Plays contain'd in this Volume.

Cymbeline.
Romeo and Juliet.
Hamlet.
Othello.
CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.
Dramatis Personæ.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.
Cloten, Son to the Queen by a former husband.
Leonatus Posthumus, a gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.
Guiderius, & Disguis'd under the names of Polidore and Arviragus, Cadwal, supposed sons to Bellarius.
Bellarius, a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of Morgan.
Philario, an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.
Iachimo, Friend to Philario.
Caius Lucius, Ambassador from Rome.
Pifanio, Servant to Posthumus.
A French gentleman, friend to Philario.
Cornelius, a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
Helen, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other attendants.

Scene, for some part of the first, second, and third Acts, lies in Rome; for the rest of the Play in Britain.

Story partly taken from Boccace's Decameron, day 2. nov. 9. little besides the names being historical.
Cymbeline.

Act I. Scene I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.

You do not meet a man but frowns. Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
But seem as do's the king's.
2 Gent. But what's the matter?
1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom
(whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman,
She's wedded.
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd. All
Is outward sorrow, though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
2 Gent. None but the king?
1 Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen.

A 3

That
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's look) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scoundred.

2 Gent. And why so?

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

2 Gent. You speak him fair.

1 Gent. I do extend him, Sir, within himself,
Cruse him together, rather than unfold
His measure fully.

2 Gent. What's his name and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans, with Cassibelen,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus.
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father,
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady
Big of this gentleman, our them, deceas'd,
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Posthumus,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministr'd,
His spring became a harvest: liv'd in court
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'rt; to th' more mature,
A glass that feature'd them: and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
(For whom he now is banish'd:) her own price
Proclaims how the esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him, even out of your report.
But tell me, is the sole child to the king?
1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons: (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
'Th' swathing cloaths the other, from their nurseries
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?
1 Gent. Some twenty years.
2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd?
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them!

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

2 Gent. I do well believe.
1 Gent. We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman.
The queen, and princess.

Exeunt.

Scene II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter.
After the slander of most step-mothers,
I'll ey'd unto you: you're my pris'n'er, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys.
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king.
I will be known your advocate: marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness.

I will
Cymbeline.

I will from hence to-day.

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

Imo. Difpling courtesie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where he wounds! My dearest husband,
I somthing fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always resery'd my holy duty ) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

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

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him

[Aside.

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

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

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

Post. How, how? another!
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here!

[Putting on the ring.

While sense can keep thee on: and sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.

Upon this fairest pris'ner.

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

SCENE III.

Enter Cymbeline, and lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou baseft thing, avoid, hence, from my

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

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone.

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

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'ft repair my youth, thou heap'ft
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your vexation,
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare.
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

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

A 5
Cym. Thou might'ft have had the sole son of my queen.
Imo. O blest that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a † puttock.
Cym. Thou took'ft a beggar; would'ft have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No, I rather added
A luftre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. Why? art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me: would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Befeech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Leave us t'our selves, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a-day, and being aged
Die of this folly. [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your servant. How now, Sir? what news?
Pis. My lord your son, drew on my master.
Queen. Hah!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis: † a sort of kite.
Pif. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part.

To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!
I would they were in Africk both together,
My self by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pif. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

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

Pif. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray speak with
me;

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard.
For this time leave me. —

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

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

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

2 Lord. No faith; Not so much as his patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carkass if
he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel if it be
not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt, it went o'th' back-side
the town.

Clot.
Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

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

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans, puppies!

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [aside.

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

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd. [aside.

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

2 Lord. She shins not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [aside.

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an asf, which is no great hurt. [aside.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

---

SCENE V.

Enter Imogen, and Pisario.

Intro. Would thou grew'rest unto the shores o'th' haven,
And questioned'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loft
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, His queen, his queen!
Cymbeline

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kifs'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I:

And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or ear,

Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,

Still waving, as the fit and ftirs of's mind.

Could best express how slow his soul fail'd on,

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did,

Imo. 'I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd

'em, but

'To look upon him; 'till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;

Nay follow'd him, 'till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept—but, good

Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be aflur'd, madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him

How I would think on him at certain hours,

Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,

The she's of Italy should not betray

'Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,

If encounter me with orisons, (for then

am in heav'n for him) or ere I could

live him that parting kifs which I had fet

betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

and like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

bakes all our buds from growing.

Enter
Lady. The Queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

I'll do. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

ROME.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French man.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in Britain;
he was then but crescent, none expected
him to prove so worthy as since he hath been al-
lowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on
him, without the help of admiration, though the ca-
tlogue of his endowments had been tabled by his
side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd
than now he is, with that which makes him both
without and within.

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

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

French. And then his banishment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep
this lamentable divorce under her colours, are won-
derfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judg-
ment, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for
taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes
it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquain-
tance?

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

Enter Pöthinus.

Here comes the Britain. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

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

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

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

Pöth. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather made to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by other experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitration of words; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fault both.

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

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

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

Pofi. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

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

Pofi. Being so far provok’d as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, tho’ I profess my self her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of hand-in-hand comparison had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany: if she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Pofi. I prais’d her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Pofi. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon’d mistress is dead, or she’s out-priz’d by a trifle.

Pofi. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Pofi. Which by their graces I will keep.

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

Pofi. Your Italy contains none so accomplish’d a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail; I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.
Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

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

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

Post. No, no.

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

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that:

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

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

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

Post. What lady would you chuse to affail?

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

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

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

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

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

Pasf. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thoughts. I dare you to this match; here’s my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. If I bring you not sufficient testimony that I have enjoy’d the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours: so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust’d in, she your jewel; this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

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

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

Pasf. Agreed,

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Lachimo will not from it.

Pray let us follow ’em.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE
SCENE VII.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a viol.

Queen. While yet the dew's on ground gather those flowers.

Make haste, who has the note of them?

Ladies, I, madam.

[Exeunt Ladies.

Now master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

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

But I beseech your grace without offence

(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most pois'uous compounds?

Which are the movers of a languishing death.

But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been

Thy pupil long? haft thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections; having thus far proceeded,

Unless thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, but none human;

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act, and by them gather

Their sev'ral virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noyseome and infectious.

Queen. O! content thee.

Enter.
Enter Pisanio.

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

Cor. I do suspect you, madam. [aside.
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a word. [To Pisanio.
Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense a while;
Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what she of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

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

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

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

So
So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'at up
[Psianio looking on the viol.
Thou know'at not what; but take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay I pr'ythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good,
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thy self;
Think what a chance thou chanc'st on, but think
Thou haft thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then my self, I chiefly
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women——
[Exit Psanio.
Think on my words.—— A fly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd, the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord. I've giv'n him that,
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leidgers for her sweet; and which she after
(Except she bend her humour) shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Psianio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done;
The violets, cowflips, and the prim-roses,
Bear to my closet; fare thee well, Psianio,
Think on my words. [Ex. Queen and ladies.
Psf. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.
SCENE VIII.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a stepdame false,
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it—had I been thief-stoln,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
How mean soever, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam? The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [aside.
She is alone th' Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me audacity from head to foot.
Or like the Parian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses
I am most infinitely tryed. Reflect upon him accordingly,
as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully—

You
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

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

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be 'th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chaffer this way, and
Contenm with mowes the other. Nor 'th' judgment;
For Idiots in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite, Nor in the appetite,
Slutt'ry to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit ev'n emptiness,
Nor so allure'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That fatiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running: ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well — Befeech you, Sir,

Desire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and peevish.

Pif. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my lord?

His health, befeech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

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

Iach. Exceeding pleasent, none a stranger there.

So merry, and so game some, he is call'd
The Britain reveller.
Cymbeline.

Imo. When he was here
He did decline to fadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Britain,
(Your lord I mean,) laughs from his free lungs, cries Oh!—
Can my sides hold, to think, that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse.
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For affur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but heav'n knows
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'nds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

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

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

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

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your —— but

* sides.
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on't.

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

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bath my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose very touch would force the feeter's soul  
To th'oath of loyalty; this object, which  
 Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,  
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs  
That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly fallhood, as with labour?  
Then glad my self by peeping in an eye  
Base and unfruititious as the smoaky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow? it were fit  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

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

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

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart  
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fastned to an empery,  
Would make the great't king double! to be partner'd  
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd venters  
To play with all infirmities for gold,  
Which rottenees lends nature! such boyl'd stuff  
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great flock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

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

Las. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? revenge it!
I dedicate my self to you sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue faith to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio! —

Las. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio! —
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A fawcy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Roman she, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He nor respects at all. What ho, Pisanio!

Las. O happy Leontes, I may say,
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit! bless'd live you long,
A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthy fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance

Were
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him:
Half all mens hearts are his.

_Imo._ You make amends.

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

_Imo._ All's well, Sir; take my pow'r 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 concerns
Your lord; my self, and other noble friends
Are partners in the businefs.

_Imo._ Pray what is't?

_Iach._ Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(Butt feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection.

_Imo._ Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

_Iach._ They are in a trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;

_B 2_
I must aboard to-morrow.
  Imo. O no, no.
  Iach. Yes, I befeech you: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia,
I croft the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.
  Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?
  Iach. I must, madam.
Therefore I shall befeech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.
  Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [Exe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two lords.

CLOTEN.

\[W\]

AS there ever man had such luck! when
I kis'd the Jack upon an up-caft, to
be hit away! I had an hundred pound
on't; and then a whorson jack-an-apes
must take me up for swearing, as if
I borrowed mine oaths of him, and
might not spend them at my pleasure.

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

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

Clot.
Clot. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any flanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord: nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorfson dog! I give him satisfaction? would he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [aside.

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

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too, and you crow cock with your comb on. [aside.

Clot. Say'lt thou?

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

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

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

Clot. Why so I say.

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

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't?

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

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

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

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easly, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [aside.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.
2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. [Exit Clot;
That such a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this ass; a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas poor princes,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce — he'll make the heav'n's hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
T'enjoy thy banish'd lord; and this great land.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A magnificent bed-chamber, in one part of it a
large trunk.

Imogen is discover'd reading in her bed, a lady attending.

Imo. WHO's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam —

Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed —
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me — sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit lady.

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

[Sleeps.

[Imachino rises from the trunk.

Iach.}
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs it self by rest: our Tarquín thus
Did softly press the ruffles, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cystheera,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kisses, one kiss—rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows tow'r'd her, and would under-peepe her lids,
To see th' inclosed lights, (now canopy'd
Under the windows,) white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tint— but my design's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such and such pictures—there the window, —such
Th' adornment of her bed— the arras, figures —
Why such, and such — and the contents o' th' story —
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, t' enrich my inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chappel lying. Come off, come off, —

As flipp'ry as the gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience do's within,
To th'madding of her lord. On her left breast
A miele cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and tak'en
The treasure of her honour. No more — to what end?
Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry. Sh' hath been reading late,
The calè of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomèle gave up — I have enough —
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning

B 4

May
May ope the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [Clock strikes.
One, two, three: time, time!...

[Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.

---

SCENE III.

The Palace again.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 Lord. YOUR lordship is the most patient man in

Cloten. It would make any man cold to lose.

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

Cloten. Winning will put any man into courage: If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I shall have gold enough;
It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Cloten. I would this musick would come: I am advised
to give her musick a-mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

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

SONG.

Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalice'd flowers that byes:

a bear.

And
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Aris, arise.

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

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the rea-
on I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this
service I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your
majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clot. I have affait'd her with musicks, but she youch-
safes no notice.

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

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame your self
To orderly solicits; and befriended
With aptness of the season, make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You are inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius,
Cymbeline.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his tender;
And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on
We must extend our notice: our dear son,
When you have giv'n good-morning to your mistress.
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our Queen.
[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Clst. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave how
I know her women are about her — what
If I do line one of their hands? — 'tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield
Their deer to th' hand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case my self.
By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clst. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clst. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours.
Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?
Clst. Your lady's person, is she ready?
Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.
Clst. There is gold for you, tell me your good report.
Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The princes——

Enter
Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow fairest, suffer your sweet hand;
Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

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

Clot. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me, faith
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

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

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clot. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
'Cause not my self, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot;

Yet
Yet you are curb’d from that enlargement, by
The consequent o’th’ crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire’s cloth,
A pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify’d enough,
En’n to the point of envy, if ’twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be still’d
The under hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr’d so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam’d of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipt his body’s dearer
In my respect; than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, Pifanio?

Enter Pifanio.

Clot. His garment? now the devil.

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, hye thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am spighthed with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worse—go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casuall
Hath left mine arm— it was thy master’s. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king in Europe. I do think
I saw’t this morning; confident I am,
Last night ’twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss ought but him.

Pif. ’Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

Clot. You have abused me—his meanest garment—

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir,
If you will make’t an action, call witness to’t,

Clot. I will inform your father.
Scene V.

Rome.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

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

Phil. What means do you make to him?

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

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company, O’er-pays all I can do. By this, your king Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius Will do’s commission thoroughly. And I think He’ll grant the tribute; send th’ arrearages, Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,) That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legion now in Gallia, sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order’d than when Julius Cæsar Shil’d at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

**SCENE VI.**

*Enter Iachimo.*

**Phi.** See Iachimo.

**Post.** Sure the swift hares have posted you by land—
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

**Phi.** Welcome, Sir.

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

**Iach.** Your lady,

Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

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

**Iach.** Here are letters for you.

**Post.** Their tenure good, I trust.

**Iach.** *Tis very like,

**Post.** Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* court,

When you were there?

**Iach.** He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

**Post.** All is well yet.

Sparkles this stone as it was sent, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

**Iach.** If I've lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, I'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the ring is won.

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

**Iach.** Not a whit,

Your lady being so eafe.

**Post.** Make not, Sir;

Your lofs your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

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

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

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

Post. Proceeded.

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

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

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

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

Iach. The chimney
Is fouth the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Cymbeline.

Chafé Dion, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves, the cutter
Was as another nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Pofl. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise read;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

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

Pofl. What’s this t’ her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [Pulling out the Bracelets.
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: see!—
And now ’tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I’ll keep them.

Pofl. ’Love!

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She strip’d it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-fell her gift,
And yet enrich’d it too; she gave it me,
And said the prize’d it once.

Pofl. May be, she pluck’d it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Pofl. O no, no, no, ’tis true. Here take this too,
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on’t: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there’s another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they’re made,
Then they are to their virtues, which is nothing;

O, This is her honour.
O, above measure false!

