends,
But they were none

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet
you.
Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God blesse your Grace, with health and
happie dayes

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought my Mother, and my Brother Yorke,
Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.
Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the sweating
Lord

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother Yorke,

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene, to send the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother presently?
If she denie, Lord Hastings goe with him,
And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of so great a sinne

Buck. You are too sencelesse obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the grossenesse of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in seizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To those, whose dealings haue deseru'd the place,
And those who haue the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deseru'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now

Card. My Lord, you shall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you goe with me?

Hast. I goe, my Lord.

Exit Cardinall and Hastings.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedie hast you may.
Say, Vnckle Gloucester, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'st best vnto your Royall selfe.
If I may counsaile you, some day or two
Your Highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health, and recreation

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding Ages haue re-edify'd

Prince. Is it vpon record? or else reported
Successiue from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all posteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day

Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long

Prince. What say you, Vnckle?

Glo. I say, without Characters, Fame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word

Prince. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
Ile tell you what, my Cousin Buckingham

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.
Enter young Yorke, Hastings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of
Yorke

Prince. Richard of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, so must I call you now

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath lost much Maiestie

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre

Glo. He hath, my Lord

Yorke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Cousin, I must not say so

Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinsman

Yorke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my heart

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy, which is no grieffe to giue

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cousin

Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it

Glo. I, gentle Cousin, were it light enough

Yorke. O then I see, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le say a Begger nay

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare

Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you
call me

Glo. How?

Yorke. Little

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him

Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should beare me on your shoulders

Buck. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons:
To mittigate the scorne he giues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderfull

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you passe along?
My selfe, and my good Cousin Buckingham,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you

Yorke. what, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it so

Yorke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower

Glo. Why, what should you feare?

Yorke. Marry, my Vnckle Clarence angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there

Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope

Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.

But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating Yorke
Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe

Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither Catesby,
Thou art sworne as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
To make William Lord Hastings of our minde,
For the installment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?

Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will
not hee?

Cates. Hee will doe all in all as Hastings doth

Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle Catesby, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, ycie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd

Rich. Commend me to Lord William: tell him Catesby,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse Shore one gentle Kisse the more

Buck. Good Catesby, goe effect this businesse soundly

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can

Rich. Shall we heare from you, Catesby, ere we sleepe?

Cates. You shall, my Lord

Rich. At Crosby House, there shall you find vs both.

Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my Lord,
What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our Complots?

Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest

Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand

Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord

Hast. Who knockes?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley

Hast. What is't a Clocke?

Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleepe these tedious
Nights?

Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule diuines

Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance.
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly

Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
Enter.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord

Hast. Good morrow Catesby, you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeeue will neuer stand vpright,
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme

Hast. How weare the Garland?
Doest thou meane the Crowne?

Cates. I, my good Lord

Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut fro[m] my shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so foule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good newes,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, must dye at Pomfret

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Because they haue beene still my aduersaries:
But, that Ile giue my voice on Richards side,
To barre my Masters Heires in true Descent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death

Cates. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious
minde

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well Catesby, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on't

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill doe
With some men else, that thinke themselues as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge

Hast. I know they doe, and I haue well deseru'd it.
Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe so vnprouided?

Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow Catesby:
You may ieast on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall Councels, I

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, whe[n] they rode from London,
Were iocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soone the Day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I proue a needlesse Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent

Hast. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded

Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.
Enter a Pursuiuant.

Hast. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.

Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.

How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to aske

Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those Enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then ere I was

Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content

Hast. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.

Throwes him his Purse.

Purs. I thanke your Honor.

Exit Pursuiuant.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor

Hast. I thanke thee, good Sir Iohn, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you

Priest. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.
Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shriuing worke in hand

Scena Secunda.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?

Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall returne before your Lordship, thence

Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there

Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you goe?

Hast. Ile wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to
death
at Pomfret.

Riuers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subiect die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie

Grey. God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-suckers

Vaugh. You liue, that shall cry woe for this heereafter

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Liues is out

Riuers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismall Seat,
Wee giue to thee our guiltlesse blood to drinke

Grey. Now Margarets Curse is falne vpon our Heads,
When shee exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by, when Richard stab'd her Sonne

Riuers. Then curs'd shee Richard,
Then curs'd shee Buckingham,
Then curs'd shee Hastings. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Sister, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be satisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, vniustly must be spilt

Rat. Make haste, the houre of death is expiate

Riuers. Come Grey, come Vaughan, let vs here embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.

Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolke,
Ratcliffe,

Scaena Quarta.

Louell, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peeres, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:

In Gods Name speake, when is the Royall day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?

Darb. It is, and wants but nomination

Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day

Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, should soonest know his
minde

Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are neere in loue

Hast. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuer'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I presume hee'le take in gentle part.
Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himselfe

Rich. My Noble Lords, and Cousins all, good morrow:
I haue beene long a sleeper: but I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great designe,
Which by my presence might haue beene concluded

Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord Hastings, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King

Rich. Then my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborne,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beseech you, send for some of them

Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.

Exit Bishop.

Rich. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our businesse,
And findes the testie Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head, ere giue consent
His Masters Child, as worshipfully he tearmes it,
Shall lose the Royaltie of Englands Throne

Buck. Withdraw your selfe a while, Ile goe with you.

Exeunt.

Darb. We haue not yet set downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my iudgement, is too sudden,
For I my selfe am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.
Enter the Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I haue sent for these Strawberries

Scaena Quarta.

Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & smooth this morning,
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I thinke there's neuer a man in Christendome
Can lesser hide his loue, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart

Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he shew'd to day?

Hast. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewne it in his Lookes.
Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deserue,
That doe conspire my death with diuellish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd
Vpon my Body with their Hellish Charmes

Hast. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward, in this Princely presence,
To doome th' Offendors, whosoe're they be:
I say, my Lord, they haue deserued death

Rich. Then be your eyes the witnesse of their euill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blasted Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is Edwards Wife, that monstrous Witch,
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet Shore,
That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me

Hast. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord

Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint Paul I sweare,
I will not dine, vntill I see the same.
Louell and Ratcliffe, looke that it be done:

Exeunt.

The rest that loue me, rise, and follow me.

Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowse our Helmes,
And I did scorne it, and disdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horse did stumble,
And started, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
O now I need the Priest, that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursuiuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my selfe secure, in grace and fauour.
Oh Margaret, Margaret, now thy heauie Curse
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched Head

Ra. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head

Hast. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Mast,
Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe

Lou. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootlesse to exclaime

Hast. O bloody Richard: miserable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'st time to thee,
That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.

Scaena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, maruellous
ill-fauoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe suspition, gastly Lookes
Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.
Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent

Scaena Quarta.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.
Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Ratcliffe, and Louell

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he dawb'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuersation with Shores Wife,
He liu'd from all attainer of suspects

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.
Would you imagine, or almost beleeeue,
Wert not, that by great preservation
We liue to tell it, that the subtill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloster

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the forme of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the case,
The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore:
Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the louing haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, haue preuented;
Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:
That you might well haue signify'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shal serue,
As well as I had seene, and heard him speake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case

Rich. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T' auoid the Censures of the carping World

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witnesse what you heare we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham.
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poste:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Inferre the Bastardie of Edwards Children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne

Scaena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate Edward; Noble Yorke,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Louell with all speed to Doctor Shaw,
Goe thou to Fryer Penker, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle.
Enter.

Now will I goe to take some priuie order,
To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to giue order, that no manner person

Scaena Quarta.

Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes.

Exeunt.

Enter a Scriuener

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set Hand fairely is engross'd,
That it may be to day read o're in Paules.
And marke how well the sequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,
For yester-night by Catesby was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these fiue houres Hastings liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuice?
Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seene in thought.
Enter.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at seuerall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word

Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of Edwards Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th' vnsatiate greedinesse of his desire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Bastardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:

Scaena Quarta.

Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
 Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,
 Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
 Vntoucht, or sleightly handled in discourse.
 And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
 I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
 Cry, God saue Richard, Englands Royall King

Rich. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,
 But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?
 His answer was, the people were not vsed
 To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
 Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
 Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
 But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.
 When he had done, some followers of mine owne,
 At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
 And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King Richard:
 And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.
 Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
 This generall applause, and chearefull showt,
 Argues your wisdome, and your loue to Richard:
 And euen here brake off, and came away

Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,
 Would they not speake?
 Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,
 Be not you spoke with, but by mightie suit:
 And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
 And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
 For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:
 And be not easily wonne to our requests,
 Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
 No doubt we bring it to a happie issue

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.
Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.
Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my request?
Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe designes, in matter of great moment,
No lesse importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his Grace

Catesby. Ile signifie so much vnto him straight.
Enter.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.
But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say vs
nay

Scaena Quarta.

Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe.
Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And so once more returne, and tell his Grace.
Enter.

When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.
Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops

Maier. See where his Grace stands, tweene two Clergie
men

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requests,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:
I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

Scaena Quarta.

But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile

Rich. I doe suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance

Buck. You haue, my Lord:
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault

Rich. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land

Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you resigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maiesticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall House,
To the corruption of a blemisht Stock;
Whiles in the mildnesse of your sleepe thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulnesse, and deepe Obliuion.
Which to recure, we heartily sollicite
Your gracious selfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as successiuely, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.
For this, consorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worshipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust Cause come I to moue your Grace

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,

Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
 If not to answer, you might haply thinke,
 Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
 To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me.
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithfull loue to me,
 Then on the other side I check'd my friends.
 Therefore to speake, and to auoid the first,
 And then in speaking, not to incurre the last,
 Definitiuely thus I answer you.
 Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
 Vnmeritable, shunnes your high request.
 First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
 And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
 As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
 Yet so much is my pouertie of spirit,
 So mightie, and so manie my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my Greatnesse,
 Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
 Then in my Greatnesse couet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
 But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
 The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
 Which mellow'd by the stealing howres of time,
 Will well become the Seat of Maiestie,
 And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
 On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
 The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
 But the respects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that Edward is your Brothers Sonne,
 So say we too, but not by Edwards Wife:
 For first was he contract to Lady Lucie,
 Your Mother liues a Witnessse to his Vow;
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, Sister to the King of France.
 These both put off, a poore Petitioner,
 A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
 A Beautie-waining, and distressed Widow,
 Euen in the after-noone of her best dayes,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
 To base declension, and loath'd Bigamie.
 By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got

This Edward, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue,
I giue a sparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall selfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Ancestrie
From the corruption of abusing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued course

Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you

Buck. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue

Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit

Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State, and Maiestie:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you

Buck. If you refuse it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Estates:
Yet know, where you accept our suit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne shall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downe-fall of your House:
And in this resolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more.

Exeunt.

Catesb. Call him againe, sweet Prince, accept their suit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it

Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit against my Conscience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen, where I will or no.
I must haue patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the sequell of your Imposition,
Your meere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and staynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire of this

Maior. God blesse your Grace, wee see it, and will
say it

Rich. In saying so, you shall but say the truth

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King Richard, Englands worthie King

All. Amen

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be Crown'd

Rich. Euen when you please, for you will haue it so

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most ioyfully we take our leaue

Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Duchesse of Gloucester, the Duchesse of
Yorke, and
Marquesse Dorset.

Duch. Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
My Neece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my Life, shee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met

Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day

Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there

Qu. Kind Sister thanks, wee'le enter all together:
Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of Yorke?

Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary

Qu. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector

Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds betweene their loue, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall barre me from them?

Duch. Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see
them

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill

Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile salute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crowned Richards Royall Queene

Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may haue some scope to beat,
Or else I swoone with this dead-killing newes

Anne. Despightfull tidings, O vnpleasing newes

Dors. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your
Grace?

Qu. O Dorset, speake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with Richmond, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of Margarets Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene

Stanley. Full of wise care, is this your counsaile, Madame:
Take all the swift aduantage of the howres:
You shall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwise delay

Duch. Yorke. O ill dispersing Winde of Miserie.
O my accursed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatcht to the World,
Whose vnauoided Eye is murtherous

Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haste was sent

Anne. And I with all vnwillingnesse will goe.
O would to God, that the inclusiue Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to seare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can say, God saue the Queene

Qu. Goe, goe, poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, wish thy selfe no harme

Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henries Corse,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say I look'd on Richards Face,
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse againe,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the subiect of mine owne Soules Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enioy the golden deaw of sleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father Warwicke,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me

Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining

Anne. No more, then with my soule I mourne for
yours

Dors. Farewell, thou wofull welcommer of glory

Anne. Adieu, poore soule, that tak'st thy leaue
of it

Du.Y. Go thou to Richmond, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels tend thee,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and rest lye with mee.
Eightie odde yeeres of sorrow haue I seene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene

Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vse my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby,
Ratcliffe,
Louel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne

Rich. Giue me thy hand.

Sound.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,
Is King Richard seated:

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

But shall we weare these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake

Buck. Say on my louing Lord

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord

Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but Edward liues

Buck True, Noble Prince

Rich. O bitter consequence!
That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,
And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be briefe

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buc. Giue me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord,
Before I positiuely speake in this:
I will resolute you herein presently.

Exit Buck[ingham].

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,
And vnrespectiue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with considerate eyes,
High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.
Boy

Page. My Lord

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tirrell

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy.
Enter.

The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.
Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.
Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset

As I heare, is fled to Richmond,
In the parts where he abides

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,
That Anne my Wife is very grievous sicke,
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,
That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it stands me much vpon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dammage me.
I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.
Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord

Rich. Dar'st thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:
Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,
Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare,

Whispers.

There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.
Enter.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,
The late request that you did sound me in

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke
vnto it

Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th' Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promised I shall possesse

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixt
Did prophecie, that Richmond should be King,
When Richmond was a little peeuish Boy.
A King perhaps

Buck. May it please you to resolue me in my suit

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine.
Enter

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on.
Enter.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The most arch deed of pittious massacre
That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were flesht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tendernesse, and milde compassion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth Forrest) girdling one another
Within their Alablaster innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my minde:
But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stopt:
When Dighton thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,

Shakespeare's First Folio

That from the prime Creation ere she framed.
Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.
Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord

Ric. Kinde Tirrell, am I happy in thy Newes

Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
Beget your happinesse, be happy then,
For it is done

Rich. But did'st thou see them dead

Tir. I did my Lord

Rich. And buried gentle Tirrell

Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to say the truth) I do not know

Rich. Come to me Tirrel soone, and after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the processe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then

Tir. I humbly take my leaue

Rich. The Sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aymes
At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.
Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord

Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Rat. Bad news my Lord, Mourton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth

Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his rash leuied Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,
We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret

Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in these Confines slily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witnesse to,
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes heere?
Enter Dutchesse and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing sweets:
If yet your gentle soules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation

Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward, payes a dying debt

Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrayles of the Wolfe?
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Mar. When holy Harry dyed, and my sweet Sonne

Dut. Dead life, blind sight, poore mortall liuing ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graues due, by life vsurpt,
Breefe abstract and record of tedious dayes,
Rest thy vnrest on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood

Qu. Ah that thou would'st assoone affoord a Graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seate:

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere,
Ah who hath any cause to mourne but wee?

Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signeurie,
And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
If sorrow can admit Society.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him

Dut. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou hop'st to kill him

Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too,
And Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping soules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues.
O vp-right, iust, and true-disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre
Prayes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone

Dut. Oh Harries wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thine

Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, because both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my losse.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stab'd my Edward,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,

Onely reseru'd their Factor, to buy soules,
 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand
 Insues his pittious and vnpittied end.
 Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
 To haue him sodainly conuey'd from hence:
 Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
 That I may liue and say, The Dogge is dead

Qu. O thou did'st prophesie, the time would come,
 That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
 That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad

Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune:
 I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
 The presentation of but what I was;
 The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
 One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
 A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
 A dreame of what thou wast, a garish Flagge
 To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot;
 A signe of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
 A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the Scene.
 Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
 Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein dost thou Ioy?
 Who sues, and kneeles, and sayes, God saue the Queene?
 Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
 Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy Wife, a most distressed Widdow:
 For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
 For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
 For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
 For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
 For she being feared of all, now fearing one:
 For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of Iustice whirl'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time,
 Hauing no more but Thought of what thou wast.
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
 Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
 Vsurpe the iust proportion of my Sorrow?
 Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
 From which, euen heere I slip my wearied head,
 And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
 Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
 These English woes, shall make me smile in France

Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a-while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies

Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happinesse, with liuing woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were sweeter then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy losse, makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curse

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharpe,
And pierce like mine.

Exit Margaret.

Dut. Why should calamity be full of words?

Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery succeders of intestine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they ease the hart

Dut. If so then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sonnes smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in exclames.
Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dut. O she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters (Wretch) that thou hast done

Qu. Hid'st thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't should be branded, if that right were right?
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine—slaue, where are my Children?

Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet his Sonne?

Qu. Where is the gentle Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?

Dut. Where is kinde Hastings?

Rich. A flourish Trumpets, strike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare these Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I say.

Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations

Dut. Art thou my Sonne?

Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your selfe

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience

Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe

Dut. O let me speake

Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare

Dut. I will be milde, and gentle in my words

Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in hast

Dut. Art thou so hasty? I haue staid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony

Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
Thy School-daies frightfull, desp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, slye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?

Rich. Faith none, but Humfrey Hower,
That call'd your Grace
To Breakefast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike vp the Drumme

Dut. I prythee heare me speake

Rich. You speake too bitterly

Dut. Heare me a word:
For I shall neuer speake to thee againe

Rich. So

Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greefe and extreame Age shall perish,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Therefore take with thee my most greuous Curse,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the aduerse party fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Successe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend.
Enter.

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her

Rich. Stay Madam, I must talke a word with you

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the Royall Blood
For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (Richard)
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues

Rich. You haue a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?

Qu. And must she dye for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, staine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as false to Edwards bed:
Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
So she may liue vnscurr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter

Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, she is a Royall Princesse

Qu. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so

Rich. Her life is safest onely in her byrth

Qu. And onely in that safety, dyed her Brothers

Rich. Loe at their Birth, good starres were opposite

Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary

Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Destiny

Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Destiny.
My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life

Rich. You speake as if that I had slaine my Cosins?

Qu. Cosins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whose hand soeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that still vse of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of sailes and tackling reft,
Rush all to peeces on thy Rocky bosome

Rich. Madam, so thriue I in my enterprize
And dangerous successe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd

Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,
To be discouered, that can do me good

Rich. Th' aduancement of your children, gentle Lady

Qu. Vp to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads

Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory

Qu. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canst thou demise to any childe of mine

Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my selfe and all,
Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee

Qu. Be breefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date

Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter

Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her soule

Rich. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule
So from thy Soules loue didst thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it

Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England

Qu. Well then, who dost y meane shallbe her King

Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:
Who else should bee?

Qu. What, thou?

Rich. Euen so: How thinke you of it?

Qu. How canst thou woo her?

Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour

Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?

Rich. Madam, with all my heart

Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers.
A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue
Edward and Yorke, then haply will she weepe:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy Father, steeped in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which say to her did dreyne
The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'st away her Vnckle Clarence,
Her Vnckle Riuers, I (and for her sake)
Mad'st quicke conueyance with her good Aunt Anne

Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter

Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard, that hath done all this

Ric. Say that I did all this for loue of her

Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee
 Hauing bought loue, with such a bloody spoyle

Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
 Men shall deale vnaduisedly sometimes,
 Which after-houres giues leysure to repent.
 If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
 To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:
 If I haue kill'd the issue of your wombe,
 To quicken your encrease, I will beget
 Mine yssue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
 A Grandams name is little lesse in loue,
 Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
 They are as Children but one steppe below,
 Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:
 Of all one paine, saue for a night of groanes
 Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
 Your Children were vexation to your youth,
 But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
 The losse you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
 And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queene.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
 Dorset your Sonne, that with a fearfull soule
 Leads discontented steppes in Forraine soyle,
 This faire Alliance, quickly shall call home
 To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
 The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset, Brother:
 Againe shall you be Mother to a King:
 And all the Ruines of distressefull Times,
 Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
 What? we haue many goodly dayes to see:
 The liquid drops of Teares that you haue shed,
 Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
 Aduantaging their Loue, with interest
 Often-times double gaine of happinesse.
 Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
 Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
 Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
 Put in her tender heart, th' aspiring Flame
 Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
 With the sweet silent houres of Marriage ioyes:
 And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
 The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
 And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
 To whom I will retaile my Conquest wonne,

And she shalbe sole Victoresse, Cæsars Cæsar

Qu. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or shall I say her Vnkle?
Or he that slew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make seeme pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Infferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance

Qu. Which she shall purchase with stil lasting warre

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids

Rich. Say she shall be a High and Mighty Queene

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlastingly

Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end

Qu. But how long fairely shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it

Qu. As long as Hell and Richard likes of it

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low

Qu. But she your Subiect, lothes such Soueraignty

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale

Qu. Plaine and not honest, is too harsh a style

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and to quicke

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake

Rich. Harpe not on that string Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne

Qu. Prophan'd, dishonor'd, and the third vsurpt

Rich. I sweare

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath lost his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;

Thy Crowne vsurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st sweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd

Rich. Then by my Selfe

Qu. Thy Selfe, is selfe-misvs'd

Rich. Now by the World

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs

Rich. My Fathers death

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonor'd

Rich. Why then, by Heauen

Qu. Heauens wrong is most of all:
If thou didd'st feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th' Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now

Rich. The time to come

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time ore-past:
 For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
 Heereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
 The Children liue, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
 Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
 The Parents liue, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
 Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
 Misvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repast

Rich. As I entend to prosper, and repent:
 So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres
 Of hostile Armes: My selfe, my selfe confound:
 Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
 Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy rest.
 Be opposite all Planets of good lucke
 To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
 Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
 In her, consists my Happinesse, and thine:
 Without her, followes to my selfe, and thee;
 Her selfe, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
 Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
 It cannot be auoyded, but by this:
 It will not be auoyded, but by this.
 Therefore deare Mother (I must call you so)
 Be the Atturney of my loue to her:
 Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserue:
 Vrge the Necessity and state of times,
 And be not peeuish found, in great Designes

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good

Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe

Rich. I, if your selves remembrance wrong your selfe

Qu. Yet thou didst kil my Children

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themselues, to your recomforture

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shal vnderstand from me her mind.

Exit Q[ueene].

Rich. Beare her my true loues kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.
How now, what newes?
Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mightie Soueraigne, on the Westerne Coast
Rideth a puissant Nauie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore

Rich. Some light-foot friend post to y Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesby, where is hee?

Cat. Here, my good Lord

Rich. Catesby, flye to the Duke

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haste

Rich. Catesby come hither, poste to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highnesse pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliuer to him

Rich. O true, good Catesby, bid him leuie straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury

Cat. I goe.
Enter.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at Salisbury?

Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there, before I
goe?

Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before

Rich. My minde is chang'd:
Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?

Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with y hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported

Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy Tale the neerest way?
Once more, what newes?

Stan. Richmond is on the Seas

Rich. There let him sinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse

Rich. Well, as you guesse

Stan. Stirr'd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne

Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossesst?
What Heire of Yorke is there aliue, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?

Stan. Vnlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse

Rich. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not

Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Western Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the
North

Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serue their Soueraigne in the West?

Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maiestie shall please

Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to ioyne with Richmond:
But Ile not trust thee

Stan. Most mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false

Rich. Goe then, and muster men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne George Stanley: looke your heart be firme,
Or else his Heads assurance is but fraile

Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.

Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonshire,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.
Enter another Messenger

Mess. In Kent, my Liege, the Guilfords are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.
Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Armie of great Buckingham

Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,

He striketh him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes

Mess. The newes I haue to tell your Maiestie,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Armie is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himselfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither

Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduised friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.
Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Louell, and Lord Marquesse Dorset,
'Tis said, my Liege, in Yorkeshire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The Brittain Nauie is dispers'd by Tempest.
Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a Boat
Vnto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham,
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd sayle, and made his course againe for Brittain

Rich. March on, march on, since we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe these Rebels here at home.
Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best newes: that the Earle of Richmond
Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told

Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battell might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me.

Florish. Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the stye of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales

Der. What men of Name resort to him

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir Iames Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall

Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolute him of my minde.
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?

Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient

Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Riuers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?

Sher. It is

Buc. Why then Al-soules day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus Margarets curse falles heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Exeunt. Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum
and
colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
(That spoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre

Oxf. Euery mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide

Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deerest neede will flye from him

Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the
Earle of
Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes

Rich. My Lord of Norfolke

Nor. Heere most gracious Liege

Rich. Norfolke, we must haue knockes:
Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take my louing Lord

Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their vtmost power

Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day.

Exeunt.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Branden, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard:
Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limit each Leader to his seuerall Charge,
And part in iust proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And your Sir Walter Herbert stay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the second houre in the Morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistane his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King

Richm. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speak with him
And giue him from me, this most needfull Note

Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And so God giue you quiet rest to night

Richm. Good night good Captaine Blunt:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Businesse;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.

They withdraw into the Tent.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?

Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke

King. I will not sup to night,
Giue me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse

Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord

Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit

Rich. Ratcliffe

Rat. My Lord

Rich. Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes
To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staues be sound, &not too heauy. Ratcliff

Rat. My Lord

Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers

King. So, I am satisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I say.

Exit Ratclif.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory sit on thy Helme

Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy Person, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I by Attourney, blesse thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The silent houres steale on,
And flakie darkenesse breakes within the East.
In breefe, for so the season bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,

Scena Secunda.

And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody stroakes, and mortall staring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull shocke of Armes.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene, thy Brother, tender George
Be executed in his Fathers sight.
Farewell: the leysure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long sundred Friends should dwell vpon:
God giue vs leysure for these rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
He striue with troubled noise, to take a Nap,
Lest leaden slumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

O thou, whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauy fall,
Th' vsurping Helmets of our Aduersaries:
Make vs thy ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the sixt.

Gh. to Ri[chard]. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow:

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Thinke how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Dispaire therefore, and dye.

Ghost to Richm[ond].

Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost. When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Dispaire, and dye,
Harry the sixt, bids thee dispaire, and dye.

To Richm[ond].

Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleepe: Liue, and flourish.
Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow.
I that was wash'd to death with Fulsome Wine:
Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.

To Richm[ond].

Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flourish.
Enter the Ghosts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Scena Secunda.

Riu. Let me sit heauy in thy soule to morrow,
Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye

Grey. Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to Richm[ond].

Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.
Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to Rich[ard].

Quiet vntroubled soule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.
Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghosts. Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghosts to Richm[ond].

Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich[ard].

Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filles thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye:

Ghost to Richm[ond].

Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:
Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.
Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich[ard].

The first was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
That last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.

Scena Secunda.

Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; despairing yeeld thy breath.

Ghost to Richm[ond].

I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horse, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience? how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
Lest I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, sterne murther, in the dyr'st degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord

King. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows

King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt. Richard & Ratcliffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,

Scena Secunda.

Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
 Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Rich[ard]. murther'd,
 Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
 I promise you my Heart is very iocond,
 In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
 How farre into the Morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
 The leysure and inforcement of the time
 Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,
 God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
 The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
 Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
 (Richard except) those whom we fight against,
 Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
 For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
 A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the meanes to help him:
 A base foule Stone, made precious by the soyle
 Of Englands Chaire, where he is falsely set:
 One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
 Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
 God will in iustice ward you as his Soldiers.
 If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
 You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
 If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
 Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
 If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
 Your wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors.
 If you do free your Children from the Sword,
 Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
 Then in the name of God and all these rights,
 Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
 For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
 But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,

Shakespeare's First Folio

God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.
Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes

King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose

King. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there.

Clocke strikes.

Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord

King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke
He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to somebody. Ratcliffe

Rat. My Lord

King. The Sun will not be seene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
I would these dewy teares were from the ground.
Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.
Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field

King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.
 Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,
 I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
 And thus my Battell shal be ordred.
 My Foreward shall be drawne in length,
 Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
 Our Archers shall be placed in the mid'st;
 Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
 Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horse.
 They thus directed, we will follow
 In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horse:
 This, and Saint George to boote.
 What think'st thou Norfolke

Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
 This found I on my Tent this Morning.
 Iockey of Norfolke, be not so bold,
 For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold

King. A thing deuised by the Enemy.
 Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
 Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:
 For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,
 Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,
 Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
 March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,
 If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
 What shall I say more then I haue inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withall,
 A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes,
 A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
 Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
 To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
 You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
 They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
 And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
 Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,
 A Milke-sop, one that neuer in his life
 Felt so much cold, as ouer shooes in Snow:
 Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,
 Lash hence these ouer-weening Ragges of France,
 These famish'd Beggars, weary of their liues,
 Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
 For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselues.

Shakespeare's First Folio

If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
Rauish our daughters?

Drum afarre off

Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken stauers.
Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come

King. Off with his sonne Georges head

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:
After the battaile, let George Stanley dye

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Aduance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S[aint]. George
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarum, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolke,
Rescue, Rescue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Daring an opposite to euery danger:
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse

Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be sixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is
slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne,
with
diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead

Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere these long vsurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it

Scena Secunda.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong George Stanley liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Der. Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brokenbury, and Sir William Brandon

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and scarr'd her selfe;
The Brother blindely shed the Brothers blood;
The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
Diuided, in their dire Diuision.
O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloudy dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not liue to taste this Lands increase,
That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;
That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of

Scena Secunda.

Earle
Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight

THE PROLOGVE.

I Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:
Such Noble Scoenes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now present. Those that can Pitty, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subiect will deserue it. Such as giue
Their Money out of hope they may beleeeue,
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or two, and so agree,
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
Ile vndertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,
Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfeiting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leaue vs neuer an vnderstanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
The very Persons of our Noble Story,
As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile say,
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

Buckingham. Good morrow, and well met. How haue ye done Since last we saw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer
Of what I saw there

Buck. An vntimely Ague
Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Prisoner

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say
Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
To one aboue it selfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes master, till the last
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske

Was cry'de incompareable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
As presence did present them: Him in eye,
Still him in praise, and being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
(For so they phrase 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe
Beyond thoughts Compasse, that former fabulous Storie
Being now seene, possible enough, got credit
That Beuis was beleeu'd

Buc. Oh you go farre

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In Honor, Honesty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Discourser loose some life,
Which Actions selfe, was tongue too

Buc. All was Royall,
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Distinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who set the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?

Nor. As you guesse:
One certes, that promises no Element
In such a businesse

Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?

Nor. All this was ordred by the good Discretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke

Buc. The diuell speed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That such a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th' beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth

Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him stuffe, that put's him to these ends:
For being not propt by Auncestry, whose grace
Chalkes Successors their way; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th' Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Assistants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King

Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him: let some Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can see his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himselfe

Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th' King) t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Must fetch him in, he Papers

Abur. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that haue
By this, so sicken'd their Estates, that neuer
They shall abound as formerly

Buc. O many
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poore issue

Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Cost that did conclude it

Buc. Euery man,
After the hideous storme that follow'd, was
A thing Inspir'd, and not consulting, broke
Into a generall Prophetie; That this Tempest
Dashing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The sodaine breach on't

Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeaux

Abur. Is it therefore
Th' Ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't

Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate

Buc. Why all this Businesse
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduise you
(And take it from a heart, that wishes towards you
Honor, and plenteous safety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To consider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Minister in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a sharpe edge: It's long, and't may be saide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosome vp my counsell,

Shakespeare's First Folio

You'll finde it wholesome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduice your shunning.
Enter Cardinall Wolsey, the Purse borne before him, certaine of
the Guard,
and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his passage,
fixeth his
eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of
disdaine.

Car. The Duke of Buckinghams Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?

Secr. Heere so please you

Car. Is he in person, ready?

Secr. I, please your Grace

Car. Well, we shall then know more, & Buckingham
Shall lessen this bigge looke.

Exeunt. Cardinall, and his Traine.

Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A Beggars booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood

Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th' appliance onely
Which your disease requires

Buc. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect obiect, at this instant
He bores me with some tricke; He's gone to'th' King:
Ile follow, and out-stare him

Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reason with your Choller question
What 'tis you go about: to climbe steepe hilles
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full hot Horse, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduise me like you: Be to your selfe,
As you would to your Friend

Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe
This Ipswich fellowes insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons

Norf. Be aduis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it do sindge your selfe. We may out-runne
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In seeming to augment it, wasts it: be aduis'd;
I say againe there is no English Soule
More stronger to direct you then your selfe;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion

Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in Iuly, when
Wee see each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treasonous

Norf. Say not treasonous

Buck. To th' King Ile say't, &make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous

As he is subtile, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to shew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this last costly Treaty: Th' enteruiew,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did breake ith' wrenching

Norf. Faith, and so it did

Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himselfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy Wolsey
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th' old dam Treason) Charles the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to see the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him some preiudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And breake the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soone he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his Honour as he pleases,
And for his owne aduantage

Norf. I am sorry
To heare this of him; and could wish he were
Somthing mistaken in't

Buck. No, not a sillable:

Shakespeare's First Folio

I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appeare in proofe.
Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three
of the
Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it

Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earle
Of Hertford, Stafford and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of High Treason, in the name
Of our most Soueraigne King

Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me, I shall perish
Vnder deuce, and practise

Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to looke on
The busines present. Tis his Highnes pleasure
You shall to th' Tower

Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part, black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord Aburgany: Fare you well

Bran. Nay, he must beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines further

Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t' attach Lord Mountacute, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, Iohn de la Car,
One Gilbert Pecke, his Councillour

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope

Bra. A Monke o'th' Chartreux

Buck. O Michael Hopkins?

Bra. He

Buck. My Surueyor is falce: The oregreat Cardinall
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spand already:
I am the shadow of poore Buckingham,
Whose Figure euen this instant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell.

Exe.

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals shoulder, the
Nobles,
and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himselfe vnder the
Kings feete
on his right side.

King. My life it selfe, and the best heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I stood i'th' leuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of Buckinghams, in person,
He heare him his confessions iustifie,

And point by point the Treasons of his Maister,
He shall againe relate.

A noyse within crying roome for the Queene, vshe'd by the Duke
of
Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: she kneels.
King riseth
from his State, takes her vp, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor

King. Arise, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:
The other moiety ere you aske is giuen,
Repeat your will, and take it

Queen. Thanke your Maiesty
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition

Kin. Lady mine proceed

Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grieuance: There haue beene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes not
Language vnmanerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion

Norf. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th' euent too th' teeth, are all in vprore,
And danger serues among them

Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?

Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th' State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me

Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th' load; They say
They are deuic'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation

Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects grieve
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curses now
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue

To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse

Kin. By my life,
This is against our pleasure

Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State-Statues onely

Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselues from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleeeue, not any.
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And sticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care

Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you
Further in the proceeding.

Exit Secret[ary].

Enter Surueyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure

Kin. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall proue
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much

Card. Stand forth, &with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a carefull Subiect haue collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham

Kin. Speake freely

Sur. First, it was vsuall with him; euery day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I'ue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord Aburgany, to whom by oth he menac'd
Reuenge vpon the Cardinall

Card. Please your Highnesse note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wish to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinall,
Deliuer all with Charity

Kin. Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poynt hast thou heard him,
At any time speake ought?

Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Prophetie of Nicholas Henton

Kin. What was that Henton?

Sur. Sir, a Chartreux Fryer,
His Confessor, who fed him euery minute
With words of Soueraignty

Kin. How know'st thou this?

Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish
Saint Laurence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,
Men feare the French would proue perfidious

To the Kings danger: presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after vnder the Commissions Seale,
He sollemnly had sworne, that what he spoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, should vtter, with demure Confidence,
This pausingly ensu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him striue
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleene a Noble person,
And spoyle your nobler Soule; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you

Kin. Let him on: Goe forward

Sur. On my Soule, Ile speake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Diuels illusions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminare on this so farre, vntill
It forg'd him some designe, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can do me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his last Sicknesse faild,
The Cardinals and Sir Thomas Louels heads
Should haue gone off

Kin. Ha? What, so rancke? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?
Sur. I can my Liedge

Kin. Proceed

Sur. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highnesse had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir William Blumer

Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn seruant,
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?

Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th' Vsurper Richard, who being at Salsbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him

Kin. A Gyant Traytor

Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,
And this man out of Prison

Queen. God mend all

Kin. Ther's somthing more would out of thee; what say'st?

Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irresolute purpose

Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

L.Ch. Is't possible the spels of France should iuggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

L.San. New customes,
Though they be neuer so ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd

L.Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our English
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meere
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would sweare directly
Their very noses had been Councillours
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keepe State so

L.San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer see 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em

L.Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too't,
That sure th'haue worne out Christendome: how now?
What newes, Sir Thomas Louell?
Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate

L.Cham. What is't for?

Lou. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors

L.Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monsieurs
To thinke an English Courtier may be wise,
And neuer see the Louure

Lou. They must either
(For so run the Conditions) leaue those remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abusing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wisdom, renouncing cleane
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short blistred Breeches, and those types of Trauell;
And vnderstand againe like honest men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
They may Cum Priuilegio, wee away
The lag end of their lewdnesse, and be laugh'd at

L.San. Tis time to giue 'em Physicke, their diseases
Are growne so catching

L.Cham. What a losse our Ladies
Will haue of these trim vanities?

Louell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the slye whorsons
Haue got a speeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow

L.San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honest Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine song,
And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Musicke too

L.Cham. Well said Lord Sands,
Your Colts tooth is not cast yet?

L.San. No my Lord,
Nor shall not while I haue a stumpe

L.Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordship is a guest too

L.Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile assure you

Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall euery where

L.Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that said other of him

L.San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, should be most liberall,
They are set heere for examples

L.Cham. True, they are so;
But few now giue so great ones:
My Barge stayes;
Your Lordship shall along: Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford
This night to be Comptrollers

L.San. I am your Lordships.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Hoboies. A small Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Guests. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and diuers other Ladies, Gentlemen, as Guests at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S.Hen.Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:
As first, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.
Enter L[ord]. Chamberlaine L[ord]. Sands, and Louell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me

Cham. You are young Sir Harry Guilford

San. Sir Thomas Louell, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should finde a running Banket, ere they rested,
I thinke would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of faire ones

Lou. O that your Lordship were but now Confessor,
To one or two of these

San. I would I were,
They should finde easie pennance

Lou. Faith how easie?

San. As easie as a downe bed would affoord it

Cham. Sweet Ladies will it please you sit; Sir Harry
Place you that side, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you must not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray sit betweene these Ladies

San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordship: by your leaue sweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father

An.Bul. Was he mad Sir?

San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iust as I doe now,
He would Kisse you Twenty with a breath

Cham. Well said my Lord:
So now y'are fairely seated: Gentlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if these faire Ladies
Passe away frowning

San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolsey, and takes his State.

Card. Y'are welcome my faire Guests; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health

San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue such a Bowle may hold my thankes,
And saue me so much talking

Card. My Lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

San. The red wine first must rise
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee shall haue 'em,
Talke vs to silence

An.B. You are a merry Gamster
My Lord Sands

San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiship, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to such a thing

An.B. You cannot shew me.

Drum and Trumpet, Chambers dischargd.

San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon

Card. What's that?

Cham. Looke out there, some of ye

Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.
Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For so they seeme; th' haue left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forraigne Princes

Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can speake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall shine at full vpon them. Some attend him.

All rise, and Tables remou'd.

You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I showre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like
Shepheards,
vshe'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They passe directly before the
Cardinall
and gracefully salute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so faire assembly,

Scena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

This night to meet heere they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view these Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em

Card. Say, Lord Chamberlaine,
They haue done my poore house grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.

Choose Ladies, King and An Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.

Musicke, Dance.

Card. My Lord

Cham. Your Grace

Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my selfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would surrender it.

Whisper.

Cham. I will my Lord

Scena Quarta.

Card. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it

Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make
My royall choyce

Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Assembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I should iudge now vnappily

Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne so pleasant

Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir Thomas Bullens Daughter, the Viscount Rochford,
One of her Highnesse women

Kin. By Heauen she is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were vnmanly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round

Card. Sir Thomas Louell, is the Banket ready
I'th' Priuy Chamber?

Lou. Yes, my Lord

Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated

Kin. I feare too much

Card. There's fresher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber

Kin. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to these faire Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's best in fauour. Let the Musicke knock it.

Exeunt. with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at seuerall Doores.

1. Whether away so fast?

2. O, God saue ye:

Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham

1. Ile saue you

That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Prisoner

2. Were you there ?

1. Yes indeed was I

2. Pray speake what ha's happen'd

1. You may guesse quickly what

2. Is he found guilty?

1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd vpon't

2. I am sorry fort

1. So are a number more

2. But pray how past it?

1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleadged
Many sharpe reasons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Atturney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confessions
Of diuers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
To him brought viua voce to his face;
At which appear'd against him, his Surueyor
Sir Gilbert Pecke his Chancellour, and Iohn Car,
Confessor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this mischiefe

2. That was hee

That fed him with his Prophecies

1. The same,

All these accus'd him strongly, which he faine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And so his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten

2. After all this, how did he beare himselfe?

1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was stir'd
With such an Agony, he sweat extreamly,
And something spoke in choller, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himselfe againe, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most Noble patience

2. I doe not thinke he feares death

1. Sure he does not,
He neuer was so womanish, the cause
He may a little grieue at

2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this

1. Tis likely,
By all coniectures: First Kildares Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle Surrey, was sent thither, and in hast too,
Least he should helpe his Father

2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe enuious one,

1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardnall instantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too

2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my Conscience
Wish him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous Buckingham,
The Mirror of all courtesie.
Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipstaues before him,
the Axe with

the edge towards him, Halberds on each side, accompanied with
Sir Thomas
Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people,

1. Stay there Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speake of

2. Let's stand close and behold him

Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pittie me;
Heare what I say, and then goe home and lose me.
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name must dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Conscience, let it sincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
T^has done vpon the premises, but Iustice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in mischief;
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltlesse blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for Buckingham,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,
Make of your Prayers one sweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name

Louell. I doe beseech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgiue me frankly

Buck. Sir Thomas Louell, I as free forgiue you

As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.
 There cannot be those numberlesse offences
 Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
 No blacke Enuy shall make my Graue.
 Commend mee to his Grace:
 And if he speake of Buckingham; pray tell him,
 You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
 Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forsake,
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he liue
 Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
 Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
 And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodnesse and he, fill vp one Monument

Lou. To th' water side I must conduct your Grace;
 Then giue my Charge vp to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who vndertakes you to your end

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
 And fit it with such furniture as suites
 The Greatnesse of his Person

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
 When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
 And Duke of Buckingham: now, poore Edward Bohun;
 Yet I am richer then my base Accusers,
 That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now seale it;
 And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.
 My noble Father Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against Vsurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his Seruant Banister,
 Being distrest; was by that wretch betraid,
 And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
 Henry the Seauenth succeeding, truly pittying
 My Fathers losse; like a most Royall Prince
 Restor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
 Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
 Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
 That made me happy; at one stroake ha's taken
 For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
 And must needs say a Noble one; which makes me
 A little happier then my wretched Father:
 Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both

Shakespeare's First Folio

Fell by our Seruants, by those Men we lou'd most:
A most vnnaturall and faithlesse Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loues and Councels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to sinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I must now forsake ye; the last houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would say somthing that is sad,
Speake how I fell.
I haue done; and God forgiue me.

Exeunt. Duke and Traine.

1. O, this is full of pittie; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curses on their heads
That were the Authors

2. If the Duke be guiltlesse,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an ensuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this

1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?

2. This Secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceale it

1. Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much

2. I am confident;
You shall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and Katherine?

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

1. Yes, but it held not;

For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumor; and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it

2. But that slander Sir,

Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Fresher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or some about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, possest him with a scruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall Campeius is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this busines

1. Tis the Cardinall;

And meere to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not bestowing on him at his asking,
The Archbishopricke of Toledo, this is purpos'd

2. I thinke

You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That she should feelee the smart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and she must fall

1. 'Tis wofull.

Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

Scena Secunda.

My Lord, the Horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commission, and maine power tooke 'em from me, with this reason: his maister would bee seru'd before a Subiect, if not before the King, which stop'd our mouthes Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee will haue all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord Chamberlaine

Cham. Good day to both your Graces

Suff. How is the King imployd?

Cham. I left him priuate,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles

Norf. What's the cause?

Cham. It seemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conscience

Suff. No, his Conscience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie

Norf. Tis so;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King—Cardinall,
That blinde Priest, like the eldest Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he list. The King will know him one day

Suff. Pray God he doe,

Hee'l neuer know himselfe else

Norf. How holily he workes in all his businesse,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conscience,
Feares, and despaires, and all these for his Marriage.
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a Diuorce, a losse of her
That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer lost her lustre;
Of her that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greatest stroake of Fortune falls
Will blesse the King: and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heauen keep me from such counsel: tis most true
These newes are euery where, euery tongue speaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into these affaires, see this maine end,
The French Kings Sister. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that so long haue slept vpon
This bold bad man

Suff. And free vs from his slavery

Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please

Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, so Ile stand,
If the King please: his Curses and his blessings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleue in.
I knew him, and I know him: so I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope

Norf. Let's in;
And with some other busines, put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King ha's sent me otherwhere: Besides
You'l finde a most vnfit time to disturbe him:
Health to your Lordships

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord Chamberlaine.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and sits
reading
pensiuely.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted

Kin. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry

Kin. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your selues
Into my priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure

Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?
Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vse vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker

Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre
Of priuate conference

Kin. We are busie; goe

Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?
Suff. Not to speake of:
I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue

Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him

Suff. I another.

Exeunt. Norfolke and Suffolke.

Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisdom
Abooue all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,
The Tryall, iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iust and learned Priest, Cardnall Campeius,
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse

Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclaue for their loues,
They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for

Scena Secunda.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of Yorke, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse

Kin. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her

Kin. I, and the best she shall haue; and my fauour
To him that does best, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.
Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now

Gard. But to be commanded
For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me

Kin. Come hither Gardiner.

Walkes and whispers.

Camp. My Lord of Yorke, was not one Doctor Pace
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely

Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall

Wol. How? of me?

Camp. They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide

Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner persons

Kin. Deliuer this with modesty to th' Queene.

Exit Gardiner.

The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye shall meete about this waighty busines.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme—doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire. After this Processe.
To giue her the auaunt, it is a pittie
Would moue a Monster

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her

An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies seuering

Old L. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a stranger now againe

An. So much the more
Must pittie drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, tis better to be lowly borne,
And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a glistring grieve,
And weare a golden sorrow

Old L. Our content

Is our best hauing

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene

Old.L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hipocrisie:
You that haue so faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which guifts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiuerell Conscience, would receiue,
If you might please to stretch it

Anne. Nay, good troth

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen

Old.L. Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Haue you limbs
To beare that load of Title?

An. No in truth

Old.L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy

An. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world

Old.L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for Carnaruanshire, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?
Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

L.Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pittying

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well

An. Now I pray God, Amen

Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of Pembroke; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he addes

An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for

Cham. Lady;
I shall not faile t' approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord

Old.L. Why this it is: See, see,
I haue beene begging sixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish heere; fye, fye, fye vpon
This compell'd fortune: haue your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it

An. This is strange to me

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would she not
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?
An. Come you are pleasant

Old.L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchionesse of Pembroke?
A thousand pounds a yeare, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises mo thousands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?

Scena Tertia.

An. Good Lady,
Make your selfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a iot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortlesse, and wee forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y'haue heard to her

Old L. What doe you thinke me –

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short
siluer
wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors; after them,
the
Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincolne,
Ely,
Rochester, and S[aint]. Asaph: Next them, with some small
distance,
followes a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and
a
Cardinals Hat: Then two Priests, bearing each a Siluer Crosse:
Then a
Gentleman Vsher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant at
Armes, bearing
a Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Siluer
Pillars: After
them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the
Sword and
Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State. The two
Cardinalls
sit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place some distance
from the
King. The Bishops place themselues on each side the Court in
manner of a
Consistory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the
Bishops. The

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rest of the Attendants stand in conuenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded

King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time

Car. Bee't so, proceed

Scri. Say, Henry K[ing]. of England, come into the Court

Crier. Henry King of England,

King. Heere

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queene of England,
Come into the Court

Crier. Katherine Queene of England,

The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire, goes about
the
Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then speakes.

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Iustice,
And to bestow your pittie on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:

Scena Quarta.

In what haue I offended you? What cause
 Hath my behaiour giuen to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceede to put me off,
 And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witsse,
 I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
 At all times to your will conformable:
 Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,
 Yea, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre
 I euer contradicted your Desire?
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
 Haue I not stroue to loue, although I knew
 He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
 That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
 Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
 That I haue beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
 Vpward of twenty years, and haue bene blest
 With many Children by you. If in the course
 And processe of this time, you can report,
 And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught;
 My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
 Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
 Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt
 Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp
 To the sharp'st kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,
 The King your Father, was reputed for
 A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
 And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. Ferdinand
 My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
 A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
 That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
 Of euery Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
 Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile
 I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd

Wol. You haue heere Lady,
 (And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men
 Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
 Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled
 To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,
 That longer you desire the Court, as well
 For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
 What is vnsetled in the King

Camp. His Grace
Hath spoken well, and iustly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard

Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam

Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to sparkes of fire

Wol. Be patient yet

Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleeue
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth

Wol. I do professe
You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet
Haue stood to Charity, and displayd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom, e,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene against you, nor iniustice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistorie,

Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
 That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
 The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
 That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much
 As you haue done my Truth. If he know
 That I am free of your Report, he knowes
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
 Remoue these Thoughts from you. The which before
 His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
 You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking,
 And to say so no more

Queen. My Lord, My Lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weake
 T' oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
 You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
 With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
 Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
 You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse fauors,
 Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted
 Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
 (Domestickes to you) serue your will, as't please
 Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your persons Honor, then
 Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
 I do refuse you for my Iudge, and heere
 Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
 To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,
 And to be iudg'd by him.

She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
 Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
 Shee's going away

Kin. Call her againe

Crier. Katherine. Q[ueene]. of England, come into the Court

Gent. Vsh. Madam, you are cald backe

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor euer more
Vpon this businesse my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes Kate,
That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenesse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she ha's
Carried her selfe towards me

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I
Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't: or euer
Haue to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might
Be to the preiudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,

I free you from't: You are not to be taught
 That you haue many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so; but like to Village Curres,
 Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these
 The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
 But will you be more iustifi'de? You euer
 Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd
 It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
 The passages made toward it; on my Honour,
 I speake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
 And thus farre cleare him.
 Now, what mou'd me too't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; giue heede too't:
 My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernes,
 Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
 By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Ambassador,
 Who had beene hither sent on the debating
 And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleance, and
 Our Daughter Mary: I'th' Progresse of this busines,
 Ere a determinate resolution, hee
 (I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,
 Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke
 The bosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;
 Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my Breast, which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings, did throng
 And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought
 I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had
 Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
 If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should
 Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
 The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,
 Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
 This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
 (Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not
 Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood in
 By this my Issues faile, and that gaue to me
 Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
 The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present heere together: that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
 I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well,
 By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
 And Doctors learn'd. First I began in priuate,

With you my Lord of Lincolne; you remember
How vnder my oppression I did reeke
When I first mou'd you

B.Lin. Very well my Liedge

Kin. I haue spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say
How farre you satisfide me

Lin. So please your Highnes,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daringst Counsaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this course,
Which you are running heere

Kin. I then mou'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leaue
To make this present Summons vnsolicited.
I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points
Of my alleadged reasons, driues this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(Katherine our Queene) before the primest Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th' World

Camp. So please your Highnes,
The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnessse,
That we adiourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends vnto his Holinesse

Kin. I may perceiue
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant Cranmer,
Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I say, set on.

Exeunt., in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes sad with troubles,
Sing, and disperse 'em if thou canst: leaue working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themselues when he did sing.
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a lasting Spring.
Euery thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In sweet Musicke is such Art,
Killing care, & grieve of heart,
Fall asleepe, or hearing dye.
Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence

Queen. Would they speake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me say so Madam

Queen. Pray their Graces

To come neere: what can be their busines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They should bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.
Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolsey & Campian.

Wols. Peace to your Highnesse

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houswife,
(I would be all) against the worst may happen:
What are your pleasures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it please you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your priuate Chamber; we shall giue you
The full cause of our comming

Queen. Speake it heere.

There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conscience
Deserues a Corner: would all other Women
Could speake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Aboue a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye saw 'em,
Enuy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so euen. If your busines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing

Card. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas Regina serenissima

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
 I am not such a Truant since my comming,
 As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in:
 A strange Tongue makes my cause more strange, suspitious:
 Pray speake in English; heere are some will thanke you,
 If you speake truth, for their poore Mistris sake;
 Beleeue me she ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
 The willing'st sinne I euer yet committed,
 May be absolu'd in English

Card. Noble Lady,
 I am sorry my integrity should breed,
 (And seruice to his Maiesty and you)
 So deepe suspition, where all faith was meant;
 We come not by the way of Accusation,
 To taint that honour euery good Tongue blesses;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
 You haue too much good Lady: But to know
 How you stand minded in the waighty difference
 Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
 (Like free and honest men) our iust opinions,
 And comforts to our cause

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
 My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
 Zeale and obedience he still bore your Grace,
 Forgetting (like a good man) your late Censure
 Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
 Offers, as I doe, in a signe of peace,
 His Seruice, and his Counsell

Queen. To betray me.
 My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
 Ye speake like honest men, (pray God ye proue so)
 But how to make ye sodainly an Answer
 In such a poynt of weight, so neere mine Honour,
 (More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
 And to such men of grauity and learning;
 In truth I know not. I was set at worke,
 Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
 Either for such men, or such businesse;
 For her sake that I haue beene, for I feele
 The last fit of my Greatnesse; good your Graces
 Let me haue time and Councell for my Cause:

Alas, I am a Woman frendlesse, hopelesse

Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings loue with these feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any English man dare giue me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainst his Highnes pleasure,
(Though he be growne so desperate to be honest)
And liue a Subiect? Nay forsooth, my Friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, liue not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrey Lords

Camp. I would your Grace
Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counsell

Queen. How Sir?
Camp. Put your maine cause into the Kings protection,
Hee's louing and most gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cause:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away disgrac'd

Wol. He tels you rightly

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruine:
Is this your Christian Councell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is aboue all yet; there sits a Iudge,
That no King can corrupt

Camp. Your rage mistakes vs

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
 Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
 But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
 Mend 'em for shame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
 The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh't at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye halfe my miseries,
 I haue more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, for heauens sake take heed, least at once
 The burthen of my sorrowes, fall vpon ye

Car. Madam, this is a meere distraction,
 You turne the good we offer, into enuy

Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
 And all such false Professors. Would you haue me
 (If you haue any Iustice, any Pitty,
 If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
 Put my sicke cause into his hands, that hates me?
 Alas, ha's banish'd me his Bed already,
 His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
 And all the Fellowship I hold now with him
 Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
 To me, about this wretchednesse? All your Studies
 Make me a Curse, like this

Camp. Your feares are worse

Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me speake my selfe,
 Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
 A Woman (I dare say without Vainglory)
 Neuer yet branded with Suspition?
 Haue I, with all my full Affections
 Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?
 Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my Prayres to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,
 One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleasure;
 And to that Woman (when she has done most)
 Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience

Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at

Qu. My Lord,
I dare not make my selfe so guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities

Car. Pray heare me

Qu. Would I had neuer trod this English Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the most vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almost no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
Ile hang my head, and perish

Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honest,
You'd feele more comfort. Why shold we (good Lady)
Vpon what cause wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it;
We are to Cure such sorrowes, not to sowe 'em.
For Goodnesse sake, consider what you do,
How you may hurt your selfe: I, vtterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to stubborne Spirits,
They swell and grow, as terrible as stormes.
I know you haue a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,
Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants

Camp. Madam, you'l finde it so:

Shakespeare's First Folio

You wrong your Vertues
With these weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer casts
Such doubts as false Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you loose it not: For vs (if you please
To trust vs in your businesse) we are ready
To vse our vtmost Studies, in your seruice

Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgiue me;
If I haue vs'd my selfe vnmanly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a seemely answer to such persons.
Pray do my seruice to his Maiestie,
He ha's my heart yet, and shall haue my Prayers
While I shall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Bestow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when she set footing heere,
She should haue bought her Dignities so deere.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and
Lord
Chamberlaine.

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustaine moe new disgraces,
With these you beare alreadie

Sur. I am ioyfull
To meete the least occasion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him

Suf. Which of the Peeres
Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stampe of Noblenesse in any person
Out of himselfe?

Cham. My Lords, you speake your pleasures:
What he deserues of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his accesse to'th' King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue

Nor. O feare him not,
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's settled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to heare such Newes as this
Once euery houre

Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wish mine Enemy

Sur. How came
His practises to light?

Suf. Most strangely

Sur. O how? how?

Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o'th' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Iudgement o'th' Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleeue it

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady

Sur. Would he had

Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I professe you haue it

Sur. Now all my ioy
Trace the Coniunction

Suf. My Amen too't

Nor. All mens

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?

The Lord forbid

Nor. Marry Amen

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall Campeius,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cause o'th' King vnhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this

Cham. Now God incense him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder

Norf. But my Lord
When returnes Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleeeue)
His second Marriage shall be publishd, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princesse Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse

Suff. He ha's, and we shall see him
For it, an Arch-byshop

Nor. So I heare

Suf. 'Tis so.
Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall

Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody

Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gau't you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber

Card. Look'd he o'th' inside of the Paper?
Crom. Presently
He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I thinke by this he is

Card. Leaue me a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no Anne Bullens for him,
There's more in't then faire Visage. Bullen?
No, wee'l no Bullens: Speedily I wish
To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?
Nor. He's discontented

Suf. Maybe he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him

Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iustice

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Mistris Mistris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I must snuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deseruing? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lye i'th' bosome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; Cranmer, one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle

Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something y would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart

Suf. The King, the King

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th' houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,
Stops on a sodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight
Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,

Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts
His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures
We haue seene him set himselfe

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he sent me, to peruse
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)
Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The seuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,
Rich Stuffles and Ornaments of Houshold, which
I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes
Possession of a Subiect

Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To blesse your eye withall

King. If we did thinke
His Contemplation were aboue the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Louell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgiue me,
Euer God blesse your Highnesse

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heauenly stuffe, and beare the Inuentory
Of your best Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue scarce time
To steale from Spirituall leysure, a briefe span
To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad
To haue you therein my Companion

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which
I beare i'th' State: and Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I her fraile sonne, among'st my Brethren mortall,
Must giue my tendance to

King. You haue said well

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoake together,
(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,
With my well saying

King. 'Tis well said agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow
My Bounties vpon you

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increase this businesse

King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:
And if you may confesse it, say withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces
Showr'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeaours. My endeaours,
Haue euer come too short of my Desires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends

Shakespeare's First Folio

Haue beene mine so, that euermore they pointed
To'th' good of your most Sacred Person, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vnderer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it

King. Fairely answer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illustrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any

Car. I do professe,
That for your Highnesse good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world should cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke against the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
And stand vnshaken yours

King. 'Tis Nobly spoken:
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall brest,
For you haue seene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfast with
What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after
him
smiling, and whispering.

Car. What should this meane?

What sodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
 He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
 Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
 Vpon the daring Huntsman that has gall'd him:
 Then makes him nothing. I must reade this paper:
 I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis so:
 This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th' Accompt
 Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
 For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
 And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
 Fit for a Foole to fall by: What crosse Diuell
 Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
 I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new deuice to beate this from his Braines?
 I know 'twill stirre him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spight of Fortune
 Will bring me off againe. What's this? To th' Pope?
 The Letter (as I liue) with all the Businesse
 I writ too's Holinesse. Nay then, farewell:
 I haue touch'd the highest point of all my Greatnesse,
 And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
 I haste now to my Setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
 And no man see me more.
 Enter to Woolsey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle
 of Surrey,
 and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleasure Cardinall,
 Who commands you
 To render vp the Great Seale presently
 Into our hands, and to Confine your selfe
 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchesters,
 Till you heare further from his Highnesse

Car. Stay:
 Where's your Commission? Lords, words cannot carrie
 Authority so weighty

Suf. Who dare crosse 'em,
 Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expressly?

Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
 (I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feele
Of what course Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Disgraces
As if it fed ye, and how sleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courses, men of Malice;
You haue Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with such a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Master) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodnesse,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gaue it

Car. It must be himselfe then

Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Priest

Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeest:
Within these fortie houres, Surrey durst better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then saide so

Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet sinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You sent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his succour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'st him:
Whil'st your great Goodnesse, out of holy pitty,
Absolu'd him with an Axe

Wol. This, and all else
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by Law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cause can witnesse.

If I lou'd many words, Lord, I should tell you,
You haue as little Honestie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Master,
Dare mate a sounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies

Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Priest) protects you,
Thou should'st feele
My Sword i'th' life blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,
To be thus laded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes

Card. All Goodnesse
Is poyson to thy Stomacke

Sur. Yes, that goodnesse
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodnesse of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th Pope, against the King: your goodnesse
Since you prouoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you respect the common good, the State
Of our despis'd Nobilitie, our Issues,
(Whom if he liue, will scarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand summe of his sinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile startle you
Worse then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kissing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall

Car. How much me thinkes, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie against it

Nor. Those Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones

Wol. So much fairer
And spotlesse, shall mine Innocence arise,
When the King knowes my Truth

Sur. This cannot saue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of these Articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'l shew a little Honestie

Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worst Obiections: If I blush,
It is to see a Nobleman want manners

Sur. I had rather want those, then my head;
Haue at you.
First, that without the Kings assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Iurisdiction of all Bishops

Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or else
To Forraigne Princes, Ego & Rex meus
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperour, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale

Sur. Item, You sent a large Commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highnesse, and Ferrara

Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd

Your holy-Hat to be stamp't on the Kings Coine

Sur. Then, That you haue sent innumerable substance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with

Cham. O my Lord,
Presse not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to see him
So little, of his great Selfe

Sur. I forgiue him

Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleasure is,
Because all those things you haue done of late
By your power Legatine within this Kingdome,
Fall into 'th' compasse of a Premunire;
That therefore such a Writ be sued against you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Castles, and whatsoeuer, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge

Nor. And so wee'l leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your stubborne answer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King shall know it, and (no doubt) shal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.

Exeunt. all but Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatnesse.

Scena Secunda.

This is the state of Man; to day he puts forth
 The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Blossomes,
 And beares his blushing Honors thicke vpon him:
 The third day, comes a Frost; a killing Frost,
 And when he thinkes, good easie man, full surely
 His Greatnesse is a ripening, nippes his roote,
 And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
 Like little wanton Boyes that swim on bladders:
 This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
 But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
 At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
 Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
 Of a rude streame, that must for euer hide me.
 Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
 I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
 Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire too,
 That sweet Aspect of Princes, and their ruine,
 More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
 And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
 Neuer to hope againe.
 Enter Cromwell, standing amazed.

Why how now Cromwell?