Pho. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable he lost it; or
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Might steal it from her.

Pos. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my ring,
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was false.

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

Pos. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true—nay keep the ring—'tis true; I'm sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she'ath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you.

Pho. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuad'd well of—

Pos. Never talk on't;
She hath been col'ted by him.

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

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

Iach. Will you hear more?

Pos. Spare your arithmetick.

Count not the turns: once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Pos. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'lt made me cuckold.
  
  Iach. I'll deny nothing.
  
  Poß. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i' th' court, before
Her father — I'll do something — [Exit.
  
  Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.
  
  Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Enter Posthumus.

Poß. 'Is there no way for men to be, but women;
  Must be half-workers? we are bastards all,
  And that most venerable man which I
  Did call my father, was I know not where,
  When I was stamped. Some coyner with his tools
  Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
  The Diana of that time; so doth my wife
  The non-precipit this — Oh vengeance, vengeance!
  Me of my lawful pleasure she refrain'd;
  And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
  A pudic and fored, the sweet view on't
  Might well have warm'd old Saturn — that I
  thought her
  As chase, as unfurnished know. Oh, all the devils!
  This yellow Iachino, in an hour — was't not?
  Or less: at first? perchance he spoke not, but
  Like a full-acorn'd boar; a-churning on,
  Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no opposition.
  But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
  Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
  The woman's part in me — for there's no motion
  That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

  A Jermyn one, in the first editions; since alter'd to
  a common one.
Cymbeline.

It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers, revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain;
Nice-longings, flanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,
Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all— for even
' to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them— yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter in state Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and
lords at one door; and at another, Caius.
Lucius and attendants.

Cymbeline.

Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar
with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, (whole re-
membrane yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to ears and
tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan thine uncle
(Famous in Cæsar's prais's, no whit les
Than in his feats deserving it) for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
Queen. And, to kill the marvail, 
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Caesars, 
Ere such another Julius: Britain is 
A world it self, and we will nothing pay 
For wearing our own noxes.

Queen. That opportunity 
Which then they had to take from's, to resume 
We have again. Remember, Sir my liege, 
The kings your ancestors; together with 
The naturall brav'ry of your isle, which stands 
As Neptune's park ribbed and paleed in 
With oaks unskalezaible, and roaring waters, 
With sand that will not bear your enemies boats, 
But suck them up to th' topmaist. A kind of conquest 
Caesar made here, but made not here his brag 
Of, came, and saw, and overcame: With shame, 
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried 
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping, 
(Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible seas, 
Like eggshells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd 
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof, 
The fam'd Caffibelan, who was once at point 
(Oh giglet fortune!) to master Caesar's sword, 
Made Ludd's town with rejoicing fires bright, 
And Britains frut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. 
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; 
and, as I said, there is no more such Caesars; other 
of them may have crook'd noxes, but to own such 
frayt arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can grive as 
hard as Caffibelan, I do not say I am one; but I 
have a hand. Why tribute? Why should we pay tri-
but? if Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blan-
ket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him 
tribute for light; else, Sir, no more tribute, pray you 
now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free, Caesar's ambition;
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, (which we reckon
Our selves to be) to do. Say then to Caesar,
Our ancestor was that Mulvinius, who
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
Shall by the power we hold be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. That Mulvinius
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar,
(Cesar that hath more kings his servants, than
Thy self domestick officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then. War and confusion
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury, not to be resifted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, Caius,
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again perforce,
Behooves me keep at variance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read, would shew the Britains cold:
So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clos. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir,
SCENE II.

Enter Pisanio reading a letter.

Pis. HOW? of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monsters have accus'd her? Leonatus!
Oh master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what false Italian,
As pois'nous tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready ear! Disloyal? no,
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
More goddes-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. Oh my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I should murther her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy command!—— I her!—— her
blood!

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? Do't—— the letter
[Reading.

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. Damn' paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
Art thou a freedman for this act, that look'ft
So virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here 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 stars, as I his characters:

He'd
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,---- (yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyfick love) — of his content
All but in that. Good wax, thy leave— blest be
You bees that make these locks of countef! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you cast in prifon, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables: good news, gods!

JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, should be take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me;
but you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew
me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria
at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of
this advice you, follow. So he wishes you all happi-
ness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increas-
ing in love.

Leonatus Posthumus,

Oh for a horse with wings! hearst thou, Pifanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true Pifanio,
Who long'ft like me to see thy lord; who long'ft,
(Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'ft,
But in a fainter kind—— oh not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond — say, and speak thick;
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To th' smothering of the sense — how far it is
To this same blessed Milford? and by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
'Th'inherit such a haven. But first of all,
How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence going
Till our return, t' excuse —— but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born or-e be got?

We'll
Cymbeline.

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

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

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands.
That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home t' her father: and provide me present
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider,

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Forest with a cave, in Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bell. A Goodly day! not to keep house with such,
Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys!
this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heav'n; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guider. Hail, heaven!

Arvir. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war,
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh this life,
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruffling in unpaid-for silk;
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we poor un-
...led
Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life is best, sweeter to you
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed,
A prison, * for a debtor that not dares
To strive a limit.

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

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

Vol. VIII.
Cymbeline.

Cymbeline.

Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,
A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
I'th' name of fame and honour, which dies i'th' search,
And hath as oft a fland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
Must curt'sie at the censure. Oh boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd.
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree.
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I told you oft,
But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to Cymbeline,
I was confed'rate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years,
This rock and these desines have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time—but, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters language; he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state:
I'll meet you in the valleys. [Exeunt boys,

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature?
These boys know little they are sons to th' king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine; tho' trained up thus meanly
Here in the cave, wherein their thoughts do hit
The roof of palaces, and nature prompts them

In
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others: This Polyo'd,
(The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,) fove?
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I let my foot on's neck—-even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words——The younger brother Cadwall,
(Once Arviragus,) in as-like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and fews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd——
Oh Cymbeline! heav'n and my conscience know
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest't me of my lands, Euri'phile,
Thou wait their nurse; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave;
My self Belarius that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
to see me first, as I have now——Pisanio,
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind:
That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee? one but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thy self
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish thy steadier senses——what's the matter?
Why offer'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if't be summer news,

C2 Smile
Cymbeline.

Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him;
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be ev'n mortal to me.

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

Imogen reads.

Thy mistress, Piliano, hath play'd the strumpet in
my bed: the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me.
I speak not out of weak surmis'd, but from proof as
strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my re-
venge. That part thou Piliano must act for me, if thy
faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine
own hands take away her life: I shall give thee oppor-
tunity as Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the
purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me
certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour,
and equally to me disloyal.

Pif. 'What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Our-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the postig winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, madam?

Ino. False to his bed! what is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry my self awake? that false to's bed!

Pif. Alas, good lady!

Ino. I false? thy conscience witness, Iachimo;
Thou didn't accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Mens vows are womens traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany: not born where't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pif. Madam, hear me ——

Imo. ' True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false: and Syphon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness. So thou Pœthumus,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword my self, take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy master is not there; who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

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

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That 't cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
(Something's afore't —— soft, soft, we'll no defence;
[Opening her breast.]
Obedient as the scabbard! — What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,

† makes me a coward.
All turn'd to heresie? away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom.

Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou Posthumus,
That set my disobedience 'gainst the king,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows; shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve my self;
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me — Pr'ythee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pif. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do'st, and to bed then.

Pif. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Ah wherefore then

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

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

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
I've heard I am a strumpet, and mine-ear
(Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pif. Then, madam, I thought
I thought you would not back again.

Tm. Most like
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pif. Not to neither,
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well; it cannot be
But that my matter is abused, some villain
And singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Tm. Some Roman curtezan?

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

Tm. Why, good fellow;
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pif. If you'll back to th' court ———

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

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

Tm. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day? night?
Are they not but in Britain? 'th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool a twain's nest. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of Britain.

Pif. I'm most glad
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea haply near

C 4
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,  
That though his action were not visible,  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

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

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

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

*Pif.* First, make your self but like one.  
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,  
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them. Would you in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, before *Lucius*  
Present your self, desire his service; tell him  
Wherein you're happy, (which will make him so,  
If that his head have ear in musick) doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,  
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad;  
You have me rich, and I will never fail  
Beginning, nor supply.

*Imo.* Thou'rt all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. *Prythee away*.  
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even  
All that good time will give us. This attempt

I'm
Cymbeline

I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pif. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell.

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

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

Scene V

The Palace of Cymbeline:

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.

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

Cym. Our subjects, Sir,

Will not endure his yoke; and for our self
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you:

A conduit over land, to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy besal your grace; and you.

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

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Cloe. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth:

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th'event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym.
Cymbeline

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords, 'Till he have crost the Severn. Happiness!

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us That we have giv'n him cause.

Chor. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor, How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely, Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness; The powers that he already hath in Gallia Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves His war for Britain.

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

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she? 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 given to th' loudest noise we make.

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

_Cym._ Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? grant heav'n's, that which I fear
Prove false!

_Queen._ Son, I say; follow the king.

_Clot._ That man of hers, _Pisanio_, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

_Queen._ Go, look after——

_Pisanio_, thou that stand'st so for _Poshumus_!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd _Poshumus_; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the _British_ crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

_How now, my son?_

_Clot._ 'Tis certain she is fled,
Go in and cheer the king, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

_Queen._ All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!

_Clot._ I love and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all. I love her therefore, but
Diluding me, and throwing favours on
The low _Poshumus_, Flanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd, and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools——

_END._
Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither; ah you precious pandar, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word, or else
Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

Pis. Oh, my good lord!

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

Pis. Alas, my lord,

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

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfie me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!

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

Pis. Then, Sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

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

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot.
Clot. It is posthumus's hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but to do me true service; undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soever I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly; I would think thee an honest man, thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of gratuity but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

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

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

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

Pis. I shall, my lord.

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

[Exit.]
Enter Pisanio, with a suit of cloaths.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

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

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

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

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my lost: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly blessings on her! this fool's speed
Be crost with flowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.

---

SCENE VII.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in boys cloaths.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd my self; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee,
Thou waft within a ken. Oh love, I think
Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or tryal? yes no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
Is forer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord!

Thou'rt
Thou'rt one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee.
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
[Seeing the cave.]
Here is a path to't—tis some savage's hold;
'Twere best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend—ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
Beft draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant Such a foe, good heav'ns! [She goes into the cave.]

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You Polidore have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast; Cadwal and I
Will play the cook, and servant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely fav'ry; weariness
Can score upon the flint, when refty cloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'd thy self!

Guid. I'm throughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak in toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze
on that
Whilst what we've kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in——[Looking in.]
But that it eats our viroals, I should think
It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

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

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good master, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good
truth
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold strew'd i'th floor. Here's mony for my meat,
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal: and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Mony, youth?

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

Imo. I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

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

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

Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should wooe hard, but be your groom in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort

He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends?

If brothers, would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons; then had my prize
Been les', and so more equal ballasting.
Cymbeline

To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free’t!

Arv. Or I, what’er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger, gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[Whispering.

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal’d them; laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peel these twain. Pardon me gods,
I’d change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus is false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we’ll go dress our hunt. Fair youth come in;
Discourse is heavy, falling; when we’ve supp’d
We’ll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.

Guid. I pray draw near.

Arv. The night to th’ owl, and morn to th’ lark,

[Exeunt.*

SCENE

*—less welcome!

SCENE VIII. Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperor’s writ;
That since the common men are now in
action
’Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia, are
Full weak to undertake our war against
The fall’n off Britain; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri.
SCENE VIII.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. AGAIN; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Doft seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I set it at your will: but for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Befeech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

LORD. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.

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

Cym. The time is troublesome;  
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy  
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast, with large supply  
Of Roman Gentlemen, by th' senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen;  
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,  
Your preparation can afford no less  
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;  
The want is, but to put these powers in motion,  
That long to move.

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

Pif. I heard no letter from my master, since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange;  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I  
What is betide to Cloten, but remain  
Perplext in all. The heavens still must work;  
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest: not true, to be true.  
These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Ev'n to the note o'th' king, or I'll fall in them;  
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]
ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter Cloten alone.

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

[Exit.
Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the cave.

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave. We'll come for you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here:

Are we not brothers?

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

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

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: so please you leave me,
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom,
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but my self, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

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

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love reasons without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who's shall die, I'd say

"My father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble strain!

0 worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!*

*—breed of greatness!

"Cowards father cowards, and base things tire the base:
"Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

I'm not, &c.
Cymbeline.

I'm not their father, yet who this should be
Doth miracle it self; lov'd before me!
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Aru. Brother, farewell.

Igo. I wish ye sport.

Aro. You health —— so please you, Sir.

Igo. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court: *
I am sick still, heart-sick —— Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Drinks out of the viol.

Guid. I could not stir him;

He said that he was gentle; but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Aro. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Aro. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Igo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you. [Exit Imogen.

Bel. And shall be ever.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

Aro. How angel-like he sings?

Guid. But his near cookery?

Aro. He cut our roots in characters,
And sauc'd our broth, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Aro. Nobly he yokes

* ——— but at court:

Experience, oh how thou disprov'st report.
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dill,
Poor tributary rivers, as sweet fish;
I am sick still, ———.

A
A sighing with a sigh.:

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in him both;
Mingle their † spurs together.:*

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' th' queen; I fear some ambuscad—
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him. [Exit Bellarius and Arviragus,
Clot. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? some villain-mountainers——
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing

---a sigh:

As if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commit
With winds that failers rail at.

Guid. I do note, &c.

---together.

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

Bel. It is, &c.

More

† spurs, an old word for the fibres of a tree.
More flaviish did I ne'er, than answerin
g A slave without a knock.

_Clot._ Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

_Guid._ To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

_Clot._ Thou villain base,
Know'lt me not by my cloaths?

_Guid._ No nor thy tailor,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

_Clot._ Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.

_Guid._ Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool,
I'm loth to beat thee.

_Clot._ Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

_Guid._ What's thy name?

_Clot._ _Clooten_ , thou villain,

_Guid._ _Clooten_ , then double villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

_Clot._ To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th'queene.

_Guid._ I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

_Clot._ Art not afraid?

_Guid._ 'Those that I rev'rence, those I fear; the wife:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

_Clot._ Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of _Lud's_ town set your heads;
Yield rustick mountaineer.       [Fight and Exeunt]
SCENE IV.

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour Which then he wrote; the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute 'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them; I with my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up, I mean to man; he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment Is oft the cause of fear. But see thy brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse, There was no mony in't; not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none: Yet I not doing this, the fool had born My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Guid. I'm perfect what; cut off one Cloten's head, Son to the queen, after his own report, Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore With his own single hand he'd take us in, Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' gods, they grow, And set them on Jud's town.
Bel. We're all undone!
Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose, But what he swore to take, our lives? the law Protects not us; then why should we be tender, To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us? Play judge, and executioner, all himself? For we do fear no law. What company Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
From one bad thing to worse; yet not his frenzy,
Nor absolute madness, could so far have rav’d,
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing;
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He’d fetch us in; yet is’t not probable
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance
Come, as the gods foresay it, howsoever
My brother hath done well.

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

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I’ve ta’en
His head from him: I’ll throw’t into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the filth, he’s the queen’s son Cloten,
That’s all I † reck.

[Exit.

Bel. I fear’twill be reveng’d:
Would, Polidore, thou hadst not don’t! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. Would I had don’t,
So the revenge alone purfu’d me! Polidore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou’st robb’d me of this deed; I would revenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro’;
And put us to our anfwer.

Bel. Well, ’tis done:
We’ll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

† care
Cymbeline

Where there's no profit, Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till haftly Polidore return, and bring him
to dinner presently.

Av. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Cloren's blood,
And praise my self for charity. [Exit]

Bel. Of thou goddes,
Thou divine nature! how thy self thou blazon't
In these two princely boys? they are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood encliaf'd, as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th'vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them.
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloren's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us?

Re-enter Guidéries.

Guid. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloren's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassie to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark Polidore, it sounds: but what occasion
Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? hark.

Guid. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? since death of my dearest
mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter? *
Cymbeline.

Scene V.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

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

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

Guil. 'Oh sweetest, fairest lily! My brother wears thee not one half so well, As when thou grew'st thy self.

Bel. 'Oh melancholy! Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing! Love knows what man thou might'st have made? 'but ah!

Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy! How found you him?

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

Guil. 'Where?

Arv. 'O' th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he slept, and put My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guil. 'Why, he but sleeps; If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed,

Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwall mad?

Scene V. etc.

With
Cymbeline

With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted;
And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
(Whist summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,)
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy veins; no nor
The leaf of Eglantine, which not to flander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The raddock would
With charitable bill (oh bill sore shaming
Tho' rich-leaf heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and sur'd moss besides. When flow'rs are none
To winter-ground thy coarse——

Guid. Prythee have done;
And do not play in wenche-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. 'To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?
Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polidore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground
As once our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwall,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priestly and fane's that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see medicine the les. For Closer
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
Was paid for that: the mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust; yet reverence,
(The angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a prince.

D 3

Guid,
Guid. Pray fetch him hither.

Thersites body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst: brother begin.

Guid. Nay, Cadwall, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. 'Fear no more the heat o'sh' sun,
    Nor the furious winter's rages;
    Thou thy worldly task hast done,
    Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. 'Fear no more the frown o'sh' great,
    Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
    Care no more to cloath and eat;
    To thee the reed is as the oak:

The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. 'Fear no more the lightning-flash,
    Arv. Nor th' all dreaded thunder-hoone.

Guid. 'Fear no slander, censure rash,
    Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

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

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. And no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost unlayd forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have,
    And renowned be thy grave!
Enter Bellarius with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings first for graves.-- Upon their faces--
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees--
The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Imogen awakes.

'Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?—
'I thank you--by yond bush--pray how far
'thither?---
'Ods pittikins--can it be six mile yet?---
'I've gone all night--'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
'But lost! no bedfellow!--oh gods, and goddesses!

[Seeing the body.

'The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
'This bloody man the care on't.---Sure I dream;
'For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
'And cook to honest creatures. 'Tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
'Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
'Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith
'I tremble still with fear, but if there be
'Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
'As a wren's eye, oh gods! a part of it!
'The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
'Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt,
A headless man!--the garments of Pothumus?
'I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
The arms of Hercules: but his jovial face---
Murther in heav'n!—how!—'tis gone!—
Pisanio!

D 4 All
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou conspiring with that devil Cloeten,
Hast here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous. Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this the bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main top! oh Posthumus, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ay me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left his head on. How should this be, Pisanio?
'Tis he and Clooten. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Mur'd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Clooten's. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

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

Luc. But what from Rome?

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

Luc. When expect you them?

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

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd, bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Softly. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision.
(I saw, and pity'd for their intelligence.)
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From th' spongey south, to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends:
(Unless my fves abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman hoff.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft ho, what trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was an worthy building. How! a page! — —
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.

Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord;

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of the fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

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

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

Imo. Richard du Camp. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [aside:
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters
Sent by a Consul to me should no sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the gods;
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
grave,
And on it laid a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving to his service follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee.

My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britains slay us, or receive us
For Barb'rous and unnatural revolters
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloenic's death (we being not known nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to confession
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloenic then but young, (you see,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopelesse
To have the courtesie your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; your self
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this fun that shines
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats and venison?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like my self who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have

The
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'n's I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans.


Bei. No reason I (since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation) should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.
Lead, lead; the time seems long: their blood thinks scorn
'Till it sile our, and shew them princes born. [Exe.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus with a bloody handkerchief.

POSTHUMUS.

EA bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murthw wives much better than
For wryng but a little? oh Pisania! [themselves
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had
Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and strick
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen's your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest t'obey! I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistres: Peace,
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'n's;
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit my self
As do's a Britain peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, for whom my life
Is every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
My self I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habit's show;
Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me;
To shame the guife o' th' world, I will begin,
The fashion, let's without, and more within. [Exit.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one
doork and the British army at another: Leonatus
Pothos following like a poor soldier. They march
over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish
Iachimo, and Pothos; he vanquisheth and dis-
armeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
The prince of this country, and the air on't
Revengeing enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? knighthoods, honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn;
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The battle continues; the Britains fly, Cymbeline is
taken; then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius,
and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Guid. Arv. Stand, stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britains. They rescue
Cymbeline, and exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

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

S C E N E II.

Enter Posthumus, and a British lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did.
Though you it seems came from the siers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britains, seen; all flying
Through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
'Meerly
Meerly through fear, that the straight path was damn'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord, Where was this lane?
Post Close by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
(An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd.
So long a breeding as his white beard came to)
In doing this for's country, 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,
"Our Britains Harts die flying, not our men;"
"To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards! Stand,
"Or we are Romans, and we will give you that"
"Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save"
"But to look back in front: stand, stand—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many;
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing;) with this word stand, stand,
Accommodated by the place, (more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks;
Part shame; part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd cow.
But by example (oh a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began
A stop i'th' chafe, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they flock'd eagles: slaves;
The strides the victors made; and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'n's, how they wound!
Some slain before, some dying; some their friends
O'er-born i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
Are
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
Those that would die or ere resift, are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance,
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Pofi. Nay, do but wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry.

Pofl. This is a lord; oh noble misery
To be i' th' field, and ask what news, of me?
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've sav'd their carkasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives in war. Well I will find him.
For being now a favourer to the Britain,
No more a Britain, I've resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my ransom's death,

*Than to work any.

Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Pofl. Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhymes.

Lord. Farewel, &c.
Cymbeline

On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again;
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were angels.
2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here; if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog.
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his service
As if he were of note; bring him to th' king.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisaniol, and Roman captives. The captains present
Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to
a goaler.

SCENE III.

A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two goalers.

1 Goal. YoU shall not now be stolen, you've locks
upon you;
So graze, as you find pasture.
2 Goal. Ay, or stomach. [Exeunt goalers.
Post. Most welcome bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key

T' unbar
T'unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists; you good gods
give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm sorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Des'ir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisifie
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men;
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
'Tween man and man they weigh not every flamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake,
You rather, mine being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel those old bonds. Oh Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. ——— [He sleeps.

SCENE

* * * * * Here follows a Vision, a Masque, and a Prophecy, which interrupt the Fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for more show, and apparently not of Shakespeare.

† † † Solemn musick: Enter as in an apparition, Sicilium Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as
SCENE IV.
Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pifanio, and lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Whoe is my heart, That the poor soldier that so richly fought, (Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stept

as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more thou thunder-master Shew thy spite, on mortal flies: With Mars fall out, with Juno chide, that thy adulteries Rates and revenges. Hath my poor boy done ought but well, Whose face I never saw? I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd, Attending nature's law, Whose father, Jove! (as men report, Thou orphans father art!) Thou should'st have been, and shielded him From his earth-vexing smart. Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid, But took me in my throes, That from me my Posthumus ript; Came crying 'mongst his foes, A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry, Moulded the stuff so fair; That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world, As great Sicilius' heir.
Stood before shields of proof; cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?
Moth. With marriage therefore was he mock'd
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonatus' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one:
Sweet Imogen!
Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousie,
And to become the geek and scorn
O'th' other's villany?
2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain:
1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to colours turn'd?
Cymbeline.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain.
[To Bell, Guid. and Arvirag.
By whom, I grant, she lives, 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel.

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
   No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harp
   And potent injuries.
Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
   Take off his miseries,
Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help,
   Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest,
   Against thy deity.
2 Breth. Help Jupiter, or we appeal,
   And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon
an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall
on their knees.

Jupit. No more you petty spirits of region low
   Offend our hearing; hush! how dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
   Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coast.
Poor shadows of Elizium, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents opprest,
   No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I could; to make my gift,
   The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
   His comforts thrive, his tryals well are spent;
Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
   Our temple he was married: rise, and fade!
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
   And happier much by his affliction made.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein [Jup. drops a tablet.
Our pleasure, his full fortune, doth confine,
And so away, no farther with your din
Express impatience, left you stir up mine;
Mount eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascendi.
Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter.

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest. [Vanish.

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a grand sire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But, oh scorn!
Gone— they went hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake— Poor wretches that depend
On greatness favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are sleep'd in favours; so am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fanged world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees,
Arise my knights o' th' battel, I create you

Com.

a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be loft branches, which being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus and his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

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

Enter Goador.

Goad. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?


Goad. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if it prove a good repast to the spectators; the dish pays the shot.

Goad. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir, but the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquaintance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goad.
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: why so sadly.
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,

Goal. Indeed, Sir, be that sleeps, feels not the tooth-
ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a
hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change
places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know
not which way you shall go.

Poet. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have
not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed
by some that take upon them to know; or to take
upon your self that which I am sure you do not know;
or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and
how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think
you'll never return to tell one.

Poet. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes,
to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink,
and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes, to seek the way of
blindness: I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to
the king

Poet. Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be
made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Poet. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler: no
bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt.

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.
Yet on my conscience, there are viler knaves desire
And not o'th' court of Britan.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her self,
Who being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to her self. What she confess,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but the spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

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

Cor. More, Sir, and worse, She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took

to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of
them too that die against their wills; so should I, if
I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and
one mind good; O there were desolation of goalers
and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but
my wish hath a preferment in't.  

Exit.  

SCENE IV.  

Vol. VIII.  

Should
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, killing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew nameless, desperate; open'd in despight
Of heaven and men, her purposes: repented.
The ills she hatch'd were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her. Yet oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

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

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatned
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer,—
Augustus lives to think on't—And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will
I will intreat; my boy, a Britain born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britain harm,
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore.
To say, live boy: ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

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

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

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

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

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

Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so?

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

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arr. One and another

Not more resembles that sweet rose-y lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele. What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not, forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure

He would have spoke t'us.

Guid. But we saw him dead,

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pif. 'Tis my mistress——

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad,

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy demand aloud, Sir, step you forth, [To Iach.
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by our greatness and the grace of it
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring,

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish: and, (which more may grieve
thhee,
As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember —— give me leave, I faint ——

[Swoons.

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy strength,
I'd rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (oh would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head:) the good Posthumnus —
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the ran'ft of good ones —— sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy.
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that boast could speak; for feature, lamind
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pigbt Minerva;
Postures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Lover woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye ——

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unles thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Posthumnus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not disparaging whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress's picture; which by his tongue made,
And then a mind put int' ; either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity; there it begins:
He spake of her, as Dian had not dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his prais'f, and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring,
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No leffer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
(And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phæbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car.) Away to Britain
Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Moist vilely: for my vantage excellent,
And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Pres. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.
Italian fiend! ay me, most credulous fool;
Egregious murtherer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being;
To come — oh give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou king, send out;
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Poshumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie,
That caus'd a leffer villain than my self
A sacrilegious thief to do't. The temple
Of virtue was she, yea, and she her self——
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set

The
The dogs o' th' street to bait me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy les than 'twas. Oh Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou scornful page, there lie thy part.

[Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. Oh gentlemen, help,
Mine and your mist'ress—— Oh, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now—— help, help,
Mine houn'd lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these flaggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mist'ress.

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

Pis. How fares my mist'ress?

Imo. O get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow hence,
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on me.
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh gods!

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

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would seize
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Moff like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys, there was our error.
Guil. This is sure Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.
Pea. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'ft thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, Sir. [Kneeling]
Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [To Guil. Arvir.
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy-water on thee; Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where:
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Clozen,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she went
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to Milford:
Where in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posits
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: What became of him,
I further know not.
Guid.
Guid. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods foresend.
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee valiant youth
Deny't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea.
Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord,

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thy self, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotten:
Had ever fear for. Let his arms alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why old soldier
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By taunting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou hast, great king, a subject, who was call'd
Bellarius.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age; indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine,
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my issue?
Bel. So sure as you, your father's: I, old Morgan,
Am that Bellarius whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
It self, and all my treason: That I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes,
(For such and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
As your Grace knows. Their nurse Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason. Their dear los's,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But Sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'n's
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—
If these be they, I know not how to wish.
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while—

This gentleman, whom I call Polidore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderus:
This gentleman, my Cadwall, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his queen-mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderus had
Upon his neck a mole, a fawneous star,
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now: oh Imogen,
Thou'rt lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord:
I've got two world's by't. Oh my gentle brothers;
Have we thus met? oh never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister: I, you brother,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Guid. And at first meeting lov'd,  
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?  
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?  
Why fled you from the court? and whether these?  
And your three motives to the battle? with  
I know not how much more should be demanded;  
And all the other By-dependances  
From chance to chance? but not the time nor place.  
Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting  
Each object with a joy. The counter-change  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoak the temple with our sacrifices.  
Thou art my brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [To Bel.
Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season!
Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,  
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought  
He would have well become'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a king.
Poß. 'Tis I am, Sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor be seeming: 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might  
Have made your finish.
I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did: Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first,
And here your bracelet of the truest princes,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice tow'nds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness, of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.