Crom. I haue no power to speake Sir

Car. What, amaz'd
 At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
 A great man should decline. Nay, and you weep
 I am falne indeed

Crom. How does your Grace

Card. Why well:
 Neuer so truly happy, my good Cromwell,
 I know my selfe now, and I feele within me,
 A peace aboue all earthly Dignities,
 A still, and quiet Conscience. The King ha's cur'd me,
 I humbly thanke his Grace: and from these shoulders
 These ruin'd Pillers, out of pittie, taken
 A load, would sinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)
 O 'tis a burden Cromwel, 'tis a burden
 Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right vse of it

Card. I hope I haue:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miseries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heauiest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King

Card. God blesse him

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moore is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place

Card. That's somewhat sodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highnesse fauour, and do Iustice
For Truths-sake, and his Conscience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his course, and sleepes in Blessings,
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Arch-byshop of Canterbury

Card. That's Newes indeed

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Corronation

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
 O Cromwell,
 The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
 In that one woman, I haue lost for euer.
 No Sun, shall euer vshe forth mine Honors,
 Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
 Vpon my smiles. Go get thee from me Cromwel,
 I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now
 To be thy Lord, and Master. Seeke the King
 (That Sun, I pray may neuer set) I haue told him,
 What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:
 Some little memory of me, will stirre him
 (I know his Noble Nature) not to let
 Thy hopefull seruice perish too. Good Cromwell
 Neglect him not; make vse now, and prouide
 For thine owne future safety

Crom. O my Lord,
 Must I then leaue you? Must I needes forgo
 So good, so Noble, and so true a Master?
 Beare witnesse, all that haue not hearts of Iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwel leaues his Lord.
 The King shall haue my seruice; but my prayres
 For euer, and for euer shall be yours

Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to shed a teare
 In all my Miseries: But thou hast forc'd me
 (Out of thy honest truth) to play the Woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me Cromwel,
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
 Of me, more must be heard of: Say I taught thee;
 Say Wolsey, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
 And sounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
 Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to rise in:
 A sure, and safe one, though thy Master mist it.
 Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
 Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
 By that sinne fell the Angels: how can man then
 (The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
 Loue thy selfe last, cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more then Honesty.
 Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
 To silence enuious Tongues. Be iust, and feare not;
 Let all the ends thou aym'st at, be thy Countries,
 Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'st (O Cromwell)

Shakespeare's First Folio

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr.
Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,
To the last peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O Cromwel, Cromwel,
Had I but seru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I seru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience

Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe

2 So are you

1 You come to take your stand heere, and behold
The Lady Anne, passe from her Corronation

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generall ioy

2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am sure haue shewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor

1 Neuer greater,
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir

2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand

1 Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claime their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest

1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs,
I should haue beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine
The Princesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable; sixe miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princesse lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent
Of all these Learned men, she was diuorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmaltoun,
Where she remaines now sicke

2 Alas good Lady.

The Trumpets sound: Stand close,

The Queene is comming.

Ho-boyes. The Order of the Coronation. 1 A liuely Flourish of Trumpets. 2

Then, two Iudges. 3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him. 4

Quirristers singing. Musicke. 5 Maier of London, bearing the Mace. Then

Garter, in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper

Crowne. 6 Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a

Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey, bearing the Rod of

Siluer with the Doue, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses. 7

Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing

a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolke, with

the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses. 8

A

Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, vnder it the Queene in her

Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each side her,

the Bishops of London, and Winchester. 9 The Olde Dutchesse of Norfolke,

in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers bearing the Queenes Traine. 10

Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of Gold, without

Flowers. Exeunt, first passing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and

then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Traine belecue me: These I know:

Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,

And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod

2 A bold braue Gentleman. That should bee

The Duke of Suffolke

1 'Tis the same: high Steward

2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?

1 Yes

2 Heauen blesse thee,

Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on.

Sir, as I haue a Soule, she is an Angell;

Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,

And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,

I cannot blame his Conscience

1 They that beare

The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons

Of the Cinque-Ports

2 Those men are happy,

And so are all, are neere her.

I take it, she that carries vp the Traine,

Is that old Noble Lady, Dutchesse of Norfolke

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses

2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,

And sometimes falling ones

2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?

3 Among the crowd i'th' Abbey, where a finger

**Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the meere ranknesse of their ioy**

2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did

1 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing

2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?

**3 As well as I am able. The rich streame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sate downe
To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,
In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.**

Beleeue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,
As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin loose, this day they had beene lost. Such ioy
I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could say this is my wife there, all were wouen
So strangely in one peece

2 But what follow'd?

**3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.
Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, Edward Confessors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire
With all the choysest Musicke of the Kingdome,
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,**

And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held

1 Sir,
You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall

3 I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me

2 What two Reuerend Bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queene?
3 Stokeley and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London

2 He of Winchester
Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops,
The vertuous Cranmer

3 All the Land knowes that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrink from him

2 Who may that be, I pray you

3 Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteeme with th' King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Master o'th' Iewell House,
And one already of the Priuy Councell

2 He will deserue more

3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more

Both. You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke, lead betweene Griffith, her
Gentleman
Vsher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sicke to death:

My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th' Earth,
Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little ease.
Did'st thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'st mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall Wolsey
Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thinke your Grace
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gaue no eare too't

Kath. Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he stept before me happily
For my example

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,

For after the stout Earle Northumberland
Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,
He fell sicke sodainly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his Mule

Kath. Alas poore man

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot
With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;
To whom he gaue these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the stormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Giue him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himselfe
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gaue his Honors to the world agen,
His blessed part to Heauen, and slept in peace

Kath. So may he rest,
His Faults lye gently on him:
Yet thus farre Griffith, giue me leaue to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an vnbounded stomacke, euer ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th' presence
He would say vntruths, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue
The Clergy ill example

Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens euill manners, liue in Brasse, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse
To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith,
I were malicious else

Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:
Lofty, and sowre to them that lou'd him not:
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
And though he were vnsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most Princely: Euer witnesse for him
Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwillling to out-liue the good that did it.
The other (though vnfinish'd) yet so Famous,
So excellent in Art, and still so rising,
That Christendome shall euer speake his Vertue.
His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happinesse vpon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
And found the Blessednesse of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my liuing Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated Liuing, thou hast made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,
(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me still, and set me lower,
I haue not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the Musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'st I sit meditating
On that Coelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemne Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter solemnely tripping one after another, sixe
Personages,
clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes,
and golden
Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands.
They
first Conge vnto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first
two
hold a spare Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make
reuerend
Curtisies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the same to
the other
next two, who obserue the same order in their Changes, and
holding the
Garland ouer her head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland
to the
last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which (as it
were by
inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioycing, and
holdeth vp
her hands to heauen. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the
Garland
with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (Griffith) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy

Kath. Bid the Musicke leaue,
They are harsh and heauy to me.

Musicke ceases.

Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray

Pati. Heauen comfort her.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace –

Kath. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To vse so rude behaiour. Go too, kneele

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My hast made me vnmanly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you

Kath. Admit him entrance Griffith. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe.

Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name Capuchius

Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who greeues much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. Patience, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No Madam

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King

Cap. Most willing Madam

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse
 The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,
 The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
 Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
 She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
 I hope she will deserue well; and a little
 To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
 Heauen knowes how deerely.
 My next poore Petition,
 Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie
 Vpon my wretched women, that so long
 Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
 Of which there is not one, I dare auow
 (And now I should not lye) but will deserue
 For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
 For honestie, and decent Carriage
 A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
 And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.
 The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
 (But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
 That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
 And something ouer to remember me by.
 If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
 And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
 By that you loue the deerest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
 Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
 To do me this last right

Cap. By Heauen I will,
 Or let me loose the fashion of a man

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
 In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:
 Say his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
 (For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
 My Lord. Griffith farewell. Nay Patience,
 You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
 Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
 Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer
 With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
 Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
 A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.

I can no more.

Exeunt. leading Katherine.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before
him, met
by Sir Thomas Louell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not

Boy. It hath strooke

Gard. These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for vs
To waste these times. Good houre of night Sir Thomas:
Whether so late?

Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gar. I did Sir Thomas, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke

Lou. I must to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue

Gard. Not yet Sir Thomas Louell: what's the matter?
It seemes you are in hast: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue
In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse
That seekes dispatch by day

Lou. My Lord, I loue you;
And durst commend a secret to your eare
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end

Gard. The fruite she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd vp now

Lou. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Deserue our better wishes

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir Thomas, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir Thomas Louell, tak't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwel, her two hands, and shee
Sleepe in their Graues

Louell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd i'th' Kingdome: as for Cromwell,
Beside that of the Iewell-House, is made Master
O'th' Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th' Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Incenst the Lords o'th' Councell, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Heretique, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued

Shakespeare's First Folio

Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,
Our Reasons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir Thomas.

Exit Gardiner and Page.

Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your seruant.
Enter King and Suffolke.

King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me

Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before

King. But little Charles,
Nor shall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now Louel, from the Queene what is the Newes

Lou. I could not personally deliuer to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humblenesse, and desir'd your Highnesse
Most heartily to pray for her

King. What say'st thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What is she crying out?

Lou. So said her woman, and that her suffrance made
Almost each pang, a death

King. Alas good Lady

Suf. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of
Your Highnesse with an Heire

King. 'Tis midnight Charles,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th' estate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone,
For I must thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too

Suf. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good Mistris will
Remember in my Prayers

King. Charles good night.

Exit Suffolke.

Well Sir, what followes?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byshop,
As you commanded me

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord

King. 'Tis true: where is he Denny?

Den. He attends your Highnesse pleasure

King. Bring him to Vs

Lou. This is about that, which the Byshop spake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Auoyd the Gallery.

Louel seemes to stay.

Ha? I haue said. Be gone.
What?

Exeunt. Louell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
'Tis his Aspect of Terror. All's not well

King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you

Cran. It is my dutie
T' attend your Highnesse pleasure

King. Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
Come, you and I must walke a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, giue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I speake,
And am right sorrie to repeat what followes.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

I haue, and most vnwillingly of late
Heard many greeuous, I do say my Lord
Greeuous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you shall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your selfe,
But that till further Triall, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witnesse
Would come against you

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highnesse,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne shall flye asunder. For I know
There's none stands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my selfe, poore man

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, stand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I should haue tane some paines, to bring together
Your selfe, and your Accusers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honestie:
If they shall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be said against me

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practises
Must beare the same proportion, and not euer
The Iustice and the Truth o'th' question carries
The dew o'th' Verdict with it; at what ease

Shakespeare's First Folio

Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To sweare against you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periur'd Witsnesse, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Preceptit for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne destruction

Cran. God, and your Maiesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me

King. Be of good cheere,
They shall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appeare before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best perswasions to the contrary
Faile not to vse, and with what vehemencie
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliuer them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honest on mine Honor. Gods blest Mother,
I sweare he is true-hearted, and a soule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you.

Exit Cranmer.

He ha's strangled his Language in his teares.
Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?
Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldnesse, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and shade thy person
Vnder their blessed wings

King. Now by thy lookes
I gesse thy Message. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer blesse her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promises Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry

King. Louell

Lou. Sir

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene.

Exit King.

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for such payment.
I will haue more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or else vnsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the issue.

Exit Ladie.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyshop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great hast. All fast? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?
Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you

Cran. Why?
Keep. Your Grace must waight till you be call'd for.
Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall vnderstand it presently.

Exit Buts

Cran. 'Tis Buts.
The Kings Physitian, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he found not my disgrace: for certaine
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer sought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would shame to make me
Wait else at doore: a fellow Councillor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.

But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.
Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe aboue.

Buts. Ile shew your Grace the strangest sight

King. What's that Buts?

Butts. I thinke your Highnesse saw this many a day

Kin. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongst Purseuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.

Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least good manners; as not thus to suffer
A man of his Place, and so neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordships pleasures,
And at the dore too, like a Post with Packets:
By holy Mary (Butts) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine close:
We shall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed
vnder
the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himselfe at the vpper end
of the
Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void aboue him, as for
Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey,
Lord
Chamberlaine, Gardiner, seat themselues in Order on each side.
Cromwell at
lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the businesse, M[aster]. Secretary;

Why are we met in Councell?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The chiefe cause concernes his Grace of Canterbury

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes

Norf. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes

Keep. My Lord Archbishop:
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleasures

Chan. Let him come in

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit heere at this present, and behold
That Chayre stand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our flesh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you that best should teach vs,
Haue misdemean'd your selfe, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Heresies;
And not reform'd, may proue pernicious

Gard. Which Reformation must be sodaine too
My Noble Lords; for those that tame wild Horses,

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
 But stop their mouthes with stubborn Bits & spurre 'em,
 Till they obey the mannage. If we suffer
 Out of our easinesse and childish pittie
 To one mans Honour, this contagious sicknesse;
 Farewell all Physicke: and what followes then?
 Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
 Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
 The vpper Germany can deerely witnesse:
 Yet freshly pittied in our memories

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progresse
 Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my Authority,
 Might goe one way, and safely; and the end
 Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
 (I speake it with a single heart, my Lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirres against,
 Both in his priuate Conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
 Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
 With lesse Allegiance in it. Men that make
 Enuy, and crooked malice, nourishment;
 Dare bite the best. I doe beseech your, Lordships,
 That in this case of Iustice, my Accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely vrge against me

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
 That cannot be; you are a Counsellor,
 And by that vertue no man dare accuse you

Gard. My Lord, because we haue busines of more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure
 And our consent, for better tryall of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower,
 Where being but a priuate man againe,
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More then (I feare) you are prouided for

Cran. Ah my good Lord of Winchester: I thanke you,
 You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will passe,

I shall both finde your Lordship, Iudge and Iuror,
You are so mercifull. I see your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekenesse, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win straying Soules with modesty againe,
Cast none away: That I shall cleere my selfe,
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conscience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could say more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modest

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted glosse discouers
To men that vnderstand you, words and weaknesse

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, y'are a little,
By your good fauour, too sharpe; Men so Noble,
How euer faulty, yet should finde respect
For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man

Gard. Good M[aster]. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worst
Of all this Table say so

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not sound

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound I say

Crom. Would you were halfe so honest:
Mens prayers then would seeke you, not their feares

Gard. I shall remember this bold Language

Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too

Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for shame my Lords

Gard. I haue done

Crom. And I

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it stands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be conuaid to th' Tower a Prisoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleasure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords

All. We are

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to th' Tower my Lords?

Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I goe like a Traytor thither?

Gard. Receiue him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower

Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I haue a little yet to say. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it

To a most Noble Iudge, the King my Maister

Cham. This is the Kings Ring

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit

Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rowling,
'Twold fall vpon our selues

Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairely out on't

Crom. My mind gaue me,
In seeking tales and Informations
Against this man, whose honesty the Diuell
And his Disciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.
Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thanks, that gaue vs such a Prince;
Not onely good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty out of deare respect,
His Royall selfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cause betwixt her, and this great offender

Kin. You were euer good at sodaine Commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know I come not
To heare such flattery now, and in my presence

They are too thin, and base to hide offences,
 To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
 And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
 But whatsoere thou tak'st me for; I'm sure
 Thou hast a cruell Nature and a bloody.
 Good man sit downe: Now let me see the proudest
 Hee, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
 By all that's holy, he had better starue,
 Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not

Sur. May it please your Grace; –

Kin. No Sir, it doe's not please me,
 I had thought, I had had men of some vnderstanding,
 And wisdom of my Councell; but I finde none:
 Was it discretion Lords, to let this man,
 This good man (few of you deserue that Title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowsie Foot-boy
 At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my Commission
 Bid ye so farre forget your selues? I gaue ye
 Power, as he was a Counsellour to try him,
 Not as a Groome: There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of Malice then Integrity,
 Would trye him to the vtmost, had ye meane,
 Which ye shall neuer haue while I liue

Chan. Thus farre

My most dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
 Concerning his Imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
 And faire purgation to the world then malice,
 I'm sure in me

Kin. Well, well my Lords respect him,
 Take him, and vse him well; hee's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
 May be beholding to a Subiect; I
 Am for his loue and seruice, so to him.
 Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
 Be friends for shame my Lords: My Lord of Canterbury
 I haue a Suite which you must not deny mee.
 That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptisme,
 You must be Godfather, and answere for her

Cran. The greatest Monarch now aliue may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?

Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd spare your spoones;
You shall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
Duchesse of Norfolke, and Lady Marquesse Dorset? will
these please you?
Once more my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man

Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it

Cran. And let Heauen
Witnesse how deare, I hold this Confirmation

Kin. Good Man, those ioyfull teares shew thy true hearts,
The common voyce I see is verified
Of thee, which sayes thus: Doe my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To haue this young one made a Christian.
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow stronger, you more Honour gaine.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Noyse and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leaue your noyse anon ye Rascals: doe
you take the Court for Parish Garden: ye rude Slaues,
leaue your gaping

Within. Good M[aster]. Porter I belong to th' Larder

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue:
Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree
staues, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em:
Ile scratch your heads; you must be seeing Christenings?
Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude
Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impossible,
Vnlesse wee sweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleepe
On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:
We may as well push against Powles as stirre 'em

Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one sound Cudgell of foure foote,
(You see the poore remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir

Port. You did nothing Sir

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colebrand,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or shee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God saue her

Within. Do you heare M[aster]. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good M[aster]. Puppy,
Keepe the dore close Sirha

Man. What would you haue me doe?

Por. What should you doe,
But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields

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to muster in? Or haue wee some strange Indian with the
great Toole, come to Court, the women so besiege vs?
Bless me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my
Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a
thousand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all together

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is
a fellow somewhat neere the doore, he should be a Brasier
by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dogdayes
now reigne in's Nose; all that stand about him are
vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that FireDrake
did I hit three times on the head, and three times
was his Nose discharged against mee; hee stands there
like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdashers
Wife of small wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me,
till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once,
and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I
might see from farre, some forty Truncheoners draw to
her succour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where she
was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at
length they came to th' broome staffe to me, I defide 'em
stil, when sodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot,
deliuer'd such a showre of Pibbles, that I was faine to
draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the
Diuell was amongst 'em I thinke surely

Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Playhouse,
and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the
tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouse,
their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue some of
'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance
these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two
Beadles, that is to come.
Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We shall haue
Great store of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they passe backe from the Christening?

Por. And't please your Honour,

We are but men; and what so many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:
An Army cannot rule 'em

Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th' heeles, and sodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go breake among the preasse, and finde away out
To let the Troope passe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marshallsey, shall hold ye play these two Monthes

Por. Make way there, for the Princesse

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close vp, or Ile make your head ake

Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get vp o'th' raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales else.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L[ord]. Maior,
Garter,
Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marshals Staffe, Duke of
Suffolke, two
Noblemen, bearing great standing Bowles for the Christening
Guifts: Then
foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutchesse of
Norfolke,

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Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes the Marchionesse Dorset, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope passe once about the Stage, and Garter speakes.

Gart. Heauen

From thy endlesse goodnesse, send prosperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princesse of England Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, &the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my selfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourelly fall vpon ye

Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbishop:
What is her Name?

Cran. Elizabeth

Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kisse, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I giue thy Life

Cran. Amen

Kin. My Noble Gossips, y'haue beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she ha's so much English

Cran. Let me speake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,

Scena Quarta.

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Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen still moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
Vpon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which Time shall bring to ripenesse: She shall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodnesse)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was neuer
More couetous of Wisedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp such a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,
Holy and Heauenly thoughts still Counsell her:
She shall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne shall blesse her;
Her Foes shake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Euery Man shall eate in safety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and sing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God shall be truely knowne, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by those claime their greatnesse; not by Blood.
Nor shall this peace sleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Ashes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her selfe.
So shall she leaue her Blessednesse to One,
(When Heauen shal call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour
Shall Star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this chosen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen shall shine,
His Honour, and the greatnesse of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He shall flourish,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall see this, and blesse Heauen

Kin. Thou speakest wonders

Cran. She shall be to the happinesse of England,
An aged Princesse; many dayes shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.

Scena Quarta.

Would I had knowne no more: But she must dye,
She must, the Saints must haue her; yet a Virgin,
A most vnspotted Lilly shall she passe
To th' ground, and all the World shall mourne her

Kin. O Lord Archbishop
Thou hast made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's so pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I shall desire
To see what this Child does, and praise my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye must all see the Queene, and she must thanke ye,
She will be sicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has businesse at his house; for all shall stay:
This Little-One shall make it Holy-day.

Exeunt.

THE EPILOGVE. Tis ten to one, this Play can neuer please
All that are heere: Some come to take their ease,
And sleepe an Act or two; but those we feare
W'haue frighted with our Trumpets: so 'tis cleare,
They'l say tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare
All the expected good w'are like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull construction of good women,
For such a one we shew'd 'em: If they smile,
And say twill doe; I know within a while,
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS. The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eight.

The Tragedie of Coriolanus

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen. Before we proceed any further, heare me speake

All. Speake, speake

1.Cit. You are all resolu'd rather to dy then
to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd

1.Cit. First you know, Caius Martius is chiefe enemy
to the people

All. We know't, we know't

1.Cit. Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own
price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2.Cit. One word, good Citizens

1.Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians
good: what Authority surfets one, would releuee
vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it
were wholesome, wee might guesse they releueed vs humanely:
But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse
that afflicts vs, the object of our misery, is as an inuentory
to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a

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gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere
we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in
hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge

2.Cit. Would you proceede especially against Caius
Martius

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty

2.Cit. Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his
Country?

1.Cit. Very well, and could bee content to giue him
good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with beeing
proud

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously

1.Cit. I say vnto you, what he hath done Famouslie,
he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be
content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please
his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to
the altitude of his vertue

2.Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account
a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is couetous

1.Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations
he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Showts within.

What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen:
why stay we prating heere? To th' Capitoll

All. Come, come

1 Cit. Soft, who comes heere?
Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath alwayes
lou'd the people

1 Cit. He's one honest enough, wold al the rest wer so

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand?
Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you

2 Cit. Our busines is not vnknowne to th' Senat, they
haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, w
now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue
strong breaths, they shal know we haue strong arms too

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest
Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?

2 Cit. We cannot Sir, we are vndone already

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care
Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heauen with your staues, as lift them
Against the Roman State, whose course will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes
Of more strong linke assunder, then can euer
Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,
You are transported by Calamity

Thether, where more attends you, and you slander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them, as Enemies

2 Cit. Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs
yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd
with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsurie, to support Vsurers;
repeale daily any wholesome Act established against
the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to
chaine vp and restraints the poore. If the Warres eate vs
not vppe, they will; and there's all the loue they beare
vs

Menen. Either you must
Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But since it serues my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more

2 Citizen. Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke
To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale:
But and't please you deliuer

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine
I'th midd'st a th' body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th' other Instruments
Did see, and heare, deuise, instruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd

2.Cit. Well sir, what answer made the Belly

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,

Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speake, it taintingly replied
To'th' discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen so most fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you

2.Cit. Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabricke, if that they—

Men. What then? Fore me, this Fellow speakes.
What then? What then?

2.Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sinke a th' body

Men. Well, what then?

2.Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'l bestow a small (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer

2.Cit. Y'are long about it

Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your most graue Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at first
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Riuers of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th' seate o'th' Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerues, and small inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me

2.Cit. I sir, well, well

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What say you too't?

2.Cit. It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsailes, and their Cares; disgest things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2.Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:
Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one side must haue baile.
Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selues Scabs

2.Cit. We haue euer your good word

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,

Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
 Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
 Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
 Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserues Greatnes,
 Deserues your Hate: and your Affections are
 A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
 Which would encrease his euill. He that depends
 Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
 And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
 With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
 And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
 Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
 That in these seuerall places of the Citie,
 You cry against the Noble Senate, who
 (Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
 Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?
Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say
 The Citie is well stor'd

Mar. Hang 'em: They say?
 They'l sit by th' fire, and presume to know
 What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
 Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
 Coniecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough?
 Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me vse my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaues, as high
 As I could picke my Lance

Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
 For though abundantly they lacke discretion
 Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
 What sayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are dissolu'd: Hang em;
 They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Prouerbes
 That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate
 That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
 Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds
 They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 To breake the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,

Shooting their Emulation

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their owne choice. One's Iunius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,
The rabble should haue first vnroo'st the City
Ere so preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Insurrections arguing

Menen. This is strange

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Martius?

Mar. Heere: what's the matter!

Mes. The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent
Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.
Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius,
with other
Senatours.

1.Sen. Martius 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes

Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I sinne in enuying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me onely he

Com. You haue fought together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th' eares, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt

1.Sen. Then worthy Martius,
Attend vpon Cominius to these Warres

Com. It is your former promise

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant: Titus Lucius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus face.
What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?

Tit. No Caius Martius,
He leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere stay behinde this Businesse

Men. Oh true-bred

Sen. Your Company to'th' Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs

Tit. Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we must followe
you, right worthy your Priority

Com. Noble Martius

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone

Mar. Nay let them follow,

Shakespeare's First Folio

The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow.

Exeunt.

Citizens steale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.

Sicin. Was euer man so proud as is this Martius?

Bru. He has no equall

Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes

Sicin. Nay, but his taunts

Bru. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods

Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone

Bru. The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, disdaines
the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded vnder
Cominius?

Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th' vtmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he
Had borne the businesse

Sicin. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so stickes on Martius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius

Bru. Come: halfe all Cominius Honors are to Martius
Though Martius earn'd them not: and all his faults
To Martius shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not

Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Vpon this present Action

Bru. Let's along.

Exeunt.

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1.Sen. So, your opinion is Auffidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede,

Auf. Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,

The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it

1.Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer vs

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs must shew themselues, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discouery,
We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot

2.Sen. Noble Auffidius,
Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard Corioles
If they set downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs

Auf. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and Caius Martius chance to meete,
'Tis sworne betweene vs, we shall euer strike
Till one can do no more

All. The Gods assist you

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe

1.Sen. Farewell

2.Sen. Farewell

All. Farewell.

Exeunt. omnes.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They set them
downe on two lowe stooles and sowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had proued himselfe a man

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me professe sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe

Volum. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke Auffidius downe by th' haire:
(As children from a Beare) the Volces shunning him:
Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or loose his hyre

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man

Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of Hecuba
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not louelier
Then Hectors forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword. Contenning, tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gent.

Vir. Heauens blesse my Lord from fell Auffidius

Vol. Hee'l beat Auffidius head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.
Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you

Vol. Sweet Madam

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers.
What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good
faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum,
then looke vpon his Schoolmaster

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a
very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wensday
halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd countenance.
I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, &when
he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer
and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or
whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set
his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt
it

Vol. One on's Fathers moods

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe

Virg. A Cracke Madam

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must haue you
play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores

Val. Not out of doores?
Volum. She shall, she shall

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the
threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably:
Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her
with my prayers: but I cannot go thither

Volum. Why I pray you

Vlug. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all
the yearne she spun in Vlisses absence, did but fill Athica
full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible
as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for
pitie. Come you shall go with vs

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not
foorth

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent
newes of your Husband

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet

Val. Verily I do not iest with you: there came newes
from him last night

Vir. Indeed Madam

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it.
Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, against who[m]
Cominius the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane
power. Your Lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down
before their Citie Carioles, they nothing doubt preuailing,
and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine
Honor, and so I pray go with vs

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you
in euery thing heereafter

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:
She will but disease our better mirth

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would:
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.
Prythee Virgilia turne thy solemnesse out a doore,
And go along with vs

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I must not,
I wish you much mirth

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exeunt. Ladies.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with
Captaines and
Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met

Lar. My horse to yours, no

Mar. Tis done

Lart. Agreed

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?
Mess. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet

Lart. So, the good Horse is mine

Mart. Ile buy him of you

Lart. No, Ile nor sel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?
Mess. Within this mile and halfe

Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, &they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles
of
Corialus.

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?

1.Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,
That's lesser then a little:

Drum a farre off.

Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes,
They'le open of themselues. Harke you, farre off

Alarum farre off.

There is Auffidious. List what worke he makes
Among'st your clouen Army

Mart. Oh they are at it

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders ho.
Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more prooffe then Shields.
Aduance braue Titus,
They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a Volce,
And he shall feelee mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches Enter Martius
Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then seene, and one infect another
Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,
That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; Pluto and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to gates, and is shut
in.

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.
Enter the Gati.

1.Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I

2.Sol. Nor I

1.Sol. See they haue shut him in.

Alarum continues

All. To th' pot I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius

Tit. What is become of Martius?

All. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse

1.Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the sodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,
To answer all the City

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,
And when it bowes, stand'st vp: Thou art left Martius,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not so rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Euen to Calues wish, not fierce and terrible
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
Were Feauorous, and did tremble.
Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1.Sol. Looke Sir

Lar. O 'tis Martius.
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

1.Rom. This will I carry to Rome

2.Rom. And I this

3.Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer.

Exeunt.

Alarum continues still a-farre off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere these mouers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them. These base slaues,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my soules hate, Auffidious,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant Titus take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'st I with those that haue the spirit, wil haste
To helpe Cominius

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath bin too violent,
For a second course of Fight

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Physicall
Then dangerous to me: To Auffidious thus, I will appear and fight

Lar. Now the faire Goddess Fortune,
Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes
Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:
Prosperity be thy Page

Mar. Thy Friend no lesse,
Then those she placeth highest: So farewell

Lar. Thou worthiest Martius,
Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th' Towne,
Where they shall know our minde. Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come off,
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue strooke
By Interims and conueying gusts, we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Cittizens of Corioles haue yssued,
And giuen to Lartius and to Martius Battaile:
I saw our party to their Trenches driuen,

And then I came away

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Aboue an houre, my Lord

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, else had I sir
Halfe an houre since brought my report.
Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the stampe of Martius, and I haue
Before time seene him thus

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder fro[m] a Taber,
More then I know the sound of Martius Tongue
From euery meaner man

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne

Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,

Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th' other;
Holding Corioles in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will

Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they

Com. But how preuail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Martius, we haue at disaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpose

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on w side
They haue plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guesse Martius,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best trust: O're them Auffidious,
Their very heart of Hope

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battailles wherein we haue fought,
By th' Blood we haue shed together,
By th' Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against Affidious, and his Antiats,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre

Com. Though I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can ayde your action

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be heere,
(As it were sinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare
Lessen his person, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out—weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Waue thus to expresse his disposition,
And follow Martius.

They all shout and waue their swords, take him vp in their Armes,
and cast
vp their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure Volces? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great Auffidious
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd

Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Diuide in all, with vs.

Exeunt.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Titus Lartius, hauing set a guard vpon Carioles, going with Drum
and
Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a
Lieutenant,
other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne

Lieu. Feare not our care Sir

Lart. Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct vs.

Exit

Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at seuerall doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker

Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after

Auf. If I flye Martius, hollow me like a Hare

Mar. Within these three houres Tullus
Alone I fought in your Corioles walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th' highest

Auf. Wer't thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me heere.

Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffi.
Martius
fights til they be driuen in breathles.

Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Doore
Cominius, with
the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a
Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou't not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th' end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fustie Plebeians, hate thine Honors,
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Souldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a Morsell of this Feast,
Hauing fully din'd before.
Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:

Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:

Hadst thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more:

My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,

When she do's prayse me, grieues me:

I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,

Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:

He that ha's but effected his good will,

Hath ouerta'ne mine Act

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,

Rome must know the value of her owne:

'Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,

No lesse then a Traducement,

To hide your doings, and to silence that,

Which to the spire, and top of prayses vouch'd,

Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,

In signe of what you are, not to reward

What you haue done, before our Armie heare me

Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart

To heare themselues remembred

Com. Should they not:

Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,

And tent themselues with death: of all the Horses,

Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,

The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie,

We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,

Before the common distribution,

At your onely choyse

Martius. I thanke you Generall:

But cannot make my heart consent to take

A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,

And stand vpon my common part with those,

That haue beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast vp their Caps
and
Launces: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th' field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:
No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd
My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else haue done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little should be dieted
In prayes, sawc'st with Lyes

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That Caius Martius
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioles, call him,
With all th' applause and Clamor of the Hoast,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th' addition Nobly euer?
Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus

Martius. I will goe wash:
And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-crest your good Addition,
To th' fairenesse of my power

Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius
Must to Corioles backe, send vs to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours

Lartius. I shall, my Lord

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I sometime lay here in Corioles,
At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner:
But then Auffidius was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you
To giue my poore Host freedome

Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, Titus

Lartius. Martius, his Name

Martius. By Iupiter forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Visage dryes, 'tis time
It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, with two or three
Souldiors.

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne

Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition

Auffid. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th' part that is at mercy? fiue times, Martius,
I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter
As often as we eate. By th' Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him

Sol. He's the diuell

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
With onely suff'ring staine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Custome 'gainst
My hate to Martius. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
(Tis South the City Mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurre on my iourney

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall haue Newes to
night

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
they loue not Martius

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would
the Noble Martius

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe.

Shakespeare's First Folio

You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske
you

Both. Well sir

Men. In what enormity is Martius poore in, that you
two haue not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall

Sicin. Especially in Pride

Bru. And topping all others in boasting

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how
you are censured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th' right
hand File, do you?

Both. Why? how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not
be angry

Both. Well, well sir, well

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe
of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:
Giue your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your
pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in
being so: you blame Martius for being proud

Brut. We do it not alone, sir

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your
helpes are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous
single: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing

much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn
your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make
but an Interiour suruey of your good selues. Oh that you
could

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discouer a brace of vnmeriting,
proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles)
as any in Rome

Sicin. Menenius, you are knowne well enough too

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous Patritian, and
one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying
Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in fauouring
the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like vppon, to
triuiall motion: One, that conuerses more with the Buttocke
of the night, then with the forehead of the morning.
What I think, I vtter, and spend my malice in my breath.
Meeting two such Weales men as you are (I cannot call
you Licurgusses,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat
aduersly, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your
Worshippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde
the Asse in compound, with the Maior part of your syllables.
And though I must be content to beare with those,
that say you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly,
that tell you haue good faces, if you see this in the Map
of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well enough
too? What harme can your beesome Conspectuities
gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough
too

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough

Menen. You know neither mee, your selues, nor any
thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and
legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in
hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forfetseller,
and then reiourne the Controuersie of three-pence
to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a
matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee

Shakespeare's First Folio

pinch'd with the Collike, you make faces like Mummers,
set vp the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and
in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controuersie
bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the
peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties
Knaues. You are a payre of strange ones

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderstood to bee a
perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in
the Capitoll

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they
shall encounter such ridiculous Subiects as you are, when
you speake best vnto the purpose. It is not woorth the
wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserue not so
honourable a graue, as to stuffe a Botchers Cushion, or to
be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee
saying, Martius is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is
worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion, though peradventure
some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen.
Godden to your Worships, more of your conuersation
would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of
the Beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leaue of
you.

Bru. and Scic. Aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone
were shee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow
your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable Menenius, my Boy Martius approaches:
for the loue of Iuno let's goe

Menen. Ha? Martius comming home?

Volum. I, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous
approbation

Menen. Take my Cappe Iupiter, and I thanke thee:
hoo, Martius comming home?

2.Ladies. Nay, 'tis true

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath
another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at
home for you

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night:
A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Estate of seuen
yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at
the Physician: The most soueraigne Prescription in Galen,
is but Emperickutique; and to this Preseruatiue, of no
better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded?
he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a
Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him

Volum. On's Browes: Menenius, hee comes the third
time home with the Oaken Garland

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd Auffidius soundly?

Volum. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but
Auffidius got off

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him
that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not haue been so

fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold
that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The
Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues
my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this
action out-done his former deeds doubly

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without
his true purchasing

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true

Volum. True? pow waw

Mene. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is
hee wounded, God saue your good Worships? Martius
is comming home: hee ha's more cause to be proud:
where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be
large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand
for his place: he receiued in the repulse of Tarquin seuen
hurts ith' Body

Mene. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine
that I know

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie
fiue Wounds vpon him

Mene. Now it's twentie seuen; euery gash was an
Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A showt, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Vshers of Martius:
Before him, hee carryes Noyse;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares:
Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus
Latius:
betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with
Captaines and
Souldiers, and a Herald.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight
Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to Martius Caius:
These in honor followes Martius Caius Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray
now no more

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods
for my prosperitie.

Kneeles.

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:
My gentle Martius, worthy Caius,
And by deed—atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife

Corio. My gracious silence, hayle:
Would'st thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes:
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome:
A Curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.
You are three, that Rome should dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab—trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly

Com. Euer right

Cor. Menenius, euer, euer

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors

Volum. I haue liued,
To see inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will cast vpon thee

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their seruant in my way,
Then sway with them in theirs

Com. On, to the Capitall.
Flourish. Cornets.

Exeunt. in State, as before.

Enter Brutus and Scicinius

Bru. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your pratling Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While she chats him: the Kitchin Malkin pinnes

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestnesse to see him: seld-showne Flamins
Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe
To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle
Of Phoebus burning Kisses: such a poother,
As if that whatsoeuer God, who leades him,
Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull posture

Scicín. On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe
sleep

Scicín. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath wonne

Brutus. In that there's comfort

Scici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to doo't

Brutus. I heard him sweare,
Were he to stand for Consull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths

Actus Secundus.

Scicín. 'Tis right

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles

Scicín. I wish no better, then haue him hold that purpose,
and to put it in execution

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will

Scicín. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a
sure destruction

Brutus. So it must fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders,
And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitnessse for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes
For sinking vnder them

Scicín. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his soaring Insolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.
Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll:

'Tis thought, that Martius shall be Consull:

I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him,

And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flong Gloues,

Ladies and Maids their Scarffes, and Handkerchers,

Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended

As to Ioues Statue, and the Commons made

A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:

I neuer saw the like

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,

And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,

But Hearts for the euent

Scicin. Haue with you.

Exeunt.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were, in the Capitoll.

1.Off. Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships?

2.Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of euery one, Coriolanus will carry it

1.Off. That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd, and loues not the common people

2.Off. 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore: so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble

carelesnesse lets them plainly see't

1.Off. If he did not care whether he had their loue, or no, hee waued indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaues nothing vndone, that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their loue

2.Off. Hee hath deserued worthily of his Countrey, and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who hauing beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to haue them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it

1.Off. No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors
before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Scicinius and
Brutus take their places by themselues: Coriolanus stands.

Menen. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for Titus Lartius: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath
Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire
The present Consull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successes, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By Martius Caius Coriolanus: whom

Shakespeare's First Folio

We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe

1.Sen. Speake, good Cominius:
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our states defectiue for requitall,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,
We doe request your kindest eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passes here

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatie, and
haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame
of our Assembly

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
hereto priz'd them at

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been silent: Please you to heare Cominius speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthie Cominius speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place

Senat. Sit Coriolanus: neuer shame to heare
What you haue Nobly done

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare say how I got them

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?
Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh—
Menen. Pray now sit downe

Corio. I had rather haue one scratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit
To heare my Nothings monster'd.
Exit Coriolanus

Menen. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed Cominius

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,
And most dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres,
When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Consuls view
Slew three Opposers: Tarquins selfe he met,
And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of seuentene Battailes since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,

Before, and in Corioles, let me say
 I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,
 And by his rare example made the Coward
 Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
 A Vessell vnder sayle, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,
 Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
 He was a thing of Blood, whose euery motion
 Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
 The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
 With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke
 Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
 When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
 His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit
 Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the Battaile came he, where he did
 Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
 A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
 Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer stood
 To ease his Brest with panting

Menen. Worthy man

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
 which we deuise him

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,
 And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
 The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse
 Then Miserie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds
 With doing them, and is content
 To spend the time, to end it

Menen. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for

Senat. Call Coriolanus

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd to make thee Consull

Corio. I doe owe them still my Life, and Seruices

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the People

Corio. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to giue their sufferage:
Please you that I may passe this doing

Scicin. Sir, the People must haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the People

Brutus. Marke you that

Corio. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th' vnaking Skarres, which I should hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely

Actus Secundus.

Menen. Doe not stand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull
Wish we all Ioy, and Honor

Senat. To Coriolanus come all ioy and Honor.
Flourish Cornets. Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to vse the people

Scicin. May they perceiue's intent: he wil require them
As if he did contemne what he requested,
Should be in them to giue

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place,
I know they do attend vs.
Enter seuen or eight Citizens.

1.Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought
not to deny him

2.Cit. We may Sir if we will

3.Cit. We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is
a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee shew vs
his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues
into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel
vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance
of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the
multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of
the multitude; of the which, we being members, should
bring our selues to be monstrous members

1.Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little
helpe will serue: for once we stood vp about the Corne,
he himselfe sticke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude

3.Cit. We haue beene call'd so of many, not that our
heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some
bald; but that our wits are so diuersly Coulord; and truely
I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull,
they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent
of one direct way, should be at once to all the points
a'th Compasse

2.Cit. Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge my
wit would flye

3.Cit. Nay your wit will not so soone out as another
mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but
if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three
parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would
returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife

2 Cit. You are neuer without your trickes, you may,
you may

3 Cit. Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But
that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee
would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier
man.
Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke
his behaiour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come
by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes, &by threes.

Shakespeare's First Folio

He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euerie
one of vs ha's a single Honor, in giuing him our own voices
with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile
direct you how you shall go by him

All. Content, content

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne
The worthiest men haue done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th' noise of our owne Drummes

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to thinke vpon you

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines lose by em

Men. You'l marre all,
Ile leaue you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholsome manner.

Exit

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't

Corio. Mine owne desert

2 Cit. Your owne desert

Corio. I, but mine owne desire

3 Cit. How not your owne desire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the
poore with begging

3 Cit. You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we
hope to gaine by you

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consulship

1 Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to
shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good
voice sir, what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces
begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu

3 Cit. But this is something odde

2 Cit. And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may bee Consull, I haue heere the
Customarie Gowne

1. You haue deserued Nobly of your Countrey, and
you haue not deserued Nobly

Coriol. Your aenigma

1. You haue bin a scourge to her enemies, you haue
bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the
Common people

Coriol. You should account mee the more Vertuous,
that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will sir flatter
my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation
of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since
the wisdom of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat,
then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be
off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counterfet
the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it
bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may
be Consull

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore
giue you our voices heartily

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Countrey

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing
them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble
you no farther

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily

Coriol. Most sweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to sterue,
Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue.
Why in this Wooluish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere
Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye vnswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.
Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue sought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailes thrice six
I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things, some lesse, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull

1.Cit. Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honest mans Voyce

2.Cit. Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods giue him
ioy, and make him good friend to the People

All. Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consull

Shakespeare's First Folio

Corio. Worthy Voyces.
Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You haue stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes inuested,
You anon doe meet the Senate

Corio. Is this done?
Scicin. The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, vpon your approbation

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?
Scicin. There, Coriolanus

Corio. May I change these Garments?
Scicin. You may, Sir

Cori. That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre toth' Senatehouse

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?
Brut. We stay here for the People

Scicin. Fare you well.

Exeunt. Coriol. and Mene.

He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismiss the People?
Enter the Plebeians.

Scic. How now, my Masters, have you chose this man?

1.Cit. He has our Voices, Sir

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves

2.Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voices

3.Cit. Certainly, he flouted vs downe—right

1.Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs

2.Cit. Not one amongst vs, save your selfe, but says
He vs'd vs scornfully: he should have shew'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey

Scic. Why so he did, I am sure

All. No, no: no man saw 'em

3.Cit. Hee said hee had Wounds,
Which he could shew in private:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Consul, says he: aged Custom,
But by your Voices, will not so permit me.
Your Voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was, I thank you for your Voices, thank you
Your most sweet Voices: now you have left your Voices,

Actus Secundus.

I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?
Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie seruant to the State,
He was your Enemie, euer spake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State,
If he should still malignantly remaine
Fast Foe toth' Plebeij, your Voyces might
Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse
Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord

Scicin. Thus to haue said,
As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you vp, haue held him to;
Or else it would haue gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
You should haue ta'ne th' aduantage of his Choller,
And pass'd him vnelected

Brut. Did you perceiue,
He did sollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectorship of Iudgement?

Scicin. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Bestow your su'd—for Tongues?

3.Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet

2.Cit. And will deny him:
Ile haue fiue hundred Voyces of that sound

1.Cit. I twice fiue hundred, &their friends, to piece 'em

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They haue chose a Consull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so

Scici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Iudgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you
Th' apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, vngrauely, he did fashion
After the inueterate Hate he beares you

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you must cast your Election on him

Scici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should, made you against the graine
To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on vs

Brut. I, spare vs not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Countrey,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House o'th'Martians: from whence came
That Ancus Martius, Numaes Daughters Sonne:
Who after great Hostilius here was King,
Of the same House Publius and Quintus were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor

Scicini. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Skaling his present bearing with his past,
That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke
Your suddaine approbation

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.

Exeunt. Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusall, both obserue and answer
The vantage of his anger

Scicini. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streame o'th' People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius,
Titus
Latius, and other Senators.

Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head

Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter Composition

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first,
Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe

Com. They are worne (Lord Consull) so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their Banners waue againe

Corio. Saw you Auffidius?

Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Latius. He did, my Lord

Corio. How? what?

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your person most: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopelesse restitution, so he might
Be call'd your Vanquisher

Corio. At Antium liues he?

Latius. At Antium

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seeke him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:
For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Against all Noble sufferance

Scicini. Passe no further

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on— No further

Corio. What makes this change?

Menen. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. Cominius, no

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he shall toth' Market place

Brut. The People are incens'd against him

Scicini. Stop, or all will fall in broyle

Corio. Are these your Heard?

Must these haue Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
And straight disclaim their touns? what are your Offices?

Actus Tertius.

Shakespeare's First Folio

You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not set them on?

Mene. Be calme, be calme

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't, and liue with such as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled

Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse

Corio. Why this was knowne before

Brut. Not to them all

Corio. Haue you inform'd them sithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours

Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds
Let me deserue so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune

Scicin. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or neuer be so Noble as a Consull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune

Actus Tertius.

Mene. Let's be calme

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's Coriolanus
Deseru'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech,
And I will speak't againe

Mene. Not now, not now

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.
My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselues: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition,
Which we our selues haue plowed for, sow'd, &scatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggars

Mene. Well, no more

Senat. No more words, we beseech you

Corio. How? no more?
As for my Country, I haue shed my blood,

Actus Tertius.

Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those Meazels
Which we disdain should Tetter vs, yet sought
The very way to catch them

Bru. You speake a'th' people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmitie

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poyson any further

Corio. Shall remaine?

Heare you this Triton of the Minnoues? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why
You graue, but wreaklesse Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hydra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,

It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supream; How soone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other

Com. Well, on to'th' Market place

Corio. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th' Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece

Mene. Well, well, no more of that

Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre
I say they norisht disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State

Bru. Why shall the people giue
One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile giue my Reasons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne're did seruice for't; being prest to'th' Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th' Warre,
There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
Which they haue often made against the Senate,
All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue
Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words, We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debase
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th' Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles

Mene. Come enough

Bru. Enough, with ouer measure

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Reall Necessities, and giue way the while
To vnstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,
That loue the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Physicke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The sweet which is their poyson. Your dishonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul't

Bru. Has said enough

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th' greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust

Actus Tertius.

Bru. Manifest Treason

Sicin. This a Consull? No.
Enter an aedile.

Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:
Sicin. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th' publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer

Corio. Hence old Goat

All. Wee'l Surety him

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments

Sicin. Helpe ye Citizens.
Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Aediles.

Mene. On both sides more respect

Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your
power

Bru. Seize him Aediles

All. Downe with him, downe with him

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To'th' people: Coriolanus, patience: Speak good Sicinius

Scici. Heare me, People peace

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake,
speake

Scici. You are at point to lose your Liberties:
Martius would haue all from you; Martius,
Whom late you haue nam'd for Consull

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to
quench

Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the
Peoples Magistrates

All. You so remaine

Mene. And so are like to doe

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine

Scici. This deserues Death

Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,
Or let vs lose it: we doe here pronounce,
Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Martius is worthy
Of present Death

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him:
Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him

Brut. aediles seize him

All Ple. Yeeld Martius, yeeld

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes,
heare me but a word

Aediles. Peace, peace

Mene. Be that you seeme, truly your Countries friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redresse

Brut. Sir, those cold wayes,
That seeme like prudent helps, are very poysonous,
Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,
And beare him to the Rock.

Corio. drawes his Sword.

Corio. No, Ile die here:
There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,
Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue seene me

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
a while

Brut. Lay hands vpon him

Mene. Helpe Martius, helpe: you that be noble, helpe
him young and old

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

Exeunt.

In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the aediles, and the People are beat in.

Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away.
All will be naught else

2.Sena. Get you gone

Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies

Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid:
I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,
Leaue vs to cure this Cause

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
You cannot Tent your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calued i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them

Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of them, yea, the two Tribunes

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are vs'd to beare

Mene. Pray you be gone:
He trie whether my old Wit be in request
With those that haue but little: this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour

Com. Nay, come away.

Exeunt. Coriolanus and Cominius.

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter Neptune for his Trident,
Or Ioue, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,
And being angry, does forget that euer
He heard the Name of Death.

A Noise within.

Here's goodly worke

Patri. I would they were a bed

Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himself
Mene. You worthy Tribunes

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall
Then the seuerity of the publike Power,
Which he so sets at naught

1 Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands

All. He shall sure ont

Mene. Sir, sir

Sicin. Peace

Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt
With modest warrant

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you haue holpe
To make this rescue?

Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know
The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults

Sicin. Consull? what Consull?

Mene. The Consull Coriolanus

Bru. He Consull

All. No, no, no, no, no

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further harme,
Then so much losse of time

Sic. Speake breiefely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd
In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam
Should now eate vp her owne

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away

Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease

Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loose it by his Countrey,
Were to vs all that doo't, and suffer it
A brand to th' end a'th World

Sicin. This is cleane kamme

Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him

Menen. The seruice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was

Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
Least his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further

Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harme of vnscan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe,
Least parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And sacke great Rome with Romanes

Brut. If it were so?
Sicin. What do ye talke?
Haue we not had a taste of his Obedience?
Our Ediles smot: our selues resisted: come

Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd

Shakespeare's First Folio

In boulded Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue,
Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vtmost perill

1.Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning

Sic. Noble Menenius, be you then as the peoples officer:
Masters, lay downe your Weapons

Bru. Go not home

Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not Martius, wee'l proceede
In our first way

Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow

Sena. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,

Actus Tertius.

That the precipitation might downe stretch
Below the beame of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.
Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the Nobler

Corio. I muse my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood vp
To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Would you haue me
False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am

Volum. Oh sir, sir, sir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out

Corio. Let go

Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With striuing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin
The things of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to crosse you

Corio. Let them hang

Volum. I, and burne too.
Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, something
too rough: you must returne, and mend it

Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie
Cleau in the midd'st, and perish

Volum. Pray be counsail'd;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my vse of Anger
To better vantage

Mene. Well said, Noble woman:
Before he should thus stoope to'th' heart, but that
The violent fit a'th' time craues it as Physicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can scarcely beare

Corio. What must I do?

Mene. Returne to th' Tribunes

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Mene. Repent, what you haue spoke

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Must I then doo't to them?

Volum. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends,
I'th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th' other loose,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Tush, tush

Mene. A good demand

Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like request

Corio. Why force you this?

Volum. Because, that
Now it lyes you on to speake to th' people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in Honor. I am in this
Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard
Of what that want might ruine

Menen. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may salue so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past

Volum. I prythee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person

Menen. This but done,
Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose

Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower.
Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius

Com. I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger

Menen. Onely faire speech

Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his
spirit

Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it

Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:

Actus Tertius.

Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of Martius, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life

Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To haue my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse

Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe

Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd

Shakespeare's First Folio

Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further

Volum. Do your will.

Exit Volumnia

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor

Menen. I, but mildely

Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely.

Exeunt.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the Antiats
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?
Enter an Edile.

Actus Tertius.

Edile. Hee's comming

Bru. How accompanied?

Edile. With old Menenius, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him

Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe by'th Pole?

Edile. I haue: 'tis ready

Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I haue

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th' right and strength a'th' Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th Truth a'th Cause

Edile. I shall informe them

Bru. And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence

Edi. Very well

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giu't them

Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes
What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.
Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, heere he comes

Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th' honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with y shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre

1 Sen. Amen, Amen

Mene. A Noble wish.
Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say

Corio. First heare me speake

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Sicin. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd vpon you

Corio. I am Content

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely

Mene. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you

Com. Well, well, no more

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe

Sicin. Answer to vs

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people

Corio. How? Traytor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promise

Corio. The fires i'th' lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lvest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods

Sicin. Marke you this people?

All. To'th' Rocke, to'th' Rocke with him

Sicin. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:
Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde
Deserues th' extreamest death

Bru. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome

Corio. What do you prate of Seruice

Brut. I talke of that, that know it

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother

Com. Know, I pray you

Corio. Ile know no further:

Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow

Sicin. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th' people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th' Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:

Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends

Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing

Com. Let me speake:
I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that

Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It shall bee so

All. It shall be so, it shall be so

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th' rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reseruatiō of your selues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As most abated Captiues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt. Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalijs. They all shout, and
throw vp
their Caps.

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight
Giue him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:
The Gods preserue our Noble Tribunes, come.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with
the yong
Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish

Corio. What, what, what:
I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had beene the Wife of Hercules,
Six of his Labours you'd haue done, and sau'd
Your Husband so much swet. Cominius,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
Tis fond to waile ineuitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still haue beene your solace, and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice

Volum. My first sonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
That starts i'th' way before thee

Corio. O the Gods!
Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
And loose aduantage, which doth euer coole
Ith' absence of the needer

Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou hast yeares vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one

Shakespeare's First Folio

That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly

Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, euery foot

Corio. Giue me thy hand, come.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided
In his behalfe

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength

Brut. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Actus Quartus.

Sicin. Let's not meet her

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad

Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way

Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th' hoorded plague a'th' Gods requit your loue

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words

Sicin. Oh blessed Heauens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer y wise words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand

Sicin. What then?

Virg. When then? Hee'ld make an end of thy posterity

Volum. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Actus Quartus.

Menen. Come, come, peace

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himselfe
The Noble knot he made

Bru. I would he had

Volum. I would he had? Twas thou incenst the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know

Brut. Pray let's go

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne
This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all

Bru. Well, well, wee'l leaue you

Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits.

Exit Tribunes.

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Cursses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart

Actus Quartus.

Of what lyes heauy too't

Mene. You haue told them home,
And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me

Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,
And so shall sterue with Feeding: come, let's go,
Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, Iuno-like: Come, come, come.

Exeunt.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie.
Enter.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your
name I thinke is Adrian

Volce. It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are,
against 'em. Know you me yet

Volce. Nicanor: no

Rom. The same sir

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but
your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's
the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean
state to finde you out there. You haue well sau'd mee a
dayes iourney

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections:
The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and
Nobles

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not
so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com
vpon them, in the heate of their diuision

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so
to heart, the Banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that
they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people,
and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer.
This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for
the violent breaking out

Vol. Coriolanus Banisht?

Rom. Banish'd sir

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicanor

Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard
it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when
shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble Tullus
Auffidius will appeare well in these Warres, his great
Opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his countrey

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus
accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Businesse,
and I will merrily accompany you home

Shakespeare's First Folio

Rom. I shall betwene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduersaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billeted already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most cause to be glad of yours

Rom. Well, let vs go together.

Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, disguisd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this Antium. Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres
Haue I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Least that thy Wiues with Spits, and Boyes with stones
In puny Battell slay me. Saue you sir.
Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great Auffidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night

Actus Quartus.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This heere before you

Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell.

Exit Citizen

Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Vnseparable, shall within this houre,
On a dissention of a Doit, breake out
To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-ioyne their yssues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me
He does faire Iustice: if he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice.

Enter.

Musicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I
thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

Shakespeare's First Folio

2 Ser. Where's Cotus: my M[aster]. calls for him: Cotus.

Exit

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest.
Enter the first Seruingman.

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: pray go to the doore?

Exit

Corio. I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in being
Coriolanus.
Enter second Seruant.

2 Ser. Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in
his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions?
Pray get you out

Corio. Away

2 Ser. Away? Get you away

Corio. Now th'art troublesome

Actus Quartus.

2 Ser. Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon
Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

**1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him
out o'thhouse: Prythee call my Master to him**

**3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid
the house**

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman

3 A maru'llous poore one

Corio. True, so I am

**3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other station:
Heere's no place for you, pray you auoid: Come**

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde
bits.

Pushes him away from him.

**3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what
a strange Guest he ha's heere**

2 And I shall.

Exit second Seruingman.

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and crowes

**3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is,
then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?**

Corio. No, I serue not thy Master

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

**Corio. I, tis an honeste seruice, then to meddle with
thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serue with thy trencher:
Hence.**

Beats him away

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

**2 Here sir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for
disturbing the Lords within**

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wouldst y? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If Tullus not yet thou know'st me, and seeing
me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands
me name my selfe

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmusicall to the Volcians eares,
And harsh in sound to thine

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst y me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name:

Corio. My name is Caius Martius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mischiefe: thereto witnesse may
My Surname Coriolanus. The painfull Seruice,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure
Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Haue all forsooke me, hath deuour'd the rest:
And suffer'd me by th' voyce of Slaues to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
(Mistake me not) to saue my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th' World
I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast
A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes
Of shame seene through thy Country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serue thy turne: So vse it,
That my reuengefull Seruices may proue
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
Of all the vnder Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am

Longer to liue most wearie: and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
 Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
 Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
 And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse
 It be to do thee seruice

Auf. Oh Martius, Martius;
 Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter
 Should from yond clowd speake diuine things,
 And say 'tis true; I'de not beleue them more
 Then thee all—Noble Martius. Let me twine
 Mine armes about that body, where against
 My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I cleep
 The Anuile of my Sword, and do contest
 As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
 As euer in Ambitious strength, I did
 Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
 I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
 Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere
 Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw
 Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
 We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
 Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out
 Twelue seuerall times, and I haue nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
 We haue beene downe together in my sleepe,
 Vnbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,
 And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy Martius,
 Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelue, to seuentie: and powring Warre
 Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
 Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by'th' hands
 Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,
 Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
 Though not for Rome it selfe

Corio. You blesse me Gods

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th' one halfe of my Commission, and set downe
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies
Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee first, to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
Yet Martius that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt.

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?

**2 By my hand, I had thoght to haue stroken him with
a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his cloathes made
a false report of him**

**1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his
finger and his thumb, as one would set vp a Top**

**2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing
in him.** He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot
tell how to tearme it

**1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd
but I thought there was more in him, then I could think**

**2 So did I, Ile be sworne: He is simply the rarest man
i'th' world**

**1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he,
You wot one**

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that

2 Worth six on him

**1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater
Souldiour**

**2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that: for
the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent**

1 I, and for an assault too.
Enter the third Seruingman.

**3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals
Both. What, what, what? Let's partake**

**3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as
liue be a condemn'd man**

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

**3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall,
Caius Martius**

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

**3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes
good enough for him**

**2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too
hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe**

**1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth
on't before Corioles, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a
Carbinado**

**2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue
boyld and eaten him too**

1 But more of thy Newes

**3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were
Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th' Table: No
question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand
bald before him.** Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris
of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the
white o'th' eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the
Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th' middle, &but one halfe
of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by
the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he
sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th' eares. He
will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his passage
poul'd

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine

**3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as many
Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst
not (looke you sir) shew themselues (as we terme it) his
Friends, whilst he's in Directitude**

1 Directitude? What's that?

**3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest vp againe, and
the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like
Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him**

1 But when goes this forward:

**3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the
Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel
of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips**

2 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe:

**This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors,
and breed Ballad-makers**

**1 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre
as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full
of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd,
deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bastard Children,
then warres a destroyer of men**

**2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to
be a Rauisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great
maker of Cuckolds**

1 I, and it makes men hate one another

3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another:

The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as
cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising

Both. In, in, in, in.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quietnesse of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends
Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themselues did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestring streets, then see
Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their Functions friendly.
Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood too't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late:
Haile Sir

Mene. Haile to you both

Sicin. Your Coriolanus is not much mist, but with his
Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would
do, were he more angry at it

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better,
if he could haue temporiz'd

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.
Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preserue you both

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all

**1 Our selues, our wiues, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both**

Sicin. Liue, and thriue

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
We wisht Coriolanus had lou'd you as we did

All. Now the Gods keepe you

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt. Citizens

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion

Bru. Caius Martius was
A worthy Officer i'th' Warre, but Insolent,
O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking
Selfe-louing

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assista[n]ce
Mene. I thinke not so

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamention,
If he had gone forth Consull, found it so

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome

Actus Quartus.

Sits safe and still, without him.
Enter an aedile.

Aedile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slaue whom we haue put in prison,
Reports the Volces with two seuerall Powers
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepest malice of the Warre,
Destroy, what lies before' em

Mene. 'Tis Auffidius,
Who hearing of our Martius Banishment,
Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were In-shell'd, when Martius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peepe out

Sicin. Come, what talke you of Martius

Bru. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs

Mene. Cannot be?
We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be

Bru. Not possible.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances

Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report

Mes. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd

Sicin. What more fearefull?
Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Martius
Ioynd with Auffidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong'st and oldest thing

Sicin. This is most likely

Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Martius home againe

Sicin. The very tricke on't

Mene. This is vnlikely,
He, and Auffidius can no more attone
Then violent'st Contrariety.
Enter Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by Caius Martius,
Associated with Auffidius, Rages

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.
Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You haue help to rauish your owne daughters, To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To see your Wiues dishonour'd to your Noses

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare

Mene. Pray now, your Newes:

You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If Martius should be ioyn'd with Volceans

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shapes man Better: and they follow him
Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes

Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlicke-eaters

Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares

Mene. As Hercules did shake downe Mellow Fruite:

Actus Quartus.

You haue made faire worke

Brut. But is this true sir?

Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him

Mene. We are all vndone, vnlesse
The Noble man haue mercy

Com. Who shall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people
Deserue such pittie of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As those should do that had deseru'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I haue not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire

Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer
S' incapeable of helpe

Tri. Say not, we brought it

Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gae way vnto your Clusters, who did hoote
Him out o'th' Citty

Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. Tullus Affidius,
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.
Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters.
And is Auffidius with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At Coriolanus Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deseru'd it

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes

1 Cit. For mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pittie

2 And so did I

**3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many
of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though wee
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will**

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces

Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?

Actus Quartus.

Com. Oh I, what else?

Exeunt. both.

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismaid,
These are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare

1 Cit. The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's
home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd
him

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

Exit Cit.

Bru. I do not like this Newes

Sicin. Nor I

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth
Would buy this for a lye

Sicin. Pray let's go.

Exeunt. Tribunes.

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Actus Quartus.

Auf. Do they still flye to'th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers vse him as the Grace 'fore meate,
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,
And you are darkned in this action Sir,
Euen by your owne

Auf. I cannot helpe it now,
Vnlesse by vsing meanes I lame the foote
Of our designe. He beares himselfe more proudlier,
Euen to my person, then I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir,
(I meane for your particular) you had not
Ioynd in Commission with him: but either haue borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soly

Auf. I vnderstand thee well, and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account, he knowes not
What I can vrge against him, although it seemes
And so he thinkes, and is no lesse apparant
To th' vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:
And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as soone
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone
That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,
When ere we come to our account

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians loue him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'll be to Rome
As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
By Soueraignty of Nature. First, he was

Shakespeare's First Folio

A Noble seruant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honors eeuen: whether 'twas Pride
Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints
The happy man; whether detect of iudgement,
To faile in the disposing of those chances
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
Not to be other then one thing, not moouing
From th' Caske to th' Cushion: but commanding peace
Euen with the same austerity and garbe,
As he controll'd the warre. But one of these
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit
To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue,
Lie in th' interpretation of the time,
And power vnto it selfe most commendable,
Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire
T' extoll what it hath done.
One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.
Come let's away: when Caius Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes,
with
others.

Menen. No, ile not go: you heare what he hath said
Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him
In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare Cominius speake, Ile keepe at home

Com. He would not seeme to know me

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we haue bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,
He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse,
Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th' fire
Of burning Rome

Menen. Why so: you haue made good worke:
A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon
When it was lesse expected. He replied
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd

Menen. Very well, could he say lesse

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was
He could not stay to picke them, in a pile
Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt
And still to nose th' offence

Menen. For one poore graine or two?
I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,
And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines,
You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt
Aboue the Moone. We must be burnt for you

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde
In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not
Vpbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue
More then the instant Armie we can make

Might stop our Countryman

Mene. No: Ile not meddle

Sicin. Pray you go to him

Mene. What should I do?

Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do,
For Rome, towards Martius

Mene. Well, and say that Martius returne mee,
As Cominius is return'd, vnheard: what then?
But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot
With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will
Must haue that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well

Mene. Ile vndertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good Cominius, much vnhearts mee.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue stufft
These Pipes, and these Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue supplier Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set vpon him

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my successe.

Enter.

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him

Sicin. Not

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pittie. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to sollicite him
For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties hast them on.

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1.Wat. Stay: whence are you

2.Wat. Stand, and go backe

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with Coriolanus

1 From whence?

Mene. From Rome

**I You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence**

Actus Quintus.

**2 You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l speake with Coriolanus**

Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is Menenius

**1 Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passable**

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, happely amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Haue (almost) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must haue leaue to passe

**1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you haue vttered words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
liue chastly.** Therefore go backe

Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall

**2 Howsoever you haue bin his Lier, as you say you
haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you
cannot passe.** Therefore go backe

Mene. Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you haue pusht out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your
enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your
daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd
Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you think to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreeue
and pardon

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vse me with estimation

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not

Mene. I meane thy Generall

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: least
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vtmost
of your hauing, backe

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.
Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you:
you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall
perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my
Son Coriolanus, guesse but my entertainment with him: if
thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold
now presently, and swoond for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods sit in houely Synod about thy
particular prosperity, and loue thee no worse then thy old
Father Menenius do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing
fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it.
I was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing assured
none but my selfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne
out of your Gates with sighes: and coniure thee to pardon
Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good
Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon
this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed
my accesse to thee

Corio. Away

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcean brests. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulnesse shall poison rather
Then pittie: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would haue sent it. Another word Menenius,
I will not heare thee speake. This man Auffidius
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st

Auffid. You keepe a constant temper.

Exeunt.

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now sir, is your name Menenius?

**2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:
You know the way home againe**

**1 Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your
greatnesse backe?**

2 What cause do you thinke I haue to swoond?

**Menen. I neither care for th' world, nor your General:
for such things as you. I can scarce thinke ther's any, y'are
so slight.** He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it
not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For
you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease
with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away.

Exit

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
The Oake not to be winde-shaken.

Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Hoast. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly
I haue borne this Businesse

Auf. Onely their ends you haue respected,
Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:
Neuer admitted a priuat whisper, no not with such frends
That thought them sure of you

Actus Quintus.

Corio. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I haue sent to Rome,
Lou'd me, aboue the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old Loue I haue
(Though I shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I haue yeelded too. Fresh Embasses, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor priuate friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this?

Shout within

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.
Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius, with Attendants.

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate.
What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doues eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer
Be such a Gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were Author of himself, &knew no other kin
Virgil. My Lord and Husband

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome

Virg. The sorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd,
Makes you thinke so

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part,
And I am out, euen to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,
Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not say,
For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kisse
Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge!
Now by the iealous Queene of Heauen, that kisse
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,
And the most noble Mother of the world
Leaue vnsaluted: Sinke my knee i'th' earth,

Kneeles

Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew
Then that of common Sonnes

Volum. Oh stand vp blest!
Whil'st with no softer Cushion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,
Betweene the Childe, and Parent

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring Impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight worke

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sister of Publicola;
The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Isicle
That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,

And hangs on Dians Temple: Deere Valeria

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your selfe

Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the consent of supream Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst proue
To shame vnvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke standing euery flaw,
And sauing those that eye thee

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah

Corio. That's my braue Boy

Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe,
Are Sutors to you

Corio. I beseech you peace:
Or if you'd aske, remember this before;
The thing I haue forsworne to graunt, may neuer
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismisse my Soldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I seeme vnnaturall: Desire not t' allay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reasons

Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You haue said you will not grant vs any thing:
For we haue nothing else to aske, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our request, the blame
May hang vpon your hardnesse, therefore heare vs

Corio. Auffidius, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?

Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,
Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities most capital: Thou barr'st vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enioy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose
The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person
Our comfort in the Country. We must finde
An euident Calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
Must as a Forraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,
And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight

Corio. Not of a womans tendernes to be,
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
I haue sate too long

Volum. Nay, go not from vs thus:
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serue, you might condemne vs
 As poysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
 Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
 May say, this mercy we haue shew'd: the Romanes,
 This we receiu'd, and each in either side
 Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
 For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
 The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
 Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
 But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
 Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
 To th' insuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
 Thou hast affected the fiue straines of Honor,
 To imitate the graces of the Gods.
 To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre,
 And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boul't
 That should but riue an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
 Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
 Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
 Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
 Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
 Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
 When she (poor Hen) fond of no second brood,
 Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
 Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,
 And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
 Down Ladies: let vs shame him with him with our knees
 To his sur-name Coriolanus longs more pride
 Then pittie to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
 This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
 And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
 But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
 Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
 Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go:
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:

His Wife is in Corioles, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our dispatch:
I am husht vntill our City be afire, & then Ile speak a litle

Holds her by the hand silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!

What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeeue it: Oh beleeeue it,
Most dangerously you haue with him preuail'd,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good Auffidius,
Were you in my steed, would you haue heard
A Mother lesse? or granted lesse Auffidius?

Auf. I was mou'd withall

Corio. I dare be sworne you were:

And sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir)
What peace you'l make, aduise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a former Fortune

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:

And you shall beare
A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deserue
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace.

Exeunt.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner stone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay vppon execution

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man

Mene. There is differency between a Grub &a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this Martius, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids bee done, is finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you

Actus Quintus.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
vnto vs. When we banish'd him, we respected not them:
and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'ld saue your life, flye to your House,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all swearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home
They'l giue him death by Inches.
Enter another Messenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes?

Mess. Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies haue preuayl'd.
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Martius gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't most certaine

Mes. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you.

A shout within

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This Volumnia,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankfulnessse

Mess. Sir, we haue all great cause to giue great thanks

Sicin. They are neere the City

Mes. Almost at point to enter

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy.

Exeunt.

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing ouer the Stage, with other
Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,

Actus Quintus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:
Vnshoot the noise that Banish'd Martius;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am heere:
Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th' Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.
Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius Faction.

Most Welcome

1.Con. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen so, as with a man by his owne Almes impoyson'd,
and with his Charity slaine

2.Con. Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We must proceed as we do finde the People

Actus Quintus.

3.Con. The People will remaine vncertaine, whil'st
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnswayable, and free

3.Consp. Sir, his stoutnesse
When he did stand for Consull, which he lost
By lacke of stooping

Auf. That I would haue spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-seruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accomplish
My best and freshest men, seru'd his designements
In mine owne person: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride
To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary

1.Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no lesse Spoile, then Glory

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinewes shall be stretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour

Shakespeare's First Folio

Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great showts of the people.

1.Con. Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poste,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Ayre with noyse

2.Con. And patient Fooles,
Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare
With giuing him glory

3.Con. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresse himselfe, or moue the people
With what he would say, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,
Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home

Auff. I haue not deseru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede perused
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue

1.Lord. And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the last, I thinke
Might haue found easie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Leuiies, answering vs

Actus Quintus.

With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse

Auf. He approaches, you shall heare him.
Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The
Commoners being
with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I haue attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no lesse Honor to the Antiates
Then shame to th' Romaines. And we heere deliuer
Subscrib'd by'th' Consuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what
We haue compounded on

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, Martius

Corio. Martius?

Auf. I Martius, Caius Martius: Do'st thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in Corioles?
You Lords and Heads a'th' State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counsaille a'th' warre: But at his Nurses teares

He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more

Corio. Measurelesse Lye, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer
I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Must giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my stripes imprest vpon him, that
Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall ioyne
To thrust the Lye vnto him

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in Corioles.
Alone I did it, Boy

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this vnholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Consp. Let him dye for't

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father

2 Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th' earth: His last offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand Auffidius,
And trouble not the peace

Corio. O that I had him, with six Auffidiusses, or more:
His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Sword

Auf. Insolent Villaine

All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conspirators, and kils Martius, who falles,
Auffidius stands
on him

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold

Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake

1.Lord. O Tullus

2.Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe

3.Lord. Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords

Auf. My Lords,
When you shall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My selfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauiest Censure

1.Lord. Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne

2.Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from Auffidius a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am stricke with sorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th' cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vncchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Assist.

Exeunt. bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS. The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then enter
Saturninus
and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at
the
other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus. Noble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Successiue Title with your Swords.
I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie

Bassianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:
If euer Bassianus, Cæsars Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th' Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.
Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that striue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen Andronicus, Sur-named Pious,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.

Ten yeares are spent, since first he vndertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chasticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in Armes.
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune speakes,
To calme my thoughts

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother Titus, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious Lauinia, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismiss my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismiss you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. They go vp into the Senat house.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus
Sonnes; After
them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two
other Sonnes.
After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of
Gothes, &her
two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and
others, as many
as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:
Loe as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poore remaines alieue and dead!
These that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their Auncestors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,

To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?

Luc. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth

Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene

Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the teares I shed,
A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtred in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, staine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble Titus, spare my first borne sonne

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld

Shakespeare's First Folio

Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadowes that are gone

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder Titus threatning lookes.
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and Tamora was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.
Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificising fire,
Whole smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome

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

Flourish.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and mishaps:
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyse, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.
Enter Lauinia.

Lau. In peace and Honour, liue Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd

Ti. Kind Rome,
That hast thus louingly reseru'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise

Marc. Long liue Lord Titus, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome

Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother Marcus

Mar. And welcome Nephews from succesfull wars,
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries seruice drew your Swords.

But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to Solons Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,
And helpe to set a head on headlesse Rome

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feeblenesse:
What should I don this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, resigne my life,
And set abroad new businesse for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries strength successefully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, slaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtaine and aske the Emperie

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince Saturninus

Sat. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded Titus meanes to thee

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themselues

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friend?
I will most thankefull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratifie the good Andronicus,
And Gratulate his safe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits

Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this sure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord Saturnine, whose Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduise,
Crowne him, and say: Long liue our Emperour

Mar. An. With Voyces and applause of euery sort,
Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord Saturninus Romes Great Emperour.
And say, Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.

A long Flourish till they come downe.

Satu. Titus Andronicus, for thy Fauours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentlenesse:
And for an Onset Titus to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empresse,

Romes Royall Mistris, Mistris of my hart
And in the Sacred Pathan her espouse:
Tell me Andronicus doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feete

Satu. Thankes 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 vnspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me

Tit. Now Madam are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your Honour and your State,
Will vse you Nobly and your followers

Satu. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorne in Rome:
Princely shall be thy vsage euery way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make you Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not displeas'd with this?

Lau. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie

Sat. Thankes sweete Lauinia, Romans let vs goe:
Ransomlesse heere we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum

Bass. Lord Titus by your leaue, this Maid is mine

Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bass. I Noble Titus, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason, and this right

Marc. Suum cuiquam, is our Romane Iustice,
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his owne

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius liue

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guard?
Treason my Lord, Lauinia is surpris'd

Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?

Bass. By him that iustly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away

Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore safe

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her backe

Mut. My Lord you passe not heere

Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe Lucius helpe. He kills him

Luc. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue slaine your son

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.
Traytor restore Lauinia to the Emperour

Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist Loue.
Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and
Aaron the
Moore.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stocke:
He trust by Leisure him that mocks me once.
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty sonnes,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands

Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?
Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant sonne in-law thou shalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawlesse Sonnes,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart

Sat. And therefore louely Tamora Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately Thebe mong'st her Nymphs
Dost ouer-shine the Gallant'st Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyse,
Behold I choose thee Tamora for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths dost thou applau'd my choyse?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,

And Tapers burne so bright, and euery thing
In readines for Hymeneus stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me

Tamo. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If Saturnine aduance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A louing Nurse, a Mother to his youth

Satur. Ascend Faire Queene,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt. omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O Titus see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue Mutius buriall with our Bretheren

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath stood,
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified.
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew Mutius deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren

Titus two Sonnes speakes. And shall, or him we will accompany

Ti. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?
Titus sonne speakes. He that would vouch'd it in any place but
heere

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?
Mar. No Noble Titus, but intreat of thee,
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him

Tit. Marcus, Euen thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these Boyes mine Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euey one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone

1.Sonne. He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw

2.Sonne. Not I tell Mutius bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes kneele.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd

2.Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature speake

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede

Mar. Renowned Titus more then halfe my soule

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in Honour and Lauinia's cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduise did bury Ajax
That slew himselfe: And Laertes sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young Mutius then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere

Tit. Rise Marcus, rise,
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet Mutius with thy friends.
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe.

They all kneele and say.

No man shed teares for Noble Mutius,

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause.
Enter.

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Ti. I know not Marcus: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuise or no) the heauens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore at
one doore.

Enter at the other doore Bassianus and Lauinia with others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy sir of your Gallant Bride

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no lesse, and so I take my leaue

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am possest of that is mine

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,
But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
 Answere I must, and shall do with my life,
 Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This Noble Gentleman Lord Titus heere,
 Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
 That in the rescue of Lauinia,
 With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,
 In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
 To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
 Receiue him then to fauour Saturnine,
 That hath expre'st himselfe in all his deeds,
 A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome

Tit. Prince Bassianus leaue to plead my Deeds,
 'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,
 Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
 How I haue lou'd and Honour'd Saturnine

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer Tamora,
 Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
 Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
 And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past

Satu. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
 And basely put it vp without reuenge?

Tam. Not so my Lord,
 The Gods of Rome fore-fend,
 I should be Authour to dishonour you.
 But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
 For good Lord Titus innocence in all:
 Whose fury not dissembled speakes his griefes:
 Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
 Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,
 Nor with sowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
 My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at last,
 Dissemble all your griefes and discontents,
 You are but newly planted in your Throne,
 Least then the people, and Patricians too,
 Vpon a iust suruey take Titus part,
 And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
 Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
 Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
 Ile finde a day to massacre them all,

And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come Andronicus)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne

King. Rise Titus, rise,
My Empresse hath preuail'd

Titus. I thanke your Maiestie,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me

Tamo. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die Andronicus.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince Bassianus, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you Lauinia,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie

Son. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne

Mar. That on mine honour heere I do protest

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more

Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back

King. Marcus,
For thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely Tamora's intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: Lauinia, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest Lauinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day Tamora

Tit. To morrow and it please your Maiestie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele giue your Grace Bon iour

Satur. Be it so Titus, and Gramercy to.

Exeunt.

Actus Secunda.

Flourish. Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,

Actus Secunda.

Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glistering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills:
So Tamora
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then Aaron arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Mistris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faster bound to Aarons charming eyes,
Then is Prometheus ti'de to Caucasus.
Away with slauish weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empresse.
To waite said I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddess, this Semirimis, this Queene.
This Syren, that will charme Romes Saturnine,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. Chiron thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be

Chi. Demetrius, thou doo'st ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for Lauinia's loue

Aron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace

Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduis'd)
Gae you a daunsing Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,

Till you know better how to handle it

Chi. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare

Deme. I Boy, grow ye so braue?

They drawe.

Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe

Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?
What is Lauinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,

Actus Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue Lauinia more then all the world

Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whom I do loue

Aron. To atcheiue her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is Lauinia therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:
Though Bassianus be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne Vulcans badge

Aron. I, and as good as Saturninus may

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality:
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes

Chi. I so the turne were serued

Deme. Aaron thou hast hit it

Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me

Deme. Nor me, so I were one

Aron. For shame be friends, &ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolue,
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Then this Lauinia, Bassianus loue,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand.
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empresse with her sacred wit
To villainie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your selues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:

Shakespeare's First Folio

There speake, and strike braue Boyes, &take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in Lauinia's Treasurie

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise

Deme. Sit fas aut nefas, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vehor.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse with
hounds
and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winde Hornes.

Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then Enter
Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and
their
Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,

Actus Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale

Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies

Bass. Lauinia, how say you?
Lau. I say no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Promontary top

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground.

Exeunt.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a Stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany;
And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest,

Actus Secunda.

That haue their Almes out of the Empresse Chest.
Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamo. My louely Aaron,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweete shade, Aaron let vs sit,
And whil'st the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs sit downe, and marke their yelping noyse:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd.
The wandring Prince and Dido once enioy'd,
When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurses Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe asleepe

Aron. Madame,
Though Venus gouerne your desires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke Tamora, the Empresse of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,
This is the day of Doome for Bassianus;
His Philomel must loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus blood.
Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are espied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lauinia.

Tamo. Ah my sweet Moore:
Sweeter to me then life

Aron. No more great Empresse, Bassianus comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be

Bassi. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well beseeming troope?
Or is it Dian habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?

Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our priuate steps:
Had I the power, that some say Dian had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently.
With Hornes, as was Acteons, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art

Lau. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your Moore and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Ioue sheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag

Bassi. Beleeue me Queene, your swarth Cymerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moore,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lau. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauens coloured loue,

This valley fits the purpose passing well

Bassi. The King my Brother shall haue notice of this

Lau. I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused

Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Tamo. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale.
These two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Mosse, and balefull Misselto.
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauens:
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should straite fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismall yew,
And leaue me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children

Dem. This is a witnesse that I am thy Sonne.

stab him.

Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to shew my strength

Lau. I come Semeramis, nay Barbarous Tamora.
For no name fits thy nature but thy owne

Tam. Giue me thy poyniard, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong

Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion stood vpon her chastity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue?

Chi. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust

Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-liue vs both to sting

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preserued honesty of yours

Lau. Oh Tamora, thou bear'st a woman face

Tamo. I will not heare her speake, away with her

Lau. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them,
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine

Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty

Chiro. What,
Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?

Lau. 'Tis true,
The Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pittie, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whil'st their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull

Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her

Lauin. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares

Tamo. Had'st thou in person nere offended me.
Euen for his sake am I pittillesse:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vse her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me

Lau. Oh Tamora,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when Bassianus dy'd

Tam. What beg'st thou then? fond woman let me go?

Lau. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satisfie their lust on thee

Deme. Away,
For thou hast staid vs heere too long

Lauinia. No Grace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where Aaron bid vs hide him

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away:
Now will I hence to seeke my louely Moore,
And let my spleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure.
Enter.

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Actus Secunda.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleepe

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while

Quin. What art thou fallen?
What subtile Hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh Brother,
With the dismal'st object
That euer eye with sight made heart lament

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse,
How these were they that made away his Brother.

Exit Aaron.

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallo'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see

Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,

And see a fearefull sight of blood and death

Quintus. Aaron is gone,
And my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child to feare I know not what

Marti. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtred Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit

Quin. If it be darke, how doost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrailles of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Pirus,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as Ocitus mistie mouth

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be pluckt into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore Bassianus graue:
I haue no strength to plucke thee to the brinke

Martius. Nor I no strength to clime without thy help

Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'st not come to me, I come to thee.

Both fall in.

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'st descend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Marti. The vnhappie sonne of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother Bassianus dead

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there

Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.
Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere Tamora, though grieu'd with killing grieffe

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore Bassianus heere lies murthered

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Actus Secunda.

Saturninus reads the Letter. And if we misse to meete him
hansomely,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit:
Where we decreed to bury Bassianuss
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends

King. Oh Tamora, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sirs, if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered Bassianus heere

Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuise'd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them

Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the faults be prou'd in them

King. If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,
Who found this Letter, Tamora was it you?

Tamora. Andronicus himselfe did take it vp

Tit. I did my Lord,

Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow
They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answere their suspition with their liues

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, some the murtherers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed

Tamo. Andronicus I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough

Tit. Come Lucius come,
Stay not to talke with them.

Exeunt.

Enter the Empresse Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and
her tongue
cut out, and rauisht.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee

Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpes will let thee play the Scribe

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle

Chi. Goe home,
Call for sweet water, wash thy hands

Actus Secunda.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes

Chi. And t'were my cause, I should goe hang my selfe

Dem. If thou had'st hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments
Whose circkling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleep in
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy Loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a Crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But sure some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as Titans face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so?

Actus Secunda.

Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast
That I might raile at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt.
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire Philomela she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withall,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could haue better sowed then Philomel.
Oh had the monster seene those Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres storme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two sonnes bound,
passing on
the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before
pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,

Because they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine

Exeunt.

That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
In summers drought: Ile drop vpon thee still,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.
Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preualing Oratours

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone

Ti. Ah Lucius for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you speake

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pittie me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.
Who though they cannot answere my distresse,

Actus Tertius.

Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'st
My euerlasting doome of banishment

Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these deuourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus heere?
Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age

Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then

Mar. This was thy daughter

Ti. Why Marcus so she is

Luc. Aye me this obiect kils me

Ti. Faint-harted boy, arise and looke vpon her,

Speake Lauinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handlesse in thy Fathers sight?
 What foole hath added water to the Sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
 My grieve was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now like Nylus it disdaineth bounds:
 Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
 For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
 And they haue nur'st this woe,
 In feeding life:
 In bootelesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
 And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse vse.
 Now all the seruice I require of them,
 Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
 'Tis well Lauinia, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine

Luci. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where like a sweet mellodius bird it sung,
 Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare

Luci. Oh say thou for her,
 Who hath done this deed?

Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
 Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
 That hath receiude some vnrecuring wound

Tit. It was my Deare,
 And he that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
 For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
 Inuiron'd with a wilderness of Sea.
 Who markes the waxing tide,
 Grow waue by waue,
 Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone:
 Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
 And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
 But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
 Is deere Lauinia, deerer then my soule.
 Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,

It would haue madded me. What shall I doe?
 Now I behold thy liuely body so?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
 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.
 Looke Marcus, ah sonne Lucius looke on her:
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
 Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
 Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered

Mar. Perchance she weepes because they kil'd her
 husband,
 Perchance because she knowes him innocent

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
 Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
 No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
 Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle Lauinia let me kisse thy lips,
 Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes
 How they are stain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
 With miery slime left on them by a flood:
 And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
 And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shewes
 Passe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
 What shall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
 Plot some deuise of further miseries
 To make vs wondred at in time to come

Lu. Sweet Father cease your teares, for at your griefe
 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good Titus drie thine
 eyes

Ti. Ah Marcus, Marcus, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drown'd it with thine owne

Lu. Ah my Lauinia I will wipe thy cheekes

Ti. Marke Marcus marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse,
Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thy selfe 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 sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle Aaron.
Did euer Rauen sing so like a Larke,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good Aron wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it serue
To ransome my two nephewes from their death,

Then haue I kept it to a worthy end

Moore. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come

Mar. My hand shall goe

Lu. By heauen it shall not goe

Ti. Sirs striue no more, such withered hearbs as these
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy sonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers loue to thee

Ti. Agree betweene you, I will spare my hand

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe

Mar. But I will vse the Axe.

Exeunt.

Ti. Come hither Aaron, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,

Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honest,

Actus Tertius.

And neuer whil'st I liue deceiue men so:
But Ile deceiue you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere halfe an houre passe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatcht:
Good Aron giue his Maiestie 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 haue.
As for my sonnes, say I account of them,
As iewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet deere too, because I bought mine owne

Aron. I goe Andronicus, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy sonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his soule blacke like his face.
Enter.

Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen shall heare our prayers,
Or with our sighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And staine the Sun with fogge as sometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes

Mar. Oh brother speake with possibilities,
And do not breake into these deepe extreames

Ti. Is not my sorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?
Then be my passions bottomlesse with them

Mar. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then giue me leaue, for losers will haue leaue,
To ease their stomackes 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 sentst the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorne to thee sent backe:
Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.
Enter.

Marc. Now let hot aetna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:
That euer death should let life beare his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breath

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starued snake

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die Andronicus,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre

Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And Lauinia thou shalt be employd in these things:
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell Andronicus my noble Father:
The woful'st man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til Lucius come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell Lauinia my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now, nor Lucius nor Lauinia liues
But in obliuion and hateful griefes:
If Lucius liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his Empresse
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

Exit Lucius

A Banket.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preserue iust so much strength in vs
As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,
With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize vppon my breast.
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?

Actus Tertius.

Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get some little knife betweene thy teeth,
And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares

Ö{ ÐÀ Ö{ ÐÀ Ö{ ÐÀ
Such violent hands vppon her tender life

nbsp/Å Why Marcus, no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can she lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,
To bid Aeneas tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Least we remember still that we haue none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke Marcus what she saies,
I can interpret all her martir'd signes,
She saies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her sorrow: mesh'd vppon her cheekes,
Speechlesse complayner, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sighe nor hold thy stumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe;
But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,
And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning

Boy. Good grandsire leaue these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandsires heauinesse

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.

What doest thou strike at Marcus with knife

Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Fly

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not Titus brother: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie

An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmelesse Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou hast kil'd him

Mar. Pardon me sir,
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him

An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfe, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to poyson me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for Tamora: Ah sirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likenesse of a Cole-blacke Moore

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes, for true substances

An. Come, take away: Lauinia, goe with me,
Ile to thy closset, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy
flies from
her with his bookes vnder his arme. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Gransier helpe, my Aunt Lauinia,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle Marcus see how swift she comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane

Mar. Stand by me Lucius, doe not feare thy Aunt

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did

Mar. What meanes my Neece Lauinia by these signes?

Ti. Feare not Lucius, somewhat doth she meane:
See Lucius see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, Cornelia neuer with more care
Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Gransier say full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue read that Hecuba of Troy,
Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle Marcus goe,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship

Mar. Lucius I will

Ti. How now Lauinia, Marcus what meanes this?
Some booke there is that she desires to see,
Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?
Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge

Ti. Lucius what booke is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsier 'tis Ouids Metamorphosis,
My mother gaue it me

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,
Perhaps she culd it from among the rest

Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would she finde? Lauinia shall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of Philomel?
And treates of Tereus treason and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues

Ti. Lauinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,
Rauisht and wrong'd as Philomela was?
Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,
Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?
Ti. Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunke not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the Campe to sinne in Lucrece bed

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,
Appollo, Pallas, Ioue, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere Lauinia.

He writes his Name with his staffe, and guides it with feete and
mouth.

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc'st vs to that shift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discovered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps
and
writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamora,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?

Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the mildest thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclames.
My Lord kneele downe with me: Lauinia kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord Iunius Brutus sweare for Lucrece rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach

Ti. Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league.
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her backe,
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman Marcus, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a Gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like Sibels leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like

Boy. And Vncle so will I, and if I liue

Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsire:

Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, Marcus looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and wee be waited on.

Exeunt.

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old Andronicus.

Exit

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore
young
Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ
vpon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the sonne of Lucius,
He hath some message to deliuer vs

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather

Boy. My Lords, with all the humblenesse I may,
I greete your honours from Andronicus,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both

Actus Quartus.

Deme. Gramercie louely Lucius, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well aduis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines.

Exit

Deme. What's heere? a scrole, & written round about?
Let's see.
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec arcus

Chi. O 'tis a verse in Horace, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe

Moore. I iust, a verse in Horace: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse?
Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud Andronicus conceit:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts

Moore. Had he not reason Lord Demetrius?
Did you not vse his daughter very friendly?

Deme. I would we had a thousand Romane Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue

Moore. Heere lack's but your mother for to say, Amen

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a sonne

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,
Heere Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. Oh gentle Aaron, we are all vndone.
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered

Aron. To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,
What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuill

Aron. Why then she is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull issue

Nurse. A ioylesse, dismall, blacke ,sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Among'st the fairest breeders of our clime,
The Empresse sends it thee, thy stampe, thy seale,
And bids thee christen it with thy daggers point

Aron. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beautious blossome sure

Deme. Villaine what hast thou done?

Aron. That which thou canst not vndoe

Chi. Thou hast vndone our mother

Deme. And therein hellish dog, thou hast vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'st the off-spring of so foule a fiend

Chi. It shall not liue

Aron. It shall not die

Nurse. Aaron it must, the mother wils it so

Aron. What, must it Nurse? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flesh and blood

Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurse giue it me, my sword shall soone dispatch it

Aron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,
That touches this my first borne sonne and heire.
I tell you younglings, not Enceladus
With all his threatning band of Typhons broode,
Nor great Alcides, nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye sanguine shallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-house painted signes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it scornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although she laue them houely in the flood:
Tell the Empresse from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuse it how she can

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistris thus?

Aron. My mistris is my mistris: this my selfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe safe,
Or some of you shall smoake for it in Rome

Deme. By this our mother is for euer sham'd

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foule escape

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death

Chi. I blush to thinke vpon this ignominie

Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the hart:
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke slaue smiles vpon the father;
As who should say, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, sensibly fed
Of that selfe blood that first gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seale be stamped in his face

Nurse. Aaron what shall I say vnto the Empresse?

Dem. Advise thee Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advise:
Saue thou the child, so we may all be safe

Aron. Then sit we downe and let vs all consult.
My sonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleasure of your safety

Deme. How many women saw this childe of his?

Aron. Why so braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the Moore,
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyonesse,
The Ocean swells not so as Aaron stormes:
But say againe, how many saw the childe?

Nurse. Cornelia, the midwife, and my selfe,
And none else but the deliuered Empresse

Aron. The Empresse, the Midwife, and your selfe,
Two may keepe counsell, when the third's away:
Goe to the Empresse, tell her this I said,

He kils her

Weeke, weeke, so cries a Pigge prepared to th' spit

Deme. What mean'st thou Aron?
Wherefore did'st thou this?

Aron. O Lord sir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?
Shall she liue to betray this guilt of our's:
A long tongu'd babling Gossip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one Muliteus my Country-man
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with them, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their Childe shall be aduaunc'd,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempest whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne,
Harke ye Lords, ye see I haue giuen her physicke,
And you must needs bestow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, see that you take no longer daies
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 ayre with secrets

Deme. For this care of Tamora,
Her selfe, and hers are highly bound to thee.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus.

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as swift as Swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine armes,
And secretly to greete the Empresse friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-slaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our shifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whay, and sucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe.

Exit

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with
bowes, and
Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come Marcus, come, kinsmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me see your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astrea reliquit, be you remembred Marcus.
She's gone, she's fled, sirs take you to your tooles,
You Cosens shall goe sound the Ocean:
And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little iustice as at Land:
No Publius and Sempronius, you must doe it,
'Tis you must dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to Plutoes Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice, and for aide,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of warre vnsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for iustice

Marc. O Publius is not this a heauie case
To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distract?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor Saturnine

Tit. Publius how now? how now my Maisters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but Pluto sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,
He thinkes with Ioue in heauen, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
He diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of Acaron by the heeles.
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall Marcus steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer Marcus.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, that's for you: here ad Appollonem,
Ad Martem, that's for my selfe,
Heere Boy to Pallas, heere to Mercury,
To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, Marcus loose when I bid:

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnsolicited

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said Lucius:
Good Boy in Virgoes lap, giue it Pallas

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with Iupiter by this

Tit. Ha, ha, Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus hornes

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when Publius shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue Aries such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But giue them to his Maister for a present

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.
Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes, newes, from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?
Shall I haue Iustice, what sayes Iupiter?

Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken
them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd
till the next weeke

Tit. But what sayes Iupiter I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not Iupiter:

I neuer dranke with him in all my life

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pignons sir, nothing else

Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my
young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the
Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt
my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your
Oration, and let him deliuer the Pignons to the Emperour
from you

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour
with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely sir, I could neuer say grace in all
my life

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue Iustice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Giue me pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliuer a Supplication?

Clowne. I sir

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele,
then kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and
then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do
it brauely

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone

Tit. Sirrha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.

Heere Marcus, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he sayes

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.
Enter.

Tit. Come Marcus let vs goe, Publius follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empresse, and her two sonnes, the Emperour
brings the
Arrowes in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was euer seene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, vs'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath past,
But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old Andronicus. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heeres to Ioue, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our Iniustice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues
In Saturninus health; whom if he sleepe,

Actus Quartus.

Hee'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that liues

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my louely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of Titus age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'st him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted Tamora to glose with all:

Aside.

But Titus, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.
Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?
Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Mistership be Emperiall

Tam. Empresse I am, but yonder sits the Emperour

Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pignons heere.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Goe take him away, and hang him presently

Clowne. How much money must I haue?

Actus Quartus.

Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd

Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.
Enter.

Satu. Despightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same deuise proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.
Enter Nuntius Emillius.

Satur. What newes with thee Emillius?

Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoyle
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of Lucius, Sonne to old Andronicus:
Who threats in course of this reuenge to do
As much as euer Coriolanus did

King. Is warlike Lucius Generall of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our sorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That Lucius banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wisht that Lucius were their Emperour

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Cittizens fauour Lucius,
And will reuolt from me, to succour him

Tam. King, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melodie.
Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart, obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting

King. Emillius do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best

Emill. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
Enter.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud Lucius from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises

Satu. Then goe successantly and plead for him.
Enter.

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approued warriours, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witsesse,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction

Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, weele follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommers day,
Led by their Maister to the flowred fields,
And be aueng'd on cursed Tamora:
And as he saith, so say we all with him

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty Goth?
Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child in his armes.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troupes I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monasterie,
And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:

I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
 The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
 Peace Tawny slaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
 Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
 Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
 Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.
 But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
 They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
 Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
 For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
 Who when he knowes thou art the Empresse babe,
 Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
 With this, my weapon drawne I rusht vpon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddainely, and brought him hither
 To vse, as you thinke needefull of the man

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
 That rob'd Andronicus of his good hand:
 This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empresse eye,
 And heere's the Base Fruit of his burning lust.
 Say wall-ey'd slaue, whether would'st thou conuay
 This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
 A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
 And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie

Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
 First hang the Child that he may see it sprall,
 A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall

Aron. Get me a Ladder Lucius, saue the Childe,
 And beare it from me to the Empresse:
 If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
 That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall liue, and I will see it Nourisht

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treason, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously perform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall liue

Aron. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin

Luci. Who should I sweare by,
Thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how can'st thou beleeue an oath?

Aron. 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 trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ore else I will discouer nought to thee

Luci. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will

Aron. First know thou,
I begot him on the Empresse

Luci. Oh most Insatiate luxurious woman!

Aron. Tut Lucius, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered Bassianus,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rausht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st

Lucius. Oh detestable villaine!

Call'st thou that Trimming?

Aron. Why she was washt, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to instruct them
That Codding spirit had they from their Mother,
As sure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witnesse of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of Mischeife in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught so hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empresse of this sport,
She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses

Goth. What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is

Luci. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deedes?

Aron. I, that I had not done a thousand more:

Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compasse of my curse,
Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else deuise his death,
Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And set them vpriight at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing grieues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thousand more

Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently

Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlasting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.
Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence

Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome Emillius, what the newes from Rome?

Emi. Lord Lucius, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderstands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers house

Willing you to demand your Hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliuered

Goth. What saies our Generall?

Luc. Emillius, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle Marcus,

Flourish.

And we will come: march away.

Exeunt.

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliament,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Reuenge sent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his study where they say he keepes,
To ruminare strange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.

Tit. Who doth mollest my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That so my sad decrees may flie away,
And all my studie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe:
And what is written shall be executed

Tam. Titus, I am come to talke with thee,
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more

Tam. If thou did'st know me,
Thou would'st talke with me

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witnesse this wretched stump,
Witnesse these crimson lines,
Witnesse these Trenches made by grieffe and care,
Witnesse the tiring day, and heauie night,
Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empresse, Mighty Tamora:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tamo. Know thou sad man, I am not Tamora,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vast obscurity, or Misty vale,
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake

Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me

Tit. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands,
Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away,

And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from Eptons rising in the East,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me

Tit. Are them thy Ministers, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men

Tit. Good Lord how like the Empresse Sons they are,
And you the Empresse: But we worldly men,
Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes:
Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by

Tam. This closing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him send for Lucius his Sonne,
And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him sure,
Ile find some cunning practise out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes,
Or at the least make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I must play my theame

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull house,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empresse and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you such a deuill?
For well I wote the Empresse neuer wags;

But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you represent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had such a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What would'st thou haue vs doe Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him

Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am sent to be reueng'd on him

Tam. Shew me a thousand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe,
Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rauisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them some violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd vs, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, euen at thy Solemne Feast,
I will bring in the Empresse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneele,
And on them shalt thou ease, thy angry heart:
What saies Andronicus to this deuise?
Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus my Brother, 'tis sad Titus calls,
Go gentle Marcus to thy Nephew Lucius,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empresse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but Lucius

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined iest?
Yeeld to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,
A payre of cursed hell-hounds and their Dam

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere

Tam. Farewell Andronicus, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell

Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be imploy'd?

Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, Caius, and Valentine

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empresse Sonnes
I take them, Chiron, Demetrius

Titus. Fie Publius, fie, thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle Publius,
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wish for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure,
Chi. Villaines forbear, we are the Empresse Sonnes

Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouthes, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lauinia with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come Lauinia, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouthes, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh Villaines, Chiron, and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for'st.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?

Actus Quintus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'st that Lauinia tweene her stumps doth hold:
The Bason that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinkes me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paste,
And of the Paste a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Pasties of your shamefull Heads,
And bid that strumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her increase.
This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse then Philomel you vsd my Daughter,
And worse then Progne, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: Lauinia come.
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paste let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wish might proue,
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.
He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle Marcus, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome, I am content

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous Moore,
This Rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receiue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs

Aron. Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in,

Flourish.

The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes
and others.

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the carefull Titus,
Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Loue, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therfore draw nie and take your places

Satur. Marcus we will.

Hoboyes.

Actus Quintus.

A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meat on the Table, and Lauinia with a vale ouer her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome Lucius,
And welcome all: although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Empresse

Tam. We are beholding to you good Andronicus?
Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand.
Because she was enfor'st, stain'd, and deflowr'd?
Satur. It was Andronicus

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?
Sat. Because the Girle, should not suruiue her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuell,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, Lauinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kills her.

Sat. What hast done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?

Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.

I am as wofull as Virginius was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he

Sat. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deed,

Tit. Wilt please you eat,

Wilt please your Highnesse feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely Daughter?

Titus. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius,

They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong

Satu. Go fetch them hither to vs presently

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,

Whereof their Mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witnesse my kniues sharpe point.

He stabs the Empresse.

Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accursed deed

Luc. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?

There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed

Mar. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,

By vprores seuer'd like a flight of Fowle,

Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:

Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe

This scattered Corne, into one mutuall sheafe,

These broken limbs againe into one body

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto herselfe,
 And shee whom mightie kingdomes cursie too,
 Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
 Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
 But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
 Graue witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 Speake Romes deere friend, as er'st our Auncestor,
 When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
 To loue-sicke Didoes sad attending eare,
 The story of that balefull burning night,
 When subtil Greekes surpriz'd King Priams Troy:
 Tell vs what Sinon hath bewicht our eares,
 Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
 That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steele,
 Nor can I vtter all our bitter grieffe,
 But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
 And breake my very vttrance, euen in the time
 When it should moue you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
 Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
 Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake

Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that muredred our Emperours Brother,
 And they it were that rauished our Sister,
 For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
 Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely cousen'd,
 Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
 And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
 Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
 And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
 And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
 That haue preseru'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
 Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
 Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
 My scars can witnesse, dumbe although they are,
 That my report is iust and full of truth:
 But soft, me thinkes I do digresse too much,
 Cyting my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
 For when no Friends are by, men praise themselues,
Marc. Now is turne to speake: Behold this Child,

Of this was Tamora deliuered,
 The issue of an Irreligious Moore,
 Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
 The Villaine is aliue in Titus house,
 And as he is, to witnesse this is true.
 Now iudge what course had Titus to reuenge
 These wrongs, vnspeakeable past patience,
 Or more then any liuing man could beare.
 Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
 Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,
 And from the place where you behold vs now,
 The poore remainder of Andronici,
 Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
 And make a mutuall closure of our house:
 Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
 Loe hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall

Emilli. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
 And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
 The common voyce do cry it shall be so

Mar. Lucius, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
 Goe, goe into old Titus sorrowfull house,
 And hither hale that misbelieuing Moore,
 To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.
 Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouvernour

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
 To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
 But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
 For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
 Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
 To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
 Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
 These sorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-slaine face,
 The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
 Thy Brother Marcus tenders on thy Lips:
 O were the summe of these that I should pay

Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandsire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it so:
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindnesse, and take leaue of him

Boy. O Grandsire, Grandsire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth

Romans. You sad Andronici, haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of these dire euent

Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releeues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth

Aron. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp[erour]. hence,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and Lauinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Housholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger Tamora,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her foorth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and deuoid of pittie,
And being so, shall haue like want of pittie.
See Iustice done on Aaron that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate.

Exeunt. omnes.

FINIS. The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the
House of
Capulet.

Sampson. Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coales

Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers

Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw

Greg. I, While you liue, draw your necke out
o'th Collar

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike

Samp. A dog of the house of Mountague, moues me

Greg. To moue, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of Mountagues

Greg. That shewes thee a weake slaue, for the weakest
goes to the wall

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountagues men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs their men

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
Maids, and cut off their heads

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what sence thou wilt

Greg. They must take it sence, that feele it

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou
had'st beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the House of the Mountagues.
Enter two other Seruingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee
Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run

Sam. Feare me not

Gre. No marry: I feare thee

Sam. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin

Gr. I wil frown as I passe by, & let the[m] take it as they list
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it

Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs sir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, sir

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, sir?

Sam. Is the Law of our side, if I say I?

Gre. No

Sam. No sir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you sir: but
I bite my Thumbe sir

Greg. Do you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir? no sir

Sam. If you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man as you

Abra. No better?

Samp. Well sir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen

Samp. Yes, better

Abra. You Lye

Samp. Draw if you be men. Gregory, remember thy
washing blow.

They Fight.

Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.
Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee Benuolio, looke vpon thy death

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all Mountagues, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward.

Fight.

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partisons, strike, beat them down
Downe with the Capulets, downe with the Mountagues.
Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noise is this? Giue me my long Sword ho

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old Mountague is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.
Enter old Mountague, &his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine Capulet. Hold me not, let me go

2.Wife. Thou shalt not stir a foote to seeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernitiuous Rage,
With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines:
On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your moooued Prince.

Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
 By thee old Capulet and Mountague,
 Haue thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made Verona's ancient Citizens
 Cast by their Graue beseeming Ornaments,
 To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,
 Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
 If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
 Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away:
 You Capulet shall goe along with me,
 And Mountague come you this afternoone,
 To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
 To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
 Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Moun. Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?
 Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
 I drew to part them, in the instant came
 The fiery Tibalt, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
 He swong about his head, and cut the windes,
 Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorne.
 While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part

Wife. O where is Romeo, saw you him to day?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipt Sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
 Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
 That West-ward rooteth from this City side:
 So earely walking did I see your Sonne:
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the couert of the wood,
 I measuring his affections by my owne,

Which then most sought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me

Moun. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shadie Curtaines from Auroras bed,
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my selfe and many other Friends,
But he his owne affections counseller,
Is to himselfe (I will not say how true)
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.
Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
Ile know his greeuance, or be much denide

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away.

Exeunt.

Ben. Good morrow Cousin

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new strooke nine

Rom. Aye me, sad houres seeme long:

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadnes lengthens Romeo's houres?

Ro. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short

Ben. In loue

Romeo. Out

Ben. Of loue

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:
Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing, of nothing first created:
O heaue lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoake, cold fire, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:
This loue feelee I, that feelee no loue in this.

Doest thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression

Rom. Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue, is a smoake made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze

Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not Romeo, hee's some other where

Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who

Rom. A sicke man in sadnesse makes his will:
A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd

Rom. A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath Dians wit:
And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:
From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bid th' encounter of assailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Saint-seducing Gold:
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when she dies, with beautie dies her store

Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast?
For beauty steru'd with her seuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.
She is too faire, too wise: wisely too faire,
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,
Ro. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing faire.
Farewell thou can'st not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Exeunt.

Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.

Capu. Mountague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride

Pari. Younger then she, are happy mothers made

Capu. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And shee agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accustom'd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feelee,
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more veiwe, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire Verona, find those persons out,

Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.
Enter.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it
is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his
Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his
Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to
find those persons whose names are writ, & can neuer find
what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to
the learned) in good time.
Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desparate greefe, cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old wil die

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin

Ben. Why Romeo art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie

Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anselme
and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vtruuio,
Seigneur Placentio, and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and
his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters:
my faire Neece Rosaline, Liuia, Seigneur Valentio, &his
Cosen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Ser. To our house

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My Maisters

Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest
you merry.
Enter.

Ben. At this same auncient Feast of Capulets
Sups the faire Rosaline, whom thou so loues:
With all the admired Beauties of Verona,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And these who often drown'd could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue: the all-seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,
Herselfe poys'd with herselfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales, let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other Maid
That I will show you, shining at this Feast,
And she shew scant shell, well, that now shewes best

Rom. Ile goe along, no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.
Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what Iuliet?
Enter Iuliet

Iuliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother

Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse giue me leaue awhile, we
must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred
me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest
my daughter's of a prety age

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre

Wife. Shee's not fourteene

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it spoken,
I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to Lammastide?

Wife. A fortnight and odd days

Nurse. Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeare come
Lammastide at night shall she be fourteene. Susan & she,
God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan
is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lamas-
tide at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie,
I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now
eleuen yeares, and she was weaned I neuer shall forget it,
of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then
laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder
the Douehouse wall, my Lord and you were then at
Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it
did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge,
and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teache, and fall out
with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no
need I trow to bid mee trudge, and since that time it is
a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th'
roode she could haue runne, & waddled all about: for euen
the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband
God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the
Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou
wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou
not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left
crying, & said I: to see now how a Iest shall come about.
I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should
forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretty foole it
stinted, and said I

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to
thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant
it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels
stone? A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth
my husband, fall'st vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward

when thou comest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It
stinted: and said I

Iule. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I

Nur. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace
thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might
liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iuliet,
How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of

Nur. An houre, were I not thine onely Nurse, I would
say thou had'st suckt wisdom from thy teat

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you
Heere in Verona, Ladies of esteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all
the world. Why hee's a man of waxe

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not such a flower

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Read ore the volume of young Paris face,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine euery seuerall liniament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer.
The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie,
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie:
So shall you share all that he doth possesse,
By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent giues strength to make flye.
Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you
cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'st in the Pantery,
and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I
beseech you follow straight.
Enter.

Mo. We follow thee, Iuliet, the Countie staies

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or sixe other Maskers,
Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this spech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie,
Weele haue no Cupid, hood winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure vs by what they will,
Weele measure them with a Measure, and be gone

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heauy I will beare the light

Mer. Nay gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance

Rom. Not I beleeeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot moue

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow Cupids wings,
And soare with them aboue a common bound

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To soare with his light feathers, and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,
Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a Case to put my visage in,
A Visor for a Visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the sencelesse rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a Grandsier Phrase,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am done

Mer. Tut, duns the Mouse, the Constables owne word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho

Rom. Nay that's not so

Mer. I meane sir I delay,
We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fiue wits

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night

Mer. And so did I

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye

Ro. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath beene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger
then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as
they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners
legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her
Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coullers of the
Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,
the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated
Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prickt
from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie
Haselnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this state she
gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on
Cursies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on
Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which
oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their
breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops
ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling
out a sute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling
a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of
another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers
necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of
Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths fiue
Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a
prayer or two & sleepes againe: this is that very Mab that
plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Elkklocks
in foule sluttish haire, which once vntangled, much
misfortune bodes,
This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace,
Thou talk'st of nothing

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the ayre,
And more inconstant then the wind, who wooes
Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with
their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing

Ser. Away with the Ioynstooles, remoue the Courtcubbord,
looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece
of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in
Susan Grindstone, and Nell, Anthonie and Potpan

2. I Boy readie

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, &sought
for, in the great Chamber

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be brisk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue seene the day
That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musicke plaies: and they dance.

A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.

Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dauncing daies:
How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?

2. Capu. Berlady thirty yeares

1. Capu. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucentio,
Come Pentycost as quickly as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt

2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder sir:
His Sonne is thirty

3. Cap. Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe

Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not sir

Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an aethiops eare:
Beauty too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forswear it sight,
For I neuer saw true Beauty till this night

Tib. This by his voice, should be a Mountague.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To fleere and scorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?

Tib. Vncle this is a Mountague, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our Solemnitie this night

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine Romeo

Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therfore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeeming semblance for a Feast

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
He not endure him

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hoope, youle be the man

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame

Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcy Boy, 'ist so indeed?
This tricke may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Princ Cox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
He make you quiet. What, chearely my hearts

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Enter.

Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse

Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?

Iul. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in prayer

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire

Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers sake

Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd

Iul. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:

Giue me my sin againe

Iul. You kisse by'th' booke

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you

Rom. What is her Mother?

Nurs. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise, and Vertuous,
I Nur'st her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best

Rom. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest

Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest

Iuli. Come hither Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman:
Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old Tyberio

Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young Petruchio

Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not

Iul. Go aske his name: if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed

Nur. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie

Iul. My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemie

Nur. What's this? whats this?

Iul. A rime, I learne euen now
Of one I dan'st withall.

One cal's within, Iuliet.

Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus. Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender Iuliet matcht, is now not faire.

Now Romeo is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale Loues sweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breath such vowes as Louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in Loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame sweete.
Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.
Enter Benuolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cozen Romeo, Romeo

Merc. He is wise,
And on my life hath stolne him home to bed

Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good Mercutio:
Nay, Ile coniure too

Mer. Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one time, and I am satisfied:
Cry me but ay me, Prouant, but Loue and day,
Speake to my goship Venus one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young Abraham Cupid he that shot so true,
When King Cophetua lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I must coniure him,
I coniure thee by Rosalines bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quiuring thigh,
And the Demeanes, that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him

Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, &in his Mistris name,
I coniure onely but to raise vp him

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
To be consorted with the Humorous night:
Blind is his Loue, and best befits the darke

Mer. If Loue be blind, Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides cal Medlers when they laugh alone,
O Romeo that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found.

Exeunt.

Rom. He ieasts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Iuliet is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Vestal liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Loue, O that she knew she were,
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:

I am too bold 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the Heauen,
Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region streame so bright,
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke

Iul. Ay me

Rom. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bosome of the ayre

Iul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne to my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a Capulet

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:

Thou art thy selfe, though not a Mountague,
What's Mountague? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title Romeo, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence forth I neuer will be Romeo

Iuli. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word

Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee dislike

Iul. How cam'st thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do, that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me

Iul. If they do see thee, they will murther thee

Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am prooffe against their enmity

Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here

Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue

Iul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By Loue that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast-shore-washet with the farthest Sea,
I should aduenture for such Marchandise

Iul. Thou knowest the maske of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
Dost thou Loue? I know thou wilt say I,
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest proue false: at Louers periuries
They say Ioue laught, oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth faire Mountague I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest thinke my behauiour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware
My true Loues passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops

Iul. O sweare not by the Moone, th' inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Iul. Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeeue thee

Rom. If my hearts deare loue

Iuli. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest

Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?

Iuli. What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?

Ro. Th' exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it,

For what purpose Loue?

Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,

And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,

My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,

My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee

The more I haue, for both are Infinite:

I heare some noyse within deare Loue adue:

Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet Mountague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall

Iul. Three words deare Romeo,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world

Within: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee
Within: Madam.
(By and by I come)
To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send

Rom. So thriue my soule

Iu. A thousand times goodnight.
Enter.

Rome. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as school-boyes fro[m] their books
But Loue fro[m] Loue, towards schoole with heauie lookes.
Enter Iuliet againe.

Iul. Hist Romeo hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my Romeo

Rom. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, sound Louers tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares

Iul. Romeo

Rom. My Neece

Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine

Iul. I will not faile, 'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it

Iul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembring how I Loue thy company

Rom. And Ile still stay, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this

Iul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyues,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,

So louing Iealous of his liberty

Rom. I would I were thy Bird

Iul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow

Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy brest

Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by Titans wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.
Enter.

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles:
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must vfill this Osier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent:

None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on earth doth liue,
But to the earth some speciall good doth giue.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse,
Reuolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.
Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted staves all sences with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates vp that Plant

Rom. Good morrow Father

Fri. Benedecite.
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempered head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will neuer lye:
But where vnbrused youth with vnstufte braine
Doth couch his lims, there, golden sleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art vprousd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our Romeo hath not beene in bed to night

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine

Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly Father? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe

Fri. That's my good Son, but wher hast thou bin then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:

I haue beene feasting with mineemie,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is set,
On the faire daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day

Fri. Holy S[aint]. Francis, what a change is heere?
Is Rosaline that thou didst Loue so deare
So soone forsaken? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu Maria, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for Rosaline?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season Loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheek the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing Rosaline

Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine

Rom. And bad'st me bury Loue

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace, and Loue for Loue allow:
The other did not so

Fri. O she knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young wauerer, come goe with me,
In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy proue,
To turne your houshold rancor to pure Loue

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deule should this Romeo be? came he
not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man

Mer. Why that same pale hard-harted wench, that Rosaline
torments him so, that he will sure run mad

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, hath sent a Letter
to his Fathers house

Mer. A challenge on my life

Ben. Romeo will answer it

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a Letter

Ben. Nay, he will answer the Letters Maister how he
dares, being dared

Mer. Alas poore Romeo, he is already dead stab'd with
a white wench's blacke eye, runne through the eare with
a Loue song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the
blind Bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt?

Ben. Why what is Tibalt?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious
Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing
pricksong, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests
his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very
butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman
of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the
immortall Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lipping affecting phantacies,
these new tuners of accent: Iesu a very good blade,
a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable
thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted
with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these
pardon-mee's,

Shakespeare's First Folio

who stand so much on the new form, that they
cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their
bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Hering. O flesh,
flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers
that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura to his Lady, was a kitchen
wench, marrie she had a better Loue to berime her: Dido
a dowdie, Cleopatra a Gipsie, Hellen and Hero, hildings
and Harlots: Thisbie a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose.
Signior Romeo, Bon iour, there's a French salutation to your
French slop: you gaue vs the counterfait fairely last
night

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit
did I giue you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in
such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains
a man to bow in the hams

Rom. Meaning to cursie

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it

Rom. A most curteous exposition

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curtesie

Rom. Pinke for flower

Mer. Right

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieast, now till thou hast
worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is
worne, the ieast may remaine after the wearing, sole-singular

Rom. O single sol'd ieast,
Soly singular for the singlenesse

Mer. Come betweene vs good Benuolio, my wits faints

Rom. Swits and spurs,
Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chase, I am
done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of
thy wits, then I am sure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I
with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when
thou wast not there for the Goose

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that iest

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeting,

It is a most sharpe sawce

Rom. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from
an ynch narrow, to an ell broad

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added
to the Goose, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Goose

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for
Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo: now art
thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this
driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling
vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole

Ben. Stop there, stop there

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the haire

Ben. Thou would'st else haue made thy tale large

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it short,
or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant
indeed to occupie the argument no longer.
Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's a goodly geare.
A sayle, a sayle

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke

Nur. Peter?

Peter. Anon

Nur. My Fan Peter?

Mer. Good Peter to hide her face?

For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the
Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himselfe to mar

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quatha:
Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find
the young Romeo?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older
when you haue found him, then he was when you sought
him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse

Nur. You say well

Mer. Yea is the worst well,
Very well tooke: Ifaith, wisely, wisely

Nur. If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, vnlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie,
that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good
meat in Lent.
But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it
hoares ere it be spent,
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner
thither

Rom. I will follow you

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcie Merchant was this
that was so full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loues to heare himselfe
talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand
to in a Moneth

Nur. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him
downe, z a were lustier then he is, and twentie such lacks:
and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall: scuruie knaue, I
am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates,
and thou must stand by too and suffer euery knaue to vse
me at his pleasure

Pet. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure: if I had, my
weapon should quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I
dare draw assoone as another man, if I see occasion in a
good quarrell, and the law on my side

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe: but first let me tell ye, if ye should leade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing

Nur. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much:
Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou doest not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer

Rom. Bid her deuise some meanes to come to shrift this afternoone,
And there she shall at Frier Lawrence Cell
Be shriu'd and married: here is for thy paines

Nur. No truly sir not a penny

Rom. Go too, I say you shall

Nur. This afternoone sir? well she shall be there

Ro. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled staire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Must be my conuoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trustie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistresse

Nur. Now God in heauen blesse thee: harke you sir,

Rom. What saist thou my deare Nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret, did you nere heare say two
may keepe counsell putting one away

Ro. Warrant thee my man is true as steele

Nur. Well sir, my Mistresse is the sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble
man in Towne one Paris, that would faine lay knife aboard:
but she good soule had as leeuie see a Toade, a very
Toade as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I say
so, shee lookes as pale as any clout in the versall world.
Doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurse, what of that? Both with an R

Nur. A mocker that's the dogs name. R. is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it
would do you good to heare it

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady

Nur. I a thousand times. Peter?

Pet. Anon

Nur. Before and apace.

Exit Nurse and Peter.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promised to returne,
Perchance she cannot meete him: that's not so:
Oh she is lame, Loues Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmost hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
Is three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.
Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O hony Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away

Nur. Peter stay at the gate

Iul. Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord, why lookest thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the musicke of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iul. I would thou had'st my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake

Nur. Iesu what hast? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Iul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breth
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either, and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, ist good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: Romeo, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy
waies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at home?

Iul. No no: but all this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother side: o my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe

Iul. Ifaith: I am sorrie that thou art so well.
Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Iul. Where is my Mother?
Why she is within, where should she be?
How odly thou repli'st:
Your Loue saies like an honest Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages your selfe

Iul. Heere's such a coile, come what saies Romeo?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shift to day?

Iul. I haue

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier Lawrence Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall beare the burthen soone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell

Iul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words.
Then Loue—deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough. I may call her mine

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth so,
Too swift arriues as tardie as too slow.
Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlasting flint,
A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie

Iul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor

Fri. Romeo shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both

Iul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much

Fri. Ah Iuliet, if the measure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter

Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such excesse,
I cannot sum vp some of halfe my wealth

Fri. Come, come with me, &we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.
Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio lets retire,
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad:
And if we meet, we shal not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his Sword vpon the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in Italie: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be mou'd

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasell eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine asleepe in the Sun. Did'st thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a quarter

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.
Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the Capulets

Mer. By my heele I care not

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you will giue me occasion

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giuing?

Tib. Mercutio thou consort'st with Romeo

Mer. Consort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but discords:
heere's my fiddlesticke, heere's that shall make you daunce. Come consort

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men,
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eies gaze on vs

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.
Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man

Mer. But Ile be hang'd sir if he weare your Liuary.
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense, may call him man

Tib. Romeo, the loue I beare thee, can affoord

No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine

Rom. Tibalt, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw

Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be satisfied

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission:
Alla stucatho carries it away.
Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldst thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
vse me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make
hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out

Tib. I am for you

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy Rapier vp

Mer. Come sir, your Passado

Rom. Draw Benuolio, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,
Tibalt, Mercutio, the Prince expresly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streetes.
Hold Tybalt, good Mercutio.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much

Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a
Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to
morrow, and you shall find me a graue man. I am pepper'd
I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses.
What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to
death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the
booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene
vs? I was hurt vnder your arme

Rom. I thought all for the best

Mer. Helpe me into some house Benuolio,
Or I shall faint: a plague a both your houses.
They haue made wormesmeat of me,
I haue it, and soundly to your Houses.
Enter.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation stain'd
With Tibalts slaunder, Tybalt that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin: O Sweet Iuliet,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And in my temper softned Valours steele.
Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, braue Mercutio's is dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.
Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious Tybalt backe againe

Rom. He gon in triumph, and Mercutio slaine?
Away to heauen respectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduct now.
Now Tybalt take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'st me, for Mercutios soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and Tybalt slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild Mercutio?

Tibalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt

Citi. Vp sir go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their Wiues and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all

The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:

There lies the man slaine by young Romeo,

That slew thy kinsman braue Mercutio

Cap. Wi. Tybalt, my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,

O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the blood is spild

Of my deare kinsman. Prince as thou art true,

For bloud of ours, shed bloud of Mountague.

O Cozin, Cozin

Prin. Benuolio, who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slaine, whom Romeo's hand did slay,

Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke

How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall

Your high displeasure: all this vttered,

With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bow'd

Could not take truce with the vnruely spleene
 Of Tybalts deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
 With Peircing steele at bold Mercutio's breast,
 Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
 And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
 Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
 His aged arme, beats downe their fatall points,
 And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
 An enuious thrust from Tybalt, hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
 But by and by comes backe to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
 And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slaine:
 And as he fell, did Romeo turne and flie:
 This is the truth, or let Benuolio die

Cap. Wi. He is a kinsman to the Mountague,
 Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
 Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not liue

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio,
 Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe

Cap. Not Romeo Prince, he was Mercutios Friend,
 His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we doe exile him hence:
 I haue an interest in your hearts proceeding:
 My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
 But Ile Amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
 It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
 Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
 Therefore vse none, let Romeo hence in hast,

Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence his body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steedes,
Towards Phoebus lodging, such a Wagoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy close Curtaine Loue—performing night,
That run—awayes eyes may wincke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes, vntalkt of and vnseene,
Louers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It best agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loose a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of stainlesse Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie:
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night.
Giue me my Romeo, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little starres,
And he will make the Face of heauen so fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I haue bought the Mansion of a Loue,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enioy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them, O here comes my Nurse:
Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings newes and euery tongue that speaks
But Romeos name, speakes heauenly eloquence:

Now Nurse, what newes? what hast thou there?
The Cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, I, the Cords

Iuli. Ay me, what newes?
Why dost thou wring thy hands

Nur. A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.
Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead

Iul. Can heauen be so enuious?
Nur. Romeo can,
Though heauen cannot. O Romeo, Romeo.
Who euer would haue thought it Romeo

Iuli. What diuell art thou,
That dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismall hell,
Hath Romeo slaine himselfe? say thou but I,
And that bare vowell I shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I, if there be such an I.
Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:
If he be slaine say I, or if not, no.
Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God saue the marke, here on his manly brest,
A piteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood I sounded at the sight

Iul. O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo presse on heauie beere

Nur. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best Friend I had:
O curteous Tybalt honest Gentleman,
That euer I should liue to see thee dead

Iul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?
Is Romeo slaughtred? and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished

Iul. O God!
Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalts blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did

Nur. O Serpent heart hid with a flowring face

Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Caue?
Beautifull Tyrant, fiend Angelicall:
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauens,
Woluish-rauening Lambe,
Dispised substance of Diuine show:
Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,
A dimne Saint, an Honourable Villaine:
O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was euer booke containing such vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,
All periur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitae?
These griefes, these woes, these sorrowes make me old:
Shame come to Romeo

Iul. Blister'd be thy tongue
 For such a wish, he was not borne to shame:
 Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
 Sole Monarch of the vniuersall earth:
 O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,
 That kil'd your Cozen?

Iul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
 But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?
 That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband:
 Backe foolish teares, backe to your natiue spring,
 Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
 Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:
 My husband liues that Tibalt would haue slaine,
 And Tibalt dead that would haue slaine my husband:
 All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?
 Some words there was worser then Tybalts death
 That murdered me, I would forget it feine,
 But oh, it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deedes to sinners minds,
 Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished:
 That banished, that one word banished,
 Hath slaine ten thousand Tibalts: Tibalts death
 Was woe inough if it had ended there:
 Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
 Why followed not when she said Tibalts dead,
 Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,
 Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
 But which a rere-ward following Tybalts death
 Romeo is banished to speake that word,
 Is Father, Mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Iuliet,
 All slaine, all dead: Romeo is banished,
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer Tybalts Coarse,
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither

Iu. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
 When theirs are drie for Romeo's banishment.
 Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I for Romeo is exild:
 He made you for a high-way to my bed,
 But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Come Cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not Romeo, take my Maiden head

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ile find Romeo
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Harke ye your Romeo will be heere at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at Lawrence Cell

Iul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts
And thou art wedded to calamitie,

Rom. Father what newes?
What is the Princes Doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with such sowre Company
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome

Rom. What lesse then Doomesday,
Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death: do not say banishment

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide

Rom. There is no world without Verona walled,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misteare'd, calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfulness!
Thy falt our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where Iuliet liues, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But Romeo may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable state, more Courtship liues
In carrion Flies, then Romeo: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare Iuliets hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, hee is banished.
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how hast then the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absoluer, and my Friend profest:
To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment

Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished

Rom. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie:
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a Iuliet,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue no eares

Rom. How should they,
When wisemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,

Rom. Thou can'st not speake of that y dost not feele,
Wert thou as young as Iuliet my Loue:
An houre but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,
Good Romeo hide thy selfe

Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Hartsicke groanes
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Knocke

Fri. Harke how they knocke:

(Who's there) Romeo arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:

Knocke.