--- Post. Your servant, princes.

Good my lord of Rome
Call forth your Soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter upon his eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred: When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmónus.

Sooth. Here, my good lord:

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece
of tender air, and when from a stately cedar shall be
loft branches, which being dead many years, shall after
revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then
shall
Cymbeline

Cym. My peace we will begin; and Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire, promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
On whom heav’n’s justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Soothsayer. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish’d. For the Roman eagle
From south to west on wing soaring aloft
Lessen’d her self, and in the beams o’th sun
So vanish’d; which fore-shew’d our princely eagle,
Th’ imperial Cæsar, should again unite

Sall. Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
And flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion’s whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name
Being Leonatus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call Mollis Aer, and Mollis Aer
We term it Mulier: which Mulier I divine:
Is this most constant wife, who even now
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy loft branches, point
Thy two fons forth: who by Bellarius roll’n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv’d,
To the majestick cedar join’d; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin: cys.
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods:
And let the crooked smoaks climb to their ostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town imarch.
And in the temple of Great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratifie, Seal it with feast.
Set on there: Never was a war did cease
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[Exeunt omnes.]
ROMEO

AND

JULIET.
PROLOGUE.

TWO Households, both alike in Dignity,
    In fair Verona, (where we lay our Scene)
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
    Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
    A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose mis-adventur'd piteous overthrow,
    Do, with their death, bury their parents strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
    And the continuance of their parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove.
    Is now the two hours traffick of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

Dramatis
ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
Paris, a young Nobleman in love with Juliet, and kinsman to the Prince.
Montague, \ Two Lords of ancient families, Enemies to Capulet, \ each other.
Romeo, Son to Mountague.
Mercutio, Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.
Benvolio, Kinsman and friend to Romeo.
Tibalt, Kinsman to Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthasar, Servant to Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampson, \ Servants to Capulet.
Gregory, \ Servants to Capulet.
Abram, Servant to Mountague.
Apothecary.

Lady Mountague, Wife to Mountague.
Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.
Juliet, Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, several men and women relations to Capulet, Maskers, guards, and other attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the play, in and near Verona.

The Plot taken from an Italian Novel of Bandello.
ROMEo and JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers, two servants of the Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY; on my word we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runnest away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakest vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Greg.
Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be a cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

'Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fain: if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy sword, here comes of the house of the Mountagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon's out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How: turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee.

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on your side, if I say ay?

Greg. No,

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better?

Sam. Well, Sir.
† Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my master’s kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashling blow. [They fight.

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues and thee:

Have at thee, coward. [Fight.

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down.

Down with the Capulets, down with the Montagues.

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword, ho?

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a sword?

Cap. A sword, I say: old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague and lady Montague.

Moun. Thou villain, Capulet——- Hold me not,
let me go.

La. Moun. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

† Much of this Scene is added since the first edition; but probably by Shakspear, since we find it in that of the year 1599.
Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Prince with attendants.

P.r. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel.
Will they not hear? what ho, you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from these bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave befitting ornaments;*
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace,
For this time all the rest depart away,
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.

S C E N E  II.

L. Moun. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?
B.n. Here were the servants of your adversary,
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 ears,

* befitting ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you &c.

He
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came.

La. Mourn. O where is Romeo!

Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peep'd through the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drew me from company;
Where underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was 'wase of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his;
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mourn. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed;
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

---

Edition 1597, instead of which it is in the other editions thus, — by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, &c.

† The ten lines following not in Ed. 1597, but in the next of 1599.
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.
† Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Moun. Both by my self and many other friends;
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from founding and discovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: so please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. [Ext.
Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
Rom. Is the day so young?
Ben. But new struck nine.
Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them short.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out ———
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled [still],
Should without eyes see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray was here? ———
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all,
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

* These two speeches also omitted in Ed. 1597, but inserted in 1599.
Oany thing of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mishapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is:
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Grieves of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have them prest
With more of thine; this love that thou hast shewn
Dost add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,
Being vex't, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:

Farewel, my cousin.

[Going:

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. But I have loft my self, I am not here,
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?
Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why no, but sadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will—

O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill—
in sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man, and she's fair I love,
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. But in that hit you miss,—she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Diana's wit:
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow, she lives unarm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of affailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

† *Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.
For beauty starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquisite) in question more:
Those happy masks that kiss fair ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing fair?
Farewell, thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

| Exeunt. |

**Scene III.**

*Enter* Capulet, Paris, and servant.

*Cap.* And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,

*She*
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marry'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she. *
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereeto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome!) makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night,
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one;
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about,
Through fair Verona, find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Cap. and Par.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoos-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing per-

* — but she.

She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
this line not in the first edition.

F 3
Romeo and Juliet.

Son hath here writ. I must to the learned in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Rin. Tut man, one fire burns out another’s burning,
One pain is less’n’d by another’s anguish;
Turn giddy and be help’d by backward turning,
One desperate grief cure with another’s languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rin. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Rin. For what, I pray thee?
Rin. For your broken shin.
Benv. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rin. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented; and — Good-e’en, good fellow.

[To the servant.

Ser. God gi’ good-e’en: I pray, Sir, can you read?
Rin. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learn’d it without book: but,
I pray,
Can you read any thing you see?
Rin. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.
Rin. Stay fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters: Count Anfelm and his beauteous sisters: the lady widow
of Vitravio, Signor Placentino, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his
wife and daughters: my fair niece Rosaline, Livio, Signor
Valento, and his cousin Tibalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Rin. Whither? to supper?
Ser. To our house.
Rin. Whose house?
Ser. My master’s.
Rin. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser.
ROMEO and JULIET.

SER. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master
is the great rich CAPULET, and if you be not of the
house of MOUNTAGUES, I pray come and thrust a cup of
wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.

BEN. At this same ancient feast of CAPULETS,
Sups the fair ROSALINE, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admiring beauties of VERONA.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires;
And these who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burst for liars,
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match. Since first the world begun.

BEN. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by.
Her self pois'd with her self in either eye:
But in those chrysal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such fight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.
Capulet's House.

ENTER Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

LA. CAP. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her
forth to me.

NURSE. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve years
old) I had her come; what lamb, what lady-bird,
god forbid — where's this girl? what, JULIET?

ENTER Juliet.

JUL. How now, who calls?
NURSE. Your mother.

FEL. JUL.
Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter——Nurse, give leave a while, we must talk in secret; nurse come back again, I have remembred me, thou shalt hear my counsel: thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet to my teeth be it spoken, I have but four, she's not fourteen; how long is it now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. 'Even or odd, of all days in the year, come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she (God rest all Christian souls) were of an age. Well, Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall, my lord and you were then at Mantua—nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-house—'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a was a merry man,) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fail backward when thou hast more wir, wilt thou not, Julie? and by my holy-name, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it.
'Romeo and Juliet. 129'

Wilt thou not, Jul'É, quoth he; and pretty fool, it 
tinted, and said, ay.

La Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

† Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, 
to think it should leave crying, and say, ay; and yet 
I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a 
young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried 
bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy 
face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to 
age; wilt thou not, Jul'É? it tinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And wilt thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his 
grace,
Thou walt the prettiest babe that e'er I nurt.
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La Cap. And that same marriage is the very them
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Jul'Et,
How stan's your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an b honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour: were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say thou hast ake'd wisdom from thy teat.

La Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger 
than you
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
As all the world,—Why he's a man of wax.

La Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

† La Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris's love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

† This speech and tautology is not in the first edition.

‡ Marry, that marry is the very them.

§ In the common editions here follows a ridiculous 
speech, which is entirely added since the first.
Romeo and Juliet:

But no more deep wilt thou engage mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up,
you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curt
in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must
hence to wait, I beseech you follow. * [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or
six other maskers, torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a cow-keeper:
† Not a without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our enterance.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.

Merc. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. †

Merc. Give 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-brows shall blush for me.

* I beseech you follow.
L. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the country stays.
Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
† The two following lines are inserted from the first edition.
‡ Other lines follow here which are not to be found in
the first edition.
Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light-of-heart,
Tickle the senseless rufhes with their heels;
For I am proverb’d with a grand-fire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.*
I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. — In bed asleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer. * O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies mid-wife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
A' thwart mens' noses as they lye asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm.

* — and look on,
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so,

Mer. I mean, Sir, we delay.
We burn our lights by night, and lamps by day. [ed. i.]
Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits
Five times a day, ere once in her right wits. [ed. i.]

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom; I dreamt a dream, &c.
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joyner squirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
And in this state the gallops night by night,
Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers knees, that dream on curtseys strait:
O'er lawyers fingers, who strait dream on fees:
O'er ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tith-pig's tail,
Tickling the person as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes the driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats.
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul brutish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the bag, when maids lye on their backs;
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is the

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Merc. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more unconstant than the wind; who woees
Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
And being anger'd puffs away from thence,

Turning
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves; Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind misgives
Some conquence, still hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my suit! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

They march about the stage; and Servants come forth with their napkins.

1 Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Ser. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Ser. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell, Antony, and Pot-pan.

2 Ser. Ay, boy, ready.

1 Ser. You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Ser. We cannot be here and there too; clearly boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter all the guests and ladies to the masks.

1 Cap. Welcome gentlemen. Ladies that have your feet
Unplague'd, with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty

2 will walk about with you.
134 Romeo and Juliet.

I'll swear bath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome all gentlemen, I've seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone?
[Musick plays, and they dance.

More light ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last your self and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.
1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucrezia,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir;
His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rem. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rem. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiopia's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows,
The meafure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, flight;
I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tib. This by his voice should be a Mountague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy: what dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap. Why how now kinsman, wherefore from you so?

Tib. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in spight,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo, is't?

Tib. That villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair preference, and put off these frowns,
And ill-becoming semblance of a feast.

Tib. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd. *
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame)'
I'll make you quiet — What? cheerly, my hearts;

Tib. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

*——— He shall be endur'd...

What, goodman boy — I say he shall. Go to —
Am I the master here, or you? go to —
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests:
You will set cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?

Tib. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy — 'tis so indeed —
This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.
Be quiet, &c.

Rom.
Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand

[To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss,

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shews in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,

And palm to palm, is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,

They pray, (grant thou) left faith turn to despair.*

Nurse. Madam, your mother chances a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? [To her nurse.

Nurse. Marry, bachelor.

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous,
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt,

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'er so? why then, I thank you all.

*-- turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

[ Kissing her.

Jul. Then hath my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly urg'd:

Give me my sin again.


Nurse. Madam, &c.

I thank
I thank you honest gentlemen, good night:
More torches here — come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, sirrah, by my fay it waxes late.
I'll to my rest.                      [Exeunt.

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is you gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. That as I think is young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not
Nurse. I know not. [dance?

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Mountague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhime I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.
Nurse. Anon, anon —
Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

† CHORUS.

OW old desire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair, for which love groan'd fore,
and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now
not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again, A-

† This chorus added since the first edition.
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And he steale love's sweet bait from fearful hooks,
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less,
To meet her new beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Tempting extremities with extrem sweet.

SCENE II.
The Street.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [Exit.

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise,
And on my life hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.

Cal. good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likenes of a Sigh,
Speak but one Rhyme, and I am satisfied,
Cry but Ay me! couple but love and dove,
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name to her & pur-blind son and heir,
(Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so true,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid—):
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And

a time. b couple but love and day. c pur-blind
son and her. t alluding to an old ballad.
And the demeanours that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
  Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
  Merc. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress's circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spight. My invocation is
Honest and fair, and in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
  Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be comforted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
  Merc. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And with his mistress were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars when they laugh alone—
  Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
  Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A GARDEN.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jefts at scars that never felt a wound—
But soft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[Juliet appears above at a window.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she,
Be not her maid since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some busines, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n,
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night:
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

_Jul._ Ah me!

_Rom._ She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
Unto the white upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And falls upon the bosom of the air.

_Jul._ O Romeo; Romeo—wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

_Rom._ Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[Aside.

_Jul._ 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
What's _Montague_? it is not _hill_, nor _foot_,
Nor arm, nor face—_b_ nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So _Romeo_ would, were he not _Romeo_ call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; _Romeo_, quit thy name.

And

___*lazy-puffing._  _b_ Corrected thus from the 1st edition._
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my self.
    Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
    Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
    Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to my self,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
    Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
    Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee a displease.
    Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
    Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stoney limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
    Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
    Rom. Alack there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
    Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
    Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
    Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
    Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot, yet went thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would
I would adventure for such merchandize.

_Jul._ Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke — but farewell compliment:
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word — yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers perjuries
They say Love laughs. Oh gentle _Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:"
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: but else not for the world.
In truth, fair _Mountague_, I am too fond
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

_Rom._ Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——

_Jul._ O swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Left that thy love prove likewise variable.

_Rom._ What shall I swear by?

_Jul._ Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

_Rom._ If my true heart's love——

_Jul._ Well, do not swear — although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens — sweet, good night.

This

& coining, or coying.
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night— as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love adieu.

[Nurse calls within.
Anon, good nurse—Sweet Mountague be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again.]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
All this is but a dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[Within: Madam.
I come, anon— but if thou mean'lt not well,
I do beseech thee— [Within: Madam.] By and by
I come—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I fend.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night. [Exit.

Rom,
Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books,
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taffel gentle back again—
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what a clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememhring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other h home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night 'till it be morrow. [Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast,
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.  

[Exit.

---

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
    Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And darkness fleck'd like a drunkard reels
    From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels.
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this offer cage of ours
    With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb,
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We fucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
    Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.
Virtue it self turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.
Within the infant mind of this small flower
    Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

Vol. VIII. G For

* These four first lines are here replaced, conformably
    to the first edition; where such a description is much more
    proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when
    he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress.

i. Revolts from true birth, stumbliong on abuse.
For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part;
Being rafted, lays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man, as well as herbs; Grace, and rude Will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet salutes mine ear?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lye;
But where unbruised youth with unstiff brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign,
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'ration;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! waft thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

Rom. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies;
I bear no hatred, blested man, for lo
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Ridling confession finds but ridling thrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combin'd, saxe what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy saint Francis, what a change is here?
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young mens love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy fair cheeks for Rosaline?
How much salt water thrown away in wafte,
To season love, that of it doth not taste?
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears,
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth fit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If ever thou wast thy self, 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 chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad it me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. Oh she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistent be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE V.

The Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

M. Where the devil should this Romeo be? came he not home to-night?

B. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

M. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rojoline, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

B. Tybalt, the kineman to old Capulet, hath sent a letter to his father's house.

M. A challenge on my life.

B. Romeo will answer it.

M. Any man that can write, may answer a letter.

B. Nay he will answer the letter's master, if he be challeng'd.

M. Alas poor Romeo, he is already dead! slabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

B. Why, what is Tybalt?

M. More than prince of cats. Oh he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause; ah the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay———

B. The what?

M. The pox of such antick lisping affected phantacies, these new in tuners of accents: — Jefu, a very good blade, —— a very tall man —— a very good whore. —— Why is not this a lamentable thing,

1 how he dares, being dared.

in tuners.
 Romeo and Juliet. 249

thing, grandisire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, 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.

Romeo. Good-morrow to you both.

* Merc. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.
Romeo. What counterfeit did I give you?
Merc. The slip Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?
Romeo. Pardon Mercutio, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.
Merc. That’s as much as to say, such a case as yours confines a man to bow in the hams.
Romeo. Meaning to curtse.
Merc. Thou haft most kindly hit it.
Romeo. A most courteous exposition.
Merc. Nay, I am the very pink of courteous.
Romeo. Pink for flower.
Merc. Right.
Romeo. Why then is my pump well flower’d.
Merc. Sure wit — follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, foly-fingular.
Romeo. O single-sol’d jest.
Solus: singular, for the singleness.

G 3

Merc.
Enter Nurse and her man.

_Rem._ Here's goodly gear: a sayle! a sayle.
_Air._ Two, two, a shirt and a smock.
_Nurse._ Peter.
_Pet._ Anon.
_Nurse._ My fan, Peter.

_Air._ Come between us good Benvolio, my wit saints.
_Rem._ Switch and spurs,
Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.
_Air._ 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, than I am sure I have in my whole
five. Was I with you there for the goose?
_Rem._ Thou wast never with me for any thing, when
thou wast not there for the goose.
_Air._ I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.
_Rem._ Nay, good goose, bite not.
_Air._ Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is as hot sharp sawce.
_Rem._ And is it not well-serv'd in to a sweet goose?
_Air._ O here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from
an inch narrow, to an ell broad.
_Rem._ I stretch it out for that word broad, which
added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad
goose.
_Air._ Why is not this better, than groaning for love?
Now thou art sociable; now art thou Romeo; now
art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature;
for this drizzling love is like a great natural, that
runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.
_Ben._ Stop there, stop there.
_Air._ Thou dost me to stop in my tale against
the hair.
_Ben._ Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.
_Air._ O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it
short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale,
and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.
Merc. Do good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Merc. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good-den?

Merc. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dyal is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you; what a man are you?

Rome. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is well said: for himself to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young Romeo?

Rome. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Merc. Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, 'tis faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Benv. She will invite him to some supper.

Merc. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho.*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rome. I will follow you.


* — So ho.

Rome. What hast thou found?

Merc. No hare, Sir, unless a hare Sir, in a lenten pce; that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come or?

G 4

Nurse.
Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was
this that was so full of his roguery?

Romeo. A gentlewoman, nurse, that loves to hear him-
self talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he
will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a speak any thing against me, I'll take
him down an he were luffier than he is, and twenty
such jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall.
Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gils; I am none
of his skains mates. And thou must stand by too,
and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

[To her man,

Friar. I law no man use you at his pleasure: if I had,
my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant
you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see
occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my
side.

Nurse. Now afore God, I am so vexed, that every
part about me quivers—Scurvy knave! 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 keep
to my self: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead
her into fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very
gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentle-
woman is young; and therefore if you should deal
double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offer-
ed to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Romeo. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I pro-
test unto thee——

Nurse. Good heart, and I'faith I will tell her as much:
Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost
not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which,
as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Romeo. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
this afternoon,
And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly Sir, not a penny.

Romeo.
Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. Go to, I say you shall.
Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.
Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackle'd stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Nurse. Now God in heav'n bless thee: hark you, Sir:
Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?
Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?
Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.
Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady;
Lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing—— O,
there is a noble man in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve
fee a toad, a very toad, as see him: I anger her
sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer
man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks
as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not
rosemerry and Romeo begin both with a letter?
Rom. Ay nurse, what of that? both with an R.
Nurse. Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is
for the no, I know it begins with no other letter,
and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and
rosemerry, that it would do you good to hear it.
Rom. Commend me to thy lady — [Exit Romeo.
Nurse. A thousand times. Peter?
Nurse. * Take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

* from the first edition.
SCENE VI.
Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promises to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—
Oh she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over lowing hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve—
Ay three long hours—and yet she is not come;
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet love.
And his to me;

Enter Nurse.

*O God, she comes. What news?
Haft thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet nurse——

O lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay come, I pray thee speak—Good nurse speak.

Nurse. Give me some Aqua viva.

Jul. Is thy news good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let

* The verses left out here are not in the old edition.
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to chuse a man: Romeo! no no the, though
his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel
all mens, and for a hand and a foot, and a bo-dy, tho'
they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past com-
pare. He is not the flower of courttie, but I war-
rant him as gentle as a lamb—— Go thy ways
wench, serve God—— What, have you dined at
home?

Jul. No, no—— but all this did I know before:
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back a t'other side—— O my back, my back:
Behrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. 'faith I am sorry that thou art so ill.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handlome,
And I warrant a virtuous—— where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why she is within,
Where should she be? how odly thou reply'st!
Your love says like an honest gentleman:
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O god's lady dear,
Are you so hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your messages your self.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to thrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then bie you hence to friar Lawrence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife,
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Bie you to church, I muf't another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.

I am
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.
    Jul. Hie to high fortune; honest nurse farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
    That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
    Rom. Amen, amen; but come what sorrow can,
    It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
    That one short minute gives me in her sight:
    Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
    Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
    It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
    And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
    Which as they meet consume. The sweetest honey
    Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
    And in the taste confounds the appetite:
    Therefore love moderately, long love doth so:
    Too swift arrives, as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may besride the gossamour,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.
    Jul. Good-even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee daughter for us both.
    Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.
    Rom. Ah Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
    Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath.
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words.
Brag of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work,
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone.
'Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [Exeunt]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and servants.

BENVOLIO.

Pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire,
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a
brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood
stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern,
claps me his sword upon the table, and says, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of a second
cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Come,
Merc. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon mov’d to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov’d.

Benv. And what to?

Merc. ‘Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrell’d with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Benv. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Merc. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Benv. By my head here come the Capulets.

Merc. By my heel I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Merc. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou confirst with Rome —

Merc. Confust! what, dost thou make us minstrels! is thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but
Romeo and Juliet

but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance, sounds! comfort!

[laying his hand on his sword.

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry go first to field, he'll be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so good Capulet (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alta fucatho carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his pitcher by the ears? Make haste, left mine be about your ears ere it be ours.

Tyb.
Tyb. I am for you.  

Rem. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.  [Mer. and Tyb. fight.

Rem. Draw, Benvolio—beat down their weapons—

Gentlemen—for shame forbear this outrage—

Tybalt—Mercutio—the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold Tybalt—good Mercutio.  [Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt—

A plague of both the houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry 'tis enough.

Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon,

Rem. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide

As a church door, but 'tis enough, twill serve: ask for

Me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave-man.

I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague

Of both your houses! What? a dog, a rat, a mouse,

A cat, to scratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue,

A villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why

The devil came you between us? I was hurt under

Your arm.

Rem. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint; a plague o'both your houses!

They have made worms meat of me,

I have it, and soundly too—your houses.


Scene II.

Rem. This gentleman, the prince's near allie,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

In my behalf; my reputation stain'd

With Tybalt's slander; Tybalt, that an hour

Hath been my cousin: O sweet Juliet,

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper soined valour's steel.

[Exit
Enter Benvolio.

_Ben._ O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspird the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
_Rom._ This day's black fate, on more days does depend,
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

_Ben._ Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
_Rom._ Alive? in triumph? and Mercutio slain?
Away to heav'n respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.
_Tyb._ Thou wretched boy, that didst comfort him here;
Shaft with him hence.
_Rom._ This shall determine that.

_Ben._ Romeo, away, be gone:
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain—
Stand not amaz'd, the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
_Rom._ O! I am fortune's fool.
_Ben._ Why dost thou stay?  

[They fight, Tybalt falls.

SCENE III.

Enter Citizens.

_Cit._ Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
_Tybalt_ that murtherer, which way ran he?
_Ben._ There lyes that Tybalt.
_Cit._ Up Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

"He gone in triumph."  "Fire and fury."
Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, their wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That flew thy kinsman brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt my cousin! O my brother's child,
Unhappy fight! alas the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman—Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Mountague.

Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
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 than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled.
But by and by come back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Mountague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life,
I beg for justice, which thou prince must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he flew Mercutio,
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe.

La. Cap. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio’s
friend,
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding.
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,
Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
"Mercy but murthers, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Capulet’s House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phoebus’ mansion; such a waggoneer
As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That run-away’s eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am’trous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Plaid for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
Hood my unnan'ld blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt ly upon the wings of night,
Whiter then new snow on a raven's back:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo, and when he shall die
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am fold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
And is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heav'ly eloquence;
Now nurse, what news? what hast thou there?
The cords that Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone——
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O Romeo! Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it, Romeo?

Jul. What devi'lar thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in difmal hell.
Hath Romeo givn himself? say thou but ay;
And that rare vowel ay, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.*

*Nurse.

* The strange lines that follow here in the common books are not in the old edition.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.
God save the mark, here on his manly breast.
A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart—poor bankrupt break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had:
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead.

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then let the trumpet sound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowring face,
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical! *
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

* dearest.

† Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,
Wolvilh-ravening lamb,
Despised substance of divinest show:
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
A damned saint, an honourable villain:
O nature! &c.

† These lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted.
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forsworn; all naughty; and all diffemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some Aqua vite—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not born to shame,
Upon his brow shame is abham'd to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth,
O what a beast was I to chide him so?

Nur. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it!
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.

My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt dead that would have kill'd my husband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worser than Tybalt's death
That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,
But oh it presseth to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds;
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybals: Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if low'r woe delights in fellowship,
And needy will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay, or both?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead!—Romeo is banished!
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's coarse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Walk they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you. I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at Lawrence' cell.

Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.
The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts;
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such low'r company.
I bring thee tydings of the prince's doom?

Rom. What less than dooms-day, is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death; For exile hath more terror in his look, Than death itself. 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's walls, But purgatory, torture, hell it self. Hence banished, is banish'd from the world, And world-exil'd, is death. Calling death banishment, Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax, And smil'st upon the stroak that murthers me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness! Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince Taking thy part hath ruft at side the law, And turn'd that black word death to banishment. This is more mercy, and thou feest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog And little mouse, every unworthy thing Lives here in heaven, and may look on her, But Romeo may not. More validity, More honourable state, more courtship lives In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, And steal immortal blessings from her lips; But Romeo may not, he is banished! O father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,


And world's exile is death. Then banished Is death mis-term'd, calling death banished.

f That is dear mercy.

g Which even in pure and vestal modesty Still blush'd, and thinking their own kisses sin. This may flies do, when I from this must fly, And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death? But Romeo may not, he is banished. Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death, tho' never so mean, But banished to kill me? banished?

O Friar, &c.
No sharp ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal?
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confesser,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, banishment?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak.
Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy: Unleas philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not; it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, [feel:
An hour but married, Tybalt murdhered,
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
And all upon the ground as I do now, [hair,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[Throwing himself on the ground.

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good Romeo hide thy self.

[Knock within.
Thou wilt be taken —— stay a while —— stand up;

[Knocks.
Run to my study —— by and by —— God's will;
What willfulness is this —— I come, I come. [Knock.
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand:

Vol. VIII. H I come

as young as Juliet my love.
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh tell me holy Friar; Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress's case, Just in her case, O woful sympathy! Piteous predicament! even so lies she, Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbering; Why should you fall into so deep an oh! —
Rom. Nurse.

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir! — Death is the end of all. Rom. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her? Doth not she think me an old murtherer, Now have I stain'd the child-hood of our joy With blood, remov'd but little from her own? Where is she? and how does she? and what says My conceal'd lady to our i cancell'd love?

Nurse. O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps; And now falls on her bed, and then starts up, And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calls, And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name Shot from the deadly level of a gun Did murther her, as that name's cursed hand Murther'd her kinsman. Tell me, Friar, tell me, In what vile part of this anatomy Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack The hateful mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art: Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts do note Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
 Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou say thy self? And

i conceal'd
And say thy lady too, that lives in thee?*
What, routeth thee, man, thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there thou'rt happy too.
The law that threatened death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy,
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehav'd and full of wench,
Thou pourest upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable,
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed.
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends;
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'ft forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all night long,
To hear good counsel: oh, what learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

Fri. Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:

H 2

* Here follows in the common books a great deal of nonsense, not one word of which is to be found in the first edition.

1 Thou pulseth up thy fortune.
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good-night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [Exeunt.

*SCENE VI.*

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fain out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I—— Well, we were born to die——
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good-night, commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rule'd
In all respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
But soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! well, Wednesday is too soon,
On Thursday let it be: you shall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great a-do—— a friend or two——
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—— on Thursday be it then:
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed. [To lady Cap.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord—— light to my chamber, hoa!
Good-night.

[Exit.

*Scene according to the oldest editions.
SCENE VII.
The Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
    It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
    That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
    Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree:
    Believe me love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
    No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
    Do lace the fevering clouds in yonder east:
    Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
    Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
    I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
    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;
    Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.
Rom. Let me then stay, let me be ta'en and dye;
    If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
    I'll say you gray is not the morning's eye,
    'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
    I'll say it is the Nightingale that beats

Therefore stay, yet thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
    I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
    I'll say you gray is not the morning's eye,
    'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,
Not that is not the lark whose notes do beat
    The vassalry heav'n's so high above our heads.
    I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come death &c.
274  **Romeo and Juliet.**

* The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
* And not the Lark, the messenger of morn.
* Come death and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.
* What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

 _Jul._ It is, it is, he hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so: for the divideth us,
† Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too!
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

_Rom._ Farewel my love: one kiss, and I'll descend.