Run to my study: by and by, Gods will
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knocks so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?
Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady Iuliet

Fri. Welcome then

Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke

Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Iust in her case. O wofull simpathy:
Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man,
For Iuliets sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O

Rom. Nurse

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all

Rom. Speak'st thou of Iuliet? how is it with her?
Doth not she thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what sayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Nur. Oh she sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed, and then starts vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then downe falls againe

Ro. As if that name shot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murdred her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hatefull Mansion

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.
Vnseemely woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slaine Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:
And vset none in that true vse indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the Valour of a man,

Thy deare Loue sworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that Loue which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Loue,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skillesse Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy Iuliet is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend.
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishaped and sullen wench,
Thou putttest vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to Mantua,
Where thou shalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming

Nur. O Lord, I could haue staid here all night,
To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide

Nur. Heere sir, a Ring she bid me giue you sir:
Hie you, make hast, for it growes very late

Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this

Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in Mantua, Ile find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight

Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out sir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, she Lou'd her kinsman Tybalt dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borne to die.
'Tis very late, she'l not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago

Par. These times of wo, affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne Paris Loue,

And bid her, marke you me, on Wendsday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord

Cap. Monday, ha ha: well Wendsday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: a Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this hast?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For harke you, Tybalt being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thursday were to morrow

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to Iuliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,
That pier'st the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale

Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what enuious streakes
Do lace the seuering Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocond day
Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,

I must be gone and liue, or stay and die

Iul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not be gone,
Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.
Ile say yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of Cinthias brow.
Nor that is not Larke whose noates do beate
The vaulty heauen so high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, Iuliet wills it so.
How ist my soule, lets talke, it is not day

Iuli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vnpleasing Sharpes.
Some say the Larke makes sweete Diuision;
This doth not so: for she diuideth vs.
Some say, the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:
Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunts-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and it light growes

Rom. More light &light, more darke &darke our woes.
Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam

Iul. Nurse

Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about

Iul. Then window let day in, and let life out

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile descend

Iul. Art thou gone so? Loue, Lord, ay Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee euey day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my Romeo

Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee

Iul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come

Iuliet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale

Rom. And trust me Loue, in my eye so do you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our blood. Adue, adue.
Enter.

Iul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.
Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Iul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.

Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now Iuliet?

Iul. Madam I am not well

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?

What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?

And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:

Therefore haue done, some grieve shewes much of Loue,

But much of grieve, shewes still some want of wit

Iul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse

Lad. So shall you feele the losse, but not the Friend

Which you weepe for

Iul. Feeling so the losse,

I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend

La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him

Iul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine Romeo

Iul. Villaine and he, be many miles assunder:

God pardon, I doe with all my heart:

And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues

Iul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied

Iul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it;
That Romeo should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him

Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle

Iul. And ioy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?

Mo. Well, well, thou hast a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for

Iul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie Paris at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride

Iul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate
Rather then Paris. These are newes indeed

Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle deaw
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? A Conduit Gyrle, what still in teares?
Euermore showring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?

Lady. I sir;
But she will none, she giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroome

Iul. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue

Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,

But fettle your fine ioints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peters Church:
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sicknesse carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Iul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Heare me with patience, but to speake a word

Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife: we scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding

Nur. God in heauen blesse her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her so

Fa. And why my Lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your gossip, go

Nur. I speak no treason,
Father, O Godigoden,
May not one speake?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grautie ore a Gossips bowles
For here we need it not

La. You are too hot

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, ride, time, worke, play,

Alone in companie, still my care hath bin
 To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
 A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
 Of faire Demeanes, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
 Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man,
 And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
 A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
 To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
 I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
 But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
 Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vse to iest.
 Thursday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduise,
 And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend:
 And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,
 For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good:
 Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne
 Enter.

Iuli. Is there no pittie sitting in the Cloudes,
 That sees into the bottome of my grieve?
 O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
 Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
 Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
 In that dim Monument where Tybalt lies

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
 Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.
 Enter.

Iul. O God!
 O Nurse, how shall this be preuented?
 My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
 How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
 Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heauen,
 By leauing earth? Comfort me, counsaile me:
 Alacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems
 Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
 What saist thou? hast thou not a word of ioy?
 Some comfort Nurse

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Louely Gentleman:
Romeos a dish-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not so greene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As Paris hath, beshrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vse of him

Iul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my soule too,
Or else beshrew them both

Iul. Amen

Nur. What?

Iul. Well, thou hast comforted me marue'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my Father, to Lawrence Cell,
To make confession, and to be absolu'd

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done

Iul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fiend!
It is more sin to wish me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday sir? the time is very short

Par. My Father Capulet will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his hast

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not

Pa. Immoderately she weepes for Tybalts death,
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
For Venus smiles not in a house of teares.
Now sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway:
And in his wisdom, hasts our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.
Now doe you know the reason of this hast?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.
Enter Iuliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife

Iul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next

Iul. What must be shall be

Fri. That's a certaine text

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?

Iul. To answer that, I should confesse to you

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me

Iul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me

Iul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares

Iul. The teares haue got small victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their spight

Pa. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report

Iul. That is no slaunder sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it

Iul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serues me pensiue daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone

Par. Godsheild: I should disturbe Deuotion,

Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse.

Exit Paris.

Iul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe

Fri. O Iuliet, I alreadie know thy griefe,

It streames me past the compasse of my wits:

I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this Countie

Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of this,

Vnlesse thou tell me how I may preuent it:

If in thy wisdom, thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife, Ile helpe it presently.

God ioyn'd my heart, and Romeos, thou our hands,

And ere this hand by thee to Romeo seal'd:

Shall be the Labell to another Deede,

Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,

Turne to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long experien'st time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the vmpeere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring:

Be not so long to speak, I long to die,

If what thou speak'st, speake not of remedy

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe spie a kind of hope,
Which craues as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie Paris
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coap'st with death himselfe, to scape fro it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile giue thee remedie

Iul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie Paris,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reckie shankes and yellow chappels skulls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstained wife to my sweet Loue

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie Paris: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Violl being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall run,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ashes, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall Romeo beare thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it

Iul. Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of care

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous:
In this resolute, Ile send a Frier with speed
To Mantua with my Letters to thy Lord

Iu. Loue giue me strength,
And the strength shall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father.

Exit

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and Seruing men, two or three.

Cap. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for Ile trie if they can
licke their fingers

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his
owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers
goes not with me

Cap. Go be gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier Lawrence?

Nur. I forsooth

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.
Enter Iuliet.

Nur. See where she comes from shrift
With merrie looke

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?

Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition:
To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
He haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning

Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at Lawrence Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,
This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reueren'd holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him

Iul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Closet,

To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time inough

Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt. Iuliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
'Tis now neere night

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to Iuliet, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie Paris, to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrle is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt. Father and Mother.

Enter Iuliet and Nurse.

Iul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is crosse and full of sin.
Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?

Iul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessities

As are behooouefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse

Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Iul. Farewell:
God knowes when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall Sceane, I needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to haue me dead,
Least in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I feare it is, and yet me thinkes it should not,
For he hath still beene tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foule mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits resort:
Alacke, alacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smels,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,

That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Inuironed with all these hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his shrow'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out Romeo that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: stay Tybalt, stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.
Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.
Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good Angelica,
Spare not for cost

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching

Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere beene sicke

La. I you haue bin a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A iealous hood, a iealous hood,
Now fellow, what there?
Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what

Cap. Make hast, make hast, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are

Fel. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble Peter for the matter

Cap. Masse and well said, a merrie horson, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Musicke

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?
Enter Nurse.

Go waken Iuliet, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with Paris: hie, make hast,
Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make hast I say

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? Iuliet? Fast I warrant her she.
Why Lambe, why Lady? fie you sluggabed,
Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie Paris hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:

Marrie and Amen: how sound is she a sleepe?
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay, that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?
Mo. What noise is heere?
Enter Mother.

Nur. O lamentable day

Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.
Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Iuliet forth, her Lord is come

Nur. Shee's dead: deceast, shee's dead: alacke the day

M. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead

Fa. Ha? Let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
Her blood is setled and her ioynts are stiffe:
Life and these lips haue long bene seperated:
Death lies on her like an vntimely frost
Vpon the swetest flower of all the field

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Mo. O wofull time

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.
Enter Frier and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing, all is deaths

Pa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,
And doth it giue me such a sight as this?

Mo. Accur'st, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,
Most miserable houre, that ere time saw
In lasting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and solace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my sight

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Most lamentable day, most wofull day,
That euer, euer, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:
O wofull day, O wofull day

Pa. Beguild, diuorced, wronged, spighted, slaine,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:
O loue, O life; not life, but loue in death

Fat. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kil'd,
Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther our solemnitie?

O Child, O Child; my soule, and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my ioyes are buried

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care liues not
In these confusions, heauen and your selfe
Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduan't,
And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduan't
Aboue the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?
O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
Shee's not well married, that liues married long,
But shee's best married, that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares, and sticke your Rosemarie
On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,
And in her best array beare her to Church:
For though some Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reasons merriment

Fa. All things that we ordained Festiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our instruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare, to a sad buriall Feast:
Our solemne Hymnes, to sullen Dyriges change:
Our Bridall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:
And all things change them to the contrarie

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,
And go sir Paris, euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:
Moue them no more, by crossing their high will.

Exeunt.

Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone

Nur. Honest goodfellowes: Ah put vp, put vp,
For well you know, this is a pitifull case

Mu. I by my troth, the case may be amended.
Enter Peter.

Pet. Musitions, oh Musitions,
Hearts ease, hearts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease

Mu. Why hearts ease;
Pet. O Musitions,
Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full

Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No

Pet. I will then giue it you soundly

Mu. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell

Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature

Peter. Then will I lay the seruing Creatures Dagger
on your pate. I will carie no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa
you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs

2.M. Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit

Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.
Answer me like men:
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Musicke
with her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound? why Musicke with her siluer sound?
what say you Simon Catling?
Mu. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound

Pet. Pratest, what say you Hugh Rebicke?
2.M. I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer
Pet. Pratest to, what say you Iames Sound-Post?
3.Mu. Faith I know not what to say

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her siluer sound, with speedy helpe
doth lend redresse.
Enter.

Mu. What a pestilent knaue is this same?
M.2. Hang him Iacke, come weelee in here, tarrie for
the Mourners, and stay dinner.
Enter.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand:
My bosomes L[ord]. sits lightly in his throne:

And all this day an vnaccustom'd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is loue it selfe possest,
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.
Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from Verona, how now Balthazer?
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady Iuliet? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill, is she be well

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleepes in Capels Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I saw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And presently tooke Poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir

Rom. Is it euen so?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Post-Horses, I will hence to night

Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some misaduenture

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
 And hyre those Horses, Ile be with thee straight,
 Well Iuliet, I will lie with thee to night:
 Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
 I do remember an Appothecarie,
 And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
 In tattred weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
 Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
 Sharp miserie had worne him to the bones:
 And in his needie shop a Tortoyrs hung,
 An Allegater stuft, and other skins
 Of ill shap'd fishes, and about his shelues,
 A beggerly account of emptie boxes ,
 Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and mustie seedes,
 Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
 Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
 Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
 An if a man did need a poyson now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
 O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
 And this same needie man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house,
 Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
 What ho? Appothecarie?
 Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who call's so low'd?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore,
 Hold, there is fortie Duckets, let me haue
 A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
 As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
 That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
 And that the Trunke may be discharg'd of breath,
 As violently, as hastie powder fier'd
 Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but Mantuas law
 Is death to any he, that vtters them

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,

And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this

App. My pouerty, but not my will consents

Rom. I pray thy pouerty, and not thy will

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight

Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worse poyson to mens soules,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Then these poore compounds that thou maiest not sell.
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall, and not poyson, go with me
To Iuliets graue, for there must I vse thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy Franciscan Frier, Brother, ho?
Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This same should be the voice of Frier Iohn.
Welcome from Mantua, what sayes Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me his Letter

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid

Law. Who bare my Letter then to Romeo?

Iohn. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection

Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice; but full of charge,
Of deare import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier Iohn go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it straight
Vnto my Cell

Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.
Enter.

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire Iuliet wake,
Shee will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to Mantua,
And keepe her at my Cell till Romeo come,
Poore liuing Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,
Enter.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,

Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will aduenture

Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopie is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares destil'd by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What cursed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.
Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, &the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring, a Ring that I must vse,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous dost returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are sauage wilde:

More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Them emptie Tygers, or the roaring Sea

Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you

Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Liue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow

Pet. For all this same, Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in despight, Ile cram thee with more food

Par. This is that banisht haughtie Mountague,
That mured my Loues Cozin; with which grieve,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villaine, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away

Par. I do defie thy commisseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellow here

Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy

Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch

Pa. O I am slaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with Iuliet

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
Mercutius kinsman, Noble Countie Paris,
What said my man, when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me Paris should haue married Iuliet.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of Iuliet,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; slaughtred Youth:
For here lies Iuliet, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties ensigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To sunder his that was thy enemy?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare Iuliet:
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeeue,
Shall I beleeeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keeps
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I still will stay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,

Shakespeare's First Folio

With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I set vp my euerlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh: Eyes looke your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnsauory guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Enter Frier with a Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne,
It burneth in the Capels Monument

Man. It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you loue

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre

Fri. Go with me to the Vault

Man. I dare not Sir.
My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to looke on his entents

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him

Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which staines
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what Paris too?
And steept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs

Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my Romeo?
Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And Paris too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good Iuliet, I dare no longer stay.
Enter.

Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here, A cup clos'd in my true loues hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happlie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Iul. Yea noise?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.

'Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

Kils herselfe.

Boy. This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find attach.

Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,

And Iuliet bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried.

Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,

Raise vp the Mountagues, some others search,

We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's Romeo's man,

We found him in the Churchyard

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3.Wat. Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes

We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,

As he was comming from this Church-yard side

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misaduenture is so earely vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?
Enter Capulet and his Wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the streete crie Romeo.
Some Iuliet, and some Paris, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie Paris slaine,
And Romeo dead, and Iuliet dead before,
Warne and new kil'd

Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd Romeos man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes

Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of Mountague,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come Mountague, for thou art early vp
To see thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prin. Looke: and thou shalt see

Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then I will be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death? meane time forbear,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspicion

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heere I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd

Prin. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that Iuliet,
And she there dead, that's Romeos faithfull wife:
I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was Tybalts Doomesday: whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for Tybalt) Iuliet pinde.
You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie Paris. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me devise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)
A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier Iohn,

Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
 Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
 At the prefixed houre of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
 Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
 Till I conueniently could send to Romeo.
 But when I came (some Minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
 The Noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.
 Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
 And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
 But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,
 And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
 But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
 And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
 Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
 Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
 Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to this?

Boy. I brought my Master newes of Iuliets death,
 And then in poste he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same Monument.
 This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
 And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
 Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
 Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,
 And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
 Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
 And by and by my Maister drew on him,
 And then I ran away to call the Watch

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
 Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
 And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
 Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
 Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with Iuliet.
 Where be these Enemies? Capulet, Mountague,
 See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
 That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;

Shakespeare's First Folio

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd

Cap. O Brother Mountague, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand

Moun. But I can giue thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles Verona by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
As that of True and Faithfull Iuliet

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of Iuliet, and her Romeo.

Exeunt. omnes

FINIS. THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IULIET

The Life of Timon of Athens

Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at seuerall
doores.

Poet. Good day Sir

Pain. I am glad y'are well

Poet. I haue not seene you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes

Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magicke of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant

Pain. I know them both: th' others a Jeweller

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord

Jew. Nay that's most fixt

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continue goodnesse:
He passes

Jew. I haue a Jewell heere

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jewel. If he will touch the estimate. But for that—

Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good

Mer. 'Tis a good forme

Jewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye

Pain. You are rapt sir, in some worke, some Dedication
to the great Lord

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gowne, which vses
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th' Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chases. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture sir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment sir.
Let's see your peece

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent

Pain. Indifferent

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th' dumbnesse of the gesture,
One might interpret

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,

It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Liues in these touches, liuelier then life.
Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men

Pain. Looke moe

Po. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it selfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboult to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord Timon: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in Timons nod

Pain. I saw them speake together

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
 The Base o'th' Mount
 Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinde of Natures
 That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
 To propagate their states; among'st them all,
 Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
 One do I personate of Lord Timons frame,
 Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
 Whose present grace, to present slaues and seruants
 Translates his Riuals

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
 This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes
 With one man becken'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the sleepy Mount
 To climbe his happinesse, would be well exprest
 In our Condition

Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
 All those which were his Fellowes but of late,
 Some better then his valew; on the moment
 Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
 Raine Sacrificiall whisperings in his eare,
 Make Sacred euen his styrop, and through him
 Drinke the free Ayre

Pain. I marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
 Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
 Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
 Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot

Pain. Tis common:
 A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
 That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
 More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
 To shew Lord Timon, that meane eyes haue seene
 The foot aboue the head.
 Trumpets sound.

Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curteously to euery Sutor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mes. I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,
His meanes most short, his Creditors most strait:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To those haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort

Tim. Noble Ventidius, well:
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserues a helpe,
Which he shall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him

Mes. Your Lordship euer bindes him

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well

Mes. All happinesse to your Honor.
Enter.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord Timon, heare me speake

Tim. Freely good Father

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd Lucilius

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble Timon, call the man before thee

Tim. Attends he heere, or no? Lucillius

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice

Oldm. This Fellow heere, L[ord]. Timon, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deerest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine

Tim. The man is honest

Oldm. Therefore he will be Timon,
His honesty rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuities in youth

Tim. Loue you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it

Oldm. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witnesse, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispossesse her all

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all

Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath seru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her

Oldm. Most Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his

Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promise

Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordship, neuer may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit

Poet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordship

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Pensil'd Figures are
Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me

Pain. The Gods preserue ye

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We must needs dine together: sir your Iewell
Hath suffered vnder praise

Iewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere saciety of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclew me quite

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it

Tim. Well mock'd.
Enter Apermantus.

Mer. No my good Lord, he speakes y common toong
Which all men speake with him

Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship

Mer. Hee'l spare none

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle Apermantus

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art Timons dogge, and these Knaues honest

Tim. Why dost thou call them Knaues, thou know'st
them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes

Ape. Then I repent not

Iew. You know me, Apemantus?

Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name

Tim. Thou art proud Apemantus?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture Apemantus?

Ape. The best, for the innocence

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and
yet he's but a filthy peece of worke

Pain. Y'are a Dogge

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I
be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me Apemantus?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords

Tim. And thou should'st, thoud'st anger Ladies

Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies

Tim. That's a lasciuious apprehension

Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,
Take it for thy labour

Tim. How dost thou like this Iewell, Apemantus?

Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which wil not cast
a man a Doit

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyest

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes

Poet. Then I lye not

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes

Ape. Then thou lyest:
Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast feign'd him a
worthy Fellow

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

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy
labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer.
Heauens, that I were a Lord

Tim. What wouldst do then Apemantus?

Ape. E'ne as Apemantus does now, hate a Lord with
my heart

Tim. What thy selfe?

Ape. I

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I Apemantus

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it

Ape. Traffickes thy God, &thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty Horse
All of Companionship

Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I haue thank't you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your sights.
Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your
supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst
these sweet Knaues, and all this Curtesie. The straine of
mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey

Alc. Sir, you haue sau'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight

Tim. Right welcome Sir:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Ere we depart, wee'l share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.
Pray you let vs in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord What time a day is't Apemantus?

Ape. Time to be honest

1 That time serues still

Ape. The most accursed thou that still omitst it

2 Thou art going to Lord Timons Feast

Ape. I, to see meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles

2 Farthee well, farthee well

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice

2 Why Apemantus?

Ape. Should'st haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane
to giue thee none

1 Hang thy selfe

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requests to thy Friend

**2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile spurne thee hence**

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th' Asse

1 Hee's opposite to humanity.
Come shall we in,
And taste Lord Timons bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindnesse

**2 He powres it out: Plutus the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it selfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vse of quittance**

**1 The Noblest minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man**

2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes Playing lowd Musicke. A great Banquet seru'd in: and
then, Enter
Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which
Timon redeem'd
from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus
discontentedly like
himselfe.

Ventig. Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne those Talents
Doubled with thankes and seruice, from whose helpe
I deriu'd libertie

Tim. O by no meanes,
Honest Ventigius: You mistake my loue,
I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely say he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire

Vint. A Noble spirit

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
To set a glosse on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodnesse, sorry ere 'tis showne:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me

1.Lord. My Lord, we alwaies haue confest it

Aper. Ho ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?

Tim. O Apermantus, you are welcome

Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They say my Lords, Ira furor brevis est,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himselfe:
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperill Timon,
I come to obserue, I giue thee warning on't

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,
prythee let my meate make thee silent

Aper. I scorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I
should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not? It greeues me
to see so many dip there meate in one mans blood, and
all the madnesse is, he cheeres them vp too.
I wonder men dare trust themselues with men.
Me thinks they should enuite them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and safer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas
beene proued, if I were a huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harnesse
on their throates

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round

2.Lord. Let it flow this way my good Lord

Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his
tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state
looke ill, Timon.
Heere's that which is too weake to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere left man i'th' mire:

Shakespeare's First Folio

This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my selfe,
Graunt I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that seems asleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall too't:
Richmen sin, and I eat root.
Much good doth thy good heart, Apermantus
Tim. Captaine,
Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now

Alci. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies,
than a dinner of Friends

Alc. So they were bleeding near my Lord, there's no
meat like 'em, I could wish my best friend at such a Feast

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em

1.Lord. Might we but have that happiness my Lord,
that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might
express some part of our zeales, we should think our
selves for ever perfect

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themselues haue prouided that I shall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends else. Why haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vse for 'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments hung vp in Cases, that keepe there sounds to themselues. Why I haue often wisht my selfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort 'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks to forget their Faults. I drinke to you

Aper. Thou weep'st to make them drinke, Timon

2.Lord. Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp

Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard

3.Lord. I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands,
dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?
Enter Seruant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most desirous of admittance

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?
Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.
Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy Timon and to all that of
his Bounties taste: the fiue best Sences acknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious
bosome.
There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They onely now come but to Feast thine eies

Timo. They'r welcome all, let 'em haue kind admittance.
Musicke make their welcome

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd

Aper. Hoyday,
What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen,
Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraued;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues

Of their Friends guift:
I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to
shew their
loues, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with
women, a loftie
straine or two to the Hoboyes, and cease.

Tim. You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vntoo't, and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuce.
I am to thanke you for't

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the best

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selues

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. Flauius

Fla. My Lord

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?
There is no crossing him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'ld be crost then, and he could:
'Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.
Enter.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse

2 Lord. Our Horses

Tim. O my Friends:
I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L[ord].
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your guifts

All. So are we all.
Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concerne you neere

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment

Fla. I scarce know how.
Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Siluer

Tim. I shall accept them fairely: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.
Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3.Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman
Lord Lucullus, entreats your companie to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
all out of an empty Coffre:
Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises flye so beyond his state,

Shakespeare's First Folio

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:
He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then such that do e'ne Enemies excede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Exit

Tim. You do your selues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue

2.Lord. With more then common thanks
I will receyue it

3.Lord. O he's the very soule of Bounty

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good
words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on. Tis yours
because you lik'd it

1.L. Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weighe
my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you

All Lor. O none so welcome

Tim. I take all, and your seuerall visitations

Shakespeare's First Folio

So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. Alcibiades,
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitcht field

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord

1.Lord. We are so vertuously bound

Tim. And so am I to you

2.Lord. So infinitely endeer'd

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights

1.Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord Timon

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt. Lords

Aper. What a coiles heere, seruing of beckes, and iutting
out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinkes false hearts, should neuer haue sound legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtsies

Tim. Now Apermantus (if thou wert not sullen)
I would be good to thee

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou
wouldst sinne the faster. Thou giu'st so long Timon (I
feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.
What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I
am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come
with better Musicke.

Exit

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt
not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Exit

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiue thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it Timon, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horse to Timon.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inuites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis hoa,
Caphis I say.
Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure

Sen. Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord Timon,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceast
With slight deniall; nor then silenc'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But finde supply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand: for I do feare
When euery Feather stickes in his owne wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a Phoenix, get you gone

Ca. I go sir

Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come

Ca. I will Sir

Sen. Go.

Exeunt.

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor resume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.
Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen Varro: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine

Tim. So soone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord

Tim. Go to my Steward

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dayes this moneth:
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,

Shakespeare's First Folio

To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l suite,
In giuing him his right

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning

Cap. Nay, good my Lord

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend

Var. One Varroes seruant, my good Lord

Isid. From Isidore, he humbly prayes your speedy payment

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, sixe weekes,
and past

Isi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am sent expressely to your Lordship

Tim. Giue me breath:
I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you instantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long since due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this businesse:
Your importunacie cease, till after dinner,

That I may make his Lordship vnderstand
Wherefore you are not paid

Tim. Do so my Friends, see them well entertain'd

Stew. Pray draw neere.
Enter.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

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

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuse vs

Isid. A plague vpon him dogge

Var. How dost Foole?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee

Ape. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away

Isi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already

Ape. No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and

Vsurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want

Al. What are we Apemantus?

Ape. Asses

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know
your selues. Speake to 'em Foole

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:

How does your Mistris?

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scal'd such Chickens
as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Masters Page

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this
wise Company.

How dost thou Apermantus?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might
answer thee profitably

Boy. Prythee Apemantus reade me the superscription
of these Letters, I know not which is which

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No

Ape. There will litle Learning dye then that day thou

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art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go
thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd

Page. Thou was't whelp't a Dogge, and thou shalt
famish a Dogges death.
Answer not, I am gone.

Exit

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord Timons

Foole. Will you leaue me there?
Ape. If Timon stay at home.
You three serue three Vsurers?
All. I would they seru'd vs

Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe

Foole. Are you three Vsurers men?
All. I Foole

Foole. I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant.
My Mistris is one, and I am her Foole: when men
come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly,
and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house
merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?
Var. I could render one

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster,
and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt
be no lesse esteemed

Varro. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime t' appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st

Ape. That answer might haue become Apemantus

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.
Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother,
and Woman, sometime the Philosopher

Stew. Pray you walke neere,
Ile speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my state before me,
That I might so haue rated my expence

As I had leaue of meanes

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leysures I propose

Tim. Go too:
Perchance some single vantages you tooke,
When my indisposition put you backe,
And that vnaptnesse made your minister
Thus to excuse your selfe

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you sound them in mine honestie,
When for some trifling present you haue bid me
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did indure
Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
To pay your present debts

Tim. Let all my Land be sold

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone

Tim. You tell me true

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me,
When all our Offices haue beene opprest
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I haue retyr'd me to a wastefull cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow

Tim. Prythee no more

Stew. Heauens, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night engluttred: who is not Timons,
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L[ord]. Timons:
Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,
These flyes are coucht

Tim. Come sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse
As I can bid thee speake

Ste. Assurance blesse your thoughts

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings. For by these

Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue
How you mistake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, Flauius, Seruilius?
Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord

Tim. I will dispatch you seuerally.
You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted
with his Honor to day; you to Sempronius; commend me
to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions
haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let
the request be fifty Talents

Flam. As you haue said, my Lord

Stew. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humh

Tim. Go you sir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue
Deseru'd this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th' instant
A thousand Talents to me

Ste. I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the most generall way)
To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot
Do what they would, are sorrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wisht, they know not,
Something hath beene amisse; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pittie,

And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. These old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to Ventidius (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee:) Ventidius lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd
Into a great estate: When he was poore,
Imprison'd, and in scarsitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
With those fiue Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes
To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,
That Timons fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.

Exeunt.

Flaminius waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a
seruant
to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down
to you

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord

Luc. One of Lord Timons men? A Guift I warrant.
Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre
to night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are verie respectiue
welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how
does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman
of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Mayster?

Flam. His health is well sir

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and
what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in
my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply:
who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie
Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing
doubting your present assistance therein

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas
good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep
so good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with
him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him
of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he wold embrace
no counsell, take no warning by my comming, euery
man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't,
but I could nere get him from't.
Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine

Luc. Flaminius, I haue noted thee alwayes wise.
Heere's to thee

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure

Luc. I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the time vse thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw neerer honest Flaminus. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendshippe without securitie. Here's three Solidares for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee well

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned basenesse
To him that worships thee

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Exit L[ucullus].

Flam. May these adde to the number y may scald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himselfe:
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why should it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyson?
O may Diseases onely worke vpon't:
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.
Enter.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend
and an Honourable Gentleman

**1 We know him for no lesse, thogh we are but strangers
to him.** But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and
which I heare from common rumours, now Lord Timons
happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes
from him

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeeue it: hee cannot want
for money

**2 But beleeeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe,
one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so
many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and shewed
what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de**

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the
Gods I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man?
There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne
part, I must needes confesse, I haue receyued some small
kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and such
like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee mistooke
him, and sent to me, I should ne're haue denied his
Occasion so many Talents.
Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue
swet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord

Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindly met sir. Farthewell,
commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very
exquisite Friend

Seruil. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent—

Luci. Ha? what ha's he sent? I am so much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer sending: how shall I thank him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Seruil. Has onely sent his present Occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant vse with so many Talents

Lucil. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not vrge it halfe so faithfully

Luc. Dost thou speake seriously Seruilius?

Seruil. Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir

Luci. What a wicked Beast was I to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I shold Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? Seruilius, now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beast I say) I was sending to vse Lord Timon my selfe, these Gentlemen can witnesse; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good Seruilius, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruil[ius].

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne Seruilius.
True as you said, Timon is shrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.
Enter.

1 Do you obserue this Hostilius?

2 I, to well

**1 Why this is the worlds soule,
And iust of the same peece
Is euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purse:
Supported his estate, nay Timons money
Has paid his men their wages.** He ne're drinkes,
But Timons Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh see the monstrosnesse of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull shape;
He does deny him (in respect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggars

3 Religion grones at it

**1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted Timon in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend.** Yet I protest,
For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his necessity made vse of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the best halfe should haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men must learne now with pittie to dispence,
For Policy sits aboue Conscience.

Exeunt.

Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus,
And now Ventidgius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these
Owes their estates vnto him

Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has Ventidgius and Lucullus deny'de him,
And does he send to me? Three? Humh?
It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.
Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I see no sense for't,
But his Occasions might haue wooed me first:
For in my conscience, I was the first man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke so backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it last? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th' rest, and 'mong'st Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe,
Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake:
I'de such a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this answer ioyned;
Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne.

Exit

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the
diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke;
he crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but
in the end, the Villanies of man will set him cleere. How

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fairely this Lord striues to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous
Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent
zeale, would set whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature
is his politike loue.

This was my Lords best hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, must be imploy'd
Now to guard sure their Master:
And this is all a liberall course allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keep his house.
Enter.

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait
for his
comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var.man. Well met, goodmorrow Titus & Hortensius

Tit. The like to you kinde Varro

Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one businesse do's command vs all.
For mine is money

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.
Enter Philotus.

Luci. And sir Philotus too

Phil. Good day at once

Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord seene yet?

Luci. Not yet

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seauen

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him:
You must consider, that a Prodigall course
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:
'Tis deepest Winter in Lord Timons purse, that is: One
may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little

Phil. I am of your feare, for that

Tit. Ile shew you how t' obserue a strange euent:
Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he doe's

Tit. And he weares Iewels now of Timons guift,
For which I waite for money

Hort. It is against my heart

Luci. Marke how strange it showes,
Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Iewels,
And send for money for 'em

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witnesse:
I know my Lord hath spent of Timons wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worse then stealth

Varro. Yes, mine's three thousand Crownes:
What's yours?

Luci. Fiue thousand mine

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th' sum
Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.
Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timons men

Luc. Flaminius? Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie
to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.
Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him

Tit. Do you heare, sir?
2.Varro. By your leaue, sir

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, sir

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your summes and Billes
When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could smile, and fawne vpon his debts.
And take downe th' Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your selues but wrong, to stirre me vp,
Let me passe quietly:
Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to spend

Luci. I, but this answer will not serue

Stew. If't 'twill not serue, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serue Knaues

1.Varro. How? What does his casheer'd Worship
mutter?

2.Varro. No matter what, hee's poore, and that's reuenge
enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that
has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against
great buildings.
Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's Seruilius: now wee shall know some
answere

Seru. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre
some other houre, I should deriue much from't. For tak't
of my soule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsooke him, he's much out
of health, and keepes his Chamber

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke:
And if it be so farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods

Seruil. Good Gods

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, sir

Flaminius within. Seruilius helpe, my Lord, my Lord.
Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?
Haue I bin euer free, and must my house
Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feasted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iron heart?
Luci. Put in now Titus

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill

Luci. Here's mine

1.Var. And mine, my Lord

2.Var. And ours, my Lord

Philo. All our Billes

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the
Girdle

Luc. Alas, my Lord

Tim. Cut my heart in summes

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents

Tim. Tell out my blood

Luc. Fiue thousand Crownes, my Lord

Tim. Fiue thousand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?

1.Var. My Lord

2.Var. My Lord

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Masters may throwe their
caps at their money, these debts may well be call'd desperate
ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exeunt.

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the
slaues. Creditors? Diuels

Stew. My deere Lord

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord

Tim. Ile haue it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa: All,
Ile once more feast the Rascals

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distracted
soule; there's not so much left to furnish out a moderate
Table

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide.

Exeunt.

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with
Attendants

1.Sen. My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis necessary he should dye:
Nothing imboldens sinne so much, as Mercy

2 Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate

1 Now Captaine

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pittie is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heede) do plunge intoo't.
He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice.
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe:
And with such sober and vnnoted passion
He did behouue his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument

1.Sen. You vndergo too strict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-sides,
To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill

Alci. My Lord

1.Sen. You cannot make grosse sinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare

Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I speake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expose themselues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?
If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sinnes extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this

2.Sen. You breath in vaine

Alci. In vaine?
His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life

1 What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,
And slaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himselfe
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a sworne Riotor, he has a sinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beastly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,

And cherrish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous

1 He dyes

Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deserts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returns.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more

**1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that spilles another**

Alc. Must it be so? It must not bee:
My Lords, I do beseech you know mee

2 How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances

3 What

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should proue so bace,
To sue and be deny'de such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you

1 Do you dare our anger?

**'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for euer**

Alc. Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish vsurie,
That makes the Senate vgly

**1 If after two dayes shine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement.**
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsome, that the vsuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.
Enter.

Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, sir

**2 I also wish it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord
did but try vs this other day**

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee encountred.
I hope it is not so low with him as he made it
seeme in the triall of his seuerall Friends

2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting

1 I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest inuiting,
which many my neere occasions did vrge mee to
put off: but he hath coniur'd mee beyond them, and I
must needs appeare

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat businesse,
but he would not heare my excuse. I am sorrie,
when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was
out

1 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all
things go

2 Euery man heares so: what would hee haue borrowed
of you?

1 A thousand Peeces

2 A thousand Peeces?

1 What of you?

2 He sent to me sir– Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how
fare you?

1 Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship

**2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing,
then we your Lordship**

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, such Summer
Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence
this long stay: Feast your eares with the Musicke
awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th' Trumpets
sound: we shall too't presently

**1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordship,
that I return'd you an empty Messenger**

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you

2 My Noble Lord

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?

The Banket brought in.

**2 My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame,
that when your Lordship this other day sent to me, I was
so vnfortunate a Beggar**

Tim. Thinke not on't, sir

2 If you had sent but two houres before

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
Come bring in all together

2 All couer'd Dishes

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you

3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 Alcibiades is banish'd: heare you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd?

3 'Tis so, be sure of it

1 How? How?

2 I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2 This is the old man still

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and so

3 I do conceyue

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spurre as hee would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, sit. The Gods require our Thankes. You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankefulnesse. For your owne guifts, make your selues prais'd: But reserue still to giue, least your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amisse in

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them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction. For these my
present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blesse
them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncouer Dogges, and lap

Some speake. What do's his Lordship meane?

Some other. I know not

Timon. May you a better Feast neuer behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timons last,
Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries,
Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie
Crust you quite o're. What do'st thou go?
Soft, take thy Physicke first; thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest.
Burne house, sinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?

3 Push, did you see my Cap?

4 I haue lost my Gowne

**1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors swaies
him.** He gaue me a Iewell th' other day, and now hee has
beate it out of my hat.

Did you see my Iewell?

2 Did you see my Cap

3 Heere 'tis

4 Heere lyes my Gowne

1 Let's make no stay

2 Lord Timons mad

3 I feel't vpon my bones

4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt. the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles
Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th' Instant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistris is o'th' Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,

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With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night–rest, and Neighbourhood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may striue,
And drowne themselues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
So we all th' Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be meere poyson. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th' vnkindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as Timon growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen.
Enter.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M[aster]. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you

1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him

2 As we do turne our backes

**From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone.** More of our Fellowes.
Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house

**3 Yet do our hearts weare Timons Liury,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre**

Stew. Good Fellowes all,
The latest of my wealth Ile share among'st you.
Where euer we shall meete, for Timons sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part seuerall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnisht Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnusuall blood,
When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.

My deerest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
 Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
 Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
 Of monstrous Friends:
 Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
 Or that which can command it:
 Ile follow and enquire him out.
 Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
 Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still.
 Enter.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
 Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarse is diuidant; touch them with seuerall fortunes,
 The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
 (To whom all sores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
 But by contempt of Nature.
 Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
 The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
 The Begger Natiue Honor.
 It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
 The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
 In puritie of Manhood stand vpight
 And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
 So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
 Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
 There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures
 But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
 All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
 His semblable, yea himselfe Timon disdaines,
 Destruction phang mankind; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
 Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his pallate
 With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
 No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
 Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
 Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
 Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
 Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
 Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
 Plucke stout mens pillowes from below their heads.

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th' accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vlcerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th' Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature.

March afarre off.

Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (strong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.
Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and
Phrynia and
Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am Misanthropos, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee something

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke

Phrin. Thy lips rot off

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion

Alc. What is it Timon?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots

Timan. Is this th' Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes

Tim. Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee,
giue them diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make
vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheekt youth to the Fubfast,
and the Diet

Timan. Hang thee Monster

Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue Timon,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pittie thee deere Timon

Tim. How doest thou pittie him whom y dost trouble,
I had rather be alone

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is some Gold for thee

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens

Alc. I Timon, and haue cause

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson
In the sicke ayre: let not thy sword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honest,
Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;
Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Sweare against Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whose prooffe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giuest

me, not all thy Counsell

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon thee

Both. Giue vs some Gold good Timon, hast y more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l sweare, terribly sweare
Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues
Th' immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.
And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,
Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,
Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?
Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold

Tim. Consumptions sowe
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more false Title pleade,
Nor sound his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That scold'st against the quality of flesh,
And not beleeues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smels from the generall weale. Make curl'd pate Ruffians bald
And let the vnscurr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
The source of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all

Both. More counsell with more Money, bounteous
Timon

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue giuen
you earnest

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thriue well, Ile visit thee againe

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer see thee more

Alc. I neuer did thee harme

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee

Alc. We but offend him, strike.

Exeunt.

Tim. That Nature being sicke of mans vnkindnesse
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnmeasureable, and infinite brest
Teemes and feeds all: whose selvesame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,

With all th' abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,
 Whereon Hyperions quickning fire doth shine:
 Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
 From foorth thy plenteous bosome, one poore roote:
 Enseare thy Fertile and Conception wombe,
 Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
 Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
 Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy vpward face
 Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboue
 Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
 Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
 Whereof ingratefull man with Licourish draughts
 And Morsels Vnctious, greases his pure minde,
 That from it all Consideration slippes—
 Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
 Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost vse them

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
 Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
 A poore vnmanly Melancholly sprung
 From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
 This Slaue-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
 Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
 Hugge their diseas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
 That euer Timon was. Shame not these Woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
 Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thriue
 By that which ha's vndone thee; hindege thy knee,
 And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
 Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
 And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
 Thou gau'st thine eares (like Tapsters, that bad welcom)
 To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis most iust
 That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
 Rascals should haue't. Do not assume my likenesse

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe

Ape. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy self
A Madman so long, now a Foole: what think'st
That the bleake ayre, thy boysterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taste
To cure thy o're-nights surfet? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures liue in all the spight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whose bare vnoused Trunkes,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart

Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did

Tim. I hate thee worse

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery

Ape. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Ape. To vex thee

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Dost please thy selfe in't?

Ape. I

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Ape. If thou did'st put this sowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing misery
Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wish: best state Contentlesse,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse then the worst, Content.
Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claspt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'st thou like vs from our first swath proceeded,
The sweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To such as may the passiue drugges of it
Freely command'st: thou would'st haue plung'd thy self
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of respect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberlesse vpon me stucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters brush
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st y hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?
If thou wilt curse; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subiect; who in spight put stuffe
To some shee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the worst of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I haue shut vp in thee,
I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe

Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by'th' lacke of thine
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were

Ape. What would'st thou haue to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue

Ape. Heere is no vse for Gold

Tim. The best, and truest:
For heere it sleepes, and do's no hyred harme

Ape. Where lvest a nights Timon?
Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.
Where feed'st thou a-dayes Apemantus?
Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it

Tim. Would poyson were obedient, &knew my mind

Ape. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie: in thy Ragges thou know'st none, but art despis'd
for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not

Ape. Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes!

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My selfe

Tim. I vnderstand thee: thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge

Apem. What things in the world canst thou neerest
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neerest, but men: men are the things
themselves. What would'st thou do with the world Apemantus,
if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men

Tim. Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confusion
of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts

Ape. I Timon

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t' attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee. if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Asse: If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee; and still thou liu'dst but as a Breakefast to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would afflict thee, &oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horse: wert thou a Horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the spottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not subiect to a Beast: and what a Beast art thou already, that seest not thy losse in transformation

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what else to do,
Ile see thee againe

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggars Dogge,
Then Apemantus

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curse

Tim. All Villaines
That do stand by thee, are pure

Ape. There is no Leprosie,
But what thou speak'st

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I should infect my hands

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee

Ape. Would thou would'st burst

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee

Ape. Beast

Tim. Slaue

Ape. Toad

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.

I am sicke of this false world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere necessities vpon't:
Then Timon presently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou sweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
Of Himens purest bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thawe the consecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap.
Thou visible God,
That souldrest close Impossibilities,
And mak'st them kisse; that speak'st with euerie Tongue
To euerie purpose: O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May haue the world in Empire

Ape. Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly

Tim. Throng'd too?

Ape. I

Tim. Thy backe I prythee

Ape. Liue, and loue thy misery

Tim. Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit

Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate Timon, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman[tus].

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where should he haue this Gold? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
him into this Melancholly

2 It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure

3 Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily: if he couetously reserue it, how
shall's get it?

2 True: for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid

1 Is not this hee?

All. Where?

2 'Tis his description

3 He? I know him

All. Saue thee Timon

Tim. Now Theeues

All. Soldiers, not Theeues

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes

All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Mast, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want? why Want?
**1 We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes**

Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselues, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Theeues profest: that you worke not
In holier shapes: For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th' Grape,
Till the high Feauor seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, since you protest to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery:
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaste Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolves
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne

From gen'rall excrement: each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues: to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do loose it: steale lesse, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen

**3 Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by perswading
me to it**

**1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus aduises
vs not to haue vs thriue in our mystery**

**2 Ile beleue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade**

**1 Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
miserable, but a man may be true.**

Exit Theeues.

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest mindes, to basest ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guise,
When man was wisht to loue his Enemies:
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grieve

vnto him; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
My deerest Master

Tim. Away: what art thou?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I neuer had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaines

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you

Tim. What, dost thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I loue thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankinde: whose eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Lust and Laughter: pittie's sleeping:
Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T' accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so iust, and now so comfortable?
It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
You perpetuall sober Gods. I do proclaime

One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
 No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
 How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
 And thou redeem'st thy selfe. But all saue thee,
 I fell with Curses.
 Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wise:
 For, by oppressing and betraying mee,
 Thou might'st haue sooner got another Seruice:
 For many so arriue at second Masters,
 Vpon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
 (For I must euer doubt, though ne're so sure)
 Is not thy kindnesse subtle, couetous,
 If not a Vsuring kindnesse, and as rich men deale Gifts,
 Expecting in retorne twenty for one?

Stew. No my most worthy Master, in whose brest
 Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
 You should haue fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
 Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
 That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
 Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
 Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleuee it,
 My most Honour'd Lord,
 For any benefit that points to mee,
 Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich your selfe

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
 Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie
 Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,
 But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men:
 Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
 But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
 Ere thou releuee the Begger. Giue to dogges
 What thou denyest to men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
 And may Diseases licke vp their false bloods,
 And so farewell, and thriue

Stew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses
 Stay not: flye, whilst thou art blest and free:
 Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee.

Exit

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
where he abides

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: Phrinica and Timandylo
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis saide, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty summe

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Nothing else:
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the highest:
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues
To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:
It will shew honestly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purposes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iust and true report, that goes
Of his hauing

Poet. What haue you now
To present vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: onely I will promise him
An excellent Peece

Poet. I must serue him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him

Painter. Good as the best.
Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vse.
To Promise, is most Courtly and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement
That makes it.
Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As is thy selfe

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I haue prouided for him:
It must be a personating of himselfe:
A Satyre against the softnesse of Prosperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie

Timon. Must thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I haue Gold for thee

Poet. Nay let's seeke him.
Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late

Painter. True:
When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come

Tim. Ile meete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them

Poet. Haile worthy Timon

Pain. Our late Noble Master

Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:
Hauing often of your open Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whose thankelesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couet
The monstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any size of words

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seene, and knowne

Pain. He, and my selfe
Haue trauail'd in the great showre of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it

Timon. I, you are honest man

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our seruice

Timon. Most honest men:
Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you seruice

Tim. Y'are honest men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am sure you haue, speake truth, y'are honest men

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I

Timon. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Best in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most liuely

Pain. So, so, my Lord

Tim. E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swels with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much paines to mend

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs

Tim. You'l take it ill

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord

Timon. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your bosome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-*vp*-Villaine

Pain. I know none such, my Lord

Poet. Nor I

Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them

Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:

Shakespeare's First Folio

If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye slaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt.

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would speake with Timon:
For he is set so onely to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him

1.Sen. Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
To speake with Timon

2.Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may

Stew. Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord Timon, Timon,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th' Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble Timon.
Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th' Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking

1 Worthy Timon

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of Timon

1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee Timon

Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them

1 O forget

**What we are sorry for our selues in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vse and wearing**

2 They confesse

**Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the recanter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of Timons ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to Timon,
And send forth vs, to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine**

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators

**1 Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thankses,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: so soone we shall driue backe
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace**

**2 And shakes his threatning Sword
Against the walles of Athens**

1 Therefore Timon

Tim. Well sir, I will: therefore I will sir thus:
If Alcibiades kill my Countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th' Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the staine
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speakes it,
In pittie of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Kniues care not,
While you haue throats to answer. For my selfe,
There's not a whittle, in th' vnruely Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers

Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,

It will be seene to morrow. My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue still,
Be Alcibiades your plague; you his,
And last so long enough

1 We speake in vaine

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common brute doth put it

1 That's well spoke

Tim. Commend me to my louing Countreymen

**1 These words become your lippes as they passe thorow
them**

**2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates**

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth sustaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde Alcibiades wrath

1 I like this well, he will returne againe

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Close,

That mine owne vse inuites me to cut downe,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlasting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, Timon hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

1 His discontents are vnremoueably coupled to Nature

**2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill**

1 It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

**1 Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?**

Mes. I haue spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach

2 We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old loue made a particular force,
And made vs speake like Friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timons Caue,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th' cause against your City,
In part for his sake mou'd.
Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers

**3 No talke of Timon, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull scouring
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare.**

Exeunt.

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,

Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is.
Enter.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Parly.

The Senators appeare vpon the wals.

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of Iustice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Haue wander'd with our trauerst Armes, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And pursie Insolence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight

1.Sen. Noble, and young;
When thy first greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
Aboue their quantitie

2 So did we wooe
Transformed Timon, to our Citties loue
By humble Message, and by promist meanes:

**We were not all vnkinde, nor all deserue
The common stroke of warre**

**1 These walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools shold fall
For priuate faults in them**

**2 Nor are they liuing
Who were the motiues that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted**

**1 All haue not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not altogether**

**2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword**

**1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly**

**2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vse the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue seal'd thy full desire**

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of Timons, and mine owne
Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heauiest answer

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th' Sea,
And on his Graestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which

Shakespeare's First Folio

From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Ieweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Theeues.
Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.
Seruilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortensis Seuerall Seruants to Vsurers.
Ventigius. one of Tymons false Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius. With diuers other Seruants, And Attendants.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

The Tragedie of Julius Caesar

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flavius. Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparrell on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobler

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Answer me directly

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vse, with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad soules

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue,
what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet
if you be out Sir, I can mend you

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend mee, thou
sawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'st thou leade these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly sir, to weare out their shooes, to get my selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holyday to see Caesar, and to reioyce in his Triumph

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelles?
You Blockes, you stones, you worse then senslesse things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft?
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your best attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer Pompeyes blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame

Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt. all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-tyed in their guiltinesse:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies

Mur. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercall

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with Caesars Trophees: Ile about,
And driue away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from Caesars wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soare aboue the view of men,
And keepe vs all in seruile fearefulnessse.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius,
Cicero,
Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and
Flaius.

Caes. Calphurnia

Cask. Peace ho, Caesar speakes

Caes. Calphurnia

Calp. Heere my Lord

Caes. Stand you directly in Antonio's way,
When he doth run his course. Antonio

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord

Caes. Forget not in your speed Antonio,
To touch Calphurnia: for our Elders say,
The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curse

Ant. I shall remember,
When Caesar sayes, Do this; it is perform'd

Caes. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out

Sooth. Caesar

Caes. Ha? Who calles?

Cask. Bid euery noyse be still: peace yet againe

Caes. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke
Cry, Caesar: Speake, Caesar is turn'd to heare

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March

Caes. What man is that?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face

Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon Caesar

Caes. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe,

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March

Caes. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.

Sennet

Exeunt. Manet Brut. &Cass.

Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I

Cassi. I pray you do

Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lacke some part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder Cassius your desires;
Ile leaue you

Cassi. Brutus, I do obserue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentlenesse
And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:
You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you

Bru. Cassius,
 Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
 I turne the trouble of my Countenance
 Meerely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am
 Of late, with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
 Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaiours:
 But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
 (Among which number Cassius be you one)
 Nor construe any further my neglect,
 Then that poore Brutus with himselfe at warre,
 Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men

Cassi. Then Brutus, I haue much mistook your passion,
 By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
 Tell me good Brutus, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No Cassius:
 For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
 By some other things

Cassius. 'Tis iust,
 And it is very much lamented Brutus,
 That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne
 Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow:
 I haue heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,
 (Except immortall Caesar) speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
 Haue wish'd, that Noble Brutus had his eyes

Bru. Into what dangers, would you
 Leade me Cassius?
 That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,
 For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore good Brutus, be prepar'd to heare:
 And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
 So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
 Will modestly discouer to your selfe
 That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
 And be not iealous on me, gentle Brutus:
 Were I a common Laughter, or did vse
 To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue

To euery new Protester: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandall them: Or if you know,
That I professe my selfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People choose Caesar
For their King

Cassi. I, do you feare it?
Then must I thinke you would not haue it so

Bru. I would not Cassius, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death

Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,
I had as lief not be, as liue to be
In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.
I was borne free as Caesar, so were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Caesar saide to me, Dar'st thou Cassius now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.
 But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
 Caesar cride, Helpe me Cassius, or I sinke.
 I (as Aeneas, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder
 The old Anchyses beare) so, from the waues of Tyber
 Did I the tyred Caesar: And this Man,
 Is now become a God, and Cassius is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If Caesar carelesly but nod on him.
 He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
 How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:
 I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
 Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
 Alas, it cried, Giue me some drinke Titinius,
 As a sicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Maiesticke world,
 And beare the Palme alone.

Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another generall shout?

I do beleeeue, that these applauses are
 For some new Honors, that are heap'd on Caesar

Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
 To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.
 Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.
 The fault (deere Brutus) is not in our Starres,
 But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.
 Brutus and Caesar: What should be in that Caesar?
 Why should that name be sounded more then yours
 Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth aswell:
 Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as Caesar.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our Caesar feede,
That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompast but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would haue brook'd
Th' eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King

Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme:
How I haue thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue said,
I will consider: what you haue to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs

Cassi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue stricke but thus much shew of fire from Brutus,
Enter Caesar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
And Caesar is returning

Cassi. As they passe by,
Plucke Caska by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his sowre fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day

Bru. I will do so: but looke you Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Caesars brow,
And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and Cicero
Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we haue seene him in the Capitoll
Being crost in Conference, by some Senators

Cassi. Caska will tell vs what the matter is

Caes Antonio

Ant. Caesar

Caes Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:
Yond Cassius has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous

Ant. Feare him not Caesar, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen

Caes Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should auoyd
So soone as that spare Cassius. He reades much,
He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou dost Antony: he heares no Musicke;
Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,
Whiles they behold a greater then themselues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,

And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

Sennit.

Exeunt. Caesar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake with me?

Bru. I Caska, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That Caesar lookes so sad

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then aske Caska what had chanc'd

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; &being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting

Bru. What was the second noyse for?

Cask. Why for that too

Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Cask. Why for that too

Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honest Neighbors showed

Cassi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cask. Why Antony

Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle Caska

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I sawe Marke Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their sweatie Night-cappes, and vttered such a deale of stinking breath, because Caesar refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almost) choaked Caesar: for hee swooned, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what, did Caesar swound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse

Cassi. No, Caesar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Caska, we haue the Falling sicknesse

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure Caesar fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hisse him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cask. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he

pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat
to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I
would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might
goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When
he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or
said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Worships to thinke
it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I
stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgaue him with
all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them;
if Caesar had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done
no lesse

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away

Cask. I

Cassi. Did Cicero say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greeke

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you
i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd
at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine
owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more
newes too: Murrellus and Flavius, for pulling Scarffes
off Caesars Images, are put to silence. Fare you well.
There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember
it

Cassi. Will you suppe with me to Night, Caska?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth

Cassi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your
Dinner worth the eating

Cassi. Good, I will expect you

Cask. Doe so: farewell both.
Enter.

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole

Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize,
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men stomacke to disgest his words
With better Appetite

Brut. And so it is:
For this time I will leaue you:
To morrow, if you please to speake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you

Cassi. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.
Exit Brutus.

Well Brutus, thou art Noble: yet I see,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd?
Caesar doth beare me hard, but he loues Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this Night,
In seuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from seuerall Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Caesars Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let Caesar seat him sure,
For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.
Enter.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good euen, Caska: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathlesse, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mou'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirm? O Cicero,
I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But neuer till to Night, neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen,
Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common slaue, you know him well by sight,
Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword,
Against the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd vpon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their feare, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streetes.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place,
Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies
Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Naturall:
For I beleeeue, they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Cleane from the purpose of the things themselues.
Comes Caesar to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid Antonio
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow

Cic. Good–night then, Caska:
This disturbed Skie is not to walke in

Cask. Farewell Cicero.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cassi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane

Cassi. Caska, by your Voyce

Cask. Your Eare is good.
Cassius, what Night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing Night to honest men

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cassi. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, Caska, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder–stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Brest of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Euen in the ayme, and very flash of it

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heauens?
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send

Such dreadfull Heraulds, to astonish vs

Cassi. You are dull, Caska:
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.
Now could I (Caska) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull, as these strange eruptions are

Cask. 'Tis Caesar that you meane:
Is it not, Cassius?

Cassi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoake, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish Caesar as a King:
And he shall weare his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In euery place, saue here in Italy

Cassi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliuer Cassius:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weake most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.

Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiue to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Thunder still.

Cask. So can I:
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie

Cassi. And why should Cæsar be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haste will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What trash is Rome?
What Rubbish, and what Offfall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent

Cask. You speake to Caska, and to such a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest

Cassi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, Caska, I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me

Shakespeare's First Folio

In Pompeyes Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fauors, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.
Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haste

Cassi. 'Tis Cinna, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, Metellus
Cymber?

Cassi. No, it is Caska, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights

Cassi. Am I not stay'd for? tell me

Cinna. Yes, you are. O Cassius,
If you could but winne the Noble Brutus
To our party—

Cassi. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where Brutus may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe
Vpon old Brutus Statue: all this done,
Repaire to Pompeyes Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cinna. All, but Metellus Cymber, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me

Cassi. That done, repayre to Pompeyes Theater.

Exit Cinna.

Come Caska, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appear Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse

Cassi. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guesse how neere to day— Lucius, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius?
Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here

Luc. I will, my Lord.
Enter.

Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th' abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-ioynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;
And kill him in the shell.
Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Giues him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word

Luc. I will, Sir.
Enter.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy selfe:
Shall Rome, speake, strike, redresse.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.
Such instigations haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome
The Tarquin driue, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated
To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.
Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fiteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I haue not slept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dreame:
The Genius, and the mortall Instruments

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Are then in councell; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.
Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discover them,
By any marke of fauour

Brut. Let 'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euills are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy natiue semblance on,
Not Erebus it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.
Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus,
and
Trebonius.

Cass. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I haue beene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, euery man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and euery one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.
This is Trebonius

Brut. He is welcome hither

Cass. This, Decius Brutus

Brut. He is welcome too

Cass. This, Caska; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cymbel

Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word?

They whisper.

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake
heere?

Cask. No

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both deceiu'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere

Bru. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one

Cas. And let vs sweare our Resolution

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And euery man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause
To pricke vs to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
The euen vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th' insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a seuerall Bastardie,
If he do breake the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I thinke he will stand very strong with vs

Cask. Let vs not leaue him out

Cyn. No, by no meanes

Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire

Will purchase vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity

Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin

Cas. Then leaue him out

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?

Cas. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony, so well belou'd of Caesar,
Should out-liue Caesar, we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improue them, may well stretch so farre
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together

Bru. Our course will seeme too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:
We all stand vp against the spirit of Caesar,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Caesars Spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)
Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,

Shakespeare's First Folio

We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for Marke Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Caesars Arme,
When Caesars head is off

Cas. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to Caesar

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not thinke of him:
If he loue Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caesar,
And that were much he should: for he is giuen
To sports, to wildenesse, and much company

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke

Cas. The Clocke hath stricken three

Treb. 'Tis time to part

Cass. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day

Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd,
I can ore-sway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll

Cas. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him

Bru. By the eight houre, is that the vttermost?
Cin. Be that the vttermost, and faile not then

Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you haue thought of him

Bru. Now good Metellus go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him

Cas. The morning comes vpon's:
Wee'l leaue you Brutus,
And Friends disperse your selues; but all remember
What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans

Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyrd Spirits, and formall Constancie,
And so good morrow to you euey one.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Manet Brutus.

Boy: Lucius: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.
Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord

Bru. Portia: What meane you? wherfore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vnghently Brutus
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes acrossed
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd vpon me, with vnghentle looks.
I vrg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafer of your hand
Gaued signe for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you Brutus. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of griefe

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it

Bru. Why so I do: good Portia go to bed

Por. Is Brutus sicke? And is it Physicall
To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is Brutus sicke?
And will he steale out of his wholsome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto his sicknesse? No my Brutus,
You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene
Some sixe or seuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknesse

Bru. Kneele not gentle Portia

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus Harlot, not his Wife

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That visit my sad heart

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord Brutus tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: Cato's Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I haue made strong prooffe of my Constancie,
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knocke.

Harke, harke, one knockes: Portia go in a while,
And by and by thy bosome shall partake
The secrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
All the Charractery of my sad browes:
Leaue me with hast.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speak with you

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue

Bru. O what a time haue you chose out braue Caius
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke

Cai. I am not sicke, if Brutus haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor

Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand Ligarius,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it

Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast coniur'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will striue with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make sicke men whole

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my Caius,
I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done

Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Thunder

Bru. Follow me then.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Thunder & Lightning

Enter Iulius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia, in her sleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther Caesar. Who's within?
Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord

**Caes Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Successe**

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stirre out of your house to day

**Caes Caesar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished**

Calp. Caesar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid sights seene by the Watch.
A Lionnesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horsses do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghosts did shrieke and squeale about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all vse,
And I do feare them

**Caes What can be auoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to Caesar**

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heauens themselues blaze forth the death of Princes

**Caes Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.**

Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailles of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast

**Caes The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No Caesar shall not; Danger knowes full well
That Caesar is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,**

Actus Secundus.

And Caesar shall go forth

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this

**Caes Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.**
Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so

Deci. Caesar, all haile: Good morrow worthy Caesar,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house

**Caes And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falsen:
I will not come to day, tell them so Decius**

Calp. Say he is sicke

**Caes Shall Caesar send a Lye?
Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Arme so farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come**

Deci. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh't at when I tell them so

**Caes The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.**

But for your priuate satisfaction,
Because I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife, stayes me at home:
She dreampt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day

Deci. This Dreame is all amisse interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by Calphurnia's Dreame is signified

Caes And this way haue you well expounded it

Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When Caesars wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If Caesar hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe Caesar is affraid?
Pardon me Caesar, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my loue is liable

**Caes How foolish do your fears seeme now Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.**
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.
Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and

Publius.

And looke where Publius is come to fetch me

Pub. Good morrow Caesar

Caes Welcome Publius.

What Brutus, are you stirr'd so earely too?
Good morrow Caska: Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?

Bru. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight

Caes I thanke you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, Antony that Reuels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow Antony

Ant. So to most Noble Caesar

Caes Bid them prepare within:

I am too blame to be thus waited for.

Now Cynna, now Metellus: what Trebonius,
I haue an houres talke in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you

Treb. Caesar I will: and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene further

Caes Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me.

Actus Secundus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

And we (like Friends) will straight way go together

Bru. That euery like is not the same, O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus eames to thinke vpon.

Exeunt.

Enter Artemidorus.

Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Cassius; come not
neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, marke
well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not: Thou
hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all
these men, and it is bent against Caesar: If thou beest not
Immortall,
looke about you: Security giues way to Conspiracie.
The mighty Gods defend thee.
Thy Louer, Artemidorus.
Heere will I stand, till Caesar passe along,
And as a Sutor will I giue him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O Caesar, thou mayest liue;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue.
Enter.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why doest thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam

Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancie, be strong vpon my side,
Set a huge Mountaine 'twene my Heart and Tongue:

Actus Secundus.

I haue a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And so returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Caesar doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll

Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.
Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou bin?
Sooth. At mine owne house, good Lady

Por. What is't a clocke?
Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitoll?
Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll

Por. Thou hast some suite to Caesar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to heare me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards
him?
Sooth. None that I know will be,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Much that I feare may chance:
Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:
The throng that followes Caesar at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Praetors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great Caesar as he comes along.

Exit

Por. I must go in:
Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O Brutus,
The Heauens speede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suite
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish

Enter Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius,
Cynna,
Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Caes The Ides of March are come

Sooth. I Caesar, but not gone

Art. Haile Caesar: Read this Scedule

Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leysure) this his humble suite

Art. O Caesar, reade mine first: for mine's a suite
That touches Caesar neerer. Read it great Caesar

Caes What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd

Art. Delay not Caesar, read it instantly

Caes What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirra, giue place

Cassi. What, vrge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitoll

Popil. I wish your enterprize to day may thriue

Cassi. What enterprize Popillius?
Popil. Fare you well

Bru. What said Popillius Lena?
Cassi. He wisht to day our enterprize might thriue:
I feare our purpose is discouered

Bru. Looke how he makes to Caesar: marke him

Cassi. Caska be sodaine, for we feare preuention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,
Cassius or Caesar neuer shall turne backe,
For I will slay my selfe

Bru. Cassius be constant:
Popillius Lena speakes not of our purposes,
For looke he smiles, and Caesar doth not change

Cassi. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you Brutus
He drawes Mark Antony out of the way

Deci. Where is Metellus Cimber, let him go,
And presently preferre his suite to Caesar

Bru. He is addrest: presse neere, and second him

Cin. Caska, you are the first that reares your hand

Caes Are we all ready? What is now amisse,
That Caesar and his Senate must redresse?
Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart

Caes I must preuent thee Cymber:
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that Caesar beares such Rebells blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniell fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,

I spurne thee like a Curre out of my way:
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,
To sound more sweetly in great Caesars eare,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery Caesar:
Desiring thee, that Publius Cymber may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale

Caes What Brutus?

Cassi. Pardon Caesar: Caesar pardon:
As lowe as to thy foote doth Cassius fall,
To begge infranchisement for Publius Cymber

Caes I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me:
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with vnnumbred sparkes,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensiue;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnassayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, euen in this:
That I was constant Cymber should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so

Cinna. O Caesar

Caes Hence: Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Decius. Great Caesar

Caes Doth not Brutus bootlesse kneele?

Cask. Speake hands for me.

They stab Caesar.

Caes Et Tu Brute? – Then fall Caesar.

Dyes

Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets

Cassi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still: Ambitions debt is paid

Cask. Go to the Pulpit Brutus

Dec. And Cassius too

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny

Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of Caesars
Should chance–

Bru. Talke not of standing. Publius good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them Publius

Cassi. And leaue vs Publius, least that the people
Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.
Enter Trebonius

Cassi. Where is Antony?
Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd:
Men, Wiues, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit:
So are we Caesars Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let vs bathe our hands in Caesars blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords:
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty

Cassi. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompeyes Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust?

Cassi. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cassi. I, euery man away.

Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.
Enter a Seruant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of Antonies

Ser. Thus Brutus did my Master bid me kneele;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say:
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest;
Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing:
Say, I loue Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolu'd
How Caesar hath deseru'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loue Caesar dead
So well as Brutus liuing; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State,
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master Antony

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Romane,
I neuer thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied: and by my Honor
Depart vntouch'd

Ser. Ile fetch him presently.

Exit Seruant.

Bru. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend

Cassi. I wish we may: But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much: and my misgiuing still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.
Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes Antony:
Welcome Mark Antony

Ant. O mighty Caesar! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke:
If I my selfe, there is no houre so fit
As Caesars deaths houre; nor no Instrument
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.
I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reeke and smoake,
Fulfill your pleasure. Liue a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.
No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by Caesar, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age

Bru. O Antony! Begge not your death of vs:
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do: Yet see you but our hands,
And this, the bleeding businesse they haue done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, so pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points Marke Antony:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence

Cassi. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities

Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselues with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cause,
Why I, that did loue Caesar when I strooke him,
Haue thus proceeded

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First Marcus Brutus will I shake with you;
Next Caius Cassius do I take your hand;
Now Decius Brutus yours; now yours Metellus;
Yours Cinna; and my valiant Caska, yours;
Though last, not least in loue, yours good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee Caesar, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Coarse,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to close
In tearmes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me Iulius, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimson'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cassi. Mark Antony

Ant. Pardon me Caius Cassius:
The Enemies of Caesar, shall say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie

Cassi. I blame you not for praising Caesar so.
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous

Bru. Or else were this a sauage Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you Antony, the Sonne of Caesar,
You should be satisfied

Ant. That's all I seeke,
And am moreouer sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall

Bru. You shall Marke Antony

Cassi. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That Antony speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Caesars death.
What Antony shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leaue, and by permission:
And that we are contented Caesar shall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong

Cassi. I know not what may fall, I like it not

Bru. Mark Antony, heere take you Caesars body:

Shakespeare's First Folio

You shall not in your Funerall speech blame vs,
But speake all good you can deuise of Caesar,
And say you doo't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended

Ant. Be it so:
I do desire no more

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs.

Exeunt.

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vse,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pittie choak'd with custome of fell deeds,
And Caesars Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell aboute the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.
Enter Octauio's Seruant.

Actus Tertius.

You serue Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Ser. I do Marke Antony

Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome

Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Caesar!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master comming?

Ser. He lies to night within seuen Leagues of Rome

Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,
Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong Octavius, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the
Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied

Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streete,

Actus Tertius.

And part the Numbers:

Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him,

And publike Reasons shall be rendred

Of Caesars death

1. Ple. I will heare Brutus speake

2. I will heare Cassius, and compare their Reasons,
When seuerally we heare them rendred

3. The Noble Brutus is ascended: Silence

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of Caesars, to him I say, that Brutus loue to Caesar, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lou'd Caesar lesse, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were liuing, and dye all Slaues; then that Caesar were dead, to liue all Free-men? As Caesar lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere so vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply

All. None Brutus, none

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no

Shakespeare's First Folio

more to Caesar, then you shall do to Brutus. The Question
of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not
extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd,
for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Caesars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by Marke Antony, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall receiue the benefit
of his dying, a place in the Co[m]monwealth, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slewe my
best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger
for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need
my death

All. Liue Brutus, liue, liue

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house

2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors

3. Let him be Caesar

4. Caesars better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in Brutus

1. Wee'l bring him to his House,
With Showts and Clamors

Bru. My Country-men

2. Peace, silence, Brutus speakes

1. Peace ho

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with Antony:
Do grace to Caesars Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to Caesars Glories, which Marke Antony
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till Antony haue spoke.

Exit

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare Mark Antony

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble Antony go vp

Ant. For Brutus sake, I am beholding to you

4 What does he say of Brutus?
3 He sayes, for Brutus sake
He findes himselfe beholding to vs all

4 'Twere best he speake no harme of Brutus heere?
1 This Caesar was a Tyrant

3 Nay that's certaine:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him

2 Peace, let vs heare what Antony can say

Ant. You gentle Romans

All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with Caesar. The Noble Brutus,
Hath told you Caesar was Ambitious:
If it were so, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to speake in Caesars Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;
But Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious,
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
Whose Ransomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious:
And Brutus is an Honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercall,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet Brutus sayes, he was Ambitious:
And sure he is an Honourable man.
I speake not to disprooue what Brutus spoke,
But heere I am, to speake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pawse, till it come backe to me

1 Me thinkes there is much reason in his sayings

**2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar ha's had great wrong**

3 Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worse come in his place

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take y Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious

1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it

2. Poore soule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping

3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then Antony

4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poore to do him reuerence.
O Maisters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of Caesar,
I found it in his Closset, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kisse dead Caesars wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue

4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it Marke Antony

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare Caesars Will

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meete you know how Caesar lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you should, O what would come of it?

4 Read the Will, wee'l heare it Antony:
You shall reade vs the Will, Caesars Will

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?
I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers haue stabb'd Caesar: I do feare it

4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Testament

2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of Caesar,
And let me shew you him that made the Will:
Shall I descend? And will you giue me leaue?

All. Come downe

2 Descend

3 You shall haue leaue

4 A Ring, stand round

1 Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body

2 Roome for Antony, most Noble Antony

Ant. Nay presse not so vpon me, stand farre off

All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time euer Caesar put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the Neruij.
Looke, in this place ran Cassius Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious Caska made:
Through this, the wel-beloued Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of Caesar followed it,
As rushing out of doores, to be resolu'd
If Brutus so vnkindely knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesars Angel.
Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely Caesar lou'd him:
This was the most vnkindest cut of all.
For when the Noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Base of Pompeyes Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great Caesar fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: These are gracious droppes.

Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our Caesars Vesture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himselfe, marr'd as you see with Traitors

1. O pitteous spectacle!
2. O Noble Caesar!
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O most bloody sight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor liue

Ant. Stay Country-men

1. Peace there, heare the Noble Antony
2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with
him

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre you vp
To such a sodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wise, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to steale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as Brutus is:
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to speake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To stirre mens Blood. I onely speake right on:
I tell you that, which you your selues do know,
Shew you sweet Caesars wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them speake for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of Caesar, that should moue
The stones of Rome, to rise and Mutiny

All. Wee'l Mutiny

1 Wee'l burne the house of Brutus

3 Away then, come, seeke the Conspirators

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me speake

All. Peace hoe, heare Antony, most Noble Antony

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deseru'd your loues?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of

All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and heare the Wil

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder Caesars Seale:
To euery Roman Citizen he giues,
To euery seuerall man, seuentie fiue Drachmaes

2 Ple. Most Noble Caesar, wee'l reuenge his death

3 Ple. O Royall Caesar

Ant. Heare me with patience

All. Peace hoe

Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,

Shakespeare's First Folio

His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleasures
To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.
Heere was a Caesar: when comes such another?

1.Ple. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.
Take vp the body

2.Ple. Go fetch fire

3.Ple. Plucke downe Benches

4.Ple. Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Mischeefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?
Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome

Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and Lepidus are at Caesars house

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes vpon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing

Ser. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Actus Tertius.

Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to Octavius.

Exeunt.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with Caesar,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie:
I haue no will to wander foorth of doores,
Yet something leads me foorth

1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2. Answer euery man directly

1. I, and breiefely

4. I, and wisely

3. I, and truly, you were best

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then
to answer euery man, directly and breiefely, wisely and
truly: wisely I say, I am a Batchellor

**2 That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marrie:
you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly**

Cinna. Directly I am going to Caesars Funerall

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend

2. That matter is answered directly

4. For your dwelling: breefely

Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll

3. Your name sir, truly

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator

Cinna. I am Cinna the Poet, I am Cinna the Poet

4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad
Verses

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conspirator

4. It is no matter, his name's Cinna, plucke but his
name out of his heart, and turne him going

3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands:
to Brutus, to Cassius, burne all. Some to Decius House,
and some to Caska's; some to Ligarius: Away, go.

Exeunt. all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt

Octa. Your Brother too must dye: consent you Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent

Octa. Pricke him downe Antony

Lep. Vpon condition Publius shall not liue,
Who is your Sisters sonne, Marke Antony

Ant. He shall not liue; looke, with a spot I dam him.
But Lepidus, go you to Caesars house:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies

Lep. What? shall I finde you heere?

Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

Exit Lepidus

Ant. This is a slight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World diuided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who should be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proscription

Ant. Octavius, I haue seene more dayes then you,
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease our selues of diuers sland'rous loads,
He shall but beare them, as the Asse beares Gold,
To groane and swet vnder the Businesse,
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Asse) to shake his eares,
And graze in Commons

Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier

Ant. So is my Horse Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vse, and stal'de by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are leuying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,
And let vs presently go sit in Councell,
How couert matters may be best disclos'd,

Actus Quartus.

And open Perils surest answered

Octa. Let vs do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes.

Exeunt.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius and
Pindarus meete
them.

Bru. Stand ho

Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand

Bru. What now Lucillius, is Cassius neere?

Lucil. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his Master

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master Pindarus
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour

Bru. He is not doubted. A word Lucillius
How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd

Actus Quartus.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note Lucillius,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with Cassius.
Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him

Cassi. Stand ho

Bru. Stand ho, speake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand

Cassi. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong

Actus Quartus.

Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother

Cassi. Brutus, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brut. Cassius, be content,
Speake your greefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent Cassius enlarge your Greefes,
And I will giue you Audience

Cassi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground

Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our doore.

Exeunt.

Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cassi. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted Lucius Pella
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off

Bru. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case

Cassi. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence should beare his Comment

Bru. Let me tell you Cassius, you your selfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeseruers

Cassi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are Brutus that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last

Bru. The name of Cassius Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head

Cassi. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March reme[m]ber:
Did not great Iulius bleede for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That strucke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then such a Roman

Cassi. Brutus, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions

Bru. Go too: you are not Cassius

Cassi. I am

Bru. I say, you are not

Cassi. Vrge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther

Bru. Away slight man

Cassi. Is't possible?

Bru. Heare me, for I will speake.

Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?

Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cassi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.

Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,

And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?

Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch

Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,

You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene

Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,

Ile vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter

When you are Waspish

Cassi. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:

Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,

I shall be glad to learne of Noble men

Cass. You wrong me euery way:

You wrong me Brutus:

I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.

Did I say Better?

Bru. If you did, I care not

Cass. When Caesar liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd me

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him

Cassi. I durst not

Bru. No

Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not

Cassi. Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I shall be sorry for

Bru. You haue done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror Cassius in your threats:
For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I haue answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus growes so Couetous,
To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces

Cassi. I deny'd you not

Bru. You did

Cassi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riu'd my hart:
A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater then they are

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me

Cassi. You loue me not

Bru. I do not like your faults

Cassi. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus

Cassi. Come Antony, and yong Octavius come,
Reuenge your selues alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart
Deerer then Pluto's Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee'st a Roman, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'st at Caesar: For I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, y loued'st him better
Then euer thou loued'st Cassius

Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:
Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.
O Cassius, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,
And straite is cold agen

Cassi. Hath Cassius liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too

Cassi. Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand

Bru. And my heart too

Cassi. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cassi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull

Bru. Yes Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-earnest with your Brutus,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.
Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone

Lucil. You shall not come to them

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,
For I haue seene more yeeres I'me sure then yee

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?

Bru. Get you hence sirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence

Cas. Beare with him Brutus, 'tis his fashion

Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What should the Warres do with these Iigging Fooles?
Companion, hence

Cas. Away, away be gone.

Exit Poet

Bru. Lucillius and Titinius bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night

Cas. And come your selues, &bring Messala with you
Immediately to vs

Bru. Lucius, a bowle of Wine

Cas. I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry

Bru. O Cassius, I am sicke of many greefes

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no vse,
If you giue place to accidentall euils

Bru. No man beares sorrow better. Portia is dead

Cas. Ha? Portia?

Bru. She is dead

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!
Vpon what sicknesse?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And greefe, that yong Octavius with Mark Antony
Haue made themselues so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Euen so

Cas. O ye immortall Gods!
Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindnesse Cassius.

Drinkes

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill Lucius, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:

Actus Quartus.

I cannot drinke too much of Brutus loue.
Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in Titinius:
Welcome good Messala:
Now sit we close about this Taper heere,
And call in question our necessities

Cass. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Messala, I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong Octavius, and Marke Antony
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward Philippi

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure

Bru. With what Addition

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine speake of seuentie Senators, that dy'de
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one

Cassi. Cicero one?
Messa. Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No Messala

Messa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing Messala

Messa. That me thinkes is strange

Bru. Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?

Messa. No my Lord

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true

Messa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,
For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner

Bru. Why farewell Portia: We must die Messala:
With meditating that she must dye once,
I haue the patience to endure it now

Messa. Euen so great men, great losses shold indure

Cassi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not beare it so

Bru. Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke
Of marching to Philippi presently

Cassi. I do not thinke it good

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs,
So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse

Bru. Good reasons must of force giue place to better:
The people 'twixt Philippi, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number vp,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd:
From which aduantage shall we cut him off.
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our backe

Cassi. Heare me good Brother

Bru. Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,
That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth euery day,
We at the height, are readie to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serues,
Or loose our Ventures

Cassi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our selues, and meet them at Philippi

Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
And Nature must obey Necessitie,
Which we will niggard with a little rest:
There is no more to say

Cassi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.
Enter Lucius.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Bru. Lucius my Gowne: farewell good Messala,
Good night Titinius: Noble, Noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose

Cassi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules:
Let it not Brutus.
Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well

Cassi. Good night my Lord

Bru. Good night good Brother

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord Brutus

Bru. Farwell euery one.

Exeunt.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call Claudio, and some other of my men,
Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent

Luc. Varrus, and Claudio.
Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businesse to my Brother Cassius

Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure

Bru. I will it not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.
Looke Lucius, heere's the booke I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Instrument a straine or two

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you

Bru. It does my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing

Luc. It is my duty Sir

Brut. I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,
I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepey Tune: O Murd'rous slumber!
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.
Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?
Speake to me, what thou art

Ghost. Thy euill Spirit Brutus?

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?

Ghost. I, at Philippi

Brut. Why I will see thee at Philippi then:
Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Actus Quartus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Boy, Lucius, Varrus, Claudio, Sirs: Awake:
Claudio

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false

Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius, awake

Luc. My Lord

Bru. Did'st thou dreame Lucius, that thou so cryedst
out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry

Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord

Bru. Sleepe againe Lucius: Sirra Claudio, Fellow,
Thou: Awake

Var. My Lord

Clau. My Lord

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?

Both. Did we my Lord?

Bru. I: saw you any thing?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing

Clau. Nor I my Lord

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow

Both. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now Antony, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at Philippi heere:
Answering before we do demand of them

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come downe
With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
But 'tis not so.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,
And something to be done immediately

Ant. Octavius, leade your Battaile softly on
Vpon the left hand of the euen Field

Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent

Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so.

March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, &their Army.

Bru. They stand, and would haue parley

Cassi. Stand fast Titinius, we must out and talke

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we giue signe of Battaile?

Ant. No Caesar, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would haue some words

Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall

Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we loue words better, as you do

Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes Octavius

An. In your bad strokes Brutus, you giue good words
Witnesse the hole you made in Caesars heart,
Crying long liue, Haile Caesar

Actus Quintus.

Cassi. Antony,
The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the Hibla Bees,
And leaue them Hony-lesse

Ant. Not stinglesse too

Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:
For you haue stolne their buzzing Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the sides of Caesar:
You shew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing Caesars feete;
Whil'st damned Caska, like a Curre, behinde
Strooke Caesar on the necke. O you Flatterers

Cassi. Flatterers? Now Brutus thanke your selfe,
This tongue had not offended so to day.
If Cassius might haue rul'd

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs swet,
The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till Caesars three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueng'd; or till another Caesar
Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors

Brut. Caesar, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands.
Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee

Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on Brutus Sword

Bru. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable

Cassi. A peeuish School-boy, worthles of such Honor
Ioy'n'd with a Masker, and a Reueller

Ant. Old Cassius still

Octa. Come Antony: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you haue stomackes.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,
And swimme Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard

Bru. Ho Lucillius, hearke, a word with you.

Lucillius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord

Cassi. Messala

Messa. What sayes my Generall?

Cassi. Messala, this is my Birth-day: at this very day
Was Cassius borne. Giue me thy hand Messala:
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will
(As Pompey was) am I compell'd to set
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Comming from Sardis, on our former Ensigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,
Who to Philippi heere consorted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickely prey; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost

Messa. Beleeue not so

Cassi. I but beleeue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly

Bru. Euen so Lucillius

Cassi. Now most Noble Brutus,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the affayres of men rests still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaile, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato, for the death
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,

Shakespeare's First Folio

To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below

Cassi. Then, if we loose this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome

Bru. No Cassius, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer Brutus will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlasting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell Cassius,
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made

Cassi. For euer, and for euer, farewell Brutus:
If we do meete againe, wee'l smile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made

Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride Messala, ride and giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Actus Quintus.

Let them set on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in Octauio's wing:
And sodaine push giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride Messala, let them all come downe.

Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O looke Titinius, looke, the Villaines flye:
My selfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him

Titin. O Cassius, Brutus gaue the word too early,
Who hauing some aduantage on Octavius,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to spoyle,
Whilst we by Antony are all inclos'd.
Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble Cassius, flye farre off

Cassi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look Titinius
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord

Cassi. Titinius, if thou louest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurres in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought.
Enter.

Cassi. Go Pindarus, get higher on that hill,
My sight was euer thicke: regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes?

Pind. Aboue. O my Lord

Cassi. What newes?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him:
Now Titinius. Now some light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane.

Showt.

And hearke, they shout for ioy

Cassi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue so long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face
Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, sauing of thy life,
That whatsoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through Caesars bowels, search this bosome.
Stand not to answer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword- Caesar, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee

Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not so haue beene
Durst I haue done my will. O Cassius,
Farre from this Country Pindarus shall run,
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.
Enter Titinius and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius
Is ouerthrowne by Noble Brutus power,
As Cassius Legions are by Antony

Titin. These tydings will well comfort Cassius

Messa. Where did you leaue him

Titin. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his Bondman, on this Hill

Messa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?

Titin. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!

Messa. Is not that hee?

Titin. No, this was he Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doest sinke to night;
So in his red blood Cassius day is set.
The Sunne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed

Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soone concey'd,
Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'st the Mother that engendred thee

Tit. What Pindarus? Where art thou Pindarus?

Messa. Seeke him Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The Noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of Brutus,
As tydings of this sight

Tit. Hye you Messala,
And I will seeke for Pindarus the while:
Why did'st thou send me forth braue Cassius?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'st thou not heare their showts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued euery thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy Brutus bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come Cassius Sword, and finde Titinius hart.

Dies

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, yong Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and
Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where Messala, doth his body lye?

Messa. Loe yonder, and Titinius mourning it

Bru. Titinius face is vpward

Cato. He is slaine

Bru. O Iulius Caesar, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords

Actus Quintus.

In our owne proper Entrailes. Low Alarums

Cato. Braue Titinius,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead Cassius

Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?
The last of all the Romans, far thee well:
It is impossible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall finde time, Cassius: I shall finde time.
Come therefore, and to Tharsus send his body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,
Least it discomfort vs. Lucillius come,
And come yong Cato, let vs to the Field,
Labio and Flauio set our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius, and Flauius.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads

Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of Marcus Cato, hoe.
Enter Souldiers, and fight.

And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for Brutus

Luc. O yong and Noble Cato, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyest, as brauely as Titinius,
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's Sonne

Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyest

Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.
Enter Antony.

2.Sold. Roome hoe: tell Antony, Brutus is tane

1.Sold. Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, Brutus is tane my Lord

Ant. Where is hee?

Luc. Safe Antony, Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take aliue the Noble Brutus:
The Gods defend him from so great a shame,
When you do finde him, or aliue, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himselfe

Ant. This is not Brutus friend, but I assure you,
A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,
Giue him all kindnesse. I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And see where Brutus be aliue or dead,
And bring vs word, vnto Octavius Tent:
How euery thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke

Clit. Statilius shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or slaine

Brut. Sit thee downe, Clitus: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hearke thee, Clitus

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World

Brut. Peace then, no words

Clit. Ile rather kill my selfe

Brut. Hearke thee, Dardanius

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Clit. O Dardanius

Dard. O Clitus

Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dard. To kill him, Clitus: looke he meditates

Actus Quintus.

Clit. Now is that Noble Vessell full of griefe,
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes

Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word

Volum. What sayes my Lord?

Brut. Why this, Volumnius:
The Ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me
Two seuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this last Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come

Volum. Not so, my Lord

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the World, Volumnius, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit:

Low Alarums.

It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,
Then tarry till they push vs. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whilest I runne on it

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast bin all this while asleepe:
Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen:
My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall haue glory by this loosing day
More then Octavius, and Marke Antony,
By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.
So fare you well at once, for Brutus tongue
Hath almost ended his liues History:
Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would rest,
That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye

Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prythee Strato, stay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou Strato?
Stra. Giue me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord

Bru. Farewell good Strato. – Caesar, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will.
Dyes.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucillius, and
the
Army.

Octa. What man is that?

Actus Quintus.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Messa. My Masters man. Strato, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in Messala,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For Brutus onely ouercame himselfe,
And no man else hath Honor by his death

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee Brutus
That thou hast prou'd Lucillius saying true,

Octa. All that seru'd Brutus, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. I, if Messala will preferre me to you

Octa. Do so, good Messala

Messa. How dyed my Master Strato?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it

Messa. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest seruice to my Master

Ant. This was the Noblest Roman of them all:
All the Conspirators saue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great Caesar:
He, onely in a generall honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,
And say to all the world; This was a man

Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him
Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Quintus.

FINIS. THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CaeSAR.

The Tragedie of Macbeth

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?

2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's lost, and wonne

3. That will be ere the set of Sunne

1. Where the place?

2. Vpon the Heath

3. There to meet with Macbeth

1. I come, Gray-Malkin

All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants,
meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The newest state

Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leaue it

Cap. Doubtfull it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse Macdonwald
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue Macbeth (well hee deserues that Name)
Disdayning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r shooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnseam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman

Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new supplyes of men,
Began a fresh assault

King. Dismay'd not this our Captaines, Macbeth and
Banquoh?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They smack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.
Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse

Lenox. What a haste lookes through his eyes?
So should he looke, that seemes to speake things strange

Rosse. God saue the King

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismall Conflict,
Till that Bellona's Bridegroom, lapt in prooffe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lauish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs

King. Great happinesse

Rosse. That now Sweno, the Norwayes King,
Craues composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes ynch,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall vse

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceiue
Our Bosome interest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet Macbeth

Rosse. Ile see it done

King. What he hath lost, Noble Macbeth hath wonne.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?
2. Killing Swine

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' Tiger:
But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe

2. Ile giue thee a Winde

1. Th'art kinde

3. And I another

1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Looke what I haue

2. Shew me, shew me

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.
Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not seene

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th' Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are so

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Glamis

2. All haile Macbeth, haile to thee Thane of Cawdor

3. All haile Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantasticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate

1. Hayle

2. Hayle

3. Hayle

1. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater

2. Not so happy, yet much happier

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile Macbeth, and Banquo

1. Banquo, and Macbeth, all haile

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By Sinells death, I know I am Thane of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor liues
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why

Vpon this blasted Heath you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you.

Witches vanish.

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the insane Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings

Banq. You shall be King

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth' selfe—same tune and words: who's here?
Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiu'd, Macbeth,
The newes of thy successe: and when he reades
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels sight,
His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe—same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy prayses in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him

Ang. Wee are sent,

To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his sight,
Not pay thee

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, haile most worthy Thane,
For it is thine

Banq. What, can the Deuill speake true?
Macb. The Thane of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dresse me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the Thane, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deserues to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebelle with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confess'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him

Macb. Glamys, and Thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behinde. Thanks for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gaue the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them

Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Instruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This supernaturall solliciting

Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my seated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vse of Nature? Present Feares
Are lesse then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whose Murther yet is but fantasticall,
Shakes so my single state of Man,
That Function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not

Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my stirre

Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our strange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vse

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the roughest Day

Banq. Worthy Macbeth, wee stay vpon your leysure

Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The Interim hauing weigh'd it, let vs speake
Our free Hearts each to other

Banq. Very gladly

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Or not those in Commission yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse Pardon,
And set forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a carelesse Trifle

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes construction in the Face.
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.
Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heaue on me. Thou art so farre before,

That swiftest Wing of Recompence is slow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deseru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay

Macb. The seruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it selfe.
Your Highnesse part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they should,
By doing euery thing safe toward your Loue
And Honor

King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no lesse deseru'd, nor must be knowne
No lesse to haue done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart

Banq. There if I grow,
The Haruest is your owne

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seeke to hide themselues
In drops of sorrow. Sonnes, Kinsmen, Thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate vpon
Our eldest, Malcolme, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor must
Not vnaccompanied, inuest him onely,
But signes of Noblenesse, like Starres, shall shine
On all deseruers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you

Macb. The Rest is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my selfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue

King. My worthy Cawdor

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a step,
On which I must fall downe, or else o're-leape,
For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand: yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to see.
Enter.

King. True worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerelesse Kinsman.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I haue
learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then
mortall knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them
further, they made themselues Ayre, into which they vanish'd.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missiues from
the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to
the comming on of time, with haile King that shalt be. This
haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not loose the dues of reioycing
by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart and farewell.
Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,

Shakespeare's First Folio

It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neerest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.
Thould'st haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wishest should be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chastise with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde doth seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall.
Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to Night

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would haue inform'd for preparation

Mess. So please you, it is true: our Thane is comming:
One of my fellowes had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make vp his Message

Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes,

Exit Messenger.

The Rauen himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of Duncan
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnsex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full

Scena Quinta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Of direst Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th' accesse, and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betweene
Th' effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Ministers,
Where-euer, in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold.
Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant

Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes

Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow see.
Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th' innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Must be prouided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue solely soueraigne sway, and Masterdome

Macb. We will speake further,

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:

Scena Quinta.

Leaue all the rest to me.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine,
Banquo, Lenox,
Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The ayre nimble and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle sences

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple–haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Mansonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no luttie frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue obseru'd
The ayre is delicate.
Enter Lady.

King. See, see our honor'd Hostesse:
The Loue that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God–eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble

Lady. All our seruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:

For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We court him at the heeles, and had a purpose
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (sharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night

La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themselues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to returne your owne

King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host we loue him highly,
And shall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hostesse.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Hoboyes. Torches. Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes
and
Service ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th' Assassination
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Successe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Cases,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th' Inuenter, this euen-handed Iustice

Shakespeare's First Folio

Commends th' Ingredience of our poyson'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murtherer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Duncane
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blast, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the sightlesse Curriours of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares shall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the sides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falles on th' other.
Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost supt: why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:

He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosse,
Not cast aside so soone

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you drest your selfe? Hath it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that
Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th' Addage

Macb. Prythee peace:

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none

Scena Septima.

La. What Beast was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselues, and that their fitnessse now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummes,
And dasht the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this

Macb. If we should faile?
Lady. We faile?
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when Duncan is asleepe,
(Where to the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Wassell, so conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reason
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th' vnguarded Duncan? What not put vpon
His spungie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepeie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?

Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the
Clock

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.
A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, restraine in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repose.
Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend

Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hostesse,
And shut vp in measurelesse content

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else should free haue wrought

Banq. All's well.
I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they haue shew'd some truth

Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time

Banq. At your kind'st leysure

Macb. If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you

Banq. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I shall be counsail'd

Macb. Good repose the while

Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you.

Exit Banquo.

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,

She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed.
Enter.

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vse.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th' other Sences,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Heccats Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquins rauishing sides, towards his designe
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre and firme-set Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now sute with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not, Duncan, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heauen, or to Hell.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the[m] drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'st good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Possets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.
Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what hoa?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had don't.
My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle schreame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine

Mac. This is a sorry sight

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murther, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe

Lady. There are two lodg'd together

Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had seene me with these Hangmans hands:
Listning their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs

Lady. Consider it not so deeply

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these wayes: so, it will make vs mad

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the ravel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, sore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Course,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleepe no more: Macbeth shall sleepe no more

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,
You doe vnbind your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,
And wash this filthie Witnesse from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smeare
The sleepeie Groomes with blood

Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not

Lady. Infirme of purpose:
Giue me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Childhood,
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt.
Enter.

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when euery noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great Neptunes Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.
Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white.

Knocke.

I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancie
Hath left you vnattended.

Knocke.

Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorely in your thoughts

Macb. To know my deed,

Knocke.

'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the
Key.

Scena Tertia.

Knock.

Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
i'th' name of Belzebub? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himselfe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue
Napkins enow about you, here you'll sweat for't.

Knock.

Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Deuils Name?
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both
the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason
enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Heauen:
oh come in, Equiuocator.

Knock.

Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an English
Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hose:
Come in Taylor, here you may rost your Goose.
Knock.

Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to haue let in some of all Professions, that
goe the Primrose way to th' euerlasting Bonfire.

Knock.

Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.
Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowsing till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Lecherie:
it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perswades him, and dis-heartens
him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclusion,
equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaues him

Macd. I beleeeue, Drinke gaue thee the Lye last Night

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to cast him.
Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir

Macb. Good morrow both

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost slipt the houre

Macb. Ile bring you to him

Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
seruice.

Exit Macduffe.

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so

Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruely:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Euent,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was Feuorous,
And did shake

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night

Shakespeare's First Folio

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.
Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee

Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?
Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?
Macd. Approch the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:
See, and then speake your selues: awake, awake,

Exeunt. Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarum Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine: Malcolme awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image: Malcolme, Banquo,
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Businessse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murther'd

Lady. Woe, alas:
What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.
Deare Duff, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.
Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.
Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopt, the very Source of it is stopt

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th' expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay Duncan,
His Siluer skinne, lac'd with His Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa

Macd. Looke to the Lady

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion

Banq. Looke to the Lady:
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vndivulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice

Macd. And so doe I

All. So all

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet i'th' Hall together

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not consort with them:
To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie.
Ile to England

Don. To Ireland, I:
Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody

Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue seene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this sore Night
Hath trifled former knowings

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon trowing in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowsing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd

Rosse. And Duncans Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other

Rosse. They did so:
To th' amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.
Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good Macduffe.
How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Ross. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slaine

Ross. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,
Malcolme, and Donalbaine the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suspition of the deed

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauē vp
Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon Macbeth

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inuested

Rosse. Where is Duncans body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cosin, Ile to Fife

Rosse. Well, I will thither

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes sit easier then our new

Rosse. Farewell, Father

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt. omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou playd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee Macbeth, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

Senit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Rosse, Lords,
and
Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest

La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all-thing vnbecomming

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper sir,
And Ile request your presence

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For euer knit

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice
(Which still hath been both graue, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine

Macb. Faile not our Feast

Ban. My Lord, I will not

Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horse:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.
Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell.

Exit Banquo.

Let euery man be master of his time,
Till seuen at Night, to make societie
The sweeter welcome:
We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you.

Exeunt. Lords.

Sirrha, a word with you: Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
Gate

Macb. Bring them before vs.

Exit Seruant.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus
Our feares in Banquo sticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wisdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in safetie. There is none but he,
Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Anthonies was by Caesar. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine succeeding: if't be so,
For Banquo's Issue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them, the gracious Duncan haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace
Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of Banquo Kings.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyst,
And champion me to th' vtterance.
Who's there?
Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Seruant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
Murth. It was, so please your Highnesse

Macb. Well then,
Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:
Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo

1.Murth. You made it knowne to vs

Macb. I did so:
And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this goe?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1.Murth. We are men, my Liege

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Cures,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect

2.Murth. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World

1.Murth. And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't

Macb. Both of you know Banquo was your Enemie

Murth. True, my Lord

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euery minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,

Shakespeare's First Folio

That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons

2.Murth. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs

1.Murth. Though our Liues–
Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your selues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:

**Fleans , his Sonne, that keepes him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolute your selues apart,
He come to you anon**

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord

Macb. He call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: Banquo, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returnes againe to Night

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words

Seruant. Madame, I will.
Enter.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent.
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.
Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Vsing those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done

Macb. We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'le close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.
Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer, he sleepes well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are

Lady. You must leaue this

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleans liues

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assaileable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black Heccats summons
The shard-borne Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowse,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowse.
Thou maruell'st at my words: but hold thee still,
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:

So prythee goe with me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
3. Macbeth

2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust

1. Then stand with vs:
The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spures the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, and neere approches
The subiect of our Watch

3. Hearke, I heare Horses

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, hoa

2. Then 'tis hee:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th' Court

Shakespeare's First Folio

1. His Horses goe about

3. Almost a mile: but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.
Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light

3. 'Tis hee

1. Stand too't

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night

1. Let it come downe

Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good Fleans, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'st reuenge. O Slaue!

3. Who did strike out the Light?

1. Was't not the way?

3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled

2. We haue lost
Best halfe of our Affaire

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Scaena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome

Lords. Thankes to your Maiesty

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostesse keepes her State, but in best time
We will require her welcome

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speakes, they are welcome.
Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him

Mac. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleans:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill

Mur. Most Royall Sir
Fleans is scap'd

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had else beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature

Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our selues againe.

Exit Murderer.

Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health on both

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,
Then pittie for Mischance

Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb. The Table's full

Lenox. Heere is a place reseru'd Sir

Macb. Where?

Lenox. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moues your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you haue done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake
Thy goary lockes at me

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell

La. O proper stuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said

Led you to Duncan. O, these flawes and starts
(Impostors to true feare) would well become
A womans story, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You looke but on a stoole

Macb. Prythee see there:
Behold, looke, loe, how say you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.
If Charnell houses, and our Graues must send
Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes

La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him

La. Fie for shame

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th' olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they rise againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And push vs from our stooles. This is more strange
Then such a murther is

La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you

Macb. I do forget:
Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Then Ile sit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:
Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th' generall ioy o'th' whole Table,
And to our deere Friend Banquo, whom we misse:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,
And all to all

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge

Mac. Auant, &quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with

La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Custome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' Hircan Tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible shadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you sit still

La. You haue displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder

Macb. Can such things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange
Euen to the disposition that I owe,

Scaena Quarta.

When now I thinke you can behold such sights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Maiesty

La. A kinde goodnight to all.

Exit Lords.

Macb. It will haue blood they say:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:
Augures, and vnderstood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The secret'st man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at oddes with morning, which is which

Macb. How say'st thou that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding

La. Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.
More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know
By the worst meanes, the worst, for mine owne good,
All causes shall giue way. I am in blood
Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,

Scaena Quarta.

Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scand

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vse:
We are yet but yong indeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angerly?

Hec. Haue I not reason (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with Macbeth,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;
And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The close contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and euery thing beside;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatall end.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magicke slights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemie.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away,

**1 Come, let's make hast, shee'l soone be
Backe againe.**

Exeunt.

Scaena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pittied of Macbeth: marry he was dead:

Scaena Sexta.

And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
 Whom you may say (if't please you) Fleans kill'd,
 For Fleans fled: Men must not walke too late.
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
 It was for Malcolme, and for Donalbane
 To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
 How it did greeue Macbeth? Did he not straight
 In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
 That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralls of sleepe?
 Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
 For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
 To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
 He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
 That had he Duncans Sonnes vnder his Key,
 (As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
 What 'twere to kill a Father: So should Fleans.
 But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fayl'd
 His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
 Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncane
 (From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
 Liues in the English Court, and is receyu'd
 Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,
 That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduffe
 Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
 That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
 To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
 Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
 Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
 Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
 Prepares for some attempt of Warre

Len. Sent he to Macduffe?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
 The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
 And hums; as who should say, you'l rue the time
 That clogges me with this Answer

Lenox. And that well might
 Advise him to a Caution, t' hold what distance
 His wisdom can prouide. Some holy Angell
 Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold

His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd

2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd

3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time

**1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poysond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleeping got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot**

All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble

**2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:**

**Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble**

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble

**3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd salt Sea sharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
Liuer of Blaspheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eclipse:
Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliuier'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and slab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cawdron**

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble

**2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.**
Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And euery one shall share i'th' gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits,

2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

**Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.**
Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now you secret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,
(How ere you come to know it) answer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waues
Confound and swallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I aske you

1 Speake

2 Demand

3 Wee'l answer

**1 Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters**

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em

**1 Powre in Soves blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's sweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw**

Into the Flame

All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly show.
Thunder. 1. Apparation, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power

**1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his speech, but say thou nought**

1 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:
Beware Macduffe,
Beware the Thane of Fife: dismissee me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more

**1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the first.**

Thunder. 2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.

2 Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth

Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee

Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:
Laugh to scorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme Macbeth.

Descends.

Mac. Then liue Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make assurance: double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not liue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And sleepe in spight of Thunder.

Thunder 3 Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.

What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?

All. Listen, but speake not too't

3 Appar. Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vntill
Great Byrnham Wood, to high Dunsmane Hill
Shall come against him.

Descend.

Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impresse the Forrest, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnan rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth
Shall liue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Custome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?

All. Seeke to know no more

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinkes that Caldron? & what noise is this?

Hoboyes

1 Shew

2 Shew

3 Shew

All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like shadowes, so depart.

A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:
Thy Crowne do's seare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggas,
Why do you shew me this? – A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line stretch out to'th' cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seauenth? Ile see no more:
And yet the eighth appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this so?

1 I Sir, all this is so. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musicke. The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.
Enter Lenox.

Lenox. What's your Graces will

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The gallopping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose neuer is o're-tooke

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght &done:
The Castle of Macduff, I will surprize.
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th' edge o'th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpose coole,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must haue patience Madam

Wife. He had none:

His flight was madnesse: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors

Rosse. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom, or his feare

Wife. Wisdom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Mansion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminitue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wisdom, where the flight
So runnes against all reason

Rosse. My deerest Cooz,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our selues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cosine,
Blessing vpon you

Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-lesse

Rosse. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leaue at once.

Exit Rosse.

Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Son. As Birds do Mother

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and so do they

Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dst neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin

Son. Why should I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not set for:

Scena Secunda.

My Father is not dead for all your saying

Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market

Son. Then you'l by 'em to sell againe

Wife. Thou speak'st withall thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was

Son. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes

Son. And be all Traitors, that do so

Wife. Euery one that do's so, is a Traitor,
And must be hang'd

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Euery one

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men

Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,

and hang vp them

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
haue a new Father

Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinks I am too sauage:
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,
I dare abide no longer.

Exit Messenger

Wife. Whether should I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?
What are these faces?
Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so vnsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him

Mur. He's a Traitor

Son. Thou ly'st thou shagge-ear'd Villaine

Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?

Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you.

Exit crying Murther.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, &there
Weepe our sad bosomes empty

Macd. Let vs rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Bestride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour

Mal. What I beleeue, Ile waile;
What know, beleeue; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well,

Scaena Tertia.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
You may discerne of him through me, and wisdom
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T' appease an angry God

Macd. I am not treacherous

Malc. But Macbeth is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so

Macd. I haue lost my Hopes

Malc. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Iealousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,
What euer I shall thinke

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear y thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'st,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
And the rich East to boot

Mal. Be not offended:
I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country sinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,

There would be hands vplifted in my right:
 And heere from gracious England haue I offer
 Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
 When I shall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
 Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
 Shall haue more vices then it had before,
 More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer,
 By him that shall succede

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know
 All the particulars of Vice so grafted,
 That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth
 Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
 Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
 With my confinelesse harmes

Macd. Not in the Legions

Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
 In euils, to top Macbeth

Mal. I grant him Bloody,

Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull,
 Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne
 That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
 In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
 Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
 The Cesterne of my Lust, and my Desire
 All continent Impediments would ore-beare
 That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
 Then such an one to reigne

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance

In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
 Th' vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
 And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
 To take vpon you what is yours: you may
 Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
 And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:
 We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
 That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many
 As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselues,
 Finding it so inclinde

Mal. With this, there growes
In my most ill-composd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Jewels, and this others House,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth

Macd. This Auarice
stickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no relish of them, but abound
In the diuision of each seuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuersall peace, confound
All vnity on earth

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken

Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natio[n] miserable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne

By his owne Interdiction stands accust,
 And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
 Was a most Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
 Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
 Dy'de euery day she liu'd. Fare thee well,
 These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,
 Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
 Thy hope ends heere

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
 Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
 Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish Macbeth,
 By many of these traines, hath sought to win me
 Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
 From ouer-credulous hast: but God aboue
 Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
 I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
 Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
 The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,
 For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
 Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
 Scarsely haue coueted what was mine owne.
 At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
 The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
 No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
 Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
 Whither indeed, before they heere approach
 Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men
 Already at a point, was setting foorth:
 Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse
 Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.
 Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
 I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
 That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces
 The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
 They presently amend.
 Enter.

Mal. I thanke you Doctor

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All swolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly guift of Prophetie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.
Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere

Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither

Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers

Rosse. Sir, Amen

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Countrey,
Almost affraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile:
Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Scaena Tertia.

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true

Malc. What's the newest griefe?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute teemes a new one

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Rosse. Why well

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses

Malc. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome giues out

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No minde that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone

Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,
Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound
that euer yet they heard

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you

Malc. Mercifull Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I haue said

Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Malc. Dispute it like a man

Macd. I shall do so:
But I must also feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull Macduff,
They were all strooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heauen rest them now

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let grieve
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my selfe
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
Heauen forgiue him too

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Instruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceiue no truth in your report. When was it shee last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maiesty went into the Field, I haue seene her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vpon her, vnlocke her Closset, take foorth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleepe

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her say?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witnesse to confirme my speech.

Enter Lady, with a Taper.

Lo you, heere she comes: This is her very guise, and vpon my life fast asleepe: obserue her, stand close

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command

Doct. You see her eyes are open

Gent. I, but their sense are shut

Doct. What is it she do's now?
Looke how she rubbes her hands

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seeme
thus washing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in
this a quarter of an houre

Lad. Yet heere's a spot

Doct. Heark, she speaks, I will set downe what comes
from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly

La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why
then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie,
a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes
it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who
would haue thought the olde man to haue had so much
blood in him

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is she now?
What will these hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that
my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this starting

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you should not

Gent. She ha's spoke what shee should not, I am sure

of that: Heauen knowes what she ha's knowne

La. Heere's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes
of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh

Doct. What a sigh is there? The hart is sorely charg'd

Gent. I would not haue such a heart in my bosome,
for the dignity of the whole body

Doct. Well, well, well

Gent. Pray God it be sir

Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I haue
knowne those which haue walkt in their sleep, who haue
dyed holily in their beds

Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne,
looke not so pale: I tell you yet againe Banquo's buried;
he cannot come out on's graue

Doct. Euen so?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's
done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly

Doct. Foule whisp'ring are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will discharge their Secrets:
More needs she the Diuine, then the Physitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And still keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde she ha's mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I thinke, but dare not speake

Gent. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox,
Soldiers.

Ment. The English powre is neere, led on by Malcolm,
His Vnkle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere causes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming

Cath. Who knowes if Donalbane be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is Seywards Sonne,

And many vnruffe youths, that euen now
Protest their first of Manhood

Ment. What do's the Tyrant

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly Fortifies:
Some say hee's mad: Others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule

Ang. Now do's he feelee
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraide his Faith-breach:
Those he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feelee his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfish Theefe

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It selfe, for being there

Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs

Lenox. Or so much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan.

Exeunt. marching.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy Malcolme?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not Macbeth, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer sagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.
Enter Seruant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'st thou that Goose-looke

Ser. There is ten thousand

Macb. Geese Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you

Macb. Take thy face hence. Seyton, I am sick at hart,
When I behold: Seyton, I say, this push
Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life

Shakespeare's First Folio

Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to haue: but in their steed,
Curses, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?
Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.
Giue me my Armor

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet

Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sicke my Lord,
As she is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest

Macb. Cure of that:
Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseases'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanse the stufft bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister to himselfe

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:

Scaena Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Come sir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would scowre these English hence: hear'st y of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare something

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forrest come to Dunsinane

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe,
Seywards Sonne,
Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Cosins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe

Ment. We doubt it nothing

Seyw. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnane

Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,

And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discouery
Erre in report of vs

Sold. It shall be done

Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunsinane, and will indure
Our setting downe befor't

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none serue with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too

Macd. Let our iust Censures
Attend the true euent, and put we on
Industrious Souldiership

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we shall say we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculatiue, their vnsure hopes relate,
But certaine issue, stroakes must arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre.

Exeunt. marching

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, &Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,

The Cry is still, they come: our Castles strength
Will laugh a Siedge to scorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyse?

A Cry within of Women.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord

Macb. I haue almost forgot the taste of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my sences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-shrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dismall Treatise rowze, and stirre
As life were in't. I haue supt full with horrors,
Direnesse familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead

Macb. She should haue dy'de heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for such a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yesterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to dusty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That struts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing.
Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to vse thy Tongue: thy Story quickly

Mes. Gracious my Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to doo't

Scena Quinta.

Macb. Well, say sir

Mes. As I did stand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue

Macb. Lyar, and Slaue

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three Mile may you see it comming.
I say, a mouing Groue

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Vpon the next Tree shall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th' Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wish th' estate o'th' world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At least wee'l dye with Harnesse on our backe.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and
their Army,
with Boughes.

Scena Sexta.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Cosin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our first Battell. Worthy Macduffe, and wee
Shall take vpon's what else remaines to do,
According to our order

Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, giue the[m] all breath
Those clamorous Harbingers of Blood, &Death.

Exeunt.

Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a stake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.

Y.Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it

Y.Sey. No: though thou call'st thy selfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell

Macb. My name's Macbeth

Y.Sey. The diuell himselfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare

Macb. No: nor more fearefull

Y.Sey. Thou lyeest abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou speak'st.

Fight, and young Seyward slaine.

Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to scorne,
Brandish'd by man that's of a Woman borne.
Enter.

Alarums. Enter Macduffe.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant shew thy face,
If thou beest slaine, and with no stroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou Macbeth,
Or else my Sword with an vn battered edge
I sheath againe vndeeded. There thou should'st be,
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,

Scena Septima.

And more I begge not.

Exit. Alarums.

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almost it selfe professes yours,
And little is to do

Malc. We haue met with Foes
That strike beside vs

Sey. Enter Sir, the Castle.

Exeunt. Alarum

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gashes
Do better vpon them.
Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne

Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my soule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already

Scena Septima.

Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can giue thee out.

Fight: Alarum

Macb. Thou loosest labour
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yeeld
To one of woman borne

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
Tell thee, Macduffe was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tels mee so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monsters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant

Macb. I will not yeeld
To kisse the ground before young Malcolmes feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,

Scena Septima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on Macduffe,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt. fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm,
Seyward,
Rosse, Thanes, & Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd

Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought

Mal. Macduffe is missing, and your Noble Sonne

Rosse. Your son my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prowesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rosse. I, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. I, on the Front

Scena Septima.

Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
and that Ile spend for him

Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.
Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th' Vsurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds:
Whose voyces I desire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your seuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland
In such an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what need full else
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,

Scena Septima.

We will performe in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS. THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed Francisco

Fran. For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sicke at heart

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast. Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane

Fran. Giue you good night

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A peece of him

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night

Bar. I haue seene nothing

Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare

Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene

Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t' illume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one

Mar. Peace, breake thee of:
Enter the Ghost.

Looke where it comes againe

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio

Hora. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too

Mar. Question it Horatio

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake

Mar. It is offended

Barn. See, it stalkes away

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer

Barn. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeeue

Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant

And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to Hamlet. Now sir, young Fortinbras,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.
Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it Marcellus

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand

Barn. 'Tis heere

Hor. 'Tis heere

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th' extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hies
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauours Birch is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto yong Hamlet. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet,
Polonius,
Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queene,
Th' imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young Fortinbras,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuiies,
The Lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power

To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?
You told vs of some suite. What is't Laertes?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg Laertes,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The Hand more instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou haue Laertes?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What sayes Pollonius?

Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you giue him leaue to go

King. Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin Hamlet, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun

Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity

Ham. I Madam, it is common

Queen. If it be;
Why seemes it so particular with thee

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the delected hauiour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which passeth show;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature Hamlet,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
 Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
 Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
 Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers Hamlet:
 I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg

Ham. I shall in all my best
 Obey you Madam

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rouse, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dew:
 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
 Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meere. That it should come to this:
 But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
 Hyperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,
 That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
 Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
 Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
 As if encrease of Appetite had growne
 By what is fed on; and yet within a month?
 Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
 A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like Niobe, all teares. Why she, euen she.
 (O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
 My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
 Then I to Hercules. Within a Moneth?
 Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.
 Enter Horatio, Barnardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
 Horatio, or I do forget my selfe

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poore Seruant euer

Ham. Sir my good friend,

Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?
Marcellus

Mar. My good Lord

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from Wittemberge?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord

Ham. I would not haue your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in Elsenour?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon

Ham. Thrift thrift Horatio: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer seene that day Horatio.
My father, me thinkes I see my father

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (Horatio)

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look vpon his like againe

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witsse of these Gentlemen,
This maruell to you

Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(Marcellus and Barnardo) on their Watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, Cap a Pe,
Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,
And vanisht from our sight

Ham. Tis very strange

Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?

Both. We doe my Lord

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly

Ham. I would I had beene there

Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred

All. Longer, longer

Hor. Not when I saw't

Ham. His Beard was grisly? no

Hor. It was, as I haue seene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe

Hor. I warrant you it will

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;
Let it bee treble in your silence still:
And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requite your loues; so fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you

All. Our duty to your Honour.

Exeunt

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies.
Enter.

Scena Tertia

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbark't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloude;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more

Ophel. No more but so

Laer. Thinke it no more:
 For nature cressant does not grow alone,
 In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
 The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
 Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
 And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
 The vertue of his feare: but you must feare
 His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
 For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
 Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,
 Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
 The sanctity and health of the whole State.
 And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
 Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
 It fits your wisdom so farre to beleue it;
 As he in his peculiar Sect and force
 May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
 Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
 Then weight what losse your Honour may sustaine,
 If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
 Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
 To his vnmaske'd importunity.
 Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare Sister,
 And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
 Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
 The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
 If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
 Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
 The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere

Ophe. I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keepe,
 As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
 Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
 Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
 Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine
 Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his owne reade

Laer. Oh, feare me not.
Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue

Polon. Yet heere Laertes? Aboord, aboard for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thoughts his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord

Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend

Laer. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well

What I haue said to you

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laer.

Polon. What ist Ophelia he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the L[ord]. Hamlet

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.
Doe you beleeeue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable fashion

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, Ophelia,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue

Mar. No, it is strooke

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;

And to my mind, though I am natie heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.
Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy euent wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,

To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it

Hor. No, by no meanes

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it

Hor. Doe not my Lord

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,

And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord

Ham. Hold off your hand

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt. Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke

Hor. Heauen will direct it

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no further

Gho. Marke me

Ham. I will

Gho. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render vp my selfe

Ham. Alas poore Ghost

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;

Scena Tertia

I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and blood; list Hamlet, oh list,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall

Ham. Hast, hast me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May sweepe to my Reuenge

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now Hamlet heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne

Ham. O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,

That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
 I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
 Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
 To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer will be moued,
 Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
 So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
 Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, &prey on Garbage.
 But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
 Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
 My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
 Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
 With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
 And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
 The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
 That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through
 The naturall Gates and Allies of the body;
 And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
 The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth Body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
 Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;
 Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
 Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnmaneld,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head;
 Oh horrible Oh horrible, most horrible:
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
 Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
 A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,
 Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
 Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
 And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
 To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
 The Glow-worme shewes the Matine to be neere,
 And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
 Aduè, adue, Hamlet: remember me.
 Enter.

Ham. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
 And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
 And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
 But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
 I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
 In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?

Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
That youth and obseruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes yes, by Heauen:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Aduie, Aduie, Remember me: I haue sworn't

Hor. &Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet

Hor. Heauen secure him

Mar. So be it

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come

Mar. How ist my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it

Ham. No you'l reueale it

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen

Mar. Nor I, my Lord

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
For euery man ha's businesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily

Hor. There's no offence my Lord

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patricke, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:

Shakespeare's First Folio

For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request

Hor. What is't my Lord? we will

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night

Both. My Lord, we will not

Ham. Nay, but swear't

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith

Ham. Vpon my sword

Marcell. We haue sworne my Lord already

Ham. Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed

Gho. Sweare.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there truepenny?
Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Consent to sweare

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.
Sweare by my sword

Gho. Sweare

Ham. Hic &vbique? Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword

Gho. Sweare

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast?
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends

Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, Horatio,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;

Shakespeare's First Folio

As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
Sweare

Ghost. Sweare

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t' expresse his loue and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and these notes Reynoldo

Reynol. I will my Lord

Polon. You shall doe maruels wisely: good Reynoldo,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour

Actus Secundus.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it

Polon. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynoldo?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so ranke,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty

Reynol. As gaming my Lord

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A sauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault

Reynol. But my good Lord

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working:
Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would sound,
Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country

Reynol. Very good my Lord

Polon. And then Sir does he this?

He does: what was I about to say?

I was about say something: where did I leaue?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence:

At friend, or so, and Gentleman

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach
With windlasses, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice

Shakespeare's First Folio

Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue

Polon. God buy you; fare you well

Reynol. Good my Lord

Polon. Obserue his inclination in your selfe

Reynol. I shall my Lord

Polon. And let him plye his Musicke

Reynol. Well, my Lord.

Enter.

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it

Polon. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arme;

And with his other hand thus o're his brow,

He fals to such perusall of my face,

As he would draw it. Long staid he so,

At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:

And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;

He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,

That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,

And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,

And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,

He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,

For out adores he went without their helpe;

And to the last, bended their light on me

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,

This is the very extasie of Loue,

Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,

As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,

That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,

What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,

I did repell his Letters, and deny'de

His accesse to me

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement

I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,

And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie:

It seemes it is as proper to our Age,

To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,

As it is common for the yonger sort

To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,

This must be knowne, being kept close might moue

More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guildensterne Cum alijs.

King. Welcome deere Rosincrance and Guildensterne.
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance

Rosin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie

Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded

King. Thanks Rosincrance, and gentle Guildensterne

Qu. Thanks Guildensterne and gentle Rosincrance.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where Hamlet is

Guil. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.
Enter.

Queene. Amen.
Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd

King. Thou still hast bin the father of good Newes

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of Hamlets Lunacie

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare

Pol. Giue first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.
Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say Voltumand, what from our Brother Norway?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On Fortinbras, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th' assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.
Most welcome home.

Exit Ambass.

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go

Qu. More matter, with lesse Art

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.
Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'st she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautifed Ophelia.
That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautifed is a vilde
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white
bosome, these

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.
 Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
 Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:
 Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
 But neuer Doubt, I loue.
 O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to
 reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best beleeeue
 it. Adieu.
 Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this
 Machine is to him, Hamlet.
 This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
 And more about hath his soliciting,
 As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
 All giuen to mine eare

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable

Pol. I wold faine proue so. But what might you think?
 When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
 As I perceiu'd it, I must tell you that
 Before my Daughter told me what might you
 Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think,
 If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
 Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
 Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
 What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
 And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
 Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre,
 This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
 That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
 Which done, she tooke the Fruits of my Aduice,
 And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
 Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
 Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
 Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
 Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,
 And all we waile for

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby

Qu. So he ha's indeed

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters

King. We will try it.
Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently.

Exit King & Queen.

Scena Secunda.

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God—a—mercy

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger

Pol. Not I my Lord

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand

Pol. That's very true, my Lord

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion—
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord

Ham. Let her not walke i'thSunne: Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
looke too't

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter:
yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmonger:
he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,
I suffred much extreimity for loue: very neere this. Ile
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here,
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled;
their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleeeue; yet I holde it
not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre:
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
life

Polon. Fare you well my Lord

Ham. These tedious old fooles

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord Hamlet; there
hee is.
Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosin. God saue you Sir

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosin. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou
Guildensterne? Oh, Rosincrane; good Lads: How doe ye
both?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes
Cap, we are not the very Button

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Rosin. Neither my Lord

Ham. Then you liue about her waste, or in the middle
of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true:
she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Rosin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne
honest

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is
not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue
you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune,
that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison

Rosin. Then is the World one

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines,
Wards, and Dungeons; Denmarke being one o'th'
worst

Rosin. We thinke not so my Lord

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing
either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is
a prison

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis
too narrow for your minde

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and
count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that
I haue bad dreames

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the
very substance of the Ambitious, is meere the shadow
of a Dreame

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow

Rosin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and
light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodies; and our Monarchs
and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggars Shadowes:
shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at Elsonower?

Rosin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake

Guil. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King &Queene haue sent for you

Rosin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserued loue, and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no

Rosin. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery of your secrie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercise;

and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposition;
that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a sterrill
Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre,
look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe,
fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing
to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours.
What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in
Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing
how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel?
in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the
world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is
this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no,
nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme
to say so

Rosin. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my
thoughts

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights
not me?

Rosin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man,
what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue
from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are
they comming to offer you Seruice

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his
Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous
Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall
not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in
peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs
are tickled a'th' sere: and the Lady shall say her minde
freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players
are they?

Rosin. Euen those you were wont to take delight in
the Tragedians of the City

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence
both in reputation and profit was better both
wayes

Rosin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes

of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did
when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted
pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little
Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and
are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the
fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they
call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of
Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em?
How are they escorted? Will they pursue the Quality no
longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards
if they should grow themselues to common Players (as
it is most like if their meanes are not better) their Writers
do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their
owne Succession

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides:
and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie.
There was for a while, no mony bid for argument,
vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in
the Question

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of
Braines

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord. Hercules & his load too

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of
Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him
while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred
Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something

in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could
finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to Elsonower: your
hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion
and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe,
lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew
fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment
then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father,
and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the
Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.
Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen

Ham. Hearke you Guildensterne, and you too: at each
eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet
out of his swathing clouts

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for
they say, an old man is twice a childe

Ham. I will Prophetise. Hee comes to tell me of the
Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning
'twas so indeed

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
When Rossius an Actor in Rome—

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord

Ham. Buzze, buzze

Pol. Vpon mine Honor

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse—

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie,
Comedie, Historie, Pastorall:
Pastoricall—Comicall—Historicall—Pastorall:
Tragicall—Historicall: Tragicall—Comicall—Historicall—Pastorall:
Scene indiuidible: or Poem
vnlimited. Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor Plautus
too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are
the onely men

Ham. O Iephta Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st
thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well

Pol. Still on my Daughter

Ham. Am I not i'th' right old Iephta?

Polon. If you call me Iephta my Lord, I haue a daughter
that I loue passing well

Ham. Nay that followes not

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the Pons Chanson will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. Oh my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrent Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech

1.Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Caius to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scoenes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas Aeneas Tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priams slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged Pyrrhus like th'Hyrceanian Beast. It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,

With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Olde Grandsire Priam seekes

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent,
and good discretion

1.Player. Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at Priam driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th' vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopest to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner Pyrrhus eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend Priam, seem'd i'th' Ayre to sticke:
So as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after Pyrrhus pause,
A rowsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falles on Priam.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends

Pol. This is too long

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee
say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; come to Hecuba

1.Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good

1.Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel bestow'd.
Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desart

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man
after his desart, and who should scape whipping: vse
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in

Pol. Come sirs.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow.
Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
you are welcome to Elsonower?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

Scena Secunda.

That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
 Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
 That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
 And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
 Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
 Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
 Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
 A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
 Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
 Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
 Tweakes me by'th' Nose? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate,
 As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
 Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
 I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
 Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
 Oh Vengeance!
 Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most braue,
 That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
 Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
 Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
 And fall a Cursing like a very Drab.
 A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
 I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 Haue by the very cunning of the Scoene,
 Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
 They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
 For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake
 With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
 Play something like the murder of my Father,
 Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,
 Ile rent him to the quicke: If he but blench
 I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene
 May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
 T' assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
 Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
 As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
 More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
 Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.

Exit

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
Guildenstern, and
Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy

Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him

Pol. 'Tis most true:

Scena Secunda.

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet Gertrude leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront Ophelia. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th' affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for

Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part Ophelia, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may

Pol. Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're

The diuell himselfe

King. Oh 'tis true:

How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?

The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art

Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,

Then is my deede, to my most painted word.

Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:

Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer

The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,

Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe

No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end

The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation

Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,

To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,

For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,

When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,

Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect

That makes Calamity of so long life:

For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,

The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,

The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes

That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,

When he himselfe might his Quietus make

With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare

To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The vndiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne

No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,

And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,

Then flye to others that we know not of.

Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,

And thus the Natue hew of Resolution

Scena Secunda.

Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now, receiue them

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
then your Honestie?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honestie from what is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.

This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
prooffe. I did loue you once

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeeue so

Ham. You should not haue beleeeued me. For vertue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loued you not

Ophe. I was the more deceiued

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better
my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowde, reuengefull,
Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such
Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth.
We are arrant Knaues all, beleeeue none of vs. Goe thy
wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens

Ham. If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you
make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farwell

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, restore him

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.
God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another:
you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance.
Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad.
I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are
married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep
as they are. To a Nunnery, go.

Exit Hamlet.

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th' obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.
Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleeeue

Shakespeare's First Folio

The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord Hamlet saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdoms best shall thinke

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Torrent,
Tempest, and (as I say) the Whirle-winde of
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion
to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of
nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could
haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
outHerod's Herod. Pray you auoid it

Player. I warrant your Honor

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne
Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word,
the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance:

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is fro[m] the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abhominably

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently

Ham. Bid the Players make hast.

Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice

Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as iust a man
As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall

Hora. O my deere Lord

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennnew hast, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger.
To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,
That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core. I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.

Scena Secunda.

There is a Play to night to before the King.
One Scoene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioine,
To censure of his seeming

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.
Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
Guildensterne, and
other Lords attendant with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
March. Sound
a Flourish.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place

King. How fares our Cosin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so

King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet, these
words are not mine

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
i'th' Vniuersity, you say?
Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Actor

Ham. And what did you enact?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Pol. I did enact Iulius Caesar, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol:
Brutus kill'd me

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a
Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience

Qu. Come hither my good Hamlet, sit by me

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly betweene Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what should
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully
my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two
Houres

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,
for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths
ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare:
But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose
Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing
him. She
kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her
vp, and
declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke
of Flowers.
She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow,
takes off his
Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and
Exits. The
Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate
Action. The
Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming
to lament
with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the
Queene with
Gifts, she seemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end,
accepts his
loue.