_Enter Nurse._

_Nurse._ Madam.

_Jul._ Nurse.

_Nurse._ Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about.

_Jul._ Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah husband! friend!
I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.

_O_ by this count I shall be much in years,

_Ere_ I again behold my _Romeo._

_Rom._ Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

_Jul._ O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

_Rom._ I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

_Jul._ O God! I have an ill-divining soul,
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

_[Romeo descends._

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

_Rom._ And trust me, love, in mine eye to do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. _Adieu, adieu._ _[Exe._

† alluding to some fable, or some notion of the _Naturalist._

**Scene**
Romeo and Juliet.

Scene VIII.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Oh 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 keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I'm not well,
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?*
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. Well girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder,
La. Cap. Content thee girl. If I could find a man,
I soon would send to Mantua where he is,
And give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he should soon keep Tybalt company.
Jul. Find you the means, and I'll find such a man,
For while he lives, my heart shall ne'er be light
'Till I behold him—dead—is my poor heart,
Thus for a kinsman vex't?
La. Cap. Well, let that pass.
I come to bring thee joyful tydings, girl.

H 4

Jul.

* Several unnecessary lines are omitted in this scene which is printed more agreeably to the first edition.
Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time. What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child; One, who to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath forded out a sudden day of joy, That thou expect’st not, nor I look’d not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?


Jul. Now by St. Peter’s church, and Peter too, He shall not make me there a joyful bride. I wonder at this haste, that I must wed Ere he that must be husband comes to wooee. I pray you tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet, and when I do, It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris. These are news indeed.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so your self,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and nurse.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears? Evermore show’ring? in one little body Thou counterfeit’st a bark, a sea, a wind; For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs, Which raging with thy tears, and they with them, Without a sudden calm, will overset Thy tempest-tossed body ——— How now, wife? Have you deliver’d to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:

I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife. How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints against Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter’s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to church a Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding.

Nurse. God in heaven bless her:
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason—O god-ye-good-den—
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace you mumbling fool,
Utter your gravity o’er a gossip’s bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God’s bread, it makes me mad: a day, night,
late, early,
At home, abroad; alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match’d; and having now provided

H 5

a Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, and play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been &c.
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeans, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd as they say with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would with a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me —
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' th' streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet my mother, cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my self.

Nurse. Faith here it is:
Romeo is banish'd, all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth,
Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the count.
Oh he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Befrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Romeo and Juliet.

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too,

Or else beseech them both.


Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much;

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Lawrence' cell,

To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked hand!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,

So many thousand times? go, counsellor,

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain;

I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, my self have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

Friar.

On Thursday, Sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so,

And I am nothing slow to flack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind:

Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which too much minded by her self alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be show'd.
Look, Sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome my love, my lady and my wife.
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next,
Jul. What must be, shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion:
Juliet farewell, and keep this holy kiss. [Exit Paris.
Jul.
Jul. Go shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O Juliet, I already know your grief,
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hast't of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wife,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt,
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experience'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold
'Twixt my extremities and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that,
Which the commision of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Speak not, be brief; for I desire to dye,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is despiritue which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County Paris
Thou haft the strength or will to slay thy self,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop't with death himself, to escape from it:
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;

a Be not so long to speak, I long to die.

b Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are, chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly, &c. — It is thus the editions vary.
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens rating bones,
With reeky thanks, and yellow chapless skulls,
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstaïned wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold Juliet: hye thee home, get thee to bed:
(LET not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:)
And when thou art alone, take thou this viol,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsie humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His nat'ral progres, but surcease to beat.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest:
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale ashes; the eyes windows fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunken death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beff robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be born to burial in thy kindreds grave:
Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lye.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua;
If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous.
In this resolve, I'll send a Friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father—

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks. *
We shall be much unfurnished for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence?
Nurse. Ay forfooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her; A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. * See where she comes from her confession.

* twenty cunning cooks,
Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou try them so?
Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his own fingers, goes not with me.
Cap. Go, be gone.
We shall be much, &c.

Cap.

* See where she comes from shrift, with merry look.
Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behets; and am enjoyn'd
By holy Lawrence, to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Count, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why I am glad on't; this is well, stand up,
This is as't should be, let me see the County:
Ay marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me fort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No not'till Thursday, there is time enough.

Cap. Go nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-
morrow.

[Execunt Juliet and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone:
I'll play the housewife for this once. What ha?
They are all forth; well I will walk my self
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this fame way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Execunt Capulet and lady Capulet.]
SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but gentle nurse, I pray thee leave me to my self to-night: For I have need of many orisons To move the heav'n to smile upon my state, Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What are you busie, do you need my help? Jul. No, madam, we have cull'd such necessaries As are behoyeful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For I am sure you have your hands full all, In this so sudden busines.

La. Cap. Good-night, Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [Exeunt.

Jul. 'Farewel — God knows, when we shall meet again!

'I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
'That almost freezes up the heat of a life.
'I'll call them back again to comfort me.
'Nurse — what should she do here?
'My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
'Come vial — What if this mixture do not work at all?
'Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?
'No, no, this shall forbid it; lye thou there —

[Pointing to a dagger.

'What if it be a poison, which the Friar
'Sub'tly hath ministred, to have me dead,
'Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
'Because he married me before to Romeo?
'I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
'For he hath still been tried a holy man ——

'How, fire.
How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in?
Or if I live, it is not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packt;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort —)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And phantoms like mandrakes torn out of the earth.
That loving mortals hearing them run mad —
Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Invironed with all these hideous fears,)
And madly play with my fore-fathers joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo — Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee:

[She throws herself on the bed.

---

SCENE IV.
A HALL.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. H Old, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter
Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, sir, sir, sir, the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three a-clock:  
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica. 
Spare not for coft.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go; 
Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to-morrow 
For this night's watching.

Cap. No not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now 
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time, 
But I will watch you, from such watching, now. 
[Ex. Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste, sirrah, fetch drier logs, 
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs, 
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

Cap. Masts and well said, a merry horizon, ha! 
Thou shalt be logger-head — good faith, 'tis day.

[Play musick.

The County will be here with musick straight, 
For so he said he would. I hear him near. 
Nurse, wife, what ho? what, nurse, I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up, 
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste, 
Make haste, I say, 
[Exit Capulet.
SCENE V.

Scene draws and discovers Juliet on a bed.


Why lamb—why lady—Fie you flag-a-bed—
Why love, I say—Madam, sweet-heart—why bride—
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little—God forgive me—
Marry and amen—How sound is she asleep?
I must needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed—
He'll fright you up i'faith. Will it not be?
What dreft, and in your cloths—and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady—
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born?
Some Aqua vites, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nur. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nur. Look,—oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame bring Juliet forth, her lord is come.
Nur. She's dead, decease, she's dead: alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me see her—Out alas, she's cold.
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
Life and these lips have long been separated:
'D Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
' Upon the sweetest flower of the field,
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter
Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before the wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my son-in-law. —

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Most miserable hour, that Time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage:
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day! 

Molt lamentable day! molt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold,
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
Oh woful day! oh woful day!

Fri. Oh peace for shame —
Your daughter lives in peace and happiness,
And it is vain to wish it otherwise.
Heav'n and your self had part in this fair maid,
Now heav'n hath all —
Come sticke your rosemary on this faire corpse,
And as the custom of our country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd:

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;

† This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above cited.
Several other parts, unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found
in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the
common books.
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
And bridal flow'rs serve for a buried coarse. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Maundy Musicians.

Mus. Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone.
Nurse: Honest good fellows: ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful case.
Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, heart's ease, heart's ease: oh, an you will have me live, play heart's ease.
Mus. Why heart's ease?
Pet. O musicians, because my heart it self plays, my heart it self is full of woe. O play me some merry dump, to comfort me!
Mus. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Mus. No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
Mus. What will you give us?
Pet. No mony on my faith, I'll re you, I'll fa you, do you note me?
Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us.
2 Mus. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit, answer me like men:
When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
Then musick with her silver sound —
Why silver sound? why musick with her silver sound?
Why say you, Simon Catling?
Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. a Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebeck?
2 Mus. I say silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. b Pretty too! what say you Samuel Sound-board?

a pratest.

b pratest too.

3 Mus.
Romeo and Juliet.

3 Mus. Faith I know not what to say.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the singer, I will say for you. It is musick with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding.

[Exit.]

Muf. What a pestilent knave is this same?
2 Mus. Hang him, Jack, come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

Enter Romeo.

If I may trust the flattering of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love it self possest,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Romeo's Man.

News from Verona—How now Balthazar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?

a flattering truth of sleep.
b and all this winged, unaccustomed.

How
How doth my Juliet? that I ask again.
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps in Capulet’s monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her laid low in her kindred’s vault;
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know’st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Man. Pardon me Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Trulh, thou art deceiv’d, I’ll
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haft thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Man. No, good my lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses, I’ll be with thee straight.

[Exit Man.

Well Juliet, I will lye with thee to-night;
Let’s see for means — O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In ratter’d weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff, and other skins
Of ill-hap’d fishes, and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my self I said,
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mansna,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut,
What ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats, let me have
A dram of poison, such soon spreading ger,
As will disperse it self thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hafty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. 'Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
'And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
'Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
'Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
'The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
'Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to mens souls,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not see:
I sell thee poison, thou haft sold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get a thee into flesh.
Come cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.

thy self in flesh.

VOL. VIII. I SCENE
SCENE II.
The Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.

John. HOLY Franciscan Friar! brother! ho!
Law. This name should be the voice of Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not fend it; here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.

Law. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will bestraw me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come.
Poor living coarse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.
SCENE III.

A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page, with a light.

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yond a yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hearest something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [Exit.

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew;

b Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and being dead
With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[The boy whistles.

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach,—
What curled foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

SCENE IV.

Enter Romeo and Peter with a light.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning

See

a young trees. b These four lines from the old edition.
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or feest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are savage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

_Pet._ I will be gone Sir, and not trouble you.

_Ren._ So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.

_Pet._ For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Exit.

_Ren._ Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth;
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the monument.

And in despight I'll cram thee with more food.

_Pet._ This is that banisht haughty Mountague
That murth'rd my love's cousin; (with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature dy'd,) And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unallow'd toil, vile Mountague:
Can vengeance be purfuit'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

_Ren._ I must indeed, and therefore came I hither—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desper'd man,
Fly hence and leave me: think upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Full not another sin upon my head.
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n I love thee better than my self;
For I come hither arm'd against my self.*

Par. I do defy thy commiferation,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee boy.

[They Fight; Paris falls;]

Page. Oh lord they fight! I will go call the watch.

Par. Oh I am slain; if thou be mercifal,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face —
Mercutio’s kinsman! Noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my bethosled soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet;
To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,

One writ with me in four misfortune’s book,
I’ll bury thee in this triumphant grave.

For here lyes Juliet — Oh my love, my wife
Death that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer’d, beauty’s ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death’s pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly’st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
Oh what more favour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twain.

To funder his that was thy enemy?

Forgive me, cousin. — Ah dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour:
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night

*Some lines are left out here and afterwards, which are unworthy of Shakspear, and no hint of them to be found in the old edition.
Depart again: come lye thou in my arms,
Here's to thy health.—O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come bitter conduct, come unfavoury guide,
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks a my sea-sick weary bark:
Here's to my love! oh true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Enter Friar Lawrence with lanthorn, crow, and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to-night
Have my old feet flumled at graves? who's there?
Pet. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
well,
Fri. Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless ruils? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulet's monument.
Pet. It doth so, holy Sir,
And there's my master, one you dearly love.
Fri. Who is it?
Pet. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Pet. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Pet. I dare not, Sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay, then I'll go alone; fear comes upon me,
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Pet.
Romeo and Juliet. 299

Pet. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dream'd my master and another fought,
And that my master flew him.

Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and goar'd swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who else? what Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady flirs.

Jul. [awaking.] Oh comfortable Friar, where's my lord?
I do remember well where I should be;
And there I am; but where is Romeo?

Fri. I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too—Come, I'll dispose of thee,
Among a sisterhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not a question, for the watch is coming. [Exit.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison I see hath been his timeless end,
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips,
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them;
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Finding a dagger.

* This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

[Dies.

Boy.

* 'Tis in thy sheath.
Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard,
Go some of you, whom e'er you find attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain,
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go tell the Prince, run to the Capulets,
Raise up the Montagues, some others search——

Enter some of the watch with Romeo's man.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Friar and a third Watchman.

3 Watch. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion: stay the Friar too.

SCENE V.

Enter the Prince and attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet and lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?
La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run
With open out-cry tow'r'd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?
Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain,
And Romeo dead, and Juliet (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul mur-
ther comes.

Watch.
Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead mens tombs.
Cap. Oh heavy! oh wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, for loe the sheath
Lies empty on the back of Montague,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.
La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell.
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early & fallen.
Mourn. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath:
What further wo conspires against my age?
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.
Mourn. Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of out-rage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. I am the greatest, able so do leaft,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murther;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead; was husband to that Juliet;

loe his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed

1. 5.

8,down.
And.
And she there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill her self.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I write to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was slaid by accident, and yetternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo dead,
She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she too desp'rate would not go with me.
But, as it seems, did violence on her self.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: but if ought in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before its time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Peter.
Peter. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words.
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kin'smen: all are punish'd!

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mourn. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lye,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt omnes.]
HAMLET,

Prince of Denmark.
Dramatis Personæ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.
Laertes, Son to Polonius.
Voltimand,
Cornelius,
Rosencraus,
Guildenstern,
Osrick, a Fop.
Marcellus, an Officer.
Bernardo, two soldiers.
Francisco, two soldiers.
Reynoldo, Servant to Polonius.
Ghost of Hamlet’s Father.

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.
Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius, beloved by Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other attendants.

SCENE ELSINOOR:

This Story was not invented by our Author; tho' from whence he took it, I know not.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two sentinels.

BERNARDO.

Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand and unfold your self.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand; who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground,
Mar. And liege-men to the Dane.
Eran. Give you good-night.
Mar. Oh farewell, honest soldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Eran. Bernardo has my place; give you good-night. [Exit Francisco.

Mar. Holla, Bernardo.
Ber. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantastie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, 'twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears;
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When you came star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one——
Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes again.
Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 309

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'ft this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometime march? by Heaven I charge thee speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. [Ex. Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Is not this something more than phantasm?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy self.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th'ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He smote the ledged *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hours,
With martial stalk, hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most-observant watch
So nightly toils the subjects of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such imprints of shipwrights, whose toil task
Does not divide the sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labour to the day:

*a Pole-axe in the common editions; he speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle. He uses the word Polack again, act. 3. scene 4.

b Same.
Who is't that can inform me?

_Hor._ That can I,

At least the whisper goes so. Our last King,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us.

Was, as you know, by _Fortinbras_ of _Norway_,

(Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride)

Dar'd to the fight. In which, our valiant _Hamlet_,

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)

Did slay this _Fortinbras_; who by seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit (with his life) all those his lands

Which he stood seiz'd of to the Conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our King; which had return

To the inheritance of _Fortinbras_,

Had he been vanquisher, as by that cov'nant

And carriage of the articles desig'd,

His fell to _Hamlet_. Now young _Fortinbras_,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of _Norway_, here and there,

Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,

For food and dyer, to some enterprize

That hath a stomach in't: which is no other,

And it doth well appear unto our state,

But to recover of us by strong hand

And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost: and this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations,

The source of this our watch, and the chief head

Of this post haste, and romage in the land.

_Ber._ I think it be no other, but even so:

Well may it fort that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch so like the King,

That was and is the question of these wars.

_Hor._ A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye,

In the most high and _†_ palmy state of _Rome_,

A little ere the mightiest _Julius_ fell,

The graves stood tenantless, the sheeted dead

_Did_ palmy for victorious; _in the other editions_ flourishing.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 311

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Disasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doom's-day with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any found, or use of voice,
Speak 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 privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh speak!———.
Or, if thou hast uphoord in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, [Cock crows,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and speak——Stop it, Marcellus——

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here——
Hor. 'Tis here——
Mer. 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the shew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th’extravagant and erring spirit hyes
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it,
But look, the morn in ruffet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet. For upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen;
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Corne-
lius, lords and attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of our selves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,  
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
Have we, as twere, with a defeated joy,  
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage;  
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,  
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along, (for all, our thanks,)  
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;  
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame;  
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage;  
He hath fail'd not to pester us with meffage,  
Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, by all bands of law  
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.  
Now for our self, and for this time of meeting:  
Thus much the business is. We have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,  
Who impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
Of this his nephew's purpose, to supprest  
His further gate herein; in that the levies,  
The lifts, and full proportions are all made  
Out of his subjects: And we here dispatch  
You, good Cornelius, and you Voltimand,  
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;  
Giving to you no further personal power  
Of treaty with the King, more than the scope  
Which thse dilated articles allow.  
Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.  
    Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.  
King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewel.  
    [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.  
And now Laertes, what's the news with you?  
You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?  
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  

And
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark
To shew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France:
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, by laboursome petition,
Wrong from me my slow leave; and at the last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son——

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my lord, I am too much in the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy a nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st it is common, all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam? nay, it is; I know not seems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspension of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These may seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show:
These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know, your father lost a father,
That father his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shews a will most incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unsoften'd, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to senfe,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common them
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first course, 'til he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no les nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to school to Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeft courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers. Hamlet:
I pr'ythee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King.
216 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair reply,
Be as our self in Denmark. Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day;
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the King's rowse the heav'n shall bruit again
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Manet. Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it self into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His a canon 'gainst self-slaughter. Oh God! oh God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world?
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature
Possess it, meerly that it should come thus,
But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two,—
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Vifit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Must I remember? — why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet within a month? —
Let me not think — Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month! — or e'er those shooes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears — Why she, ev'n she,—
Oh heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer — married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month! —
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears,
Had left the flushing in her gauléd eyes.

* cannon.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 217

She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to inceruous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship.
Ham. I am glad to see you well,
Horatio? or I do forget my self?
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll 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 even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truer of your own report
Against your self. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in Elsinor?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio: the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio.

My father—methinks I see my father.
Hor. Oh where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's 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 upon his like again.

\textit{Hor.} My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

\textit{Ham.} Saw! who?——

\textit{Hor.} My lord, the King your father.

\textit{Ham.} The King my father!

\textit{Hor.} Season your admiration for a while

With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

\textit{Ham.} For heaven's love, let me hear.

\textit{Hor.} Two nights together had these gentlemen, 

\textit{Marcellus and Bernardo,} on their watch,

In the dead waste and middle of the night,

Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,

Arm'd at all points exactly, \textit{Ca}_\text{-}\textit{a-te},

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress and fear-surprized eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they (distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear)

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

Where as they had deliver'd both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father:

\textit{These hands are not more like.}

\textit{Ham.} But where was this?

\textit{Mar.} My lord, upon the platform where we watcht.

\textit{Ham.} Did you not speak to it?

\textit{Hor.} My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once methought

I lift up its head, and did address

It self to motion, like as it would speak:

But even then the morning cock crew loud;

And at the found it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

\textit{Ham.} 'Tis very strange.

\textit{Hor.} As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

_Ham._ Indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

_Hold you the watch to-night?_

_Both._ We do, my lord.

_Ham._ Arm'd, say you?

_Both._ Arm'd, my lord.

_Ham._ From top to toe?

_Both._ My lord, from head to foot.

_Ham._ Then saw you nor his face?

_Hor._ Oh yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

_Ham._ What, look'd he frowningly?

_Hor._ A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

_Ham._ Pale, or red?

_Hor._ Nay, very pale.

_Ham._ And fixt his eyes upon you?

_Hor._ Most constantly.

_Ham._ I would I had been there.

_Hor._ It would have much amaz'd you.

_Ham._ Very like; staid it long?

_Hor._ While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

All._ Longer, longer.

_Hor._ Not when I faw't.

_Ham._ His beard was grisly?

_Hor._ It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A fable silver'd.

_Ham._ I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

_Hor._ I warrant you it will,

_Ham._ If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight;
Let it be' d treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All._ Our duty to your honour. [Exeunt.]  

_Ham._

_Arden._
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come;
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.

[Exit.

---

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd, farewell;
And filter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistent; do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting,
'Er the perfume, and suppliency of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature crescent does not grow alone,
In † thews and bulk: but as his temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no † foil nor cautel doth besmerch
The virtue of his † will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The † sanctity and health of the whole state.

* The suppliency of a minute. † thews, or qualities.
† foil. & fear. & h or, sanity.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

And therefore must his choice be circumscrib’d
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he’s head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you lift his song,
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster’d importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue it self scarce not calumnious stokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos’d;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear;
Youth to it self rebels, though none else near:

Oph. I shall th’ effects of this good lesson keep;
As watchman to my heart. But good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heav’n;
Whilst like a puff and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
† And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

† sect and force:
† recks not his own reed, that is, heeds not his own lessons.
SCENE VI.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; — but here my father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! get aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are afraid for there. My blessing with you;
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charact're. * Give thy thoughts no tongue,
* Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
* Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
* The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
* Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel:
* But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
* Of each new-hatch'd, unsleedg'd comrade. Beware
* Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
* Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
* Give ev'ry man thine ear; but few thy voice.
* Take each man's censure; but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both it self and friend:
A borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all; to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewel; my blessing season this in thee!

Latr. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go, your servants tend.

Latr. Farewel Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your self shall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewel. [Exit Laer.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he said to you?

Oph. So pleaze you, somthing touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your self
Have of your audience been 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 do not understand your self so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your self a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,)
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call't: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your intrements at a lighter rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;

K 4 And
224 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

And with a larger t tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,

Not of that die which their investments shew,
But meer implorers of unholy suifs,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all;
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so flander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[Noise of warlike musick within.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his
rowse,

Keeps wassiel, and the swagg'ring upstart reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

† Tider, or tether, teder, a string to yte horses.

k Not of the eye which their investments shew.

i Bonds in all the editions.
Ham. Ay marry is't:  
But to my mind, though I am native here  
And to the manner born, it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.  

Enter Ghost.  

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!  
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health, or gooblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,  
King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearted in death,
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead coarse again in compleat steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous? and us fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [holding Hamlet.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it self.
It waves me forth again.—— I'll follow it——

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sov'reignty of reason;
And draw you into madness? think of it.

* The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks so many fadoms to the sea;
And hears it roar beneath.

* The 4 following lines added from the first edition.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 227

Ham. It waves me still: go on, I'll follow thee—
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd? unhand me, gentlemen—

[Breaking from them.

By heav'n I'll make a ghost of him that lets me—
I say away—go on—I'll follow thee—

[Exe. Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes des' rate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

[Exeunt.

Scene VIII.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no-
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my self.
Ham. Alas poor Ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confin'd to fast in fires;
'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could.
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; lift, lift, oh lift!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love —

Ham. Oh heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his soul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know, what I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots it self in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. The whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(Oh wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous Queen,
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
So luft, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will fate it self in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage——
But soft, methinks I scent the morning air——
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quick-silver it courses through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posses,
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter a bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with yile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
† Unhouzzled, † unanointed, † unanel'd:
No reck'ning 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, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'ft this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n;
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
† unhouzzled, without the sacrament being taken.
† unanointed, without extreme unction.
† unanel'd, no knell rung, a bak'd.
And
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [Exit.

Ham. Oh all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? oh hold my heart——
And you my sinews, grow not instant old;
But bear me stiffly up; remember thee——
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe; remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all presurces past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables,——meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writing.
So uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've sworn it——

SCENE IX.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord.
Mar. Lord Hamlet.
Hor. Heav'n secure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord.
Ham. Hiilo, ho, ho, boy; come boy, come;
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. Oh wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n,
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret? ——
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he is an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are 'th' right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You as your business and desires shall point you;
(For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my lord.
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here —
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear't.
Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We've sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghoʃ. Swear. [Ghoʃ cries under the stage.
Ham. Ah ha boy, say'st thou so; art thou there, truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the celleridge.
Consent to swear.

_Her._ Propose the oath, my lord.

_Ham._ Never speak of this that you have seen,

_Swear by my sword.

_Ghost._ Swear.

_Ham._ Hic & ubique? then we'll shift our ground,

Come hither gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword,
Never to speak of this which you have heard,

_Swear by my sword.

_Ghost._ Swear.

_Ham._ Well said, old mole, can't work i'th' ground so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

_Her._ Oh day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

_Ham._ And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heav'n and earth, _Heratio_,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,

_Swear as before, never fo help you mercy,
How strange or odd foe'er I bear my self,
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antick disposition on)

That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With arms encumbered thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, well—we know—or, we could, and if we would——

Or, if we lift to speak—or, there be, and if there might——

(Or such ambiguous giving out) denote
That you know ought of me. This do ye swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

_Swear.

_Ghost._ Swear.

_Ham._ Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, gentlemen.

With all my love I do commend me to you;

And what so poor a man as _Hamlet_ is,

_May_ do t' express his love and friendship to you,

God willing, shall not lack; let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips I pray.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 233

The time is out of joint; oh cursed spight,
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's house.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

I VIE him this mony, and these notes;
Reynoldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely,
good Reynoldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense? and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son; come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus—I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, Reynoldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. And in part him—but you may say—not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord —

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing — You may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would disfigure him.
Pol. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unclaimed blood.

Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord —

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.

You laying these slight fallies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'mth' working,

Mark you your party in converse; he you would found,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you speak of guilty, be affur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good Sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phrase or the addition,
Of man and country.)

Rey. Very good, my lord,
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this?
He do's — what was I about to say?
I was about to say a something: where did I leave? —

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence — Ay marry,
He closes thus. I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with such and such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowse,
There falling out at tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of ale,
videlicet, a brothel, or so forth—See you now;
Your bait of fallhood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son; you have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord—

Pol. Observe his inclination in your self.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Scene II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My lord, as I was sowing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,

No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,

To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know:

But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face,

As
As he would draw it. Long time ftaid he fo;
At ftaft, a little faking of his arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh, fo piteous and profound.
That it did feem to fhtatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He feem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out-a-doors he went without their help,
And to the laft, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecftafie of love,
Whose violent property foredoes it felf,
And leads the will to defperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heav'n,
That do's afflict our natures. I am forry;

What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad,
I'm forry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he trifl'd
And meant to wrack thee; but befhrw my jealoufie;
It fsems it is as proper to our age,
To cast beyond our felves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger fort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.
This must be known, which being kept clofe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [Exeunt.

* Speed.
**SCENE III.**

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencroft, Guildenstern, lords and other attendants.

**King.** WELCOME dear Rosencroft and Guildenstern,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hafty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet’s transformation; so I call it,
Since not th’ exterior, nor the inward man
Reembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father’s death, that thus hath put him
So much from th’ understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour’d to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here 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 glean,
If ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open’d lies within our remedy.

**Queen.** Good gentlemen, he hath much talk’d of you;
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King’s remembrance.

**Ros.** Both your Majesties
Might by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

**Guil.** But we both obey,
And here give up our selves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, Rosencrosse and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrosse;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed son. Go some of ye,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Gui. How to make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and acceptable to him! [Exeunt Rol. and Guil.

Queen. And.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Five ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are by this time return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord: assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy, so sure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. Oh speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in. [Ex. Pol.

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and scourge of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Scene IV.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sitt him. Welcome, my good friends!

Say Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 239

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack:
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highness. Whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely born in hand, sends our arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway; and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet past
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time we thank you, for your a well-took labour.
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home. [Ex. Ambas.

Pol. This business is well ended,
My liege and madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief; your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;

And
And pity, it is true; a foolish figure,
But farewell it; for I will use no art,
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus—Perpend—
I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv’n me this; now gather, and furmise.

[He opens a letter, and reads.]

To the celestial, and my soul’s idol, the most beautified
Ophelia.—That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified
is a vile phrase; but you shall hear—These to her ex-
cellent white bosom, these—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam stay a while, I will be faithful,
Doubt thou, the stars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oph. Dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have
not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best,
on me? best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv’d his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you

When I had seen his hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv’d it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work;
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere,
This must not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That she should lock her self from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he repuls'd, a short tale to make,
Fell to a sadness, then into a saft,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take ♠ this from this, if this be otherwise,
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks four hours to-
gether,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. 'At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fain thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.
SCENE V.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where, sadly, the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away. I'll board him presently. [Exe. King and Queen.

Oh give me leave. How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord.

Ham. Excellent well; 'tis a fishmonger?