Exeunt.

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes
Mischeefe

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and Tellus Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite comutuell, in most sacred Bands

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,
In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so

King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou—

Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed

King. I do beleeeue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne ennactors with themselues destroy:
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:

And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife

Ham. If she should breake it now

King. 'Tis deeply sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine,

Sleepes

And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

Exit

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Offence i'th' world

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrun.
Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
if I could see the Puppets dallying

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge

Ophe. Still better and worse

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for Reuenge

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholesome life, vsurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: His
name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
loue of Gonzago's wife

Ophe. The King rises

Ham. What, frighted with false fire

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue o're the Play

King. Giue me some Light. Away

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players sir

Hor. Halfe a share

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh Damon deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke

Hora. You might haue Rim'd

Ham. Oh good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for
a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come y Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you

Ham. Sir, a whole History

Guild. The King, sir

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer,
to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him
to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre
more Choller

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some
frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction
of spirit, hath sent me to you

Ham. You are welcome

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome
answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:

if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
my Businesse

Ham. Sir, I cannot

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wits diseas'd.
But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal command:
or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more
but to the matter. My Mother you say

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behauior hath stroke
her into amazement, and admiration

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a
Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mothers
admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closset,
ere you go to bed

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.
Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did loue me

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper?
You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie,
if you deny your greefes to your Friend

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement

Rosin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of

Shakespeare's First Folio

the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot

Ham. I pray you

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot

Ham. I do beseech you

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumb, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart
of my Myserie; you would sound mee from my lowest
Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke,
excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
blesse you Sir.
Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
and presently

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
like a Camell

Polon. By'th' Masse, and it's like a Camell indeed

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by

Polon. I will say so.
Enter.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends:

Scena Secunda.

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
 When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
 Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
 And do such bitter businesse as the day
 Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
 Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer
 The Soule of Nero, enter this firme bosome:
 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
 I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:
 My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
 How in my words someuer she be shent,
 To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.
 Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
 To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
 I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you:
 The termes of our estate, may not endure
 Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
 Out of his Lunacies

Guild. We will our selues prouide:
 Most holie and Religious feare it is
 To keepe those many many bodies safe
 That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie

Rosin. The single
 And peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
 To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
 That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
 The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
 Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
 What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
 Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount.
 To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
 Each small annexment, pettie consequence
 Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone
 Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;

For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,
Which now goes too free-footed

Both. We will haste vs.

Exeunt. Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th' offence?

In the corrupted currants of this world,
 Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
 And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
 Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
 Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
 Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
 Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
 All may be well.
 Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
 And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
 A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
 I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
 To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
 He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
 And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heaueie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his Soule,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
 Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
 When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
 That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't,
 Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
 And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
 As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
 This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.
 Enter.

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
 Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go.
 Enter.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him coming.
Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue

Qu. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Qu. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother

Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge:

You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead

Pol. Oh I am slaine.

Killes Polonius

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, &thunders
in the Index

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe.
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as actiuelly doth burne,
As Reason panders Will

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Sty

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet Hamlet

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket

Qu. No more.
Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would your gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command? Oh say

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake to her Hamlet

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?

That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Souldiours in th' Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pitteous action you conuert
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selues

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall.
Enter.

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodillesse Creation extasie is very cunning in

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse

Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
 Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
 That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
 It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
 Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
 Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
 Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
 And do not spred the Compost on the Weedes,
 To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
 For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
 Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
 Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good

Qu. Oh Hamlet,
 Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
 And liue the purer with the other halfe.
 Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
 Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
 And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
 To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
 I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gaue him: so againe, good night.
 I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
 Thus bad begins and worse remaines behinde

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
 Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
 Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
 And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
 Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
 Make you to rauell all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madnesse,
 But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
 Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
 Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
 No in despight of Sense and Secrecie,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe

Qu. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on

Ham. This man shall set me packing:
He lugged the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.
Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
These profound heaues
You must translate; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What Gertrude? How do's Hamlet?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension killes
The vnseene good old man

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin so with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done

King. Oh Gertrude, come away:
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse.
Enter Ros. & Guild.

Ho Guildenstern:
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,
And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this.
Exit Gent.

Come Gertrude, wee'l call vp our wisest friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed

Scena Secunda.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet

Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?
Oh heere they come.
Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell

Ham. Do not beleeeue it

Rosin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication
should be made by the Sonne of a King

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
best seruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in
the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed,
when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squeezing
you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe

Rosin. I vnderstand you not my Lord

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a
foolish eare

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is a thing—

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after.

Exeunt.

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releued,
Or not at all.
Enter Rosincrane.

How now? What hath befallne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your
pleasure

King. Bring him before vs

Rosin. Hoa, Guildensterne? Bring in my Lord.
Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At Supper

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine
conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm
is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else
to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King,
and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,
but to one Table that's the end

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger

King. Where is Polonius

Ham. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messenger
finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your
selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby

King. Go seeke him there

Ham. He will stay till ye come

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,

Th' Associates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet

Ham. Good

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England.

Exit

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.
And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The present death of Hamlet. Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,

Scena Secunda.

And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun.

Exit

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord

For. Go safely on.
Enter.

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
will needs be pittied

Qu. What would she haue?

Hor. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily

Qu. Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artlesse iealousie is guilt,
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.
Enter Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark

Qu. How now Ophelia?

Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.
Enter King.

Qu. Nay but Ophelia

Ophe. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord

Ophe. Larded with sweet Flowers:

Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue showres

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table

King. Conceit vpon her Father

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
they aske you what it meanes, say you this:
To morrow is S[aint]. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more

King. Pretty Ophelia

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S[aint]. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for shame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed

King. How long hath she bin thus?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should
lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,
and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:
Goodnight, goodnight.
Enter.

King. Follow her close,
 Giue her good watch I pray you:
 Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs
 All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,
 When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
 But in Battalians. First, her Father slaine,
 Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
 Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,
 Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
 For good Polonius death; and we haue done but greenly
 In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore Ophelia
 Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,
 Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her Brother is in secret come from France,
 Keepest on his wonder, keepest himselfe in clouds,
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
 With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
 Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
 Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
 In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,
 Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
 Giues me superfluous death.

A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my Switzers?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mes. Saue your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)
 Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
 Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,
 Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
 The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
 They cry choose we? Laertes shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
 Laertes shall be King, Laertes King

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without

All. No, let's come in

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue

Al. We will, we will

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father

Qu. Calmely good Laertes

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother

King. What is the cause Laertes,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go Gertrude: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,

That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go Gertrude.
Speake man

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead

Qu. But not by him

King. Let him demand his fill

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little

King. Good Laertes:

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser

Laer. None but his Enemies

King. Will you know them then

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet Ophelia:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge,
it could not moue thus

Ophe. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call

him a-downe—a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
the false Steward that stole his masters daughter

Laer. This nothings more then matter

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
Thoughts

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance
fitted

Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe—Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed:
They say, he made a good end;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse

Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death—bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye.

Exeunt. Ophelia

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content

Laer. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophée, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question

King. So you shall:
And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.
Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir

Hor. Let him blesse thee too

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th' Ambassadors that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinocrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.
He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.
Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.
Enter.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,

Scena Secunda.

That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almost by his looks: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniunctiue to my life, and soule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them

Laer. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—
Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from Hamlet, This to your
Maiesty: this to the Queene

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiu'd them

King. Laertes you shall heare them:
Leaue vs.

Exit Messenger

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly
Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount
th' Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.
Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis Hamlets Character, naked and in a Postscript
here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou

Kin. If it be so Laertes, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did

Laer. A Norman was't?

Kin. A Norman

Laer. Vpon my life Lamound

Kin. The very same

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,

To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father

Laer. I will doo't.
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death

Kin. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.
Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd Laertes

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.
Enter.

Kin. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall

Clo. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so

Clo. It must be Se offendendo, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried

Scena Secunda.

out of Christian Buriall

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that
great folke should haue countenance in this world to
drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christian.
Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp
Adams Profession

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes

Other. Why he had none

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how doth thou vnderstand
the Scripture? the Scripture sayes Adam dig'd;
could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question
to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse
thy selfe—

Other. Go too

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallows maker; for that Frame outliues a
thousand Tenants

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallows is
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallows
may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright,
or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake

Other. Marry, now I can tell

Clo. Too't

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when
you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the
Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee
to Yaughan, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath
the daintier sense

Clowne sings. But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene such

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
once: how the knave iowles it to th' grownd, as if it
were Caines Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It
might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Offices:
one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow
sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes,
Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons
Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to
see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but
to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke
on't

Clowne sings. A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the
Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why
doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knocke him about
the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of
his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's
time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances,
his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries:
Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries,
to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his
Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double
ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will
hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe
haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance
in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's
this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:
for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:
'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou
lyest

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
to you

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule,
shee's dead

Ham. How absolute the knave is? we must speake
by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the
Lord Horatio, these three yeares I haue taken note of it,
the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant
comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his
Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day
that our last King Hamlet o'recame Fortinbras

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne, hee
that was mad, and sent into England

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as
mad as he

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene
heere, man and Boy thirty yeares

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue
many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold
the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine

yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three &twenty years

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not

Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was Yoricks Scull, the Kings Iester

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ene that

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft. Where be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee Horatio tell me one thing

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke Alexander lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene so

Ham. And smelt so? Puh

Hor. E'ene so, my Lord

Ham. To what base vses we may returne Horatio.
Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of Alexander,
till he find it stopping a bung-hole

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether
with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus.
Alexander died: Alexander was buried: Alexander returneth
into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make
Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted)
might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t' expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.
Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,

She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage Requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my Hamlets wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympus

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow

Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane

Laer. The deuill take thy soule

Ham. Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand

King. Pluck them asunder

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp Esile, eate a Crocodile?
Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw

Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
He rant as well as thou

Kin. This is meere Madnesse:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her Golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer; but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day.
Enter.

Kin. I pray you good Horatio wait vpon him,
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good Gertrude set some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance

Hor. Remember it my Lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,

Scena Secunda.

(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will

Hor. That is most certaine

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found Horatio,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off

Hor. Ist possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seriuce: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,

As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriuing time allowed

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau't th' impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already

Hor. So Guildensterne and Rosincrance, go too't

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imploymēt
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there

Ham. It will be short,
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towing passion

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?
Enter young Osricke.

Os. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmarke

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?
Hor. No my good Lord

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the possession
of dirt

Os. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head

Os. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot

Ham. No, beleeeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly

Os. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my
Complexion

Os. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere
I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie
to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:
Sir, this is the matter

Ham. I beseech you remember

Os. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith:
Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at
his weapon

Ham. What's his weapon?

Os. Rapier and dagger

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well

Os. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary horses,
against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French
Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle,
Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very
deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate
carriages, and of very liberall conceit

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Os. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the

matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits

Osr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of

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yesty collection, which carries them through &through
the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow
them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,
I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the
oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about
my heart: but it is no matter

Hor. Nay, good my Lord

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of
gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall
their repaire hither, and say you are not fit

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall
Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it
be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no
man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?
Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with
Foyles,
and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I haue done

That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore Hamlets Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on

Laer. Come one for me

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th' darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede

Laer. You mocke me Sir

Ham. No by this hand

King. Giue them the Foyles yong Osricke,
Cousen Hamlet, you know the wager

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th' weaker side

King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me see another

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length.

Prepare to play.

Osricke. I my good Lord

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If Hamlet giue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.
Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye

Ham. Come on sir

Laer. Come on sir.

They play.

Ham. One

Laer. No

Ham. Iudgement

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit

Laer. Well: againe

King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse

King. Our Sonne shall win

Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, Hamlet

Ham. Good Madam

King. Gertrude, do not drinke

Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me

King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now

King. I do not thinke't

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience

Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Play.

Os. Nothing neither way

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd

Ham. Nay come, againe

Os. Looke to the Queene there hoa

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Os. How is't Laertes?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Sprindge, Osricke,

I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bleede

Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,

I am poyson'd

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out

Laer. It is heere Hamlet.
Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is iustly seru'd.
It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble Hamlet;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Scena Secunda.

Dyes.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
To the vnsatisfied

Hor. Neuer beleeeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left

Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyse is this?
Enter Osricke.

Os. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come fro[m] Poland
To th' Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly

Ham. O I dye Horatio:

Scena Secunda.

The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th' election lights
On Fortinbras, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o.

Dyes

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?
Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours,
and
Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke

Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That Rosincrance and Guildensterne are dead:
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th' yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare

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Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors head. All this can I
Truly deliuer

For. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,

Hor. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

Exeunt. Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are shot
off.

FINIS. The tragedie of HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

The Tragedie of King Lear

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the
Duke of Albany, then Cornwall

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But
now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it appeares
not which of the Dukes hee valewes
most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither,
can make choise of eithers moiety

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue
so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am
braz'd too't

Kent. I cannot conceiue you

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; wherevpon
she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a
Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.
Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault vndone, the issue of it,
being so proper

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some
yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account,
though this Knaue came something sawcily to the

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world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre,
there was good sport at his making, and the horson must
be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman,
Edmond?

Edm. No, my Lord

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship

Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better

Edm. Sir, I shall study deseruing

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall
again. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan,
Cordelia, and
attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster

Glou. I shall, my Lord.
Enter.

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you our no lesse louing Sonne of Albany,
We haue this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters seuerall Dowes, that future strife
May be preuented now. The Princes, France & Burgundy,
Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous sojourne,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diuest vs both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. Gonerill,
Our eldest borne, speake first

Gon. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild y matter,
Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you

Cor. What shall Cordelia speake? Loue, and be silent

Lear. Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and Albanies issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of loue:
Onely she comes too short, that I professe
My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highnesse loue

Cor. Then poore Cordelia,
And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that conferr'd on Gonerill. Now our Ioy,
Although our last and least; to whose yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake

Cor. Nothing my Lord

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maiesty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse

Lear. How, how Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your Fortunes

Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.
Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord

Lear. So young, and so vtender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the sacred radience of the Sunne,
The misteries of Heccat and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter

Kent. Good my Liege

Lear. Peace Kent,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call France, who stirres?
Call Burgundy, Cornwall, and Albanie,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
Let pride, which she cals plainnesse, marry her:
I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,
Preheminance, and all the large effects
That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
With reseruatiō of an hundred Knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine
The name, and all th' addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennue, Execution of the rest,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you

Kent. Royall Lear,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,

As my great Patron thought on in my praiers

Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be Kent vnmannedly,
When Lear is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?
Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainnesse honour's bound,
When Maiesty falls to folly, reserue thy state,
And in thy best consideration checke
This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reuerbe no hollownesse

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,
Thy safety being motiue

Lear. Out of my sight

Kent. See better Lear, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie

Lear. Now by Apollo,

Kent. Now by Apollo, King
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine

Lear. O Vassall! Miscreant

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbear

Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow
Vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy guift,
Or whil'st I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou dost euill

Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me;
That thou hast sought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durst neuer yet; and with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the sixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome: if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By Iupiter,
This shall not be reuok'd,

Kent. Fare thee well King, sith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That iustly think'st, and hast most rightly said:
And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may spring from words of loue:
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l shape his old course, in a Country new.
Enter.

Flourish. Enter Gloster with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord

Lear. My Lord of Burgundie,
We first addresse toward you, who with this King
Hath riuall'd for our Daughter; what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Loue?

Bur. Most Royall Maiesty,

I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours

Bur. I know no answer

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leaue her

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in such conditions

Le. Then leaue her sir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make such a stray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T' auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers

Fra. This is most strange,
That she whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,
The best, the deerest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of fauour: sure her offence
Must be of such vnnaturall degree,
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleue of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should neuer plant in me

Cor. I yet beseech your Maiesty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,
Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulnessse,
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath lost me in your liking

Lear. Better thou had'st
Not bene borne, then not t'haue pleas'd me better

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,
Which often leaues the history vnspoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that stands
Aloofe from th' intire point, will you haue her?
She is herselfe a Dowrie

Bur. Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutchesse of Burgundie

Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme

Bur. I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,
That you must loose a husband

Cor. Peace be with Burgundie,
Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,
I shall not be his wife

Fra. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poore,
Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My Loue should kindle to enflam'd respect.
Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire France:
Not all the Dukes of watrish Burgundy,
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell Cordelia, though vnkinde,
Thou loosest here a better where to finde

Lear. Thou hast her France, let her be thine, for we
Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:
Come Noble Burgundie.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Fra. Bid farwell to your Sisters

Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with wash'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a Sister am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your professed bosomes I commit him,
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both

Regn. Prescribe not vs our dutie

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted

Cor. Time shall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at last with shame derides:
Well may you prosper

Fra. Come my faire Cordelia.

Exit France and Cor.

Gon. Sister, it is not little I haue to say,
Of what most neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night

Reg. That's most certaine, and with you: next moneth with vs

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the obseruation
we haue made of it hath beene little; he alwaies
lou'd our Sister most, and with what poore iudgement he
hath now cast her off, appeares too grossely

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but
slenderly knowne himselfe

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath bin but
rash, then must we looke from his age, to receiue not alone
the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but
therewithall the vnruely way-wardnesse, that infirme and
cholericke yeares bring with them

Reg. Such vnconstant starts are we like to haue from
him, as this of Kents banishment

Gon. There is further complement of leaue-taking betweene France and him, pray you let vs sit together, if our Father carry authority with such disposition as he beares, this last surrender of his will but offend vs

Reg. We shall further thinke of it

Gon. We must do something, and i'th' heate.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddesse, to thy Law
My seruices are bound, wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custome, and permit
The curiosity of Nations, to depriue me?
For that I am some twelue, or fourteene Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my shape as true
As honest Madams issue? Why brand they vs
With Base? With basenes Bastardie? Base, Base?
Who in the lustie stealth of Nature, take
More composition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull stale tyred bed
Goe to th' creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'twene a sleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Bastard Edmond,
As to th' legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.
Well, my Legittimate, if this Letter speed,
And my inuention thriue, Edmond the base
Shall to'th' Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:

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Now Gods, stand vp for Bastards.
Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Prescrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? Edmond, how now? What newes?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none

Glou. Why so earnestly seeke you to put vp y Letter?

Bast. I know no newes, my Lord

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing my Lord

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not
such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee nothing,
I shall not neede Spectacles

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for so
much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking

Glou. Giue me the Letter, Sir

Bast. I shall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them,
Are too blame

Glou. Let's see, let's see

Bast. I hope for my Brothers iustification, hee wrote

this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue

Glou. reads. This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldnesse cannot relish them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyranny, who swayes not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speake more. If our Father would sleepe till I wak'd him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother. Edgar.

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne Edgar, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of my Closset

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Bast. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst swear it were his: but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it were not

Glou. It is his

Bast. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents

Glo. Has he neuer before sounded you in this busines?

Bast. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuennew

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, detested, brutish Villaine; worse then brutish: Go sirrah, seeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Bast. I do not well know my L[ord]. If it shall please you to

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suspend your indignation against my Brother, til you can
deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you shold
run a certaine course: where, if you violently proceed against
him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great
gap in your owne Honor, and shake in peeces, the heart of
his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that
he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, to no other pretence of danger

Glou. Thinke you so?

Bast. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you
where you shall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular
assurance haue your satisfaction, and that without
any further delay, then this very Euening

Glou. He cannot bee such a Monster. Edmond seeke
him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Businesse
after your owne wisdom. I would vnstate my
selfe, to be in a due resolution

Bast. I will seeke him Sir, presently: conuey the businesse
as I shall find meanes, and acquaint you withall

Glou. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moone portend
no good to vs: though the wisdom of Nature can
reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it selfe scourg'd
by the sequent effects. Loue cooles, friendship falls off,
Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, discord;
in Pallaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt
Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the
prediction; there's Son against Father, the King fals from
byas of Nature, there's Father against Childe. We haue
seene the best of our time. Machinations, hollownesse,
treacherie, and all ruinous disorders follow vs disquietly
to our Graues. Find out this Villain, Edmond, it shall lose
thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-harted
Kent banish'd; his offence, honesty. 'Tis strange.

Exit

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sicke in fortune, often the surfets of our own behaiour, we make guilty of our disasters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on necessitie, Fooles by heauenly compulsion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thrusting on. An admirable euasion of Whore-master-man, to lay his Goatish disposition on the charge of a Starre, My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder Vrsa Maior, so that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I should haue bin that I am, had the maidenlest Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.
Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedie:
my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a sighe like Tom o' Bedlam. – O these Eclipses do portend these diuisions.
Fa, Sol, La, Me

Edg. How now Brother Edmond, what serious contemplation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses

Edg. Do you busie your selfe with that?

Bast. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succede vnappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The night gone by

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together

Bast. Parted you in good termes? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Bast. Bethink your selfe wherein you may haue offended

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him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, vntill
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 alay

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you haue a continent
forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as
I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will
fitly bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe,
there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduise you to the best, I am no honest
man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told
you what I haue seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing
like the image, and horror of it, pray you away

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?
Enter.

Edm. I do serue you in this businesse:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honestie
My practises ride easie: I see the businesse.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit.
Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding
of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flashes into one grosse crime, or other,
That sets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vpbraides vs
On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former seruices,
You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue said

Ste. Well Madam

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among
you: what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes
so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my course; prepare
for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through it selfe to that full issue
For which I raiz'd my likenesse. Now banisht Kent,
If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, go get it ready:
how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir

Lear. What dost thou professe? What would'st thou
with vs?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue
him truely that will put me in trust, to loue him that is
honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to
feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot choose, and to
eate no fish

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as
the King

Lear. If thou be'st as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a
King, thou art poore enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Seruice

Lear. Who wouldst thou serue?

Kent. You

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance,
which I would faine call Master

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a
curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message
bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am quallified
in, and the best of me, is Dilligence

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to loue a woman for singing,
nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on
my backe forty eight

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no
worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner
ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call
my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?
Enter Steward.

Ste. So please you—
Enter.

Lear. What saies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole
backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's
asleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He saies my Lord, your Daughters is not well

Lear. Why came not the slaue backe to me when I
call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he
would not

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is,
but to my iudgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd
with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont,
theres a great abatement of kindnesse appeares as well in
the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and
your Daughter

Lear. Ha? Saist thou so?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee
mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke
your Highnesse wrong'd

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception,
I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late,
which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curiositie,
then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse;
I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I
haue not seene him this two daies

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into France
Sir, the Foole hath much pined away

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you
and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you
call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither
Sir, who am I Sir?
Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whorson
dog, you slaue, you curre

Ste. I am none of these my Lord,
I beseech your pardon

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Rascal?

Ste. Ile not be stricken my Lord

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base Foot-ball plaier

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.
Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences:
away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe,
tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wisdom, so

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's
earnest of thy seruice.
Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour,
nay, &thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch
colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow
ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a
blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must
needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would
I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'd keepe my Coxcombes
my selfe, there's mine, beg another of thy
Daughters

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee
whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th' fire
and stinke

Lear. A pestilent gall to me

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a speech

Lear. Do

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Haue more then thou showest,
Speake lesse then thou knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou throwest;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt haue more,
Then two tens to a score

Kent. This is nothing Foole

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer,
you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing
Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land
comes to, he will not beleuee a Foole

Lear. A bitter Foole

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betweene
a bitter Foole, and a sweet one

Lear. No Lad, teach me

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee
two Crownes

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th' middle and
eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when
thou clouest thy Crownes i'th' middle, and gau'st away
both parts, thou boar'st thine Asse on thy backe o're the
durt, thou hadst little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou
gau'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in
this, let him be whipt that first findes it so.
Foolles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,
For wisemen are growne foppish,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are so apish

Le. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I haue vsed it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st
thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them
the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they
For sodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach
thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie

Lear. And you lie sirrah, wee'l haue you whipt

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are,
they'l haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me
whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding
my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing then a foole,
and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy
wit o' both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; heere
comes one o'the parings.
Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet
on? You are too much of late i'th' frowne

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no
need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without
a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole,
thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, so
your face bids me, though you say nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crust, nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Pescod

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourelly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull
By what your selfe too late haue spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,
Mighty in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessitie
Will call discreet proceeding

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow
fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's had it head bit off by it
young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make vse of your good wisdom
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are

Foole. May not an Asse know, when the Cart drawes
the Horse?
Whoop Iugge I loue thee

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

This is not Lear:

Do's Lear walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. Lears shadow

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th' sauour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To vnderstand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wise.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The shame it selfe doth speake
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begges,
A little to disquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your Age,
Which know themselues, and you

Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.
Saddle my horses: call my Trainee together.
Degenerate Bastard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet haue I left a daughter

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rable,
make Seruants of their Betters.
Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster

Alb. Pray Sir be patient

Lear. Detested Kite, thou lvest.
My Trainee are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the most exact regard, support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How vgly did'st thou in Cordelia shew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you

Lear. It may be so, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe conuey stirrility,
Drie vp in her the Organs of increase,

Scena Quarta.

And from her derogate body, neuer spring
A Babe to honor her. If she must teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.
Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thanklesse Childe. Away, away.
Enter.

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:
But let his disposition haue that scope
As dotage giues it.
Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blastes and Fogges vpon thee:
Th' vntented woundings of a Fathers curse
Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you loose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I haue another daughter,
Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:
When she shall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shée'l flea thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt finde,
That Ile resume the shape which thou dost thinke
I haue cast off for euer.

Exit

Gon. Do you marke that?

Scena Quarta.

Alb. I cannot be so partiall Gonerill,
To the great loue I beare you

Gon. Pray you content. What Oswald, hoa?
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Master

Foole. Nunkle Lear, Nunkle Lear,
Tarry, take the Foole 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 Foole followes after.

Exit

Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our liues in mercy. Oswald, I say

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre

Gon. Safer then trust too farre;
Let me still take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:
If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I haue shew'd th' vnfitnessse.
Enter Steward.

How now Oswald?
What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?

Stew. I Madam

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your returne; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentlenesse, and course of yours
Though I condemne not, yet vnder pardon
You are much more at task for want of wisdomes,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildnesse

Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well

Gon. Nay then—

Alb. Well, well, th' euent.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Dilligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered
your Letter.
Enter.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go slip-shod

Lear. Ha, ha, ha

Fool. Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kindly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell

Lear. What can'st tell Boy?

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canst, tell why ones nose stands i'th' middle on's face?

Lear. No

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into

Lear. I did her wrong

Foole. Can'st tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a house

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his daughters, and leaue his hornes without a case

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be my Horsses ready?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about 'em; the reason why the seuen Starres are no mo then seuen, is a pretty reason

Lear. Because they are not eight

Foole. Yes indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst bin wise

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord

Lear. Come Boy

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departure, Shall not be a Maid long, vnlesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, seuerally.

Bast. Saue thee Curan

Cur. And you Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad,
I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
ear-kissing arguments

Bast. Not I: pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of Cornwall, and Albany?

Bast. Not a word

Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir.
Enter.

Bast. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie question
Which I must act, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.
Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, discend; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornewall?
Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,
And Regan with him, haue you nothing said
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Aduise your selfe

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word

Bast. I heare my Father comming, pardon me:
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld, come before my Father, light hoa, here,
Fly Brother, Torchcs, Torchcs, so farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue seene drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe?
Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torchcs.

Glo. Now Edmund, where's the villaine?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistris

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Looke Sir, I bleed

Glo. Where is the villaine, Edmund?

Bast. Fled this way Sir, when by no meanes he could

Glo. Pursue him, ho: go after. By no meanes, what?

Bast. Perswade me to the murther of your Lordship,
But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprouided body, latch'd mine arme;
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled

Glost. Let him fly farre:

Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him shall deserue our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpossessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposall
Of any trust, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee seeke it.

Tucket within.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villaine,

Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile barre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.
Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangenesse

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd

Reg. What, did my Fathers Godsonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your Edgar?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glo. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad

Bast. Yes Madam, he was of that consort

Reg. No maruaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:
I haue this present euening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to soiourne at my house,
Ile not be there

Cor. Nor I, assure thee Regan;
Edmund, I heare that you haue shewne your Father

A Child-like Office

Bast. It was my duty Sir

Glo. He did bewray his practise, and receiu'd
This hurt you see, striuing to apprehend him

Cor. Is he pursued?

Glo. I my good Lord

Cor. If he be taken, he shall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you Edmund,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:
You we first seize on

Bast. I shall serue you Sir truely, how euer else

Glo. For him I thanke your Grace

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?

Reg. Thus out of season, thredding darke ey'd night,
Occasions Noble Gloster of some prize,
Wherein we must haue vse of your aduise.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answeere from our home: the seuerall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch, our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsaile to our businesses,
Which craues the instant vse

Glo. I serue you Madam,

Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward seuerally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?

Kent. I

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' myre

Stew. Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me

Kent. I loue thee not

Ste. Why then I care not for thee

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury Pinfold, I would make thee care for me

Ste. Why do'st thou vse me thus? I know thee not

Kent. Fellow I know thee

Ste. What do'st thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited-hundred pound, filthy woosted-stocking knaue, a Lilly-liuered, action-taking, whoreson glasse-gazing super-seruiceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slaue, one that would'st be a Baud in way of good seruice, and art nothing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'st the least sillable of thy addition

Stew. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy heeles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a sop oth' Moonshine of you, you whoreson Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, against the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile so carbonado your shanks, draw you Rascall, come your waies

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe

Kent. Strike you slaue: stand rogue, stand you neat slaue, strike

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.
Enter Bastard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Bast. How now, what's the matter? Part

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you please, come,
Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes
again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarce in breath my Lord

Kent. No Maruell, you haue so bestir'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaimes in thee: a Taylor
made thee

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not haue made him so ill, though they had bin but two
yeres oth' trade

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I haue spar'd
at sute of his gray-beard

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnnecessary letter:
my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnbound
villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a
Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah,
You beastly knave, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which are t' intrince, t' vnloose: smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With euery gall, and varry of their Masters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epilepticke visage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
Goose, if I had you vpon Sarum Plaine,
I'd driue ye cackling home to Camelot

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glost. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and such a knaue

Corn. Why do'st thou call him Knaue?

What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,

I haue seene better faces in my Time,
Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant

Corn. This is some Fellow,

Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnes, and constraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainnesse
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty silly-ducking obseruants,
That stretch their duties nicely

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Vnder th' allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickring Phoebus front

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild
you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which
for my part I will not be, though I should win your
displeasure to entreat me too't

Corn. What was th' offence you gaue him?

Ste. I neuer gaue him any:
It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But Ajax is there Foole

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?

You stubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.
On whose imployment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vse me so

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will.

Stocks brought out.

Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should haue him thus restrained

Cor. Ile answere that

Reg. My Sister may recieue it much more worsse,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted

Corn. Come my Lord, away.
Enter.

Glo. I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Dukes pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes

Scena Secunda.

Will not be rub'd nor stopt, Ile entreat for thee

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whistle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:
Giue you good morrow

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken.
Enter.

Kent. Good King, that must approue the common saw,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'st
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But miserie. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall finde time
From this enormous State, seeking to giue
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.
Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most vnusall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserue myselfe: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beast; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, else all my haire in knots,
And with presented nakednesse out-face
The Windes, and persecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me prooffe, and president
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes.
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:

Shakespeare's First Folio

And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Praiers
Inforce their charitie: poore Turlygod poore Tom,
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.
Enter.

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lea. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send backe my Messengers

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remoue

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No my Lord

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horses are
tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares by'th' necke,
Monkies by'th' loynes, and Men by'th' legs: when a man
ouerlustie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-stocks

Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistooke
To set thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter

Lear. No

Kent. Yes

Lear. No I say

Kent. I say yea

Lear. By Iupiter I sweare no

Kent. By Iuno, I sweare I

Lear. They durst not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther,
To do vpon respect such violent outrage:
Resolue me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserue, or they impose this vsage,
Comming from vs

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, painting forth
From Gonerill his Mistris, salutations;
Deliuer'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They summon'd vp their meiney, straight tooke Horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespassed worth
The shame which heere it suffers

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geese fly that way,
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolors for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yeare

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.
Enter.

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you speake of?

Kent. None:
How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hadst beene set i'th' Stockes for that
question, thoud'st well deseru'd it

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Wee'll set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach
thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their
noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's
not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking;
let go thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a
hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the
great one that goes vpward, let him draw thee after:
when a wiseman giues thee better counsell giue me mine
again, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a
Foole giues it.

That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the storme,
But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,
And let the wiseman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.
Enter Lear, and Gloster] :

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole

Lear. Deny to speake with me?

They are sicke, they are weary,

They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,

The images of reuolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer

Glo. My deere Lord,

You know the fiery quality of the Duke,

How vnremoueable and fixt he is

In his owne course

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:

Fiery? What quality? Why Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speake with the Duke of Cornewall, and his wife

Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them so

Lear. Inform'd them? Do'st thou vnderstand me man

Glo. I my good Lord

Lear. The King would speake with Cornwall,

The deere Father

Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, seruice,

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:

Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that—

No, but not yet, may be he is not well,

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selues,

When Nature being opprest, commands the mind

To suffer with the body; Ile 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

Shakespeare's First Folio

Should he sit heere? This act perswades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd speake with them:
Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie sleepe to death

Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you.
Enter.

Lear. Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when she put 'em i'th' Paste aliue, she knapt 'em
o'th' coxcombs with a sticke, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindnesse to his
Horse buttered his Hay.
Enter Cornewall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both

Corn. Haile to your Grace.

Kent here set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse

Lear. Regan, I thinke you are. I know what reason
I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultresse. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued Regan,
Thy Sisters naught: oh Regan, she hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindnesse, like a vulture heere,

I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleeeue
With how deprauid a quality. Oh Regan

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You lesse know how to value her desert,
Then she to scant her dutie

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue restrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As cleeres her from all blame

Lear. My curses on her

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discernes your state
Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her

Lear. Aske her forgiuenesse?
Do you but marke how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is vnecessary: on my knees I begge,
That you'll vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are vnsghtly trickes:
Returne you to my Sister

Lear. Neuer Regan:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.

All the stor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse

Corn. Fye sir, fie

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall, and blister

Reg. O the blest Gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash moode is on

Lear. No Regan, thou shalt neuer haue my curse:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not giue
Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Trainee,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my comming in. Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th' Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd

Reg. Good Sir, to'th' purpose.

Tucket within.

Lear. Who put my man i'th' Stockes?
Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?

Scena Secunda.

Reg. I know't, my Sisters: this approues her Letter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slaue, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwels in the sickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my sight

Corn. What meanes your Grace?
Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who stockt my Seruant? Regan, I haue good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience; if you your selues are old,
Make it your cause: Send downe, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by'th' hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage termes so

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th' Stockes?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders
Deseru'd much lesse aduancement

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme so.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and sojourne with my Sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity oth' ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied France, that dowerlesse tooke

Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life a foote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter
To this detested groome

Gon. At your choice Sir

Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child; farewell:
Wee'l no more meete, 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 Byle,
A plague sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging Ioue,
Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred Knights

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome, giue eare Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you old, and so,
But she knowes what she doe's

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare auouch 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,
Speake 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she cals Seruants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?

If then they chanc'd to slacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice

Lear. I gaue you all

Reg. And in good time you gaue it

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But kept a reseruatiō to be followed
With such a number? What, must I come to you
With fiue and twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me

Lea. Those wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some ranke of praise, Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her Loue

Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Haue 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 then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need:
You Heauens, giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of grieffe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not so much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall– I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No, Ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping.

Storme and Tempest.

But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad.

Exeunt.

Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme

Reg. This house is little, the old man and's people,
Cannot be well bestow'd

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly

Reg. For his particular, Ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower

Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of Gloster?
Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd

Glo. The King is in high rage

Corn. Whether is he going?

Glo. He calls to Horse, but will I know not whether

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himselfe

Gon. My Lord, entreat him by no means to stay

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores,
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abus'd, wisdom bids feare

Cor. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My Regan counsels well: come out oth' storme.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, seuerally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or cease

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest
His heart-strooke iniuries

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings

Gent. I will talke further with you

Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
What it containes. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go seeke the King

Gent. Giue me your hand,
Haue you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o' doore. Good Nunkle,
in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties
neither Wisemen, nor Fooles

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,

Shakespeare's First Folio

That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainst a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule

Foole. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good
Head-peece:

The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggars marry many.
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made
mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Wiseman, and a Foole

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the feare

Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee vndivulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake
That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,

Scena Secunda.

More sinn'd against, then sinning

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scantied curtesie

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day

Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell.
Enter.

Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile speake a Prophetie ere I go:
When Priests are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When euery Case in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
When Vsurers tell their Gold i'th' Field,
And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then shal the Realme of Albion, come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who liues to see't,

That going shalbe vs'd with feet.
This prophecie Merlin shall make, for I liue before his time.
Enter.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke Edmund, I like not this vnnaturall dealing; when I desired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision betweene the Dukes, and a worsse matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closset, these iniuries the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things toward Edmund, pray you be carefull.
Enter.

Bast. This Curtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me
That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,
The yonger rises, when the old doth fall.
Enter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure.

Storme still

Lear. Let me alone

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storme
Inuades vs to the skin so: 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,
Doth from my sences take all feeling else,
Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,
To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O Regan, Gonerill,
Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:

No more of that

Kent. Good my Lord enter here

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie,
Enter.

Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittillesse storme,
How shall your House-lesse heads, and vnfed sides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these? O I haue tane
Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heauens more iust.
Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore Tom

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe
me, helpe me

Kent. Giue my thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore
Tom

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'
straw? Come forth

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the

sharpe Hawthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy
bed and warme thee

Lear. Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art
thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore Tom? Whom
the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,
through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire,
that hath laid Kniues vnder his Pillow, and Halts
in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him
Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure
incht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor.
Blisse thy fiue Wits, Toms a cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de,
blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and taking,
do poore Tom some charitie, whom the foule Fiend
vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there
again, and there.

Storme still.

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe?
Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he reseru'd a Blanket, else we had bin all
sham'd

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd Nature
To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
Those Pelicane Daughters

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen

Edgar. Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not, with mans sworne Spouse: set not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. Tom's a cold

Lear. What hast thou bin?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; seru'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkenesse with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, &broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contriuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy Sesey: let him trot by.

Storme still.

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to answere with thy vnouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke; the Beast, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.
Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Scena Quarta.

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at first Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eats the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the standing Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, sixe shirts to his body: Horse to ride, and weapon to weare: But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare, Haue bin Toms food, for seuen long yeare: Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. Modo he's call'd, and Mahu

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so vilde, that it doth hate what gets it

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
T' obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th' house

Lear. Ile talke a word with this same lerned Theban:
What is your study?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t' vnsettle

Glou. Canst thou blame him?

Storm still

His Daughters seeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He said it would be thus: poore banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he sought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,

Scena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your grace

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company

Edg. Tom's a cold

Glou. In fellow there, into th' Houel; keep thee warm

Lear. Come, let's in all

Kent. This way, my Lord

Lear. With him;
I will keepe still with my Philosopher

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:
Let him take the Fellow

Glou. Take him you on

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs

Lear. Come, good Athenian

Glou. No words, no words, hush

Edg. Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fumme,
I smell the blood of a Brittish man.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature
thus giues way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to
thinke of

Cornw. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your
Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death: but
a prouoking merit set a-worke by a reprouable badnesse
in himselfe

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent
to be iust? This is the Letter which hee spoake of;
which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages
of France. O Heauens! that this Treason were not;
or not I the detector

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchesse

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue
mighty businesse in hand

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester:
seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee
ready for our apprehension

Bast. If I finde him comforting the King, it will stuffe
his suspition more fully. I will perseuer in my course of
Loyalty, though the conflict be sore betweene that, and
my blood

Corn. I will lay trust vpon thee: and thou shalt finde
a deere Father in my loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully:
I will peece out the comfort with what addition I
can: I will not be long from you.

Exit

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his
impatience: the Gods reward your kindnesse.
Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fraterretto cals me, and tells me Nero is an Angler
in the Lake of Darknesse: pray Innocent, and beware

the foule Fiend

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be
a Gentleman, or a Yeoman

Lear. A King, a King

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to
his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a
Gentleman before him

Lear. To haue a thousand with red burning spits
Come hizzing in vpon 'em

Edg. Blesse thy fiue wits

Kent. O pittie: Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft haue boasted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
They marre my counterfetting

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: see, they barke at me

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you
Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:
Tooth that poysons if it bite:
Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,
Tom will make him weepe and waile,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: sese: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry,

Scena Sexta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Lear. Then let them Anatomize Regan: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them bee chang'd.
Enter Gloster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and rest awhile

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines:
so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th' morning

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone

Glou. Come hither Friend:
Where is the King my Master?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And driue toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master,
If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured losse. Take vp, take vp,
And follow me, that will to some prouision
Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, and Seruants.

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: seeke out the Traitor Glouster

Reg. Hang him instantly

Gon. Plucke out his eyes

Corn. Leaue him to my displeasure. Edmond, keepe you our Sister company: the reuenges wee are bound to take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Glouster.
Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouster hath conuey'd him hence
Some fiue or six and thirty of his Knights
Hot Questrists after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boast
To haue well armed Friends

Corn. Get horses for your Mistris

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister.

Exit

Corn. Edmund farewell: go seek the Traitor Gloster,
Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:
Though well we may not passe vpon his life

Scena Septima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Without the forme of Iustice: yet our power
Shall do a curt'sie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.
Enter Gloucester, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?
Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he

Corn. Binde fast his corky armes

Glou. What meanes your Graces?
Good my Friends consider you are my Ghests:
Do me no foule play, Friends

Corn. Binde him I say

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,
Villaine, thou shalt finde

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,
These haire which thou dost rauish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host,
With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come Sir.

Scena Septima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth

Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors,
late footed in the Kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands
You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake

Glou. I haue a Letter guessingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd

Corn. Cunning

Reg. And false

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glou. To Douer

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that

Glou. I am tyed to'th' Stake,
And I must stand the Course

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Annointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp

And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children

Corn. See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y Chaire,
Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote

Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
Giue me some helpe. – O cruell! O you Gods

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th' other too

Corn. If you see vengeance

Seru. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:
But better seruice haue I neuer done you,
Then now to bid you hold

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

Corn. My Villaine?

Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger

Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?

Killes him.

Ser. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left

Scena Septima.

To see some mischefe on him. Oh

Corn. Lest it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luster now?

Glou. All darke and comfortlesse?
Where's my Sonne Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treasons to vs:
Who is too good to pittie thee

Glou. O my Follies! then Edgar was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and prosper him

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Douer.
Exit with Glouster.

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: Regan, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.
Enter Glouster, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age

Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares

Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt

Oldm. You cannot see your way

Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seene,
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes againe

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th' last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarce Friends with him.
I haue heard more since:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th' Gods,
They kill vs for their sport

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master

Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I, my Lord

Glou. Get thee away: If for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th' way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,

When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
About the rest, be gone

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue
Come on't what will.

Exit

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further

Glou. Come hither fellow

Edg. And yet I must:
Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both style, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:
poore Tom hath bin scarr'd out of his good wits. Blesse
thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend

Glou. Here take this purse, y whom the heau'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,
That slaues your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feelee, feelee your powre quickly:
So distribution should vndoo excesse,
And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I Master

Glou. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the misery thou do'st beare
With something rich about me: from that place,
I shall no leading neede

Edg. Giue me thy arme;
Poore Tom shall leade thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
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, seemes pleasant to him;
What like, offensive

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feelee wrongs
Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way
May proue effects. Backe Edmond to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.
I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant

Shakespeare's First Folio

Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake
Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well

Bast. Yours in the rankes of death.
Enter.

Gon. My most deere Gloster.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans seruices are due,
My Foole vsurpes my body

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.
Enter Albany.

Gon. I haue beene worth the whistle

Alb. Oh Gonerill,
You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
Blowes in your face

Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'st a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning
Thine Honor, from thy suffering

Alb. See thy selfe diuell:
Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.
Enter a Messenger.

Scena Secunda.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of Glouster

Alb. Glousters eyes

Mes. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword
To his great Master, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'st them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull stroke, which since
Hath pluckt him after

Alb. This shewes you are aboue
You Iustices, that these our neather crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poore Glouster)
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This Leter Madam, craues a speedy answer:
'Tis from your Sister

Gon. One way I like this well.
But being widdow, and my Glouster with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer

Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither

Alb. He is not heere

Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mes. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might haue the freer course

Alb. Glouster, I liue

To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and
Souldiours.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now
As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd.
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,
Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;
Search euery Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth

Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operatiue, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish

Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you vnpublish'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouern'd rage, dissolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.
Enter Messenger.

Mes. Newes Madam,
The Brittish Powres are marching hitherward

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about: Therfore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?
Stew. I Madam

Reg. Himselfe in person there?
Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Sister is the better Souldier

Shakespeare's First Folio

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No Madam

Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady

Reg. Faith he is poasted hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out

To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues

All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinke is gone

In pittie of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: Moreouer to descry

The strength o'th' Enemy

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter

Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:

The wayes are dangerous

Stew. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,

Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much

Let me vnseale the Letter

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,

I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,

She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking lookes

To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding: Y'are: I know't,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: Edmond, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Mistris heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor

Glou. Me thinkes the ground is eeuen

Edg. Horrible steepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Glou. No truly

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your eyes anguish

Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st

Edg. Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments

Glou. Me thinkes y'are better spoken

Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he seemes no bigger then his head.
The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th' vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard so high. Ile looke no more,
Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight
Topple downe headlong

Glou. Set me where you stand

Edg. Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th' extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpriht

Glou. Let go my hand:
Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir

Glou. With all my heart

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,
Is done to cure it

Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposelesse willes,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If Edgar liue, O blesse him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Aliue, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me dye

Edg. Had'st thou beene ought
But Gozmore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst shiuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Hast heauy 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 Myracle. Speake yet againe

Glou. But haue I falne, or no?

Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre

Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp

Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will

Edg. Giue me your arme.
Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand

Glou. Too well, too well

Edg. This is aboue all strangenesse,
Vpon the crowne o'th' Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar

Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleerest Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impossibilities, haue preserued thee

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.
Enter Lear.

But who comes heere?

Scena Quinta.

The safer sense will ne're accommodate
His Master thus

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that respect. Ther's your
Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crowkeeper:
draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a
Mouse: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheese will
doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant.
Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th'
clout, i'th' clout: Hewgh. Giue the word

Edg. Sweet Mariorum

Lear. Passe

Glou. I know that voice

Lear. Ha! Gonerill with a white beard? They flatter'd
me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in
my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To say I, and
no, to euery thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good
Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the
winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not
peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em
out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told
me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-prooffe

Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. I, euery inch a King.
When I do stare, see how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?

Shakespeare's First Folio

No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thriue:
For Glousters bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond simpring Dame, whose face betweene her
Forkes presages Snow; that minces Vertue, &do's shake
the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor
the soyled Horse goes too't with a more riotous appetite:
Downe from the waste they are Centaures, though
Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit,
beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkenes,
there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,
consumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce
of Ciuet; good Apothecary sweeten my immagination:
There's money for thee

Glou. O let me kisse that hand

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smelles of Mortality

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall so weare out to naught.
Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou
squiny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it

Lear. Read

Glou. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your head, nor no mony in your purse? Your eyes are in a heauy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes

Glou. I see it feelingly

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how yond Iustice railes vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Iustice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Farmers dogge barke at a Beggar?

Glou. I Sir

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'st behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which thou whip'st her. The Vsurer hangs the Cozener. Thorough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place sinnes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to seale th' accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scuruy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reason in Madnesse

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate stratagem to shoo
A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in prooffe,
And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.
Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.
Your most deere Daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vse me well,
You shall haue ransome. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to'th' Braines

Gent. You shall haue any thing

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely,
Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be Iouiall:
Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa.
Enter.

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse
Which twaine haue brought her to

Edg. Haile gentle Sir

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Euery one heares that, which can distinguish sound

Edg. But by your fauour:

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry
Stands on the hourelly thought

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here

Her Army is mou'd on.

Enter.

Edg. I thanke you Sir

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,

Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe

To dye before you please

Edg. Well pray you Father

Glou. Now good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows

Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes,

Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand,

Ile leade you to some biding

Glou. Heartie thanks:
The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen
To boot, and boot.
Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie
That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out
That must destroy thee

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough too't

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence,
Least that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'casion

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'st

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore
volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life,
'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay,
come not neere th' old man: keepe out che vor' ye, or Ile
try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder;
chill be plaine with you

Stew. Out Dunghill

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor
your foynes

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse;
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,
And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund Earle of Glouster: seeke him out
Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death

Edg. I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistris,
As badnesse would desire

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you.
Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry
He had no other Deathsman. Let vs see:
Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue manie
opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and
place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee
returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed, my
Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and supply
the place for your Labour.

Your (Wife, so I would say) affectionate
Seruant. Gonerill.

Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will,
A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the sands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poste vnsanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and businesse, I can tell

Scena Quinta.

Glou. The King is mad:
How stiffe is my vilde sense
That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my greefes,

Drum afarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose
The knowledge of themselues

Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

Scaena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent,
How shall I liue and worke
To match thy goodnesse?
My life will be too short,
And euery measure faile me

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so

Scaena Septima.

Cor. Be better suited,
These weedes are memories of those worser houres:
I prythee put them off

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet

Cor. Then be't so my good Lord:
How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleepes still

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th' vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father

Gent. So please your Maiesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th' sway of your owne will: is he array'd?
Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants]

Gent. I Madam: in the heauinesse of sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance

Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Haue in thy Reuerence made

Kent. Kind and deere Princesse

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue stood that night against my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him

Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fittest

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' graue,
Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scal'd, like molten Lead

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide

Gen. He's scarce awake,
Let him alone a while

Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pittie
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands: let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd
Of my condition

Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourescore and vpward,
Not an houre more, nor lesse:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I haue
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 thinke this Lady
To be my childe Cordelia

Cor. And so I am: I am

Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue some cause, they haue not

Cor. No cause, no cause

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir

Lear. Do not abuse me

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further setting

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgiue,
I am old and foolish.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan. Gentlemen, and
Souldiers.

Bast. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought
To change the course, he's full of alteration,
And selfereprouing, bring his constant pleasure

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly miscarried

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted Madam

Reg. Now sweet Lord,
You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my Sister?

Bast. In honour'd Loue

Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam

Reg. I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.
Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sister, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out

Regan. Why is this reasond?
Gone. Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these domesticke and particular broiles,
Are not the question heere

Alb. Let's then determine with th' ancient of warre
On our proceeding

Reg. Sister you'le go with vs?
Gon. No

Reg. 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs

Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt. both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word

Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake

Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter

Edg. I was forbid it:
When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe.
Enter.

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.
Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By dilligent discouerie, but your hast
Is now vrg'd on you

Alb. We will greet the time.
Enter.

Bast. To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:
Each ielous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister Gonerill,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vse

Shakespeare's First Folio

His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia,
and
Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt. Enter Edgar, and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort

Glo. Grace go with you Sir.
Enter.

Alarum and Retreat within. Enter Edgar.

Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King Lear hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men must endure

Shakespeare's First Folio

Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on

Glo. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and
Cordelia, as
prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Bast. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning haue incurr'd the worst:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:
When thou dost aske me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiuenesse: So wee'l liue,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon's the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th' Moone

Bast. Take them away

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my Cordelia,
The Gods themselues throw Incense.
Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make vs weepe?
Weele see 'em staru'd first: come.
Enter.

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st
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
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thriue by other meanes

Capt. Ile do't my Lord

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'hast done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe.

Exit Captaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety

Scena Tertia.

May equally determine

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t' appeare
Where you shall hold your Session

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your Brother

Gon. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition

Reg. In my rights,
By me inuested, he compeeres the best

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you

Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets

Gon. Hola, hola,

Scena Tertia.

That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint

Rega. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomach. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master

Gon. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will

Bast. Nor in thine Lord

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: Edmund, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is bespoke

Gon. An enterlude

Alb. Thou art armed Gloster,
Let the Trumpet sound:
If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse

Scena Tertia.

Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee

Reg. Sicke, O sicke

Gon. If not, Ile nere trust medicine

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.
Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge

Regan. My sicknesse growes vpon me

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this.

A Trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Army,
will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster,
that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third
sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

1 Trumpet.

Her. Againe.

2 Trumpet.

Her. Againe.

3 Trumpet.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost
By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary
I come to cope

Alb. Which is that Aduersary?
Edg. What's he that speakes for Edmund Earle of Gloster?
Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priuiledge,

Scena Tertia.

The priuiledge of mine Honours,
 My oath, and my profession. I protest,
 Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
 Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
 Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
 False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
 And from th' extremest vpward of thy head,
 To the discent and dust below thy foote,
 A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
 This Sword, this arme, and my best spirits are bent
 To proue vpon thy heart, where to I speake,
 Thou lyest

Bast. In wisdom I should aske thy name,
 But since thy out-side lookes so faire and Warlike,
 And that thy tongue (some say) of breeding breathes,
 What safe, and nicely I might well delay,
 By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurne:
 Backe do I tosse these Treasons to thy head,
 With the hell-hated Lye, ore-whelme thy heart,
 Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
 This Sword of mine shall giue them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for euer. Trumpets speake

Alb. Saue him, saue him.

Alarums. Fights.

Gon. This is practise Gloster,
 By th' law of Warre, thou wast not bound to answer
 An vnknowne opposite: thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozend, and beguild

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
 Or with this paper shall I stop it: hold Sir,
 Thou worse then any name, reade thine owne euill:
 No tearing Lady, I perceiue you know it

Gon. Say if I do, the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't?
Enter.

Alb. Most monstrous! O, know'st thou this paper?

Bast. Aske me not what I know

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her

Bast. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue 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'rt Noble,
I do forgiue thee

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no lesse in blood then thou art Edmond,
If more, the more th'hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague vs:
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes

Bast. Th'hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle, I am heere

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did prophesie
A Royall Noblenesse: I must embrace thee,
Let sorrow split my heart, if euer I
Did hate thee, or thy Father

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your Father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord. List a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst.
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so neere, (O our liues sweetnesse,
That we the paine of death would hourelly dye,
Rather then die at once) taught me to shift
Into a mad-mans rags, t' assume a semblance
That very Dogges 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, sau'd him from dispaire.
Neuer (O fault) reueal'd my selfe vnto him,
Vntill some halfe houre past when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping of this good successe,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to support)
Twixt two extremes of passion, ioy and greefe,
Burst smilingly

Bast. This speech of yours hath mou'd me,
And shall perchance do good, but speake you on,
You looke as you had something more to say

Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolue,
Hearing of this.
Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe, helpe: O helpe

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot, it smoakes, it came euen from the heart
of- O she's dead

Alb. Who dead? Speake man

Gen. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Sister
By her is poyson'd: she confesses it

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an instant

Edg. Here comes Kent.
Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they aliue or dead;

Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.

This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble.
Touches vs not with pittie: O, is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners vrges

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?
Seest thou this obiect Kent?

Kent. Alacke, why thus?

Bast. Yet Edmund was belou'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herselfe

Alb. Euen so: couer their faces

Bast. I pant for life: some good I meane to do
Despight of mine owne Nature. Quickly send,
(Be briefe in it) to'th' 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 ha's the Office?
Send thy token of repreeue

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine

Edg. Hast thee for thy life

Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me,
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame vpon her owne dispaire,
That she for-did her selfe

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence awhile.
Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vse them so,
That Heauens vault should crack: she's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist or staine the stone,
Why then she liues

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror

Alb. Fall and cease

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That euer I haue felt

Kent. O my good Master

Lear. Prythee away

Edg. 'Tis Noble Kent your Friend

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha:
What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did

Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th' best, Ile tell you straight

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not Kent?

Kent. The same: your Seruant Kent,
Where is your Seruant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man

Lear. Ile see that straight

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Haue follow'd your sad steps

Lear. You are welcome hither

Kent. Nor no man else:
All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselues,
And desperately are dead

Lear. I so I thinke

Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it
That we present vs to him.
Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse

Mess. Edmund is dead my Lord

Alb. That's but a trifle heere:
You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,

Scena Tertia.

Shall be appli'd. For vs we will resigne,
During the life of this old Maiesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deseruings: O see, see

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

He dies.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake

Edg. Looke vp my Lord

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer

Edg. He is gon indeed

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but vsurpt his life

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the gor'd state sustaine

Kent. I haue a iourney Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no

Edg. The waight of this sad time we must obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

Exeunt. with a dead March.

FINIS. THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo. Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (Iago) who hast had my purse,
As if y strings were thine, should'st know of this

Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of such a matter, abhorre me

Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate

Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worssse a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)
Euades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?
For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuision of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinster. Vnlesse the Bookish Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th' election;
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (blesse the marke) his Mooreships Auntient

Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman

Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curse of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood Heire to'th' first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd
To loue the Moore?

Rod. I would not follow him then

Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.

We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave;
 That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
 Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
 For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Casheer'd.
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,
 Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And throwing but shewes of Seruice on their Lords
 Doe well thriue by them.
 And when they haue lin'd their Coates
 Doe themselves Homage.
 These Fellowes haue some soule,
 And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)
 It is as sure as you are Rodorigo,
 Were I the Moore, I would not be Iago:
 In following him, I follow but my selfe.
 Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
 For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
 The natue act, and figure of my heart
 In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
 But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue
 For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am

Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
 If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father:
 Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
 Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,
 And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
 Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
 Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
 As it may loose some colour

Rodo. Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud

Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
 As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
 Is spied in populus Citties

Rodo. What hoa: Brabantio, Signior Brabantio, hoa

Iago. Awake: what hoa, Brabantio: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues

Bra. Aboue. What is the reason of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tugging your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-sire of you.
Arise I say

Bra. What, haue you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Rodorigo

Bra. The worsser welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)
Vpon malicious knauerie, dost thou come
To start my quiet

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee

Rodo. Patience good Sir

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange

Rodo. Most graue Brabantio,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you

Ia. Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daughter
couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'le haue your Nephewes
neigh to you, you'le haue Coursers for Cozens:
and Gennets for Germaines

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs

Bra. Thou art a Villaine

Iago. You are a Senator

Bra. This thou shalt answere. I know thee Rodorigo

Rod. Sir, I will answere any thing. But I beseech you
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th' night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and saucie wrongs.

But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
 We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue
 That from the sence of all Ciuitie,
 I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
 Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
 I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
 Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
 In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
 Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe.
 If she be in her Chamber, or your house,
 Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
 For thus deluding you

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
 Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
 This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
 Beleeve of it oppresses me alreadie.
 Light, I say, light.
 Enter.

Iag. Farewell: for I must leaue you.
 It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place
 To be producted, (as if I stay, I shall)
 Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
 (How euer this may gall him with some checke)
 Cannot with safetie cast-him. For he's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
 (Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
 Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
 To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell paines,
 Yet, for necessitie of present life,
 I must show out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
 (Which is indeed but signe) that you shal surely find him
 Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
 And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Enter.

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is naught but bitterness. Now Rodorigo,
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore saist thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get moe Tapers.
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rodo. Truely I thinke they are

Bra. Oh Heauen: how got she out?
Oh treason of the blood.
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds
By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read Rodorigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, some another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me

Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery house Ile call,
(I may command at most) get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some speciall Officers of might:
On good Rodorigo, I will deserue your paines.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very stuffe o'th' conscience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'haue yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes

Othello. 'Tis better as it is

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such scuruy, and prouoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,
The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable

Othel. Let him do his spight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know Iago,
But that I loue the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my vnhouse'd free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in

Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Ianus, I thinke no

Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Euen on the instant

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?
Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,
To search you out

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you

Cassio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer

Cassio. I do not vnderstand

Iago. He's married

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to— Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel. Haue with you

Cassio. Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent

Othello. Holla, stand there

Rodo. Signior, it is the Moore

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe

Iago. You, Rodorigo? Come Sir, I am for you

Othe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with
yeares, then with your Weapons

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t' encurre a generall mocke)

Run from her Guardage to the sootie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill

Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answere this your charge?

Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer

Othe. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond—slaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite

1.Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies

Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie

2.Sena. And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleete, and bearing vp to Cyprus

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull sense

Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies

Duke. Now? What's the businesse?

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior Angelo

Duke. How say you by this change?

1.Sen. This cannot be

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th' importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our selues againe but vnderstand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,
To leaue that latest, which concernes him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes

Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Ottamites, Reueren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete

1.Sen. I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?

Mess. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeeue him

Scaena Tertia.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?

1.Sen. He's now in Florence

Duke. Write from vs,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch

1.Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular grieve
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts, and swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, so preposterously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought

All. We are verie sorry for't

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so

Othe. Most Potent, Graue, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seuen yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round vn-varnish'd Tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of Loue.
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:
Of Spirit so still, and quiet, that her Motion

Shakespeare's First Folio

Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, euery thing
To fall in Loue, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (coniur'd to this effect)
He wrought vpon her.
To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Test
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him

Sen. But Othello, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othel. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither

Othe. Aunciant, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And tell she come, as truely as to heauen,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So iustly to your Graue eares, Ile present
How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine

Duke. Say it Othello

Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past.
I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours historie.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The Antropophague, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not instinctiuelly: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good Brabantio, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands

Bra. I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iewell)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.
What cannot be preseru'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootelesse grieve

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We loose it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place is
best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substitute
of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
soueraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer
voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborne,
and boystrous expedition

Othe. The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacratie,
I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake
This present Warres against the Ottamites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and besort
As leuels with her breeding

Duke. Why at her Fathers?

Bra. I will not haue it so

Othe. Nor I

Des. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Gracious Duke,
To my vnfoldings, lend your prosperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T' assist my simplenesse

Duke. What would you Desdemona?

Des. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him

Othe. Let her haue your voice.

Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Cupid, seele with wanton dulnesse
My speculatiue, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base aduersities,
Make head against my Estimation

Duke. Be it as you shall priuately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cries hast:
And speed must answer it

Sen. You must away to night

Othe. With all my heart

Duke. At nine i'th' morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leaue some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you

Othe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me

Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, vse Desdemona well

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee.
Enter.

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leaue to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best aduantage.
Come Desdemona, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.
Enter.

Rod. Iago

Iago. What saist thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe

Iago. If thou do'st, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why thou silly Gentleman?

Rod. It is sillynesse to liue, when to liue is torment: and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is our Physition

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish betwixt a Benefit, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would say, I would drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would change my Humanity with a Baboone

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selues that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede vp Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with many: either to haue it sterrill with idlenesse, or manured with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensualitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would conduct vs to most prepostrous Conclusions. But we haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or vnbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen

Rod. It cannot be

Iago. It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the Warres, defeate thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money. The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts, shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be drown'd, and go without her

Rodo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse reason. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, against him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euent in the Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go, prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to morrow. Adieu

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare Rodorigo?

Rod. Ile sell all my Land.

Enter.

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such Snipe,
But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th' Nose
As Asses are:
I hau't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

1.Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Mainie,
Descry a Saile

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffiand so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

2 A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:

**For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clouds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th' euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like mollestation view
On the enchafed Flood**

Men. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.
Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes: our warres are done:

**The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement halts. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath seene a greeuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet**

Mon. How? Is this true?

**3 The Ship is heere put in: A Verennessa, Michael Cassio
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, Othello,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus**

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouvernour

**3 But this same Cassio, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet he lookes sadly,
And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest**

Mon. Pray Heauens he be:
For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue Othello,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th' Eriall blew,
An indistinct regard

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.
Enter Cassio.

Cassi. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea

Mon. Is he well ship'd?
Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure

Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile

Cassio. What noise?
Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th' Sea
Stand rankes of People and they cry, a Saile

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Gouvernor

Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends, at least

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd

Gent. I shall.
Enter.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath atchieu'd a Maid
That paragon's description, and wilde Fame:
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.
Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Auncient to the Generall

Cassio. Ha's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing sence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine Desdemona

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights speed. Great Ioue, Othello guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in Desdemonaes Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Aemilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheelee thee round

Des. I thanke you, Valiant Cassio,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriu'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere

Des. Oh, but I feare:
How lost you company?

Cassio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowship. But hearke, a Saile

Within. A Saile, a Saile

Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewise is a Friend

Cassio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Mistris:
Let it not gaule your patience (good Iago)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of Curtesie

Iago. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lippes,
As of her tongue she oft bestowes on me,
You would haue enough

Des. Alas: she ha's no speech

Iago. Infaith too much:
I finde it still, when I haue leaue to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking

aemil. You haue little cause to say so

Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your Iniuries: Diuels being offended:
Players in your Huswiferie, and Huswiues in your
Beds

Des. Oh, fie vpon thee, Slanderer

Iago. Nay, it is true: or else I am a Turke,
You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.
Aemil. You shall not write my praise

Iago. No, let me not

Desde. What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?

Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall

Des. Come on, assay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?

Iago. I Madam

Des. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my inuention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
out Braines and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she
is deliuer'd.

If she be faire, and wise: fairenesse, and wit,
The ones for vse, the other vseth it

Des. Well prais'd:
How if she be Blacke and Witty?

Iago. If she be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit

Des. Worse, and worse.
Aemil. How if Faire, and Foolish?
Iago. She neuer yet was foolish that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire

Desde. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th' Alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's Foule, and Foolish

Iago. There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise-ones do

Desde. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deseruing
woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her
merit, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it
selfe

Iago. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may.
She that being angred, her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flie:
She that in wisdom neuer was so fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and neu'r disclose her mind,

Shakespeare's First Folio

See Suitors following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if euer such wightes were)

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle Fooles, and chronicle small Beere

Desde. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion. Do
not learne of him aemillia, though he be thy husband.
How say you (Cassio) is he not a most prophane, and liberall
Counsailor?

Cassio. He speakes home (Madam) you may relish
him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well said, whisper.
With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great
a Fly as Cassio. I smile vpon her, do: I will giue thee
in thine owne Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed.
If such tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantrie,
it had beene better you had not kiss'd your three fingers
so oft, which now againe you are most apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kiss'd, and excellent Curtsie:
'tis so indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lippes? Would they were Cluster-pipes for your
sake.
The Moore I know his Trumpet

Cassio. 'Tis truely so

Des. Let's meete him, and recieue him

Cassio. Loe, where he comes.
Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my faire Warriour

Des. My deere Othello

Othe. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To see you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy:
If after euerie Tempest, come such Calmes,
May the windes blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be most happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate

Des. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts should encrease
Euen as our dayes do grow

Othe. Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me heere: it is too much of ioy.
And this, and this the greatest discords be
That ere our hearts shall make

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But Ile set downe
the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am

Othe. Come: let vs to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
(Hony) you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I haue found great loue among'st them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good Iago,
Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthynesse
Do's challenge much respect. Come Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
Come thither, if thou be'st Valiant, (as they say base men
being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
more then is natue to them) list-me; the Lieutenant to
night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
thee this: Desdemona, is directly in loue with him

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not possible

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be instructed.
Marke me with what violence she first lou'd
the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet
heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight
shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a
game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.
Louelinesse in fauour, simpathy in yeares, Manners,
and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now
for want of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate
tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,
gorge, disrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil
instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vnforc'd
position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
this Fortune, as Cassio do's: a knaue very voluble: no
further conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme
of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compasse
of his salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none,
why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occasion:
that he's an eye can stampe, and counterfeit Aduantages,
though true Aduantage neuer present it selfe.
A diuelish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and greene
mindes looke after. A pestilent compleat knaue, and the
woman hath found him already

Rodo. I cannot beleeeue that in her, she's full of most
bless'd condition

Iago. Bless'd figges—end. The Wine she drinkes is made of grapes. If shee had beene bless'd, shee would neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie

Iago . Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts. They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts Rodorigo, when these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and maine exercise, th' incorporate conclusion: Pish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. Cassio knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more fauorably minister

Rod. Well

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and happely may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whose qualification shall come into no true taste againe, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you haue a shorter iourney to your desires, by the meanes I shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment most profitably remoued, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Farewell

Rodo. Adieu.

Enter.

Iago. That Cassio loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to Desdemona
A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do suspect the lustie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wife.
Or fayling so, yet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Ielouzie so strong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile haue our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare Cassio with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse,
And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madnesse. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer seene, till vs'd.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant
Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd,
importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleete:
euery man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,

Shakespeare's First Folio

some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these beneficiall
Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices
are open, &there is full libertie of Feasting from this
present houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen.
Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall Othello.
Enter.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Othe. Good Michael, looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our selues that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion

Cas. Iago, hath direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't

Othe. Iago, is most honest:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me haue speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchase made, the fruites are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you.
Goodnight.
Enter.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome Iago: we must to the Watch

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
o'th' clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus earely for the
loue of his Desdemona: Who, let vs not therefore blame;
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
she is sport for loue

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game

Cas. Indeed shes a most fresh and delicate creature

Iago. What an eye she ha's?
Me thinkes it sounds a parley to prouocation

Cas. An inuiting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modest

Iago. And when she speakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Loue?
Cas. She is indeed perfection

Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant,
I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a
brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a measure
to the health of blacke Othello

Cas. Not to night, good Iago, I haue very poore,
and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well wish
Curtesie would inuent some other Custome of entertainment

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
drinke for you

Cassio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
dare not taske my weakenesse with any more

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants
desire it

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in

Cas. Ile do't, but it dislikes me.
Enter.

Iago. If I can fasten but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistris dogge.
Now my sicke Foole Rodorigo,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to night Carrows'd.
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle)
Haue I to night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongst this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our Cassio in some Action
That may offend the Isle. But here they come.
Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approue my dreame,
My Boate sailes freely, both with winde and Streame

Cas. 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowse already

Mon. Good-faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a
Souldier

Iago. Some Wine hoa.
And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a span,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.
Some Wine Boyes

Cas. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are
most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine,
and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are
nothing to your English

Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane
dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine.
He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
Pottle can be fill'd

Cas. To the health of our Generall

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice

Iago. Oh sweet England.
King Stephen was anda worthy Peere,
His Breeches cost him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.
Some Wine hoa

Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the other

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Cas. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place,
that do's those things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and
there be soules must be saued, and there be soules must
not be saued

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant

Cas. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saued

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant

Cassio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's haue
no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our
sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not
thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this
is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke
now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough

Gent. Excellent well

Cas. Why very well then: you must not thinke then,
that I am drunke.
Enter.

Monta. To th' Platforme (Masters) come, let's set the
Watch

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to stand by Caesar,

And giue direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this Island

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in Cassio,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?
Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now Rodorigo?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go

Mon. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue Cassio well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearke, what noise?
Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the

Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir, hold your hand

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir Montano:
Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, hoa:
The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,
You'le be asham'd for euer.
Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies

Othe. Hold for your liues

Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:
Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame

Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the Ottamittes.
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:

Scena Secunda.

He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,
 Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
 Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,
 From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
 Honest Iago, that lookes dead with greeuing,
 Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.
 In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
 Deuesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
 (As if some Planet had vnwitted men)
 Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
 Any begining to this peeuish oddes.
 And would, in Action glorious, I had lost
 Those legges, that brought me to a part of it

Othe. How comes it (Michaell) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake

Othe. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill:
 The grauitie, and stillnesse of your youth
 The world hath noted. And your name is great
 In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter
 That you vnlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion, for the name
 Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,
 Your Officer Iago, can informe you,
 While I spare speech which something now offends me.
 Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
 By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,
 Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,
 And to defend our selues, it be a sinne
 When violence assailes vs

Othe. Now by Heauen,
 My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
 And passion (hauing my best iudgement collied)
 Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you
 Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
 How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,

And he that is approu'd in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,
 Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
 To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?
 In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
 'Tis monstrous: Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,
 Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,
 Thou art no Souldier

Iago. Touch me not so neere,
 I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
 Then it should do offence to Michael Cassio.
 Yet I perswade my selfe, to speake the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
 Montano and my selfe being in speech,
 There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,
 And Cassio following him with determin'd Sword
 To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
 Steppes in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
 My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,
 Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)
 The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)
 Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather
 For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,
 And Cassio high in oath: Which till to night
 I nere might say before. When I came backe
 (For this was briefe) I found them close together
 At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were
 When you your selfe did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report,
 But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely Cassio, I beleeeue receiu'd
 From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,
 Which patience could not passe

Othe. I know Iago
 Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I loue thee,
 But neuer more be Officer of mine.
 Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example

Des. What is the matter (Deere?)

Othe. All's well, Sweeting:

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
Come Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
Enter.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue
lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of
myselfe, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation,
Iago, my Reputation

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had
receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that
then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deseruing.
You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you
repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are
more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are
but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in policie,
then in malice) euen so as one would beate his offencelesse
dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
him againe, and he's yours

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And

squabble? Swagger? Sweare? And discourse Fustian
with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of
Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call
thee Diuell

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your
Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing distinctly:
a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale away
their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasance,
reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how
came you thus recouered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkennesse, to giue
place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me
another to make me frankly despise my selfe

Iago. Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the
Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands
I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as
it is, mend it for your owne good

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell
me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as Hydra,
such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible
man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh
strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnblest'd, and the Ingredient
is a diuell

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar
Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue
you

Cassio. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before

Cassio. You aduise me well

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest kindnesse

Cassio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will beseech the vertuous Desdemona to vndertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I must to the Watch

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That saies I play the Villaine?
When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.

Scena Secunda.

For 'tis most easie
 Th' inclyning Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull
 As the free Elements. And then for her
 To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
 All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:
 His Soule is so enfetter'd to her Loue,
 That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,
 Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,
 With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
 To Counsell Cassio to this paralell course,
 Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,
 When diuels will the blackest sinnes put on,
 They do suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
 As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole
 Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune,
 And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
 Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:
 That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust,
 And by how much she striues to do him good,
 She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
 So will I turne her vertue into pitch.
 And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
 That shall en-mash them all.
 How now Rodorigo?
 Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not
 like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the
 Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night
 exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue
 will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines;
 And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne
 againe to Venice

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience?
 What wound did euer heale but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft
 And Wit depends on dilatory time:
 Dos't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd Cassio:
 Though other things grow faire against the Sun,
 Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe:
 Content thy selfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;
 Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.
 Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:
 Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:

Nay get thee gone.

Exit Roderigo.

Two things are to be done:
My Wife must moue for Cassio to her Mistris:
Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may Cassio finde
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.
Enter.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musitians, and Clowne.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines,
Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General

Clo. Why Masters, haue your Instruments bin in Naples,
that they speake i'th' Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are these I pray you, winde Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they sir

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I
know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the Generall
so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues
sake to make no more noise with it

Mus. Well Sir, we will not

Clo. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard,
too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the Generall
do's not greatly care

Mus. We haue none such, sir

Clo. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile
away. Go, vanish into ayre, away.

Exit Mu.

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honest Friend:
I heare you

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore
peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends
the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats
her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall
seeme to notifie vnto her.

Exit Clo.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
I haue made bold (Iago) to send in to your wife:
My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous Desdemona
Procure me some accesse

Iago. Ile send her to you presently:
And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and businesse
May be more free.

Exit

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honest.
Enter aemilia.

Aemil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie
For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in againe

Cassio. Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of some breefe Discourse
With Desdemon alone.

Aemil. Pray you come in:
I will bestow you where you shall haue time
To speake your bosome freely

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe. These Letters giue (Iago) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
Repaire there to mee

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?
Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and aemilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good Cassio) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.
Aemil. Good Madam do:
I warrant it greeues my Husband,
As if the cause were his

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt Cassio
But I will haue my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were

Cassio. Bounteous Madam,

Scoena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

What euer shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politique distance

Cassio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either last so long,
Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breede it selfe so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice

Des. Do not doubt that: before aemilia here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, Ile performe it
To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
With Cassio's suite: Therefore be merry Cassio,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then giue thy cause away.
Enter Othello, and Iago.

Aemil. Madam, heere comes my Lord

Cassio. Madam, Ile take my leaue

Des. Why stay, and heare me speake

Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purposes

Des. Well, do your discretion.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. Hah? I like not that

Othel. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if– I know not what

Othel. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing your comming

Oth. I do beleeeue 'twas he

Des. How now my Lord?

I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Des. Why your Lieutenant Cassio: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honest face.
I prythee call him backe

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. I sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe

Othel. Not now (sweet Desdemon) some other time

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner (Sweet) for you

Des. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell

Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,
On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wensday Morne.

I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
(Saue that they say the warres must make example)
Out of her best, is not almost a fault
T' encurre a priuate checke. When shall he come?
Tell me Othello. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? Michael Cassio,
That came a woing with you? and so many a time
(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing

Des. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloues,
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult waight,

And fearefull to be granted

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe

Des. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord

Oth. Farewell my Desdemona, Ile come to thee strait

Des. aemilia come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient.
Enter.

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe

Iago. My Noble Lord

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?
Oth. He did, from first to last:
Why dost thou aske?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? I, Honest

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know

Oth. What do'st thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;

As if there were some Monster in thy thought

Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say euen now, thou lik'st not that,

When Cassio left my wife. What didd'st not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,

Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeede?

And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadd'st shut vp in thy Braine

Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'st loue me,

Shew me thy thought

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you

Oth. I thinke thou do'st:

And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:

For such things in a false disloyall Knaue

Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,

They're close dilations, working from the heart,

That Passion cannot rule

Iago. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest

Oth. I thinke so too

Iago. Men should be what they seeme,
Or those that be not, would they might seeme none

Oth. Certaine, men should be what they seeme

Iago. Why then I thinke Cassio's an honest man

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminare, and giue thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and falce?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehensions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (Iago)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare
A stranger to thy Thoughts

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my iealousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vnshure obseruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts

Oth. What dost thou meane?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed

Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custodie

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealousie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

Oth. O miserie

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealousie

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Iealousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exufflicate, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw

The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No Iago,
 Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
 And on the prooffe, there is no more but this,
 Away at once with Loue, or Iealousie

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
 To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
 With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
 Receiue it from me. I speake not yet of prooffe:
 Looke to your wife, obserue her well with Cassio,
 Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
 I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
 Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
 I know our Country disposition well:
 In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks
 They dare not shew their Husbands.
 Their best Conscience,
 Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
 And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
 She lou'd them most

Oth. And so she did

Iago. Why go too then:
 Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming
 To seele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
 He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
 But I am much too blame:
 I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
 For too much louing you

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot

Iago. Trust me, I feare it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do see y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspition

Oth. I will not

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vilde successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Cassio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I see y'are mou'd

Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but Desdemona's honest

Iago. Long liue she so;
And long liue you to thinke so

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe

Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obserue.
Leaue me Iago

Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue

Othel. Why did I marry?
This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfoldes

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
Although 'tis fit that Cassio haue his Place;
For sure he filles it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to him off a-while:
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor

Oth. Feare not my gouernment

Iago. I once more take my leaue.
Enter.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of Conuersation

That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shée's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,
'Tis destiny vnshunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:
Enter Desdemona and aemilia.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleeeue't

Des. How now, my deere Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders
By you inuited, do attend your presence

Oth. I am too blame

Des. Why do you speake so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.
Enter.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Aemil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,
(For he coniur'd her, she should euer keepe it)
That she reserues it euermore about her,
To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't Iago: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.
Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?
Aemil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you

Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing—
Aemil. Hah?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.
Aemil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that same Handkerchiefe

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?
Aemil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gaue to Desdemona,
That which so often you did bid me steale

Iago. Hast stolne it from her?
Aemil. No: but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis

Iago. A good wench, giue it me.
Aemil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene
so earnest to haue me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you?
Aemil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me.

Exit aemil.

I will in Cassio's Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.
Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou owd'st yesterday

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?
I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not Cassio's kisses on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all

Iago. I am sorry to heare this?

Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th' Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th' immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: Othello's Occupation's gone

Iago. Is't possible my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be sure of it: Giue me the Occular prooffe,
Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life

Iago. My Noble Lord

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!

Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence

Oth. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest

Iago. I should be wise; for Honestie's a Foole,
And looses that it workes for

Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh
As Dians Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied

Iago. I see you are eaten vp with Passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do see them boulder
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall

Iago. I do not like the Office.

But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is Cassio:
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet Desdemona,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?

Oth. I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wiues) did I to day
See Cassio wipe his Beard with

Oth. If it be that

Iago. If it be that, or any, it was here.
It speakes against her with the other proofes

Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere Iago,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues

Iago. Yet be content

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change

Oth. Neuer Iago. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words

Iago. Do not rise yet:
Witnesse you euer—burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witnesse that heere Iago doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse euer

Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That Cassio's not aliue

Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue

Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a—part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, aemilia, and Clown.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lyes?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where

Des. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to devise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well

Clo. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

Exit Clo.

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, aemilia?
Aemil. I know not Madam

Scaena Quarta.

Des. Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As iealious Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.
Aemil. Is he not iealious?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.
Aemil. Looke where he comes.
Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till Cassio be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good Lord

Oth. Giue me your hand.
This hand is moist, my Lady

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,
For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one

Des. You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts

Des. I cannot speake of this:
Come, now your promise

Oth. What promise, Chucke?

Des. I haue sent to bid Cassio come speake with you

Oth. I haue a salt and sorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe

Des. Heere my Lord

Oth. That which I gaue you

Des. I haue it not about me

Oth. Not?

Des. No indeed, my Lord

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an aegyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)
To giue it her. I did so; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match

Des. Is't possible?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A Sybill that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,
In her Prophetticke furie sow'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull
Conseru'd of Maidens hearts

Des. Indeed? Is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well

Des. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't?

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speake so startingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Blesse vs

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost

Oth. Fetcht, let me see't

Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my suite,
Pray you let Cassio be receiu'd againe

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde mis-giues

Des. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more sufficient
man

Oth. The Handkerchiefe

Scaena Quarta.

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you

Oth. The Handkerchiefe

Des. Insooth, you are too blame

Oth. Away.

Exit Othello.

Aemil. Is not this man iealious?

Des. I neu'r saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchiefe,
I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

Aemil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.
Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, Cassio and my Husband

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must doo't:
And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her

Des. How now (good Cassio) what's the newes with
you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exist, and be a member of his loue,

Scaena Quarta.

Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his loue againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe vp in some other course
To Fortunes Almes

Des. Alas (thrice-gentle Cassio)
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me euery spirit sanctified,
As I haue spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blanke of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you

Iago. Is my Lord angry?
Aemil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange vnquietnesse

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue seen the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Diuell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Exit

Des. I prythee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some vnatch'd practise
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen so.

Scaena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense
Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such obseruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, aemilia,
I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule:
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,
And he's Indited falsely.
Aemil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.
Aemil. But Iealious soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not euer ielious for the cause,
But ielious, for they're ielious. It is a Monster
Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe

Des. Heauen keepe the Monster from Othello's mind.
Aemil. Lady, Amen

Des. I will go seeke him. Cassio, walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,
And seeke to effect it to my vttermost.

Exit

Cas. I humbly thanke your Ladyship.
Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Saue you (Friend Cassio.)
Cassio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my most faire Bianca?
Indeed (sweet Loue) I was comming to your house

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, Cassio.

Scaena Quarta.

What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
Oh weary reck'ning

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca:
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
But I shall in a more continue time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca
Take me this worke out

Bianca. Oh Cassio, whence came this?
This is some Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well

Cassio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde gesses in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are iealous now,
That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;
No, in good troth Bianca

Bian. Why, who's is it?
Cassio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?
Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wish
To haue him see me woman'd

Bian. Why, I pray you?
Cassio. Not that I loue you not

Bian. But that you do not loue me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt. omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, Iago?

Iago. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (Iago) and not meane harme?
It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:
They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,
The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too:
May she giue that?

Iago. Her honor is an Essence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe

Othe. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauens o're the infectious house:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe

Iago . I: what of that?

Othe. That's not so good now

Iag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as Knaues be such abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistris,
Conuinc'd or supply'd them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.)

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'le vn-sweare

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did

Othe. What? What?

Iago. Lye

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will

Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We say lye on her,
when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:
Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To confesse,
and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,

and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some
Instruction. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
Noses, Eares, and Lippes: is't possible. Confesse? Handkerchiefe?
O diuell.

Falls in a Traunce.

Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chast Dames euen thus,
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: Othello.
Enter Cassio.

How now Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday

Cas. Rub him about the Temples

Iago. The Lethargie must haue his quyet course:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion, speake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?

Othe. Dost thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man

Othe. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast

Iago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,
And many a ciuill Monster

Othe. Did he confesse it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch;
And to suppose her chast. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shallbe

Oth. Oh, thou art wise: 'tis certaine

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A passion most resulting such a man)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And layd good scuses vpon your Extasie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man

Othe. Do'st thou heare, Iago,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do'st thou heare) most bloody

Iago. That's not amisse,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A Huswife that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on Cassio, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague

Shakespeare's First Folio

To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot restraine
From the excesse of Laughter. Heere he comes.
Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad:
And his vnbookish Ielousie must conserue
Poore Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
Whose want euen killes me

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in Bianca's dowre,
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas poore Caitiffe

Oth. Looke how he laughes already

Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man so

Cas. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed she loues me

Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out

Iago. Do you heare Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said

Iago. She giues it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha

Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her

Cas. Prythee say true

Iago. I am a very Villaine else

Oth. Haue you scoar'd me? Well

Cas. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise

Oth. Iago becomes me: now he begins the story

Cassio. She was heere euen now: she haunts me in euery
place. I was the other day talking on the Seabanke
with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the
Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck

Oth. Crying oh deere Cassio, as it were: his iesture imports
it

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:

So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber:
oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I
shall throw it to

Cassio. Well, I must leaue her companie

Iago. Before me: looke where she comes.
Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what
did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gaue
me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I must take
out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should
finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there.
This is some Minxes token, &I must take out the worke?
There, giue it your Hobbey-horse, wheresoeuer you had
it, Ile take out no worke on't

Cassio. How now, my sweete Bianca?
How now? How now?

Othe. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe

Bian. If you'll come to supper to night you may, if
you will not come when you are next prepar'd for.

Exit

Iago. After her: after her

Cas. I must, shee'l rayle in the streets else

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Yes, I intend so

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very
faine speake with you

Cas. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too; say no more

Oth. How shall I murther him, Iago

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, Iago

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes
the foolish woman your wife: she gaue it him and, he
hath giu'n it his whore

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that

Othello. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to
night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to
stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world
hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Emperours
side, and command him Taskes

Iago. Nay, that's not your way

Othe. Hang her, I do but say what she is: so delicate
with her Needle: an admirable Musitian. Oh she will
sing the Sauagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plenteous
wit, and inuention?

Iago. She's the worse for all this

Othe. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle

Othe. Nay that's certaine:
But yet the pittie of it, Iago: oh Iago, the pittie of it
Iago

Iago. If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her
pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere
no body

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler

Othe. Get me some poyson, Iago, this night. Ile not
expostulate with her: least her body and beautie vnprouide
my mind againe: this night Iago

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,
Euen the bed she hath contaminated

Oth. Good, good:
The Iustice of it pleases: very good

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his vndertaker:
You shall heare more by midnight.
Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that same?
Iago. I warrant something from Venice,
'Tis Lodouico, this, comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall

Othe. With all my heart Sir

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you

Othe. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen Lodouico
Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior:
Welcome to Cyprus

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Liues Sir,
Des. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, &my Lord,
An vnkind breach: but you shall make all well

Othe. Are you sure of that?
Des. My Lord?
Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will—

Shakespeare's First Folio

Lod. He did not call: he's busie in the paper,
Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and Cassio?

Des. A most vnhappy one: I would do much
T' attone, them, for the loue I beare to Cassio

Oth. Fire, and brimestone

Des. My Lord

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be the Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his Gouernment

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't

Othe. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to see you mad

Des. Why, sweete Othello?

Othe. Diuell

Des. I haue not deseru'd this

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,
Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: she weepes

Othe. Oh diuell, diuell:

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop she falls, would proue a Crocodile:

Out of my sight

Des. I will not stay to offend you

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:
I do beseech your Lordship call her backe

Othe. Mistris

Des. My Lord

Othe. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Othe. I, you did wish, that I would make her turne:
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile send for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auaunt:
Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may sup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys.
Enter.

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue
The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd

Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my censure.

What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were

Lod. What? Strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well: yet would I knew
That stroke would proue the worst

Lod. Is it his vse?

Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas:

It is not honestie in me to speake
What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: do but go after
And marke how he continues

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello and aemilia.

Othe. You haue seene nothing then?

Aemil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did suspect

Othe. Yes, you haue seene Cassio, and she together

Aemi. But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them

Othe. What? Did they neuer whisper?
Aemil. Neuer my Lord

Othe. Nor send you out o'th' way?
Aemil. Neuer

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor nothing?
Aemil. Neuer my Lord

Othe. That's strange.
Aemil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander

Othe. Bid her come hither: go.

Exit aemilia.

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much. This is a subtile Whore:
A Closset Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I haue seene her do't.
Enter Desdemona, and aemilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes: looke in my face

Des. What horrible Fancie's this?

Othe. Some of your Function Mistris:

Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doore:

Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:

Your Mystery, your Mystery: May dispatch.

Exit aemi.

Des. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I vnderstand a Fury in your words

Othe. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife

Othello. Come sweare it: damne thy selfe, least
being like one of Heauen, the diuells themselues should
feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: sweare
thou art honest

Des. Heauen doth truely know it

Othe. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art false as hell

Des. To whom my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Othe. Ah Desdemon, away, away, away

Des. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?

Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?

Scena Secunda.

If happely you my Father do suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you haue lost him,
I haue lost him too

Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes.
Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,
I should haue found in some place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his slow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I must liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or else dries vp: to be discarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell

Des. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest

Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
That the Sense akes at thee,
Would thou had'st neuer bin borne

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?

Othe. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,
Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The bawdy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Des. By Heauen you do me wrong

Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserue this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none

Othe. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sau'd

Othe. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heauen forgiue vs

Othe. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. You Mistris,
Enter aemilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile.
Enter.

Aemil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Des. Faith, halfe a sleepe

Aemi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With who?

Aemil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Aemil. He that is yours, sweet Lady

Des. I haue none: do not talke to me, aemilia,
I cannot weepe: nor answeres haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Aemil. Heere's a change indeed.
Enter.

Des. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misvse?
Enter Iago, and aemilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?
Des. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might haue chid me so; for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding

Iago. What is the matter Lady?
Aemil. Alas (Iago) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it

Des. Am I that name, Iago?
Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)
Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
Aemil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Callet

Iago. Why did he so?
Des. I do not know: I am sure I am none such

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.
Aemil. Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune

Iago. Beshrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Des. Nay, Heauen doth know

Aemi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible

Des. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.
Aemil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,
Some base notorious Knaue, some scuruy Fellow.
Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,
Euen from the East to th' West

Iago. Speake within doore.
Aemil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy-side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore

Iago. You are a Foole: go too

Des. Alas Iago,
What shall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,

I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his Loue,
Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence

Des. If 'twere no other

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things shall be well.

Exeunt. Desdemona and aemilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now Rodorigo?

Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st iustly with me

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodori. Euery day thou dafts me with some deuise
Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from
me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least aduantage

Scena Secunda.

of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I
haue foolishly suffred

Iago. Will you heare me Rodorigo?

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and
Performances are no kin together

Iago. You charge me most vniustly

Rodo. With naught but truth: I haue wasted my
selfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from
me to deliuer Desdemona, would halfe haue corrupted a
Votarist. You haue told me she hath receiu'd them,
and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine
respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none

Iago. Well, go too: very well

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor
'tis not very well. Nay I think it is scuruy: and begin to
finde my selfe fopt in it

Iago. Very well

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my
selfe knowne to Desdemona. If she will returne me my
Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull
solicitation. If not, assure your selfe, I will seeke
satisfaction of you

Iago. You haue said now

Rodo. I: and said nothing but what I protest intendment
of doing

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and
euen from this instant do build on thee a better opinion
then euer before: giue me thy hand Rodorigo.
Thou hast taken against me a most iust exception:
but yet I protest I haue dealt most directly in thy
Affaire

Rod. It hath not appeer'd

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and
your suspition is not without wit and iudgement.
But Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which
I haue greater reason to beleue now then euer (I
meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night
shew it. If thou the next night following enioy not
Desdemona, take me from this world with Treacherie,
and devise Engines for my life

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from
Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place

Rod. Is that true? Why then Othello and Desdemona
returne againe to Venice

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh
away with him the faire Desdemona, vnlesse his abode
be lingred heere by some accident. Wherein
none can be so determinate, as the remouing of
Cassio

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of Othello's

place: knocking out his braines

Rod. And that you would haue me to do

Iago. I: if you dare do your selfe a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be neere to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessitie in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to wast. About it

Rod. I will heare further reason for this

Iago. And you shalbe satisfi'd.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Desdemona, aemilia, and Atendants.

Lod. I do beseech you Sir, trouble your selfe no further

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke

Lodoui. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your
Ladyship

Des. Your Honour is most welcome

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh Desdemona

Des. My Lord

Othello. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd
forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't
be done.
Enter.

Des. I will my Lord

Aem. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did

Des. He saies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismisse you

Aemi. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding: therefore good aemilia,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.
Aemil. I, would you had neuer seene him

Des. So would not I: my loue doth so approue him,
That euen his stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour

Aemi. I haue laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
In one of these same Sheetes.
Aemil. Come, come: you talke

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd Barbarie,
She was in loue: and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore Barbarie: prythee dispatch

Aemi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?
Des. No, vn-pin me here,
This Lodouico is a proper man.
Aemil. A very handsome man

Des. He speakes well.
Aemil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip

Des. The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree.
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, (Lay by these)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?)
Aemil. It's the wind

Des. I call'd my Loue false Loue: but what said he then?
Sing Willough, If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.
So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?
Aemil. 'Tis neyther heere, nor there

Des. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me aemilia)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde?
Aemil. There be some such, no question

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Aemil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this Heauenly light.
Aemil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doo't as well i'th' darke

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for al the world?
Aemil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice

Des. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.
Aemil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her husband
a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture
Purgatory for't

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.
Aemil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world;
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right

Des. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Aemil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th' vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;
Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,
Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,
Or scant our former hauing in despight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue some Grace,
Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,
And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too. And haue not we Affections?
Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so

Des. Good night, good night:
Heauen me such vses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe most firme thy Resolution

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't

Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies

Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue Rodorigo,
He calles me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to Desdemona.
It must not be: If Cassio do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.
Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest

Cas. That thrust had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:
I will make proofe of thine

Rod. Oh, I am slaine

Cassio. I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.
Enter Othello.

Oth. The voyce of Cassio. Iago keepes his word

Rod. O Villaine that I am

Oth. It is euen so

Cas. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon

Oth. 'Tis he: O braue Iago, honest, and iust,
That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnblest Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood bee spotted.

Exit Othello.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? No passage?
Murther, Murther

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull

Cas. Oh helpe

Lodo. Hearke

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnsafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe

Rod. Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.
Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and
Weapons

Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?
Lodo. We do not know

Iago. Do not you heare a cry?
Cas. Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me

Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it

Lodo. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greeuously?
Cas. Iago? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Giue me some helpe

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?
Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout.
And cannot make away

Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe

Rod. O helpe me there

Cassio. That's one of them

Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men i'th' darke?
Where be these bloody Theeues?
How silent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?
Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs

Iago. Signior Lodouico?
Lod. He Sir

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by Villaines

Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is't Brother?
Cas. My Legge is cut in two

Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.
Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere Cassio,
My sweet Cassio: Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio

Iago. O notable Strumpet. Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?

Cas. No

Gra. I am sorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to seeke you

Iago. Lend me a Garter. So: – Oh for a Chaire
To beare him easily hence

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this Iniurie.
Patience awhile, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis Rodorigo

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you

Gra. I am glad to see you

Iago. How do you Cassio? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire

Gra. Rodorigo?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,

Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (Cassio)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you

Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th' Ayre.

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Do you perceiue the gastnesse of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speake

Though tongues were out of vse.

Aemil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Iago. Cassio hath heere bin set on in the darke

By Rodorigo, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost slaine, and Rodorigo quite dead.

Aemil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good Cassio

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe aemilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supt to night.

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Aemil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Aemil. As I? Fie vpon thee

Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore Cassio drest.

Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.

aemilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethaeon heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
Iustice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne're so fatall. I must weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Othel. I Desdemona

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, Desdemon?

Des. I my Lord

Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight

Des. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule

Des. Talke you of killing?

Oth. I, I do

Des. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee

Oth. Amen, with all my heart

Des. If you say, I hope you will not kill me

Oth. Humh

Des. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle so.
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feele I feare

Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes

Des. They are Loues I beare to you

Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st

Des. That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very Frame:
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me

Oth. Peace, and be still

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I so lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to Cassio

Des. No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him

Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed

Des. I, but not yet to dye

Oth. Presently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the strong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye

Des. O Heauen haue mercy on me

Oth. I say, Amen

Des. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd Cassio,
But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token

Oth. By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe

Des. He found it then:
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth

Oth. He hath confest

Des. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee

Des. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I

Des. He will not say so

Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest Iago hath 'tane order for't

Des. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had stomacke for them all

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone

Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not

Oth. Downe Strumpet

Des. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night

Oth. Nay, if you striue

Des. But halfe an houre

Oth. Being done, there is no pawse

Des. But while I say one prayer

Oth. It is too late.

Smothers her.

aemilia at the doore.

Aemil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, so.

Aemil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

Aemil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
with you

Oth. Yes: 'Tis aemilia: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speake of Cassio's death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall she come in? Wer't good?
I thinke she stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh insupportable! Oh heauy houre!
Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th' affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.

Aemil. I do beseech you
That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord

Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in aemilia.
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter aemilia.

Aemil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done

Oth. What? now?
Aemil. But now, my Lord

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Aemil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd Rodorigo

Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?
Aemil. No, Cassio is not kill'd

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And sweet Reuenge growes harsh

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
Aemil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Aemil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
Sweet Desdemona, oh sweet Mistris, speake

Des. A guiltlesse death, I dye.
Aemil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Des. No body: I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell

Oth. Why, how should she be muredred?
Aemil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.
Aemil. She said so: I must needs report the truth

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Aemil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the blacker
Diuell

Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
Aemil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell

Oth. She was false as water.
Aemil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true

Oth. Cassio did top her: Ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.
Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. Thy Husband.
Aemil. That she was false to Wedlocke?

Oth. I, with Cassio: had she bin true,
If Heauen would make me such another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not haue sold her for it.
Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deeds.
Aemil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
I say, thy Husband.
Aemil. Oh Mistris,
Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;
I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest Iago.
Aemil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th' heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine

Oth. Hah?
Aemil. Do thy worst:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her

Oth. Peace, you were best.
Aemil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Mistris. Murther, murther.
Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
Aemil. Oh, are you come, Iago: you haue done well,

That men must lay their Murthers on your necke

Gra. What is the matter?

Aemil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:
He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full

Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.
Aemil. But did you euer tell him,
She was false?

Iago. I did.

Aemil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shée false with Cassio?
Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, Mistris?
Go too, charme your tongue

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to speake,
My Mistris heere lyes murthered in her bed

All. Oh Heauens, forefend

Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on

Othello. Nay stare not Masters,
It is true indeede

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth

Mont. O monstrous Acte

Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smel't: O Villany:
I thought so then: Ile kill my selfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!

Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will ne're go home

Oth. Oh, oh, oh

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye

Oth. Oh she was fowle!
I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:
I know this acte shewes horrible and grim

Gra. Poore Desdemon:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance

Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet Iago knowes
That she with Cassio, hath the Act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:

It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother

Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!

Iago. Come, hold your peace

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will speake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake

Iago. Be wise, and get you home

Emil. I will not

Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to steale't

Iago. Villanous Whore

Emil. She giue it Cassio? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband

Iago. Filth, thou lye'st

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole
Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in Heauen,
But what serues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine

Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife

Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistris side

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue.
Enter.

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But euery Punie whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-liue Honesty?
Let it go all.
Aemil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canst thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Musicke: Willough, Willough, Willough.
Moore, she was chaste: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true:
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye

Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I must come forth

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer

Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee

Gra. What is the matter?

Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop. But (oh vaine boast)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.
Do you go backe dismaid? 'Tis a lost feare:
Man but a Rush against Othello's brest,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now: how dost thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly sight:
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh Desdemon! dead Desdemon: dead. Oh, oh!
Enter Lodouico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello: heere I am

Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd

Othel. I am not sorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die

Lod. Oh thou Othello, that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be saide to thee

Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death

Oth. I

Cas. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cause

Oth. I do beleeeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soule and Body

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips

Oth. Well, thou dost best

Lod. Sir,

You shall vnderstand what hath befallne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slaine Rodorigo,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of Cassio, to be vndertooke
By Rodorigo

Oth. O Villaine!

Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse

Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seemes
Rodorigo meant t'haue sent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) Iago in the interim
Came in, and satisfi'd him

Oth. Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe;
How came you (Cassio) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!

Cassio. There is besides, in Rodorigo's Letter,
How he vpbraides Iago, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was cast: and euen but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.
Then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Iealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vsed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th' throat the circumcised Dogge,
And smoate him, thus

Lod. Oh bloody period

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

Dyes

Shakespeare's First Folio

Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart

Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poysons Sight,
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succcede on you. To you, Lord Gouvernor,
Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

Othello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.
Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.
Senators.
Montano, Gouvernour of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Saylors.
Clowne.
Desdemona, Wife to Othello.
Aemilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Curtezan.

Scoena Secunda.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo. Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Traine, with
Eunuchs
fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd
Cleo. Ile set a bourne how farre to be belou'd

Ant. Then must thou needs finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome

Ant. Grates me, the summe

Cleo. Nay heare them Anthony.
Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the scarce-bearded Caesar haue not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar, therefore heare it Anthony,
Where's Fuluias Processe? (Caesars I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest Anthony, and that blood of thine
Is Caesars homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fuluia scolds. The Messengers

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peerelesse

Cleo. Excellent falshood:
Why did he marry Fuluia, and not loue her?
Ile seeme the Foole I am not. Anthony will be himselfe

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?
Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery passion fully striues
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt. with the Traine.

Dem. Is Caesar with Anthonius priz'd so slight?
Philo. Sir, sometimes when he is not Anthony,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with Anthony

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approues the common
Lyar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius,
Charmian,
Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L[ord]. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so to'th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this

Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands

Alex. Soothsayer

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read

Alex. Shew him your hand

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drinke

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune

Sooth. I make not, but foresee

Char. Pray then, foresee me one

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are

Char. He meanes in flesh

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old

Char. Wrinkles forbid

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentiuē

Char. Hush

Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking

Alex. Nay, heare him

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my Mistris

Sooth. You shall out-liue the Lady whom you serue

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs

Sooth. You haue seene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach

Char. Then belike my Children shall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue

Sooth. If euery of your wishes had a wombe, &foretell euery wish, a Million

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to
your wishes

Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall
be drunke to bed

Iras. There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Famine

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognostication,
I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her
but a worky day Fortune

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars

Sooth. I haue said

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
then I: where would you choose it

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose

Char. Our worser thoughts Heauens mend

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him
mary a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee,
and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse
follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to
his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isis heare me this
Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:
good Isis I beseech thee

Iras. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the
people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome
man loose–Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a
foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere Isis keep decorum,
and Fortune him accordingly

Char. Amen

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a
Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but
they'ld doo't.
Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush, heere comes Anthony

Char. Not he, the Queene

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord

Enob. No Lady

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.
Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's Alexias?

Alex. Heere at your seruice.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Messenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Exeunt.

Messen. Fuluia thy Wife,

First came into the Field

Ant. Against my Brother Lucius?

Messen. I: but soone that Warre had end,

And the times state

Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainst Caesar,

Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the first encounter draue them

Ant. Well, what worst

Mess. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller

Ant. When it concerns the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd

Mes. Labienus (this is stiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Asia: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil'st-

Ant. Anthony thou would'st say

Mes. Oh my Lord

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome:
Raile thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told vs
Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile

Mes. At your Noble pleasure.

Exit Messenger

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From Scicion how the newes? Speake there

1.Mes. The man from Scicion,
Is there such an one?
2.Mes. He stayes vpon your will

Ant. Let him appeare:
These strong Egyptian Fetters I must breake,
Or loose my selfe in dotage.
Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?
3.Mes. Fulua thy wife is dead

Ant. Where dyed she

Mes. In Scicion, her length of sicknesse,
With what else more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares

Antho. Forbeare me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,
We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By reuolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.
Enter Enobarbus.

How now Enobarbus

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Anth. I must with haste from hence

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortall an vnkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departure
death's the word

Ant. I must be gone

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occasion, let women die.
It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though betweene
them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
nothing. Cleopatra catching but the least noyse of this,
dies instantly: I haue seene her dye twenty times vpon
farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such
a celerity in dying

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing
but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds
and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes
and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine
as well as Loue

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull
peece of worke, which not to haue beene blest withall,
would haue discredited your Trauaile

Ant. Fulvia is dead

Eno. Sir

Ant. Fulvia is dead

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead

Eno. Why sir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice:
when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting
therein, that when olde Robes are worne out,
there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but Fulvia, then had you indeede a cut, and the
case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation,
your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate,
and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that should water
this sorrow

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence

Eno. And the businesse you haue broach'd heere cannot
be without you, especially that of Cleopatra's, which
wholly depends on your abode

Ant. No more light Answeres:
Let our Officers
Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. Sextus Pompeius
Haue giuen the dare to Caesar, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,

The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra

Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence

Enob. I shall doo't.
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since

Cleo. See where he is,
Whose with him, what he does:
I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Ch. In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him

Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.
Enter Anthony.

But heere comes Anthony

Cleo. I am sicke, and sullen

An. I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose

Cleo. Helpe me away deere Charmian, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it

Ant. Now my deerest Queene

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.
What sayes the married woman you may goe?
Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,
I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are

Ant. The Gods best know

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the first
I saw the Treasons planted

Ant. Cleopatra

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,

(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
Who haue beene false to Fulua?
Riotous madnesse,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themselues in swearing

Ant. Most sweet Queene

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest Lyar

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt

Ant. Heare me Queene:

The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruices a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vse with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domesticke powers,
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of such, as haue not thriued
Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fuluias death

Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can Fulua dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read
The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when, and where shee died

Cleo. O most false Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,
In Fuluias death, how mine receiu'd shall be

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,
As you shall giue th' aduice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects

Cleo. Cut my Lace, Charmian come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Anthony loues

Ant. My precious Queene forbear,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands
An honourable Triall

Cleo. So Fuluia told me.
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor

Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly

Ant. Now by Sword

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Looke prythee Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe

Ant. Ile leaue you Lady

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Obluion is a very Anthony,
And I am all forgotten

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you
For Idlenesse it selfe

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart
As Cleopatra this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe
Be strew'd before your feete

Ant. Let vs go.
Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away.

Exeunt.

Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Traine.

Caes You may see Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesars Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fishes, drinkes, and wastes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then Cleopatra: nor the Queene of Ptolomy
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th' abstracts of all faults,
That all men follow

Lep. I must not thinke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooses

Caes You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amisse to tumble on the bed of Ptolomy,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knaues that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Anthony
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,
Full surfets, and the drinesse of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to iudgement.
Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes

Mes. Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
Most Noble Caesar, shalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of those
That only haue feard Caesar: to the Ports
The discontents repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd

**Caes I should haue knowne no lesse,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall state
That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd.** This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde
To rot it selfe with motion

Mes. Caesar I bring thee word,
Menacrates and Menas famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea serue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone
Taken as seene: for Pompeyes name strikes more
Then could his Warre resisted

Caesar. Anthony,
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassailes. When thou once
Was beaten from Medena, where thou slew'st
Hirsius, and Pansa Consuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the[n] did daine
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
The barks of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not

Lep. 'Tis pittie of him

Caes Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did shew our selues i'th' Field, and to that end
Assemble me immediate counsell, Pompey
Thriues in our Idlenesse

Lep. To morrow Caesar,
I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this present time

Caes Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell

Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
To let me be partaker

Caesar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian

Char. Madam

Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke Mandragora

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
My Anthony is away

Char. You thinke of him too much

Cleo. O 'tis Treason

Char. Madam, I trust not so

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch Mardian?

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honest to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars

Cleo. Oh Charmion:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of Anthony!
Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moou'st,
The demy Atlas of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For so he cal's me:) Now I feede my selfe
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
That am with Phoebus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted Caesar,

When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was
A morsell for a Monarke: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye
With looking on his life.
Enter Alexas from Caesar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou Marke Anthony?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my braue Marke Anthonie?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere Queene)
He kist the last of many doubled kisses
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote
To mend the petty present, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,
Was beastly dumbe by him

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' yeare, between y extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie

Cleo. Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,
Note him good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.

Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.
Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
to Anthonie, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper Charmian.
Welcome my good Alexas. Did I Charmian, euer
loue Caesar so?

Char. Oh that braue Caesar!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Say the braue Anthony

Char. The valiant Caesar

Cleo. By Isis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar Paragon againe:
My man of men

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I saide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,
he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeople
Egypt.

Exeunt.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist
The deeds of iustest men

Mene. Know worthy Pompey, that what they do delay,
they not deny

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decayes
the thing we sue for

Mene. We ignorant of our selues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit
By loosing of our Prayers

Pom. I shall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th' full. Marke Anthony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. Caesar gets money where
He looses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him

Mene. Caesar and Lepidus are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry

Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis false

Mene. From Siluius, Sir

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for Anthony: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,

Euen till a Lethied dulnesse—
Enter Varrius.

How now Varrius?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther Trauaile

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter
A better eare. Menas, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme
For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Lust-wearied Anthony

Mene. I cannot hope,
Caesar and Anthony shall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to Caesar,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by Anthony

Pom. I know not Menas,
How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:
'Twer pregnant they should square between themselues,
For they haue entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs
May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands
Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands
Come Menas.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To soft and gentle speech

Enob. I shall intreat him
To answer like himselfe: if Caesar moue him,
Let Anthony looke ouer Caesars head,
And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
Were I the wearer of Anthonio's Beard,
I would not shaue't to day

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking

Eno. Euery time serues for the matter that is then
borne in't

Lep. But small to greater matters must giue way

Eno. Not if the small come first

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble Anthony.
Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder Caesar.
Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well heere, to Parthia:
Hearke Ventidius

Caesar. I do not know Mecnas, aske Agrippa

Lep. Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend vs. What's amisse,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,
Nor curstnesse grow to'th' matter

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
Flourish.

Caes Welcome to Rome

Ant. Thanke you

Caes Sit

Ant. Sit sir

Caes Nay then

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concerne you not

**Caes I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say my selfe offended, and with you**

Chiefely i'th' world. More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to sound your name
It not concern'd me

Ant. My being in Egypt Caesar, what was't to you?
Caes No more then my reciding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my question

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Caes You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their contestation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer
Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it.
And haue my Learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomacke,
Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you haue to make it with,
It must not be with this

Caes You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudgement
to me: but you patcht vp your excuses

Anth. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third oth' world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife

Enobar. Would we had all such wiues, that the men
might go to Warres with the women

Anth. So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (Caesar)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeuing grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it

Caesar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Misiue out of audience

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him

Caesar. You haue broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with

Lep. Soft Caesar

Ant. No Lepidus, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on Caesar,
The Article of my oath

Caesar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
them, the which you both denied

Anth. Neglected rather:
And then when poysoned houres had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my selfe, the ignorant motiue, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoope in such a case

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken

Mece. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the present neede,
Speakes to attone you

Lep. Worthily spoken Mecenas

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the
instant, you may when you heare no more words of
Pompey returne it againe: you shall haue time to wrangle
in, when you haue nothing else to do

Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more

Enob. That trueth should be silent, I had almost forgot

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no
more

Enob. Go too then: your Considerate stone

Caesar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hooke should hold vs staunch from edge to edge
Ath' world: I would persue it

Agri. Giue me leaue Caesar

Caesar. Speake Agrippa

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd
Octavia: Great Mark Anthony is now a widdower

Caesar. Say not, say Agrippa; if Cleopater heard you, your
proofe were well deserued of rashnesse

Anth. I am not married Caesar: let me heere Agrippa
further speake

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-slipping knot, take Anthony,
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can vtter. By this marriage,
All little Ielousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
By duty ruminated

Anth. Will Caesar speake?

Caesar. Not till he heares how Anthony is toucht,
With what is spoke already

Anth. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say Agrippa, be it so,
To make this good?

Caesar. The power of Caesar,
And his power, vnto Octauia

Anth. May I neuer
(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And sway our great Designes

Caesar. There's my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue so deerely. Let her liue
To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Flie off our Loues againe

Lepi. Happily, Amen

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him

Lepi. Time cal's vpon's,
Of vs must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out vs

Anth. Where lies he?

Caesar. About the Mount–Mesena

Anth. What is his strength by land?

Caesar. Great, and encreasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master

Anth. So is the Fame.

Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we haue talkt of

Caesar. With most gladnesse,
And do inuite you to my Sisters view,
Whether straight Ile lead you

Anth. Let vs Lepidus not lacke your companie

Lep. Noble Anthony, not sicknesse should detaine
me.

Flourish. Exit omnes. Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from aegypt Sir

Eno. Halfe the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecenas. My
honourable Friend Agrippa

Agri. Good Enobarbus

Mece. We haue cause to be glad, that matters are so
well disgested: you staid well by't in Egypt

Enob. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance:
and made the night light with drinking

Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares rosted whole at a breakfast:
and but twelue persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much
more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserued
noting

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be
square to her

Enob. When she first met Marke Anthony, she purst
vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis

Agri. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuis'd
well for her

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-sicke.
With them the Owers were Siluer,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faster;
As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,
It beggerd all discription, she did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did

Agrip. Oh rare for Anthony

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,
A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty cast
Her people out vpon her: and Anthony
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whisling to'th' ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopater too,
And made a gap in Nature

Agri. Rare Egiptian

Eno. Vpon her landing, Anthony sent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which she entreated, our Courteous Anthony,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely

Agri. Royall Wench:
She made great Caesar lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
And hauing lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathlesse powre breath forth

Mece. Now Anthony, must leaue her vtterly

Eno. Neuer he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
Become themselues in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish

Mece. If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle
The heart of Anthony: Octauia is
A blessed Lottery to him

Agrip. Let vs go. Good Enobarbus, make your selfe
my guest, whilst you abide heere

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, Caesar, Octauia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your bosome

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
bowe my prayers to them for you

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My Octauia
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:
I haue not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done byth' Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir

Caesar. Goodnight.
Enter.

Enter Soothsaier.

Anth. Now sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you
thither

Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe

Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
Caesars or mine?
Sooth. Caesars. Therefore (oh Anthony) stay not by his side
Thy Daemon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable,
Where Caesars is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make space enough betweene you

Anth. Speake this no more

Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble

Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventigius I would speake with him.

Enter.

He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th' East my pleasure lies. Oh come Ventigius.

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and reciue't.

Exeunt.

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selues no further: pray you
hasten your Generals after

Agr. Sir, Marke Anthony, will e'ne but kisse Octauia,
and weele follow

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both: Farewell

Mec. We shall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at
Mount before you Lepidus

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me

Both. Sir good successe

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
of vs that trade in Loue

Omnes. The Musicke, hoa.
Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come Charmian

Char. My arme is sore, best play with Mardian

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Though't come to short
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, wee'le to'th' Riuer there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray

Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them euery one an Anthony,
And say, ah ha; y'are caught

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling,
when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with feruencie drew vp

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,
Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren

Mes. Madam, Madam

Cleo. Anthony's dead.
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris:
But well and free, if thou so yeild him.
There is Gold, and heere
My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kissing

Mes. First Madam, he is well

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But sirrah marke, we vse
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vttering throate

Mes. Good Madam heare me

Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if Anthony
Be free and healthfull; so tart a fauour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man

Mes. Wilt please you heare me?
Cleo. I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet if thou say Anthony liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not Captiue to him,
Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles vpon thee

Mes. Madam, he's well

Cleo. Well said

Mes. And Friends with Caesar

Cleo. Th'art an honest man

Mes. Caesar, and he, are greater Friends then euer

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me

Mes. But yet Madam

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
But yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar,
In state of health thou saist, and thou saist, free

Mes. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
He's bound vnto Octauia

Cleo. For what good turne?
Mes. For the best turne i'th' bed

Cleo. I am pale Charmian

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octauia

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mes. Good Madam patience

Cleo. What say you?

Strikes him.

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,

She hailes him vp and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle

Mes. Gracious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beside
Thy modestie can begge

Mes. He's married Madam

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long.

Draw a knife.

Mes. Nay then Ile runne:
What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault.
Enter.

Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the slaue againe,

The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra

Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?

Char. He is afeard to come

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe
Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gracious Message
An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselues, when they be felt

Mes. I haue done my duty

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou againe say yes

Mes. He's married Madam

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lye Madame?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:
So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face to me,
Thou would'st appeere most vgly: He is married?

Mes. I craue your Highnesse pardon

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnish me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequall, he's married to Octauius

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:
Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em

Char. Good your Highnesse patience

Cleo. In praysing Anthony, I haue disprais'd Caesar

Char. Many times Madam

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh Iras, Charmian: 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good Alexas bid him
Report the feature of Octauia: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer go, let him not Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you Alexas
Bring me word, how tall she is: pittie me Charmian,
But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at
another
Caesar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas
with Souldiers
Marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I haue, so haue you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight

Caesar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purposes before vs sent,
Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,
If 'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That else must perish heere

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since Iulius Caesar,
Who at Phillippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautilous freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father

Caesar. Take your time

Ant. Thou can'st not feare vs Pompey with thy sailes.
Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're-count thee

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost orecount me of my Fathers house:
But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
Remaine in't as thou maist

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the present how you take)
The offers we haue sent you

Caesar. There's the point

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Caesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune

Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted

Omnes. That's our offer

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But Marke Anthony,
Put me to some impatience: though I loose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When Caesar and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly

Ant. I haue heard it Pompey,
And am well studied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you

Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither:
For I haue gained by't

Caesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh Fortune cast's vpon my face,
But in my bosome shall she neuer come,
To make my heart her vassaile

Lep. Well met heere

Pom. I hope so Lepidus, thus we are agreed:
I craue our composition may be written
And seal'd betweene vs,

Caesar. That's the next to do

Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin

Ant. That will I Pompey

Pompey. No Anthony take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue
heard that Iulius Caesar, grew fat with feasting there

Anth. You haue heard much

Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir

Ant. And faire words to them

Pom. Then so much haue I heard,
And I haue heard Appolodorus carried—

Eno. No more that: he did so

Pom. What I pray you?

Eno. A certaine Queene to Caesar in a Matris

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue
Foure Feasts are toward

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue seene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behaiour

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you haue well deseru'd ten times as much,
As I haue said you did

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?
All. Shew's the way, sir

Pom. Come.

Exeunt. Manet Enob. & Menas]

Men. Thy Father Pompey would ne're haue made this
Treaty. You, and I haue knowne sir

Enob. At Sea, I thinke

Men. We haue Sir

Enob. You haue done well by water

Men. And you by Land

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, though
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land

Men. Nor what I haue done by water

Enob. Yes some—thing you can deny for your owne
safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea

Men. And you by Land

Enob. There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee
your hand Menas, if our eyes had authority, heere they
might take two Theeues kissing

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands
are

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true
Face

Men. No slander, they steale hearts

Enob. We came hither to fight with you

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking.
Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe

Men. Y'haue said Sir, we look'd not for Marke Anthony
heere, pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Enob. Caesars Sister is call'd Octauia

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus

Enob. But she is now the wife of Marcus Anthonius

Men. Pray'ye sir

Enob. 'Tis true

Men. Then is Caesar and he, for euer knit together

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold
not Prophetie so

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more
in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band
that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the
very strangler of their Amity: Octauia is of a holy, cold,
and still conuersation

Men. Who would not haue his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is Marke
Anthony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall
the sighes of Octauia blow the fire vp in Caesar, and (as I
said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
shall proue the immediate Author of their variance. Anthony
will vse his affection where it is. Hee married but
his occasion heere

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
I haue a health for you

Enob. I shall take it sir: we haue vs'd our Throats in
Egypt

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Musicke plays. Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'l be man: some o' their Plants are ill
rooted already, the least winde i'th' world wil blow them
downe

2 Lepidus is high Coulord

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himselfe to'th' drinke

**1 But it raises the greater warre betweene him & his
discretion**

**2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowship:
I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no
seruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue**

**1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene
to moue in't, are the holes where eyes should bee, which
pittifully disaster the cheekes.**

A Sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus,
Agrippa,
Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nyle
By certaine scales i'th' Pyramid: they know
By'th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus swels,
The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Haruest

Lep. Y'haue strange Serpents there?

Anth. I Lepidus

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile

Ant. They are so

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to Lepidus

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But Ile ne're out

Enob. Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in
till then

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the Ptolomies Pyramisis
are very goodly things: without contradiction I
haue heard that

Menas. Pompey, a word

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't

Men. Forsake thy seate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word

Pom. Forbeare me till anon.

Whispers in's Eare.

This Wine for Lepidus

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth; It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with it
owne organs. It liues by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet

Caes Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey giues him, else he
is a very Epicure

Pomp. Go hang sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,
Rise from thy stoole

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes

Pom. Thou hast seru'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? Be iolly Lords

Anth. These Quicke--sands Lepidus,
Keepe off, them for you sinke

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What saist thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world

Pom. Hast thou drunke well

Men. No Pompey, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good seruice: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I should haue found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more

Pom. This health to Lepidus

Ant. Beare him ashore,
Ile pledge it for him Pompey

Eno. Heere's to thee Menas

Men. Enobarbus, welcome

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid

Eno. There's a strong Fellow Menas

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: seest not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheelles

Eno. Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles

Men. Come

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast

Ant. It ripen's, towards it: strike the Vessells hoa.
Heere's to Caesar

Caesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time

Caesar. Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather
fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now
the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding euery man shall beate as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haire be Crown'd.
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round

Caesar. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me request you of our grauer businesse
Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong Enobarbe
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost
Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good Anthony your hand

Pom. Ile try you on the shore

Anth. And shall Sir, giues your hand

Pom. Oh Anthony, you haue my Father house.
But what, we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate

Eno. Take heed you fall not Menas: Ile not on shore,
No to my Cabin: these Drummes,
These Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo saies a there's my Cap

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come.

Exeunt.

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus
borne
before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus death
Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army, thy Pacorus Orades,
Paies this for Marcus Crassus

Romaine. Noble Ventidius,
Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
Mesapotamia, and the shelters, whether
The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine Anthony
Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head

Ven. Oh Sillius, Sillius,
I haue done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this Sillius,
Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.
Caesar and Anthony, haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then person. Sossius
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu'd by'th' minute, lost his fauour.
Who does i'th' Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Anthonius good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,
Should my performance perish

Rom. Thou hast Ventidius that, without the which a
Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou
wilt write to Anthony

Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
We haue iaded out o'th' Field

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
The waight we must conuay with's, will permit:
We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They haue dispatcht with Pompey, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. Octauia weepes
To part from Rome: Caesar is sad, and Lepidus
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickness

Agri. 'Tis a Noble Lepidus

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loues Caesar

Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores Mark Anthony

Eno. Caesar? why he's the Iupiter of men

Ant. What's Anthony, the God of Iupiter?

Eno. Spake you of Caesar? How, the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh Anthony, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praise Caesar, say Caesar go no further

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises

Eno. But he loues Caesar best, yet he loues Anthony:

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo,
His loue to Anthony. But as for Caesar,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder

Agri. Both he loues

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so:
This is to horse: Adieu, Noble Agrippa

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.
Enter Caesar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.

Antho. No further Sir

Caesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:
Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble Anthony,
Let not the peece of Vertue which is set
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortresse of it: for better might we
Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts
This be not cherisht

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust

Caesar. I haue said

Ant. You shall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the lest cause
For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines serue your ends:
We will heere part

Caesar. Farewell my deerest Sister, fare thee well,

The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well

Octa. My Noble Brother

Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring,
And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and—

Caesar. What Octauia?

Octa. Ile tell you in your eare

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tongue.
The Swannes downe feather
That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide:
And neither way inclines

Eno. Will Caesar weepe?

Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is
he being a man

Agr. Why Enobarbus:
When Anthony found Iulius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at Phillippi he found Brutus slaine

Eno. That year indeed, he was trobled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleeu't till I weepe too

Caesar. No sweet Octavia,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you

Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of loue,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
And giue you to the Gods

Caesar. Adieu, be happy

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light
To thy faire way

Caesar. Farewell, farewell.

Kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewell.

Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afeard to come

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.
Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Maiestie: Herod of Iury dare not looke
vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd

Cleo. That Herods head, Ile haue: but how? When
Anthony is gone, through whom I might commaund it:
Come thou neere

Mes. Most gracious Maiestie

Cleo. Did'st thou behold Octauia?

Mes. I dread Queene

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and
saw her led betweene her Brother, and Marke Anthony

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not Madam

Cleo. Didst heare her speake?

Is she shrill tongu'd or low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long

Char. Like her? Oh Isis: 'tis impossible

Cleo. I thinke so Charmian: dull of tongue, & dwarfish
What Maiestie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'st on Maiestie

Mes. She creepes: her motion, & her station are as one.
She shewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mes. Or I haue no obseruance

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiue't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow ha's good iudgement

Char. Excellent

Cleo. Guesse at her yeares, I prythee

Mess. Madam, she was a widdow

Cleo. Widdow? Charmian, hearke

Mes. And I do thinke she's thirtie

Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess. Round, euen to faultinesse

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are
so. Her haire what colour?

Mess. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd

Char. A proper man

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing

Char. Nothing Madam

Cleo. The man hath seene some Maiesty, and should
know

Char. Hath he seene Maiestie? Isis else defend: and
seruing you so long

Cleopa. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good
Charmian: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

Ant. Nay, nay Octauia, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,
When the best hint was giuen him: he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth

Octaui. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you must beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extreames at all

Ant. Gentle Octauia,
Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserue it: if I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast,
So your desires are yours

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The loue of power make me most weake, most weake,
Your reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleaue, and that slaine men
Should soalder vp the Rift

Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be so equall, that your loue

Shakespeare's First Folio

Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Choose your owne company, and command what cost
Your heart he's mind too.

Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend Eros?

Eros. Ther's strange Newes come Sir

Eno. What man?

Ero. Caesar & Lepidus haue made warres vpon Pompey

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. Caesar hauing made vse of him in the warres
'gainst Pompey: presently denied him riuality, would not
let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting
here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Vpon his owne appeale seizes him, so the poore
third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine

Eno. Then would thou hadst a paire of chaps no more,
and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'le
grinde the other. Where's Anthony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
The rush that lies before him. Cries Foole Lepidus,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That mured Pompey

Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd

Eros. For Italy and Caesar, more Domitius,
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might haue told heareafter

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to Anthony

Eros. Come Sir,

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Caesar.

Caes Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't:
I'th' Market-place on a Tribunall siluer'd,
Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely entron'd: at the feet, sat
Caesarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the stablishment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene

Mece. This in the publike eye?

Caesar. I'th' common shew place, where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to Alexander. To Ptolomy he assign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phoenetia: she
In th' abiliments of the Goddess Isis
That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported so

Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd

Agri. Who queazie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him

Caesar. The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accusations

Agri. Who does he accuse?

Caesar. Caesar, and that hauing in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping vnrestor'd. Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue

Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd

Caesar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:
I haue told him Lepidus was growne too cruell,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that

Caes Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.
Enter Octauius with her Traine.

Octa. Haile Caesar, and my L[ord]. haile most deere Caesar

Caesar. That euer I should call thee Cast-away

Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you cause

**Caes Why haue you stoll vpon vs thus? you come not
Like Caesars Sister, The wife of Anthony
Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,**

Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th' way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnlovd: we should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord Marke Anthony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued eare withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne

**Caes Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract 'tweene his Lust, and him**

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord

**Caes I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?**

Octa. My Lord, in Athens

Caesar. No my most wronged Sister, Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, Archilaus
Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King Adullas,
King Manchus of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, Mithridates King
Of Comageat, Polemen and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other

Caes Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our breaking forth

**Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold vnbeuayl'd their way.** Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs

Agrip. Welcome Lady

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,
Onely th' adulterous Anthony, most large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyses it against vs

Octa. Is it so sir?
**Caes Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience.** My deer'st Sister.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it is not fit

Eno. Well: is it, is it

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against vs, why should not
we be there in person

Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meerly lost:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse

Cleo. What is't you say?

Enob. Your presence needs must puzzle Anthony,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.
Enter Anthony and Camidias.

Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor

Ant. Is it not strange Camidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. Camidius, wee
Will fight with him by Sea

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't

Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you

Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militeres, Reapers, people
Ingrostr'd by swift Impresse. In Caesars Fleete,
Are those, that often haue 'gainst Pompey fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heauy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land

Ant. By Sea, by Sea

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie

Ant. Ile fight at Sea

Cleo. I haue sixty Sailes, Caesar none better

Ant. Our ouer-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th' head of Action
Beate th' approaching Caesar. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land.
Enter a Messenger.

Thy Businesse?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Caesar ha's taken Tornyne

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. Camidius,
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my Thetis.
Enter a Soldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th' Egyptians
And the Phoenicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot

Ant. Well, well, away.

exit Ant. Cleo. &Enob

Soul. By Hercules I thinke I am i'th' right

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens mens

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iustus,
Publicola, and Celiuss, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of Caesars
Carries beyond beleefe

Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguilde all Spies

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Soul. They say, one Towrus

Cam. Well, I know the man.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls Camidius

Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar with his Army, marching.

Caes Towrus?
Tow. My Lord

Caes Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe.
Enter.

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In eye of Caesars battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.
Enter.

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the stage,
and Towrus
the Lieutenant of Caesar the other way: After their going in, is
heard the
noise of a Sea fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.
Enter Scarrus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion

Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we haue kist away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces

Eno. How appeares the Fight?

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th' midst o'th' fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Iune,
Hoists Sailes, and flyes

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view

Scar. She once being looft,

The Noble ruine of her Magicke, Anthony,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I neuer saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidius

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,

And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled

Scar. 'Tis easie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes

Camid. To Caesar will I render
My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding

Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of Anthony, though my reason
Sits in the winde against me.
Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Haue lost my way for euer. I haue a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with Caesar

Omnes. Fly? Not wee

Ant. I haue fled my selfe, and haue instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my selfe resolu'd vpon a course,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke vpon,
My very haire do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Haue Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replyes of loathnesse, take the hint
Which my dispaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.
Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I haue lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by.

Sits downe

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him

Iras. Do most deere Queene

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh Iuno

Ant. No, no, no, no, no

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie

Char. Madam

Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse

Eros. Sir, sir

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the braue squares of Warre: yet now: no matter

Cleo. Ah stand by

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee's vnqualitied with very shame

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue

Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A most vnnoble sweruing

Eros. Sir, the Queene

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull sayles, I little thought
You would haue followed

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th' strings,
And thou should'st towe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods

Command mee

Cleo. Oh my pardon

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th' world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause

Cleo. Pardon, pardon

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Giue me a kisse,
Euen this repayes me.
We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

Caes Let him appeare that's come from Anthony.
Know you him

Dolla. Caesar, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Anthony.

Caesar. Approach, and speake

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea

Caes Bee't so, declare thine office

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confesse thy Greatnesse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the Ptolomies for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace

Caes For Anthony,
I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee
From Egypt driue her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not sue vnheard. So to them both

Amb. Fortune pursue thee

Caes Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From Anthony winne Cleopatra, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning Thidias,

Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law

Thid. Caesar. I go

Caesar. Obserue how Anthony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speakes
In euery power that mooues

Thid. Caesar, I shall.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Thinke, and dye

Cleo. Is Anthony, or we in fault for this?

Eno. Anthony onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose seuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Nauy gazing

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. I my Lord

Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtesie,
So she will yeeld vs vp

Am. He sayes so

Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy Caesar send this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile
Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as soone
As i'th' Command of Caesar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selues alone: Ile write it: Follow me

Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel'd Caesar will
Vnstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th' shew
Against a Sworder. I see mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptinesse; Caesar thou hast subdu'de
His iudgement too.
Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Messenger from Caesar

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him sir

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earne a place i'th' Story.
Enter Thidias.

Cleo. Caesars will

Thid. Heare it apart

Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly

Thid. So haply are they Friends to Anthony

Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as Caesar ha's,
Or needs not vs. If Caesar please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is Caesars

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, Caesar intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is Caesars

Cleo. Go on, right Royall

Thid. He knowes that you embrace not Anthony

As you did loue, but as you feared him

Cleo. Oh

Thid. The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pittie, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserued

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meere

Eno. To be sure of that, I will aske Anthony.
Sir, sir, thou art so leakie
That we must leaue thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

Exit Enob.

Thid. Shall I say to Caesar,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left Anthony,
And put your selfe vnder his shrowd, the vniuersal Landlord

Cleo. What's your name?

Thid. My name is Thidias

Cleo. Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great Caesar this in disputation,
I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare

The doome of Egypt

Thid. 'Tis your Noblest course:
Wisedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand

Cleo. Your Caesars Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in)
Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.
Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou Fellow?
Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To haue command obey'd

Eno. You will be whipt

Ant. Approach there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a musse, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am Anthony yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.
Enter a Seruant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelp,
Then with an old one dying

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I finde them
So sawcy with the hand of she heere, what's her name
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him crindge his face,

And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence

Thid. Marke Anthony

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the lacke of Caesars shall
Beare vs an arrant to him.

Exeunt. with Thidius.

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord

Ant. You haue beene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morsell, cold vpon
Dead Caesars Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of Gneius Pompeyes, besides what hotter houres
Vnregistred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,

And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Basan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue sauage cause,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like
A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?
Enter a Seruant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
To follow Caesar in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th' Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Thid.

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of Anthony

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyson it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines so
Dissolue my life, the next Caesarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the discandring of this pelleted storme,
Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey

Ant. I am satisfied:

Caesar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet

Cleo. That's my braue Lord

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome liues
Of me for iests: But now, Ile set my teeth,
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,

I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord
Is Anthony againe, I will be Cleopatra

Ant. We will yet do well

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord

Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their scarres.
Come on (my Queene)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his pestilent Sythe.

Exeunt.

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leaue him.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, & Mecenias with his Army, Caesar reading
a Letter.

**Caes He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt.** My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Caesar to Anthony: let the old Ruffian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time

Laugh at his Challenge

Mece. Caesar must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it selfe

Caes Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that seru'd Marke Anthony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waste. Poore Anthony.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas,
with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitian?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all

Ant. Well said, come on:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Call forth my Houshold Seruants, lets to night
Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes

Cleo. What meanes this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots
Out of the minde

Ant. And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An Anthony: that I might do you seruice,
So good as you haue done

Omnes. The Gods forbid

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:

Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command

Cleo. What does he meane?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe

Ant. Tend me to night;

May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'l serue another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good seruice, stay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,

And the Gods yeeld you for't

Eno. What meane you (Sir)
To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,
Transforme vs not to women

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne consideration.

Exeunt.

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1.Sol. Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day

2.Sol. It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets

1 Nothing: what newes?

2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you

1 Well sir, good night.

They meete other Soldiers.

2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch

1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselues in euery corner of the Stage.

**2 Heere we: and if to morrow
Our Nauie thriue, I haue an absolute hope
Our Landmen will stand vp**

1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.

2 Peace, what noise?

1 List, list

2 Hearke

1 Musicke i'th' Ayre

3 Vnder the earth

4 It signes well, do's it not?

3 No

1 Peace I say: What should this meane?
2 'Tis the God Hercules, whom Anthony loued,
Now leaues him

1 Walke, let's see if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do?
2 How now Maisters?

Speak together.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?
1 I, is't not strange?
3 Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?
1 Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.
Let's see how it will giue off

Omnes. Content: 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour Eros

Cleo. Sleepe a little

Ant. No my Chucke. Eros, come mine Armor Eros.
Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,

If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we braue her. Come

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, Anthony.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee

Ant. Well, well, we shall thriue now.
Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences

Eros. Briefely Sir

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnuckles this, till we do please
To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.
Thou fumblest Eros, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Loue,
That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
A Workeman in't.
Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,
And go too't with delight

Soul. A thousand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you.

Showt. Trumpets Flourish. Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.

Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall

All. Good morrow Generall

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so: Come giue me that, this way, well-sed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable,
And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu.

Exeunt.

Char. Please you retyre to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and Caesar might
Determine this great Warre in single fight;
Then Anthony; but now. Well on.

Exeunt.

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to Anthony

Ant. Would thou, & those thy scars had once preuaild
To make me fight at Land

Eros. Had'st thou done so,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier

The Tragedie of Anthonie, and Cleopatra

Shakespeare's First Folio

That has this morning left thee, would haue still
Followed thy heeles

Ant. Whose gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for Enobarbus,
He shall not heare thee, or from Caesars Campe,
Say I am none of thine

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir he is with Caesar

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certaine

Ant. Go Eros, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch Enobarbus.

Exit

Flourish. Enter Agrippa, Caesar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

Caes Go forth Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is Anthony be tooke aliue:
Make it so knowne

Agrip. Caesar, I shall

Caesar. The time of vniuersall peace is neere:
Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oliue freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Anthony is come into the Field

Caes Go charge Agrippa,
Plant those that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That Anthony may seeme to spend his Fury
Vpon himselfe.

Exeunt.

Enob. Alexas did reuolt, and went to Iewry on
Affaires of Anthony, there did dissuade
Great Herod to incline himselfe to Caesar,
And leaue his Master Anthony. For this paines,
Caesar hath hang'd him: Camindius and the rest
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,
That I will ioy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesars.

Sol. Enobarbus, Anthony
Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules

Eno. I giue it you

Sol. Mocke not Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you saf't the bringer
Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my selfe. Your Emperor
Continues still a Ioue.

Exit

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am so most. Oh Anthony,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed
My better seruice, when my turpitude
Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane
Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight against thee: No I will go seeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

Enter.

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agrip. Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:
Caesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.

Enter.

Alarums. Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,

Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home
With clowts about their heads.

Far off.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H

Ant. They do retyre

Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for six scotches more

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues
For a faire victory

Scar. Let vs score their backes,
And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on

Scar. Ile halt after.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all Hectors.
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with ioyfull teares
Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
The Honour'd-gashes whole.
Enter Cleopatra.

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thanks blesse thee. Oh thou day o'th' world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attire and all
Through prooffe of Harnesse to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing

Cleo. Lord of Lords.
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
The worlds great snare vncaught

Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do something mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand,
Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Destroyed in such a shape

Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings

Ant. He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phoebus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,
And drinke Carowses to the next dayes Fate
Which promises Royall perill, Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach.

Exeunt.

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
We must returne to'th' Court of Guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile
By'th' second houre i'th' Morne

1.Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one too's

Enob. Oh beare me witnesse night

2 What man is this?
1 Stand close, and list him

Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When men reuolted shall vpon Record

Beare hatefull memory: poore Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent

Cent. Enobarbus?

2 Peace: Hearke further

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poysonous dampe of night dispunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebelle to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts. Oh Anthony,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh Anthony! Oh Anthony!

1 Let's speake to him

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes
May concerne Caesar

2 Let's do so; but he sleepes

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for sleepe

1 Go we to him

2 Awake sir, awake, speake to vs

1 Heare you sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummes afarre off.

Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th' Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out

2 Come on then, he may recouer yet.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land

Scar. For both, my Lord

Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th' Fire, or i'th' Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may best discouer,
And looke on their endeouour.

Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, and his Army.

Caes But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,

**Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies.** To the Vales,
And hold our best aduantage.

Exeunt.

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight. Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discover all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.
Enter.

Scar. Swallowes haue built
In Cleopatra's Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. Anthony,
Is valiant, and deieted, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.
Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and Anthony part heere, euen heere
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
What Eros, Eros?
Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deseruing,
And blemish Caesars Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poor'st Diminutiues, for Dolts, and let
Patient Octauia, plough thy visage vp
With her prepared nailes.

exit Cleopatra.

'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. Eros, hoa!
The shirt of Nessus is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Licas on the hornes o'th' Moone,
And with those hands that graspt the heauiest Club,
Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. Eros hoa?
Enter.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then Telamon for his Shield, the Boare of Thessaly
Was neuer so imboost

Char. To'th' Monument, there locke your selfe,
And send him word you are dead:
The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off

Cleo. To'th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:
Say, that the last I spoke was Anthony,
And word it (prythee) pitteously. Hence Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th' Monument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. I Noble Lord

Ant. Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast seene these Signes,
They are blacke Vespers Pageants

Eros. I my Lord

Ant. That which is now a Horse, euen with a thoght
the Racke dislimes, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water

Eros. It does my Lord

Ant. My good Knaue Eros, now thy Captaine is
Euen such a body: Heere I am Anthony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil'st it was mine, had annext vntoo't
A Million moe, (now lost:) shee Eros has
Packt Cards with Caesars, and false plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle Eros, there is left vs
Our selues to end our selues.
Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword

Mar. No Anthony,
My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
with thine intirely

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake
Was Anthony, most Noble Anthony.
Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake
The name of Anthony: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she tendred life
Thy name so buried in her

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead

Ant. Vnarme Eros, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly: Go.

exit Mardian.

Off, plucke off,
The seuen-fold shield of Ajax cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace Eros, apace;
No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile.

exit Eros

I will o're-take thee Cleopatra, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It selfe with strength: Seale then and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. Eros? Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:
Dido, and her Aeneas shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come Eros, Eros.
Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dyed,
I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our Caesar telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne Eros,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
Th' ineuitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,

'Tis Caesar thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de
To penetratiue shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate
Of Fortunate Caesar drawne before him, branded
His Basenesse that ensued

Eros. I would not see't

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most vsefull for thy Country

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st y not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes

Ant. Loe thee

Eros. My sword is drawne

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawne it

Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now Eros.

Killes himselfe.

Eros. Why there then:

Thus I do escape the sorrow of Anthonies death

Ant. Thrice–Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and Eros
Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride–groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and Eros,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.
Enter a Guard.

1.Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I haue begun

2 The Starre is falne

1 And time is at his Period

All. Alas, and woe

Ant. Let him that loues me, strike me dead

1 Not I

2 Nor I

3 Nor any one.

Exeunt.

Decretus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This sword but shewne to Caesar with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.
Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Anthony?

Decre. There Diomed there

Diom. Liues he: wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there Diomed?

Draw thy sword, and giue mee,
Suffising strokes for death

Diom. Most absolute Lord:
My Mistris Cleopatra sent me to thee

Ant. When did shee send thee?

Diom. Now my Lord

Anth. Where is she?

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophesying feare
Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
(Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late

Ant. Too late good Diomed: call my Guard I prythee

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.
Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where Cleopatra bides,
'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you

1 **Woe, woe are we sir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out**

All. Most heauy day

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,

I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thanks for all.

Exit bearing Anthony

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh Charmian, I will neuer go from hence

Char. Be comforted deere Madam

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible euent's are welcome,
But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.
Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.
Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th' world. O Antony, Antony, Antony
Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither

Ant. Peace,
Not Caesars Valour hath o'rethrowne Anthony,
But Anthonie's hath Triumpht on it selfe

Cleo. So it should be,
That none but Anthony should conquer Anthony,
But woe 'tis so

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay vpon thy lippes

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Least I be taken: nor th' Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd Caesar, euer shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe:
Your Wife Octauia, with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come Anthony,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp:
Assist good Friends

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone

Cleo. Heere's sport indeede:
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,
That makes the waight. Had I great Iuno's power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,
And set thee by Ioues side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu'd,
Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out

All. A heauy sight

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence

Ant. One word (sweet Queene)
Of Caesar seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh

Cleo. They do not go together

Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about Caesar trust, but Proculeius

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about Caesar

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th' world,
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Sty? Oh see my women:

The Crowne o'th' earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The Souldiers pole is falne: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady

Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne

Char. Lady

Iras. Madam

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam

Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse

Char. Peace, peace, Iras

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught:
Patience is sortish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now Charmian?
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,

Shakespeare's First Folio

Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breefest end.

Exeunt., bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with his Counsell of
Warre.

Caesar. Go to him Dollabella, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes

Dol. Caesar, I shall.
Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

**Caes Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?**

Dec. I am call'd Decretas,
**Marke Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: whil'st he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters.** If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to Caesar: if y pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life

Caesar. What is't thou say'st?

Dec. I say (Oh Caesar) Anthony is dead

Caesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of Anthony
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world

Dec. He is dead Caesar,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood

Caes Looke you sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most persisted deeds

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. Caesar is touch'd

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe

Caesar. Oh Anthony,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,

Shakespeare's First Folio

The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he sayes.
Enter an aegyptian.

Whence are you?

aegyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th' way shee's forc'd too

Caesar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For Caesar cannot leaue to be vngentle

aegypt. So the Gods preserue thee.
Enter.

Caes Come hither Proculeius. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her

Pro. Caesar I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

**Caes Gallus, go you along: where's Dolabella, to second
Proculeius?**

All. Dolabella

**Caes Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's imployd: he shall in time be ready.**

Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: Tis paltry to be Caesar:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and Caesars.
Enter Proculeius.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius

Cleo. Anthony
Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vse for trusting. If your Master
Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Maiesty to keepe decorum, must
No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please

To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks

Pro. Be of good cheere:
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependencie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I houely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th' Face

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till Caesar come

Iras. Royall Queene

Char. Oh Cleopatra, thou art taken Queene

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releue'd, but not betrayd

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

Pro. Cleopatra, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th' vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggars

Pro. Oh temperance Lady

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do Caesar what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octauia. Shall they hoyst me vp,
And shew me to the showting Varlotarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines

Pro. You do extend

These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in Caesar.
Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,

What thou hast done, thy Master Caesar knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard

Pro. So Dolabella,
It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To Caesar I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'l imploy me to him.

Exit Proculeius

Cleo. Say, I would dye

Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you haue heard of me

Cleo. I cannot tell

Dol. Assuredly you know me

Cleo. No matter sir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?

Dol. I vnderstand not, Madam

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor Anthony.
Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
But such another man

Dol. If it might please ye

Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein sticke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, &lighted
The little o'th' earth

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature

Cleo. His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crested the world: His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and shake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An Anthony it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in: In his Liuary
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket

Dol. Cleopatra

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no

Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, not euer were one such
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuffe
To vie strange formes with fancie, yet t' imagine
An Anthony were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie,
Condemning shadowes quite

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:
Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it
As answering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take pursu'de successe: But I do feelee
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites
My very heart at roote

Cleo. I thanke you sir:
Know you what Caesar meanes to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew

Cleo. Nay pray you sir

Dol. Though he be Honourable

Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph

Dol. Madam he will, I know't.

Flourish.

Enter Proculeius, Caesar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his
Traine.

All. Make way there Caesar

Caes Which is the Queene of Egypt

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.

Cleo. kneeles.

Caesar. Arise, you shall not kneele:
I pray you rise, rise Egypt

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey,
Caesar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cause so well
To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often sham'd our Sex

Caesar. Cleopatra know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies course, you shall bereaue your selfe
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue

Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, &we
your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord

Caesar. You shall aduise me in all for Cleopatra

Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, &Iewels
I am possest of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?
Seleu. Heere Madam

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue reseru'd
To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth Seleucus

Seleu. Madam, I had rather seele my lippes,
Then to my perill speake that which is not

Cleo. What haue I kept backe

Sel. Enough to purchase what you haue made known

Caesar. Nay blush not Cleopatra, I approue
Your Wisedome in the deede

Cleo. See Caesar: Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus, does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more trust
Then loue that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, y shalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog.
O rarely base!

Caesar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you

Cleo. O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse
To one so meeke, that mine owne Seruant should
Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good Caesar)
That I some Lady trifles haue reseru'd,
Immoment toyes, things of such Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say
Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
For Liuia and Octauia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be vnfolded
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th' Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'st haue mercy on me

Caesar. Forbeare Seleucus

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought

For things that others do: and when we fall,
We answer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied

Caesar. Cleopatra,
Not what you haue reseru'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th' Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleeeue
Caesars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your selfe shall giue vs counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
Our care and pittie is so much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord

Caesar. Not so: Adieu.

Flourish. Exeunt Caesar, and his Traine.

Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I should not be Noble to my selfe.
But hearke thee Charmian

Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke

Cleo. Hye thee againe,
I haue spoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haste

Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene?

Char. Behold sir

Cleo. Dolabella

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remaine your debter

Dol. I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I must attend on Caesar.

Exit

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.
Now Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour

Iras. The Gods forbid

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine Iras: sawcie Lictors

Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will stage vs, and present
Our Alexandrian Reuels: Anthony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra Boy my greatnesse
I'th' posture of a Whore

Irás. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay that's certaine

Irás. Ile neuer see't? for I am sure mine Nailes
Are stronger then mine eyes

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their most absurd intents.
Enter Charmian.

Now Charmian.
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My best Attyres. I am againe for Cidrus,
To meete Marke Anthony. Sirra Irás, go
(Now Noble Charmian, wee'l dispatch indeede,)
And when thou hast done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.

A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?
Enter a Guardsman.

Gards. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figges

Cleo. Let him come in.

Exit Guardsman.

What poore an Instrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Resolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.
Enter Guardsman, and Clowne.

Guards. This is the man

Cleo. Auoid, and leaue him.

Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie
that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
immortall: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or neuer
recouer

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman,
but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not
do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byting
of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie
good report o'th' worme: but he that wil beleue all that
they say, shall neuer be saued by halfe that they do: but
this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell

Clow. I wish you all ioy of the Worme

Cleo. Farewell

Clow. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the
Worme will do his kinde

Cleo. I, I, farewell

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is
no goodnesse in the Worme

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it
is not worth the feeding

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You must not think I am so simple, but I know
the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods
great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they
make, the diuels marre fiue

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell

Clow. Yes forsooth: I wish you ioy o'th' worm.

Exit

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moyst this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe
To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of Caesar, which the Gods giue men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baser life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde Charmian, Iras, long farewell.
Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall?
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking

Char. Dissolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselues do weepe

Cleo. This proues me base:
If she first meete the Curled Anthony,
Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intricate,
Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great CaesarASSE, vnpoliced

Char. Oh Easterne Starre

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That suckes the Nurse asleepe

Char. O breake! O breake!
Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O Anthony! Nay I will take thee too.
What should I stay—

Dyes.

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes
A Lasse vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phoebus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,
He mend it, and then play—
Enter the Guard rustling in; and Dolabella.

1.Guard. Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not

1 Caesar hath sent

Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee

**1 Approach hoa,
All's not well: Caesar's beguild**

2 There's Dolabella sent from Caesar: call him

**1 What worke is heere Charmian?
Is this well done?**

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse

Descended of so many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier.

Charmian dyes.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?
2.Guard. All dead

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Enter Caesar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Caesar

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done

Caesar. Brauest at the last,
She leuell'd at our purposes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleede

Dol. Who was last with them?
1.Guard. A simple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket

Caesar. Poyson'd then

1.Guard. Oh Caesar:

This Charmian liu'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood,
And on the sodaine dropt

Caesar. Oh Noble weakenesse:

If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appeare
By externall swelling: but she lookes like sleepe,
As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong toyle of Grace

Dol. Heere on her brest,

There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme

1.Guard. This is an Aspickes traile,

And these Figge-leaues haue slime vpon them, such
As th' Aspicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle

Caesar. Most probable

That so she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath pursu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her Anthony.
No Graue vpon the earth shall clip in it
A payre so famous: high euent as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pittie, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come Dolabella, see
High Order, in this great Solemnity.

Exeunt. omnes

FINIS. THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

The Tragedie of Cymbeline

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1.Gent. You do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart

2 None but the King?

1 He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at

2 And why so?

1 He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,

**So faire an Outward, and such stuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee**

2 You speake him farre

**1 I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vnfold
His measure duly**

2 What's his name, and Birth?

**1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did ioyne his Honor
Against the Romanes, with Cassibulan,
But had his Titles by Tenantius, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th' time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand.** For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cals him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th' more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electio[n] may be truly read, what kind of man he is

2 I honor him, euen out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th' King?

1 His onely childe:

**He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
I'th' swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery**

Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went

2 How long is this ago?

1 Some twenty yeares

2 That a Kings Children should be so conuey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them

1 Howsoere, 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir

2 I do well beleeeue you

1 **We must forbear.** Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princesse.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer you the keyes
That locke vp your restraint. For you Posthumus,
So soone as I can win th' offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience

Your wisdom may inform you

Post. 'Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day

Qu. You know the perill:
He fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together.

Exit

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reseru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourelly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may see againe

Post. My Queene, my Mistris:
O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Filorio's,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, He drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.
Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet He moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:

Payes deere for my offences

Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When Imogen is dead

Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And seare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see againe?
Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King

Cym. Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood

Post. The Gods protect you,
And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:

Scena Secunda.

I am gone

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace

Cym. That might'st haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee

Almost the summe he payes

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my Leonatus
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.
Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp

Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly.
Enter.

Enter Pisanio.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master

Qu. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?
Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand

Qu. I am very glad on't

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse

Qu. Pray walke a-while

Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leaue me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence
of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where
ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so
wholesome as that you vent

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not so much as his patience

**1 Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee
not hurt.** It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt

**2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backe-side the
Towne**

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me

2 No, but he fled forward still, toward your face

**1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your hauing, gaue you some ground**

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)
Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs

**2 So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole
you were vpon the ground**

Clot. And that shee should loue this Fellow, and refuse
mee

2 If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd

**1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty &her Braine
go not together.** Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene
small reflection of her wit

**2 She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection
Should hurt her**

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
beene some hurt done

**2 I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse,
which is no great hurt**

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordship

Clot. Nay come, let's go together

2 Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th' Hauen,
And questioned'st euery Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene

Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship

Imo. Thou should'st haue made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him

Pisa. Madam, so I did

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio,
When shall we heare from him

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,
With his next vantage

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shees of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T' encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.
Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee
was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woorthy,
as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration,

Shakespeare's First Folio

though the Catalogue of his endowments had
bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
then now hee is, with that which makes him both without,
and within

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very many
there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as
hee

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,
wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then
his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
matter

French. And then his banishment

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully
to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which
else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger
without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourne
with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to
whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life.
Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among'st
you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing,
to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better
knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you,
as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will
leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his
owne hearing

French. Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleance

Post. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courtesies,
which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay still

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was
glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene
pitty you should haue beene put together, with so mortall
a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of so
slight and triuiall a nature

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueller,
rather shun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in
my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but
vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to say it is mended)
my Quarrell was not altogether slight

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of
Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood
haue confounded one the other, or haue falne both

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

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke,
which may (without contradiction) suffer the report.
It was much like an argument that fell out last
night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses.
This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and
vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more
Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and
lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in
Fraunce

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans
opinion by this, worne out

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind

Iach. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy

Posth. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others. I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeeue she excelled many: but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone

Iach. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Mistris is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be solde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the guift of the Gods

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know strange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of vnprizeable

Shakespeare's First Folio

Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casuall;
A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd
Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and
last

Post. Your Italy, containes none so accomplish'd a
Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Mistris: if in the
holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing
doubt you haue store of Theeues, notwithstanding
I feare not my Ring

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I
thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at
first

Iach. With fiue times so much conuersation, I should
get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, euen
to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie
to friend

Post. No, no

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate,
to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it
something: but I make my wager rather against your
Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence
heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in
the world

Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perswasion,
and I doubt not you sustaine what y're worthy
of, by your Attempt

Iach. What's that?

Posth. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call
it) deserue more; a punishment too

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too sodainely,
let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better
acquainted

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors
on th' approbation of what I haue spoke

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands
so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your
Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady
is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a
second conference, and I will bring from thence, that
Honor of hers, which you imagine so reseru'd

Posthumus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to
it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of
it

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you
buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserue
it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion
in you, that you feare

Posthu. This is but a custome in your tongue: you
beare a grauer purpose I hope

Iach. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vnder-go
what's spoken, I sweare

Posthu. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till
your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's.
My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your
vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my

Ring

Phil. I will haue it no lay

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I haue enioy'd the deerest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in such honour as you haue trust in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnsteduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th' assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword

Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded

Post. Agreed

French. Will this hold, thinke you

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam

Queen. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poysonous Compounds,
Which are the mooouers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserue? Yea so,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou think'st me diuellish) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their seuerall vertues, and effects

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome, and infectious

Qu. O content thee.
Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascall, vpon him
Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pisanio?
Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme

Qu. Hearke thee, a word

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,
So to be false with her

Qu. No further seruice, Doctor,
Vntill I send for thee

Cor. I humbly take my leaue.
Enter.

Scena Sexta.

Qu. Weepes she still (saist thou?)
Dost thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:
When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.

Exit Pisa.

Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knaue,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, she after
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.
Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, Pisanio.
Thinke on my words.

Exit Qu. and Ladies

Pisa. And shall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you.
Enter.

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supream Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.
Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greetes your Highnesse deerely

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly

Imogen reads. He is one of the Noblest note, to whose
kindnesses I am
most infinitely
tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your
trust. Leonatus.
So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th' rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do

Iach. Thankes fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttery to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet vnsatisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and peeuish

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.
Enter.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam

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

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe

What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame

Imo. Not he I hope

Iach. Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pittie too

Imo. What do you pittie Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartyly

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pittie?

Iach. Lamentable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe

Imo. I pray you Sir,

Deliuier with more opennesse your answeres
To my demands. Why do you pittie me?

Iach. That others do,

(I was about to say) enioy your– but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't

Imo. You do seeme to know

Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more

Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
 Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
 The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
 What both you spur and stop

Iach. Had I this cheeke
 To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
 (Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
 To'th' oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)
 Slaouer with lippes as common as the stayres
 That mount the Capitoll: Ioyne gripes, with hands
 Made hard with houely falshood (falshood as
 With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
 Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
 That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
 That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
 Encounter such reuolt

Imo. My Lord, I feare
 Has forgot Brittain

Iach. And himselfe, not I
 Inclind to this intelligence, pronounce
 The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
 That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,
 Charmes this report out

Imo. Let me heare no more

Iach. O dearest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
 With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
 So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
 Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
 With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition
 Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseases'd ventures
 That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
 Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyl'd stuffe
 As well might poyson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
 Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you

Recoyle from your great Stocke

Imo. Reueng'd:

How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Liue like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rumpes
In your despight, vpon your purse: reuenge it.
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure

Imo. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes

Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue

So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'st haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pisanio?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,

The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely
For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,

That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his

Imo. You make amends

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie
(Most mighty Princesse) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffeslesse. Pray your pardon

Imo. All's well Sir:
Take my powre i'th' Court for yours

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperour:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuce, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection

Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them

In my Bed-chamber

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely 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 returne. From Gallia,
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow

Iach. O I must Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall
To'th' tender of our Present

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kist the Iacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whorson Iacke-an-Apes, must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them

Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th' earth: a pox on't I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: euery Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit your Lordship should vndertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too

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

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely

Clot. Why so I say

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of Leonatus Friends

Clot. Leonatus? A banisht Rascall; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord

Clot. Not easily I thinke

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost
to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go

2. Ile attend your Lordship.
Enter.

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princesse,
Thou diuine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourelly coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expulsion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand
T' enioy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: Helene?

La. Please you Madam

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam

Imo. I haue read three houres then:
 Mine eyes are weake,
 Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
 Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
 And if thou canst awake by foure o'th' clock,
 I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
 To your protection I commend me, Gods,
 From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
 Guard me beseech yee.

Sleepes.

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense
 Repaires it selfe by rest: Our Tarquine thus
 Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
 The Chastitie he wounded. Cytherea,
 How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
 And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
 But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,
 How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th' Taper
 Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
 To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopied
 Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd
 With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe.
 To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
 Such, and such pictures: There the window, such
 Th' adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
 Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th' Story.
 Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,
 Aboue ten thousand meaner Moueables
 Would testifie, t' enrich mine Inuentorie.
 O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
 And be her Sense but as a Monument,
 Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
 As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,
 As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
 To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left brest
 A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
 I'th' bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,
 Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret

Shakespeare's First Folio

Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of Tereus, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where Philomele gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

One, two, three: time, time.
Enter.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the
most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper
of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when
you winne.
Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get
this foolish Imogen, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost
morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised
to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.
Enter Musitians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering,
so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let
her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent
good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire,
with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
and Phoebus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.
So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your
Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares
which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of
vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amend.
Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason
I was vp so earely: he cannot choose but take this Seruice
I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maiesty,
and to my gracious Mother

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter
Will she not forth?

Clot. I haue assayl'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes
no notice

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours

Qu. You are most bound to'th' King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe
To orderly solicity, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Saue when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senselesse

Clot. Senselesse? Not so

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs
We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede
T' employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene.

Exeunt.

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not
Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold

Scena Tertia.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th' stand o'th' Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe:
Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe.
By your leaue.

Knockes.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman

La. No more

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne

La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.
Enter Imogen.

Scena Tertia.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I giue,
Is telling you that I am poore of thanks,
And scarce can spare them

Clot. Still I sweare I loue you

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:
If you sweare still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not

Clot. This is no answer

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,
I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith
I shall vnfold equall discourtesie
To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing
Should learne (being taught) forbearance

Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,
I will not

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,

And am so neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast

Clot. You sinne against
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules
(On whom there is no more dependencie
But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by
The consequence o'th' Crowne, and must not foyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuorie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent

Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of Iupiter, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd so well

Clot. The South-Fog rot him

Imo. He neuer can meete more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my respect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made such men: How now Pisanio?
Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would loose it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse aught but he

Pis. 'Twill not be lost

Imo. I hope so: go and search

Clot. You haue abus'd me:
His meanest Garment?

Imo. I, I said so Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't

Clot. I will enforme your Father

Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leaue you Sir,
To'th' worst of discontent.
Enter.

Clot. Ile be reueng'd:
His mean'st Garment? Well.
Enter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's

Phil. What meanes do you make to him?

Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling
I must die much your debtor

Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great Augustus: Caius Lucius,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th' Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their griefe

Post. I do beleeeue
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you shall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when Iulius Caesar
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, such
That mend vpon the world.
Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See Iachimo

Post. The swiftest Harts, haue posted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,
To make your vessell nimble

Phil. Welcome Sir

Post. I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made
The speedinesse of your returne

Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayrest that I haue look'd vpon

Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them

Iachi. Heere are Letters for you

Post. Their tenure good I trust

Iach. 'Tis very like

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britaine 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 haue lost it,

I should haue lost the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t' enioy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne

Post. The Stones too hard to come by

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy

Post. Make note Sir
Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends

Iach. Good Sir, we must
If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes

Post. If you can mak't apparant
That you haue tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leaue both
To who shall finde them

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to beleeeue; whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not
You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not

Post. Proceed

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but professe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapistry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Sidnus swell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, so rich, that it did striue
In Workemanship, 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 haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other

Iach. More particulars
Must iustifie my knowledge

Post. So they must,
Or doe your Honour iniury

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney—peece
Chaste Dian, bathing; neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out—went her,
Motion, and Breath left out

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of

Iach. The Roofe o'th' Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote standing, nicely

Scena Quarta.

Depending on their Brands

Post. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise
Be giuen to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saues
The wager you haue laid

Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them

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

Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gaue 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 shee?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Basiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, aboue measure false

Phil. Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable she lost it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted

Scena Quarta.

Hath stolne it from her

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me some corporall signe about her
More euident then this: for this was stolne

Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme

Post. Hearke you, he sweares: by Iupiter he sweares.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure
She would not loose it: her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cognisance of her incontinencie
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Diuide themselues betweene you

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perswaded well of

Post. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him

Iach. If you seeke
For further satisfying, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kist it, and it gaue me present hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This staine vpon her?

Post. I, and it doth confirme
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it

Iach. Will you heare more?

Post. Spare your Arethmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million

Iach. Ile be sworne

Post. No swearing:

If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold

Iach. Ile deny nothing

Post. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:

I will go there and doo't, i'th' Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something.
Enter.

Phil. Quite besides

The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe

Iach. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I

Scena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tool'es
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow Iachimo in an houre, was't not?
Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,
Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.
Enter.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one
doore, and at
another, Caius, Lucius; and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with vs?

Luc. When Iulius Caesar (whose remembrance yet
Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues

Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
 And Conquer'd it, Cassibulan thine Vnkle
 (Famous in Caesars prayses, no whit lesse
 Then in his Feats deseruing it) for him,
 And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
 Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
 Is left vntender'd

Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
 Shall be so euer

Clot. There be many Caesars,
 Ere such another Iulius: Britaine's a world
 By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our owne Noses

Qu. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
 The Kings your Ancestors, together with
 The naturall brauery of your Isle, which stands
 As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
 With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,
 With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
 But sucke them vp to'th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest
 Caesar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
 Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame
 (The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
 (Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
 Like Egge-shells mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibulan, who was once at point
 (Oh giglet Fortune) to master Caesars Sword,
 Made Luds-Towne with reioycing-Fires bright,
 And Britaines strut with Courage

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
 Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
 said) there is no mo such Caesars, other of them may haue
 crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none

Cym. Son, let your Mother end

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard
as Cassibulan, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand.
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Caesar
can hide the Sun from vs 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 iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Caesars Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our selues to be, we do. Say then to Caesar,
Our Ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vse the Sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. Mulmutius made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Caesar, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confusion
In Caesars name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Looke
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my selfe

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,
Thy Caesar Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,
Behoooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President

Shakespeare's First Folio

Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
So Caesar shall not finde them

Luc. Let prooffe speake

Clot. His Maiesty biddes you welcome. Make pastime
with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs afterwards
in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Saltwater-Girdle:
if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you
fall in the aduenture, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end

Luc. So sir

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monsters her accuse? Leonatus:
Oh Master, what a strange infection
Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.
She's punish'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddess-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were

Scena Secunda.

Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her,
 Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
 Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
 If it be so, to do good seruice, neuer
 Let me be counted seruiceable. How looke I,
 That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
 So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
 That I haue sent her, by her owne command,
 Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
 Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
 Art thou a Foedarie for this Act; and look'st
 So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.
 Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded

Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?
 Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
 That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
 Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
 Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Loue,
 Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
 That we two are asunder, let that grieue him;
 Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
 For it doth physicke Loue, of his content,
 All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: blest be
 You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Louers,
 And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
 Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet
 You claspe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.
 Iustice and your Fathers wrath (should he take me in his
 Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the deerest
 of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take
 notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
 owne Loue, will out of this aduise you, follow. So he wishes you
 all happinesse, that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your
 encreasing
 in Loue. Leonatus Posthumus.
 Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou Pisanio?
 He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
 How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
 May plod it in a weeke, why may not I

Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,
 Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st
 But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
 For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
 (Loues Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To'th' smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
 To this same blessed Milford. And by'th' way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 T' inherite such a Hauen. But first of all,
 How we may steale from hence: and for the gap
 That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
 And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
 Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?
 Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,
 How many store of Miles may we well rid
 Twixt houre, and houre?

Pis. One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
 Madam's enough for you: and too much too

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
 Could neuer go so slow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
 Where Horses haue bin nimbler then the Sands
 That run i'th' Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
 Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say
 She'le home to her Father; and prouide me presently
 A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit
 A Franklins Huswife

Pisa. Madam, you're best consider

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, nor heere;
 Nor what ensues but haue a Fog in them
 That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
 Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
 Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We house i'th' Rocke, yet vse thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do

Guid. Haile Heauen

Aruir. Haile Heauen

Bela. Now for our Mountaine sport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The sharded-Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepe his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours

Gui. Out of your prooffe you speak: we poore vnflgd'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not

What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
 (If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
 That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
 With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
 A Cell of Ignorance: traauiling a bed,
 A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit

Arui. What should we speake of
 When we are old as you? When we shall heare
 The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
 In this our pinching Caue, shall we discourse
 The freezing houres away? We haue seene nothing:
 We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
 Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
 Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
 We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
 And sing our Bondage freely

Bel. How you speake.
 Did you but know the Citties Vsuries,
 And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th' Court,
 As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
 Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that
 The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th' Warre,
 A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
 I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' search,
 And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
 As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
 Doth ill deserue, by doing well: what's worse
 Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
 The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
 With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
 First, with the best of Note. Cymbeline lou'd me,
 And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
 Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
 Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
 Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
 And left me bare to weather

Gui. Vncertaine fauour

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
 But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
 Before my perfect Honor, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
 Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
 This Rocke, and these Demesnes, haue bene my World,
 Where I haue liu'd at honest freedome, payed
 More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
 The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th' Mountaines,
 This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
 The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will feare no poyson, which attends
 In place of greater State:
 Ile meete you in the Valleys.

Exeunt.

How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
 These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
 Nor Cymbeline dreames that they are alieue.
 They thinke they are mine,
 And though train'd vp thus meanelly
 I'th' Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
 The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
 In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
 Beyond the tricke of others. This Paladour,
 The heyre of Cymbeline and Britaine, who
 The King his Father call'd Guiderius. Ioue,
 When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out
 Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foote on's necke, euen then
 The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,
 Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himselfe in posture
 That acts my words. The yonger Brother Cadwall,
 Once Aruiragus, in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
 His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
 Oh Cymbeline, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
 Thou didd'st vniustly banish me: whereon
 At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
 Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
 Thou refts me of my Lands. Euriphile,
 Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,
 And euery day do honor to her graue:

Scena Tertia.

My selfe Belarius, that am Mergan call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp.
Enter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came fro[m] horse, y place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I haue now. Pisanio, Man:
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe
Into a hauour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why render'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me

Pis. Please you reade,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune

Imogen reades. Thy Mistris (Pisanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in
my
Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weake Surmises, but from prooffe as strong as my
greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou
(Pisanio) must acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the
breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall
giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter

for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyall

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander, Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States, Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false? To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him? To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature, To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him, And cry my selfe awake? That's false to's bed? Is it?

Pisa. Alas good Lady

Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witness: Iachimo, Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie, Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy (Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him: Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion, And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles, I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh! Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes, But worne a Baite for Ladies

Pisa. Good Madam, heare me

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Aeneas, Were in his time thought false: and Synons weeping Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pittie From most true wretchednesse. So thou, Posthumus Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men; Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest, Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him, A little witness my obedience. Looke

I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
 The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart:)
 Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a Coward

Pis. Hence vile Instrument,
 Thou shalt not damne my hand

Imo. Why, I must dye:
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
 There is a prohibition so Diuine,
 That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
 Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,
 Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
 The Scriptures of the Loyall Leonatus,
 All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
 Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
 Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may pooru Fooles
 Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
 Do feele the Treason sharpely, yet the Traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Posthumus,
 That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
 My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
 Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde
 It is no acte of common passage, but
 A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeue my selfe,
 To thinke, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
 That now thou tyrest on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
 The Lambe entreates the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
 When I desire it too

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
 Since I receiu'd command to do this businesse,
 I haue not slept one winke

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then

Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first

Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'st vndertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,
Th' elected Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie
Heare me with patience

Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speake

Pis. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me heere to kill me

Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed iniurie

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?
Pisa. No, on my life:
Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded

I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it

Imo. Why good Fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'l backe to'th' Court

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That Clotten, whose Loue-suite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine must you bide

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine

Pis. I am most glad
You thinke of other place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t' appeare it selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of Posthumus; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yut
Report should render him houely to your eare,
As truely as he mooues

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't

I would adventure

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great Iuno angry

Imo. Nay be breefe?
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already

Pis. First, make your selfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
(Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their seruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble Lucius
Present your selfe, desire his seruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Musicke, doubtlesse
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor supplyment

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l euen
All that good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee

Pis. Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Least being mist, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best

Imo. Amen: I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy

Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe
To shew lesse Soueraignty then they, must needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike

Luc. So Sir: I desire of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.

Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble Lucius

Luc. Your hand, my Lord

Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy

Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well

Cym. Leaue not the worthy Lucius, good my Lords
Till he haue crost the Seuern. Happines.

Exit Lucius, **Qu.** He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cause

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wishes in it

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine

Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too slight in sufferance

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Maiesty,
Forbeare sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;
And strokes death to her.
Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be giuen to'th' lowd of noise, we make

Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmitie,
She should that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory

Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not seene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue false.
Enter.

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old Seruant
I haue not seene these two dayes.

Enter.

Qu. Go, looke after:
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeeues
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, she's flowne
To her desir'd Posthumus: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonor, and my end
Can make good vse of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittish Crowne.
Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?

Clot. 'Tis certaine she is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him

Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-stall him of the comming day.

Exit Qu.

Clo. I loue, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-selles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her iudgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—
Enter Pisanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing sirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends

Pis. Oh, good my Lord

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne

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

Clot. Where is she Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord

Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Discouer where thy Mistris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death

Pis. Then Sir:
This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight

Clo. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Euen to Augustus Throne

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger

Clo. Humh

Pis. Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen

Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I thinke

Clot. It is Posthumus hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vndergo
those Employments wherin I should haue cause to vse
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment

Pis. Well, my good Lord

Clot. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude,
but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue
mee?

Pis. Sir, I will

Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pisan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mistresse

Clo. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite
hither, let it be thy first seruice, go

Pis. I shall my Lord.
Enter.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford–Hauen: (I forgot to aske
him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou
villaine Posthumus will I kill thee. I would these Garments
were come. She saide vpon a time (the bitternesse
of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very
Garment of Posthumus, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person; together with the adornement of
my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I rauish
her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see
my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt.
He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so
prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home
again. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee
merry in my Reuenge.
Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford–Hauen?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I haue commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be
but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to
thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
to follow it. Come, and be true.

Exit

Scena Quinta.

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,
Were to proue false, which I will neuer bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heauenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede
Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede.

Exit

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,
Where they should be releeu'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th' false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some sauage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer
Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if sauage,
Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy

But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens.
Enter.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus

Bel. You Polidore haue prou'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: Cadwall, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, sauoury: Wearinesse
Can snore vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth
Finde the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe

Gui. I am throughly weary

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite

Gui. There is cold meat i'th' Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil'st what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd

Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faiery

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuinenesse
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th' Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider

Gui. Money? Youth

Aru. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durty Gods

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

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)

Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd giue to him
(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends

Imo. 'Mongst Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting
To thee Posthumus

Bel. He wrings at some distresse

Gui. Would I could free't

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themselues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since Leonatus false

Bel. It shall be so:
Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Discourse is heauy, fasting: when we haue supp'd

Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt speake it

Gui. Pray draw neere

Arui. The Night to'th' Owle,
And Morne to th' Larke lesse welcome

Imo. Thankes Sir

Arui. I pray draw neere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1.Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to vndertake our Warres against
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long liue Caesar

Tri. Is Lucius Generall of the Forces?

2.Sen. I

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1.Sen. With those Legions

Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

**Clot I am neere to 'th' place where they should meet,
if Pisanio haue mapp'd it truely.** How fit his Garments
serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him
that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (sauing
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond
him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in
Birth, alike conuersant in generall seruices, and more remarkeable
in single oppositions; yet this imperseuerant
Thing loues him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris inforced,
thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and
all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my
Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all into
my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out

Shakespeare's First Folio

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 deceiue me.

Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting

Arui. Brother, stay heere:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorely

Gui. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,
Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say
My Father, not this youth

Bel. Oh noble straine!
O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!
``Cowards father Cowards, &Base things Syre Bace;
``Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th' Morne

Arui. Brother, farewell

Imo. I wish ye sport

Arui. You health. – So please you Sir

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproou'st Report.
Th' emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke; Pisanio,
Ile now taste of thy Drugge

Gui. I could not stirre him:
He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest

Arui. Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,
I might know more

Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:
Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest

Arui. Wee'l not be long away

Bel. Pray be not sicke,
For you must be our Huswife

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

Bel. And shal't be euer.
This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors

Arui. How Angell-like he sings?
Gui. But his neate Cookerie?
Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And sawc'st our Brothes, as Iuno had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter

Arui. Nobly he yoakes
A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at

Gui. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurres together

Arui. Grow patient,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And let the stinking–Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?
Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint

Bel. Those Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out–Lawes: Hence

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him

Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine–Mountainers?
I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slauish did I ne're, then answering
A Slaue without a knocke

Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law–breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:
Why I should yeeld to thee?

Clot. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:

Shakespeare's First Folio

Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee

Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not

Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee

Clot. Thou iniurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou Villaine

Gui. Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me sooner

Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to'th' Queene

Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them

Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,

Scena Secunda.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of Luds-Towne set your heads:
Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.

Fight and Exeunt.

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arui. 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 Fauour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten

Arui. 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 vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.
Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother

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

Scena Secunda.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Clotens head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne single hand heel'd take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And set them on Luds-Towne

Bel. We are all vndone

Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
But that he swore to take our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Discouer you abroad?

Bel. No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so vndertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head

Arui. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well

Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy Fideles sicknesse
Did make my way long forth

Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, Cloten,
That's all I reake.
Enter.

Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (Polidore) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough

Arui. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone pursu'de me: Polidore
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, wold seek vs through
And put vs to our answer

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and Fidele play the Cookes: Ile stay
Till hasty Polidore returne, and bring him
To dinner presently

Arui. Poore sicke Fidele.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise my selfe for charity.
Enter.

Bel. Oh thou Goddess,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoope to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder

Shakespeare's First Folio

That an inuisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not seene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange
What Clotens being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.
Enter Guidereus.

Gui. Where's my Brother?
I haue sent Clotens Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne.

Solemn Musick.

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,
(Hearke Polidore) it sounds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to giue it motion? Hearke

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence euen now

Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deer'st Mother
It did not speake before. All solemne things
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is Cadwall mad?
Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for

Arui. The Bird is dead

Scena Secunda.

That we haue made so much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue seene this

Gui. Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could sound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'st haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arui. Starke, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion

Gui. Where?
Arui. O'th' floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd

Gui. Why, he but sleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee

Arui. With fayrest Flowers
Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, Fidele,
Ile sweeten thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-Bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye

Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarse—

Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th' graue

Arui. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our Mother

Arui. Bee't so:

And let vs (Polidore) though now our voyces
Haue got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th' ground
As once to our Mother: vse like note, and words,
Saue that Euriphile, must be Fidele

Gui. Cadwall,

I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Then Priests, and Phanes that lye

Arui. Wee'l speake it then

Bel. Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke 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 neyther are aliue

Arui. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin

Gui. Nay Cadwall, we must lay his head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't

Arui. 'Tis true

Gui. Come on then, and remoue him

Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow this and come to dust

Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flash

Arui. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunderstone

Gui. Feare not Slander, Censure rash

Arui. Thou hast finish'd Ioy and mone

Both. All Louers young, all Louers must,
Consigne to thee and come to dust

Guid. No Exorcisor harme thee,
Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee

Guid. Ghost vnlaide forbear thee

Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee

Both. Quiet consumption haue,
And renowned be thy graue.
Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We haue done our obsequies:
Come lay him downe

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fit'st for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so
These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

Exeunt.

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
 I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?
 'Ods pittikins: can it be sixe mile yet?
 I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
 But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
 These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
 For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot of nothing,
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be
 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
 The Dreame's heere still: euen when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
 A headlesse man? The Garments of Posthumus?
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
 The brawnes of Hercules: but his Iouiall face-
 Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. Pisanio,
 All Curses madded Hecuba gaue the Greekes,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell Cloten,
 Hath heere 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 brauest vessell of the world
 Strooke the maine top! Oh Posthumus, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
 Pisanio might haue 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
 Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drugge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
 Murd'rous to'th' Senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deede, and Cloten: Oh!
 Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seeme to those
 Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!
 Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readinesse

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's Brother

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' winde

Luc. This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnlesse my sinnes abuse my Diuination)
Successe to th' Roman hoast

Luc. Dreame often so,
And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face

Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord

Luc. Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,
There is no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer
Finde such another Master

Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend

Imo. Richard du Champ: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir

Luc. Thou doo'st approue thy selfe 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 lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
And on it said a Century of prayers

Shakespeare's First Folio

(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,
And leauing so his seruice, follow you,
So please you entertaine mee

Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;
A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a sharpe Torture

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remaines: why gone,
Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was heere;
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
All parts of his subiection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found

Cym. The time is troublesome:
Wee'l slip you for a season, but our iealousie
Do's yet depend

Lord. So please your Maiesty,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no lesse
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,
That long to moue

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances heere. Away.

Exeunt.

Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slaine. 'Tis strange:
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I

Scena Tertia.

What is betide to Cloten, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke:
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.
Enter.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs

Bel. Let vs from it

Arui. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture

Gui. Nay, what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay vs, or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vse, and slay vs after

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse
Of Clotens death (we being not knowne, nor muster'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor satisfying vs

Arui. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we are

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though Cloten then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deseru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse
To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaues of Winter

Gui. Then be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th' Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd

Arui. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?
Neuer bestrid a Horse saue one, that had
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne

Gui. By heauens Ile go,

Shakespeare's First Folio

If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,
Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines

Arui. So say I, Amen

Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you set
So slight a valewation) should reserue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Post. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther Wiues much better then themselues
For wrying but a little? Oh Pisanio,
Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: so had you saued
The noble Imogen, to repent, and strooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
To haue them fall no more: you some permit
To second illes with illes, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But Imogen is your owne, do your best willes,

Shakespeare's First Folio

And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th' Italian Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
As do's a Britaine Pezant: so Ile fight
Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
For thee (O Imogen) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'th'Leonati in me:
To shame the guize o'th' world, I will begin,
The fashion lesse without, and more within.
Enter.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and
the Britaine
Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like a poore
Souldier. They
march ouer, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo
and
Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then
leaues him.

Iac. The heauinesse and guilt within my bosome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue subdu'de me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes.
Enter.

Shakespeare's First Folio

The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter
to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th' aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feares

Gui. Arui. Stand, stand, and fight.
Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and
Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such
As warre were hood-wink'd

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

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

Scena Tertia.

Post. I did,
Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-heart'd,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned shame

Lo. Where was this Lane?
Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Country base, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then those for preseruacion cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
Our Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may saue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
A stop i'th' Chaser; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaues
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards

Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th' need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends
Ore-borne i'th' former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th' Field

Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
``Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
``Preseru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir

Post. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.
You haue put me into Rime

Lord. Farewell, you're angry.
Enter.

Post. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be i'th' Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue sau'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we

Shakespeare's First Folio

That draw his kniues i'th' War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue resum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th' Romane; great the Answer be
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by some meanes for Imogen.
Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

**1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels**

**2 There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gaue th' Affront with them**

**1 So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found.** Stand, who's there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had answer'd him

**2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his seruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th' King.**
Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and
Romane
Captiues. The Captaines present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who
deliuers him
ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Pasture

2.Gao. I, or a stomacke

Post. Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather
Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th' sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
T' vnbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogens deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery stampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh Imogen,
Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solemne Musicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leonatus,
Father
to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his
hand an
ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Posthumus) with Musicke
before them.
Then after other Musicke, followes the two young Leonati

Scena Quarta.

(Brothers to
Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle
Posthumus
round as he lies sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Master
shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with Iuno chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whose face I neuer saw:
I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart

Moth. Lucina lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was Posthumus ript,
came crying 'mong'st his Foes.
A thing of pittie

Sicil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stuffe so faire:
That he deseru'd the praise o'th' World,
as great Sicilius heyre

1.Bro. When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his paralell?
Or fruitfull object bee?
In eye of Imogen, that best could deeme
his dignitie

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From Leonati Seate, and cast from her,
his deerest one:
Sweete Imogen?

Shakespeare's First Folio

Sic. Why did you suffer Iachimo, slight thing of Italy,
To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse ielousy,
And to become the geeke and scorne o'th' others vilany?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That striking in our Countries cause,
fell brauely, and were slaine,
Our Fealty, & Tenantius right, with Honor to maintaine

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
to Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Iupiter, y King of Gods, why hast y thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd?

Sicil. Thy Christall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercise
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent iniuries:

Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miseries

Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry
To'th' shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity

Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iustice flye.

Iupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting vppon an Eagle:
hee
throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghostes fall on their knees.

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest

Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
 Be not with mortall accidents opprest,
 No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
 Whom best I loue, I crosse; to make my guift
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
 Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
 His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are spent:
 Our Iouiall Starre 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 vpon his Brest, wherein
 Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
 And so away: no farther with your dinne
 Expresse Impatience, least you stirre vp mine:
 Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

Ascends

Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Ascension is
 More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird
 Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
 As when his God is pleas'd

All. Thankes Iupiter

Sic. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd
 His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest
 Let vs with care performe his great behest.

Vanish

Post. Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire, and begot
 A Father to me: and thou hast created
 A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)
 Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:
 And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend

Scena Quarta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

On Greatnesse, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserue,
And yet are steep'd in Fauours; so am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promise.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, without
seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.
'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing
Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for simpathy.
Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Ouer-roasted rather: ready long ago

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for
that, you are well Cook'd

Post. So if I proue a good repast to the Spectators, the
dish payes the shot

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort
is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tauerne Bills, which are often the sadnesse of parting, as

Scena Quarta.

the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of
meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sorrie that
you haue payed too much, and sorry that you are payed
too much: Purse and Braine, both empty: the Brain the
heauier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being
drawne of heauinesse. Oh, of this contradiction you shall
now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it summes
vp thousands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it: of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:
your necke (Sir) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so
the Acquittance followes

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache:
but a man that were to sleepe your sleepe, and a
Hangman to helpe 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

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not
seene him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed by
some that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or iump the
after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you shall
speed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne
to tell one

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and
will not vse them

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold
haue the best vse of eyes, to see the way of blindness: I
am sure hanging's the way of winking.
Enter a Messenger.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Mes. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to
the King

Post. Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free

Gao. Ile be hang'd then

Post. Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts
for the dead

Gao. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget
yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my
Conscience, there are verier Knaues desire to liue, for all
he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye
against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there
were desolation of Gaolers and Galowes: I speake against
my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment
in't.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Pisanio, and
Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made
Preseruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,
Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest

Scena Quinta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

Stept before Targes of prooffe, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him so

Bel. I neuer saw
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought
But beggery, and poore looks

Cym. No tydings of him?
Pisa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, &liuing;
But no trace of him

Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) she liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your estates.
Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th' Court of Britaine

Corn. Hayle great King,
To sowre your happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead

Scena Quinta.

Cym. Who worse then a Physitian
Would this report become? But I consider,
By Med'cine 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 cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd

Cym. Prythee say

Cor. First, she confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse 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
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed

Corn. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to loue
With such integrity, she did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life
(But that her flight preuented it) she had
Tane off by poyson

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
Orecome you with her shew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th' adoption of the Crowne:

But fayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight
Of Heauen, and Men) her purposes: repented
The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Dispayring, dyed

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

La. We did, so please your Highnesse

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious
To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.
Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners, Leonatus
behind, and
Imogen.

Thou comm'st not Caius now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,
So thinke of your estate

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ransom'd: Neuer Master had
A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occasions, true,
So feate, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my request, which Ile make bold your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,

Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside

Cym. I haue surely seene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Master, liue;
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile giue it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt

Imo. No, no, alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it selfe

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaues me, scornes me: briefly dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.
Why stands he so perplex?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy?
I loue thee more, and more: thinke more and more
What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
Am something neerer

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please
To giue me hearing

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele Sir

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
He be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely

Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?

Arui. One Sand another

Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:
Who dyed, and was Fidele: what thinke you?

Gui. The same dead thing aliue

Bel. Peace, peace, see further: he eyes vs not, forbear
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would haue spoke to vs

Gui. But we see him dead

Bel. Be silent: let's see further

Pisa. It is my Mistris:

Since she is liuing, let the time run on,
To good, or bad

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoken, that
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas Leonatus Iewell,
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeue thee,
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this

Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint

Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength
I had rather thou should'st liue, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: striue man, and speake

Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least
Those which I heau'd to head:) the good Posthumus,
(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 vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerua,
Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hooke of Wiuing,
Fairenesse, which strikes the eye

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter

Iach. All too soone I shall,
Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This Posthumus,
Most like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crack'd of Kitchin-Trulles, or his description
Prou'd vs vnspeaking sottes

Cym. Nay, nay, to'th' purpose

Iach. Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreames,
And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No lesser of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phoebus Wheele; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operate
Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practise so preuayl'd
That I return'd with simular prooffe enough,
To make the Noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,

I hauing 'tane the forfeit. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I see him now

Post. I so thou do'st,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villaines past, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poyson,
Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend
By being worse then they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th' street to bay me: euery villaine
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh Imogen!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare

Post. Shall's haue a play of this?
Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,
Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord Posthumus,
You ne're kill'd Imogen till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady

Cym. Does the world go round?

Posth. How comes these staggers on mee?

Pisa. Wake my Mistris

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall ioy

Scena Quinta.

Pisa. How fares my Mistris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are

Cym. The tune of Imogen

Pisa. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene

Cym. New matter still

Imo. It poyson'd me

Corn. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approue thee honest. If Pasanio
Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
As I would serue a Rat

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine stuffe, which being tane, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error

Gui. This is sure Fidele

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro[m] you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe

Post. Hang there like fruite, my soule,
Till the Tree dye

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Childe?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't

Cym. My teares that fall
Proue holy-water on thee; Imogen,
Thy Mothers dead

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where

Pisa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord Cloten
Vpon my Ladies missing, came to me

Scena Quinta.

Shakespeare's First Folio

With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With vnchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not

Gui. Let me end the Story: I slew him there

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe

Gui. I haue spoke it, and I did it

Cym. He was a Prince

Gui. A most inciull one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine

Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord
Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence

Scena Quinta.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,
As well descended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of Clotens
Had euer scarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage

Cym. Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arui. In that he spake too farre

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't

Bel. We will dye all three,

But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you

Arui. Your danger's ours

Guid. And our good his

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue

Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, 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 saue him

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiscate all, so soone
As I haue receyu'd it

Cym. Nursing of my Sonnes?
Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting

Cym. How? my Issue

Bel. So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old Morgan)
Am that Belarius, whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse Euriphile
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children
Vpon my Banishment: I moou'd her too't,
Hauing receyu'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The benediction of these couering Heauens

Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Seruice that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A payre of worthier Sonnes

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call Polidore,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This Gentleman, my Cadwall, Aruiragus.
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce

Cym. Guiderius had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder

Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him still that naturall stampe:
It was wise Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome

Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,

When we were so indeed

Cym. Did you ere meete?

Arui. I my good Lord

Gui. And at first meeting lou'd,
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed

Corn. By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,
Posthumus Anchors vpon Imogen;
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting
Each object with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer

Imo. You are my Father too, and did releue me:
To see this gracious season

Cym. All ore-ioy'd
Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they shall taste our Comfort

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you seruice

Luc. Happy be you

Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that so Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King

Post. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company these three
In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake Iachimo, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finish

Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse
That euer swore the Faith

Post. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all

Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are

Post. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction

Luc. Philarmonus

Sooth. Heere, my good Lord

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe vnknown, without
seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioynted to
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plentie.
Thou Leonatus art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer
We terme it Mulier; which Mulier I diuine
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Aire

Cym. This hath some seeming

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall Cymbeline
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by Belarius stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maiesticke Cedar ioyn'd; whose Issue
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty

Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And Caius Lucius,
Although the Victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Romane Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iustice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid most heauy hand

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to Lucius ere the stroke
Of yet this scarce-cold-Battaile, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th' Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th' Imperiall Caesar, should againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines heere in the West

Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne waue
Friendly together: so through Luds-Towne march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS. THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

The End.