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest as this world goes, is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good killing carrion—

Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk 'th' sun; conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look 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 far gone; and truly in my youth, [aside. I suffered much extremity for love;

Very near this, I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satyrical slave says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, tho' I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down: for your self, Sir, shall be as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't:
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o' th' air:
How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are?
A happiness that often madness hits on,
Which sanity and reason could not be
So providently deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And suddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.

My honourable lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing
that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet; there he is. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter Rosencroft and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! how dost thou

Guildenstern?

Oh, Rosencroft, good lads! how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; or fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the foals of her foose?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favours?

Guild. Faith, in her privates we,
Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? oh, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. † Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one o'th' worst.

Ros. We think 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.

Ros. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream it self is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars shadows; Shall we to th' court? for by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants: for to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too

† From this mark, several speeches are not in the old edition.
HAMELET, Prince of Denmark. 245
too dear a half-penny. Were you not sent for? is it
your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deal
justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.
Guil. What should we say, my lord?
Ham. Any thing but to the purpose. You were
sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your
looks, which your modesties have not craft enough
to colour. I know the good King and Queen have
sent for you.
Rof. To what end, my lord?
Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure
you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonan-
cy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preferv-
ed love, and by what more dear, a better proposer
could charge you withal; be even and direct with me,
whether you were sent for or no?
Rof. What say you?
Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love
me, hold not off.
Guil. My lord, we were sent for.
Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King
and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but
wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all
custom of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavily
with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth,
seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent
canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging fir-
mament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire,
why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and
pelletent congregatton of vapours. What a piece of
work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in
collects! in form and moving how express and admir-
able! in action how like an angel! in apprehension
how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon
of animals! and yet to me, what is this quintessence
of dust? man delights not me; nor woman neither,
though by your smiling you seem to say so.
Rof. My lord there was no such stuff in my thoughts.
Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, man de-
lights not me?
Ref. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foyle and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ref. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Ref. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Ref. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ref. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an † Airy of Children, little yales, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the fashion, and so be-rattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they Children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? will they pursue the Quality no longer than they can sing? will they not stay afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means are no better:) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ref. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for

† Relating to the playhouses then contending, the Bankside, the Fortune, &c. — play'd by the Children of his majesty's chapel.
for argument, unless the poet and the player went to
cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Giw. Oh there has been much throwing about of
brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord, Hercules and his
load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is King of
Denmark, and those that would make mowes at him
while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an
hundred ducates a-piece, for his picture in little. There
is something in this more than natural, if philosophy
could find it out. [Flourish for the players.

Giw. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsnoor; your
hands: come then, the appurrance of wel-
come is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with
you in this garbe, left my extent to the players
(which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should
more appear like entertainment than yours. You are
welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are
deceiv'd.

Giw. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-west: when the
wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each
ear a hearer; that great baby you see there, is not
yet out of his swathing clouts.

Ros. Haply he's the second time come to them; for
they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the
players. Mark it, you say right, Sir; for on Monday
morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you,
Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.

When Roscius was an actor in Rome

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine honour

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited, sence cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light, for the law of wit, and the liberty. These are the only men.

Ham. Oh Jephia, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why one fair daughter, and no more.

The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not 't'h right, old Jephia?

Pol. If you call me Jephia, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why as by los, God wot — and then you know, it came to pass, as most like it was, the first row of the † rubrick will shew you more. For look where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five players.

Ye're welcome masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is b valiant'd since I saw thee last; com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? What my young lady and mistrees? berlady your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a † chioppine. Pray God your voice, like a

† Rubrick. It is Pons chanfons in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence call'd Pons chanfons. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old songs.

b valiant. † Chioppine, a high-heel'd shoe, or a slipper.
Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas Caviar to the general; but it was, (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cryed in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there was no d salt in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honest method. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see — The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast. It is not so — it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose fable arms
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
Hath now his dread and black complection smane'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total geules; horribly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impast with the parching c fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murthers vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-cis'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old granfire Priam seekes.

L 5

Pol.

c fencer. a fallet. † or passion, affectus. This whole speech of Hamlet is purely ironical, he seems to commend this play, to expose the bombaste of it; who was its author is not come to my knowledge. c streets.
Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking, too short, at Greeks. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whip and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend Priam, seem'd it's air to stick:
So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the heav'n's, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region. So after Pyrrhus' pause,
A rowded vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet-fortune! all you gods,
In general synod take away her power:
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n;
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee say on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on, come to Hecuba.

Play. But who, oh who, had seen the f mobled Queen?

Ham. 

1 In the first folio edition, it is th' enobled Queen.
Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the flames
With bistoon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe
About her lank and all o'er-temed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When the faw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unlessthings mortal move them not at all)
Would have made s melt the burning eyes of heav'n;
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look if he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd. Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodikins man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.


Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could ye not?

7 Play.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him nor. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to Elsinoor.

Ros. Good my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay so, God b'w' ye: now I am alone.
Oh what a rogue and peafant slave am I?
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suitting
With forms, to his conceit: and all for nothing?

For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion?
That I have: he would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Yet I say nothing; no, not for a King,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-crosse,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
'Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the ly'e i'th' throat, As deep as to the lungs: who does me this?
Yet I should take it——for it cannot be,

Yet I,

A dull and muddy metled rascal peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing——

Ha! why should I take it?
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why what an ass am I? this is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murthred,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drab —
A scullion! — fye upon't! foh! — about my brain! —

I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions,
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players,
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,
I'll tempt him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. [Exit.

k scullion.

ACT
ACT III. SCENE I.
The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencroft, Guildenstern, and Lords.

KING.

ND can you by no drift of a conference
Get from him why he puts on this b confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Gaul. Nor do we find him forward to be founded;
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof;
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Gaul. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-took on the way; of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

a circumstance.  b confession.
POL. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

KING. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [Exeunt.]

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia. Her father, and my self,
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you:
And for my part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness. So I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may.

POL. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow our selves: read on this book;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's village,
And pious action we do suffer o'er
The devil himself.

KING. Oh 'tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

[Aside.]

The harlot's cheek beautied with plaiting art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!

POL. I hear him coming, let's withdraw my lord.

[Exeunt all but Ophelia.]

SCENE
SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? —To die,—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die——to sleep——
To sleep: perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub——
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurms
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry

† Perhaps siege, which continues the metaphor of
slings, arrows, taking arms; and represents the being
encompass'd on all sides with troubles.

c poor.
d away.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 257

And lose the name of action. — Soft you now,

[Seeing Oph.

The fair Ophelia? nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembred.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, —---

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed much to re-deliver.

I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,

As made the things more rich: that perfume loft,

Take these again; for to the noble mind

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord —---

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honesty can translate beauty into its like-ness. This was sometimes a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. 't I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were
were better my mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heav’n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us—Go thy ways to a nunnery—Where’s your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in’s own house. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you sweet heav’ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I’ll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny—Get thee to a nunnery,—farewel—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: farewel.


Ham. I have heard of your & painting too, well enough: God has given you one a face, and you make your selt another. You jig, you amble, and you lip, and nick-name God’s creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go, I’ll no more on’t, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.

Oph. Oh what a noble mind is here o’erthrown!
The courtiers, soldiers, scholars, eye, tongue, sword!
Th’expeftancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th’ observ’d of all observers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck’d the hony of his musick vows:
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh woe is me!
'Thave seen what I have seen; see what I see.

SCENE III.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit after the play,
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exe.]

SCENE
SCENE IV.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwinkle fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb show, and noise: I could have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing termagant; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Sute the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this over-done, or come tardy off, too it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of which one, must in your allowance o'er-sway a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of christian, or the gate of christians, pagan, or man, have so strutt

i or Norman.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 261
ted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of na-
ture's journey-men had made men, and not made
them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently
with us.

Ham. Oh reform it altogether. And let those that
play your clowns, speak no more than is set down
for them: For there be of them that will themselves
laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators
to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessa-
ry question of the play be then to be considered:
That's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition
in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

[Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencroxe, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the King hear this piece of
work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. [Exit Polonius.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Horatio to Hamlet.

Ham. What ho, Horatio?

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coop'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear lord —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haft, but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee;
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath
Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
As one, in suffering all that suffers nothing.
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well conmingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger.
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. — Something too much of this.

There is a play to-night before the King,
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Ev'rn with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not it self unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen:
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's 

† Stithy. Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join,
To cenfur of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.
If he steal ought the whilst this play is playing,
And escape detecting, I will pay the theft.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencroft,
Gulldenstern, and other lords attendant, with a
guard carrying torches. Danish march. Sound a
flourish.

Ham. They're coming to the play; I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent i'faith, of the camelion's diet: I
eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed ca-
pions so.

† Stithy, a smith's anvil.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 263

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine — Now, my lord, you plaid once i' th' university, you say? [To Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar, I was kill'd i' th' capitol: Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

Que. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attrac-

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that? [čive.

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap? [Lying down at Ophelia's feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a maid's

Oph. What is, my lord? [legs.

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God, your only jig-maker; what should a man do, but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of fables. Oh heav'n's! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but by'r-lady he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is *Er oh, fer oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

SCENE
264 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark:

SCENE VII.

Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Axon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King’s ears, and Exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mates come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.

[Exeunt,

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry this is miching Malicho, that means mischief.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play?

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counsel, they’ll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you’ll shew him. Be not you ashamed to shew, he’ll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I’ll mark the play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. ’Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman’s love.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Enter King and Queen, Players.

King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have time twelve threescore been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distress you; yet though I distress,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
And women's fear and love hold quantity,
'Tis either none, or in extremity;
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind.
For husband shalt thou—

Queen. Oh, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!

Queen. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kis's me in bed.

King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break:

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unhaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget,
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:

Vol. VIII.
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, and 'tis not strange
That ev'n our loves should with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love fortune lead, or fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies;
The poor, advanc'd, makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend 'doth try,
Directly seizes him his enemy.

But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown.

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night;
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy,
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife!
If once a widow, ever I'll be wife.

Ham. If she should break it now ——

King. 'Tis deeply sworn; sweet, leave me here a while.

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleep.

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischief between us twain! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no

offence in't?
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 267

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, 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 duke's name, his wife Baptista; you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; 'let the gall'd jade winch, our widers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my

Oph. Still worse and worse. [edge.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.

Begin murderer. Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate treason, else no creature feeling:

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's bane, thrice blighted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick, and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in his ears.

Ham. He poisons him i' th' garden for's estate; his name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away.

All. Lights, lights, lights! [Exeunt.
SCENE VIII.

Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken deer go weep,
    The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
    So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the
    rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two pro-
vincial roses on my rayed chocks, get me a fellow-
ship in a city of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,
    This realm dismanted was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
    A very very c peacock.

Hor. You might have rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word
for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisonings?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come some musick. Come the re-
corders.
For if the King like not the comedy;
Why then be like he likes it not perdy.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd——

Ham.

a rack'd, rac'd. b cry. c palock. This alludes to
a Fable of the Birds chasing a King; instead of the Eagle,
a Peacock.
Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich to signifie this to his doctor: for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. 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 do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command; or rather as you say, my mother—therefore no more but to the matter—my mother, you say—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros.
Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of
the King himself, for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but while the grass grows— the proverb
is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

Oh the recorders, let me see one. To withdraw with
you—why do you go about to recover the wind
of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love
is too unmanly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play
upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord;

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying; govern these ventiges
with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your
mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick.
Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance
of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing
you make of me; you would play upon me, you
would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out
the heart of my mystery, you would found me from
my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there
is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ,
yet cannot you make it speak. Why do you think that
I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what
instrument you will, though you can fret me, you can-
not play upon me: God bless you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and
prentently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in
shape of a Camel?
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 271

Pol. By the mass, and it’s like a Camel indeed.
Ham. Methinks it is like an Ouzle.
Pol. It is black like an Ouzle.
Ham. Or like a Whale?
Pol. Very like a Whale.
Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—
they fool me to the top of my bent. — I will come by and by.
Pol. I will say so.
Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave, me friends.
[Exeunt.

’Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it self breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
Oh heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites! [Exit.

SCENE IX.

Enter King, Rosencrosc, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness rage. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guid. We will provide our selves;
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many bodies safe, that live
And feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound

† An Ouzle or Blackbird: it has been printed by mi-
flake a Weesel, which is not black.
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep it self from noyance; but much more,
That spirit, on whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The decease of majestie
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
Ext on the summit of the higheest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boiftrous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedye voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Desk. We will haste us. [Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my self
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
(Since nature makes them partial,) should o'er-hear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [Exit.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
- Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
- It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;
- A brother's murther. Pray I cannot,
- Though inclination be as sharp as will:
- My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
- And like a man to double business bound;
- I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
- And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
- Were thicker than it self with brother's blood?
- Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
- To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
- But

- spirit.
But to confront the vilage 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 down? then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But oh what form of prayer
Can serve my turn; Forgive me my foul murther!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murther,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
in the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, we our selves compell'd
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.' What then? what refts?
Try what repentance can. 'What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
Oh limed soul, that strugling to be free
Art more engag'd! help angels, make assay!
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as finews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [The King kneels.

SCENE X.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't — and so he goes to heav'n,
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd, —
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heav'n — O this is base and silly, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown; as fresh as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n?

M 5

base and silly. Ed. prim. fresh.
But in our circumstance and course of thought, 
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd, 
To take him in the purging of his soul, 
When he is fit and fealon'd for his passage? 
Up sword, and know thou a more horrid time. 
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage; 
Or in th' incontinent pleasure of his bed; 
At gaming, swearing, or about some act 
That has no relish of salvation in't; 
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n, 
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black 
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays; 
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.] 
King. My words fly up; my thoughts remain below; 
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight; look you lay home to him, 
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with, 
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between 
Much heat and him. I'll silence me, e'en here; 
Pray you be round.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides himself behind the Arras.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. 
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended. 
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

a b.Month. an idle
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so.

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not badge:

You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? wilt thou not murther me?

Help, ho.


[Behind the Arras.

Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slain.

[Ham. kills Polonius.

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not; is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,

[To Polonius.

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune,
Thou find'st, to be too busie, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down.
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall.

If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue.

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose.

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And fits a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers oaths. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of contrafition plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heav’n’s face doth glow
O’er this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful village as against the doom.
’Tis thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentation of two brothers:
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion’s curlies, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heav’n-killing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband.——- Look you now what
follows,
Here is your husband, like a mildew’d ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it’s humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? what devil was’t,
That thus hath cozen’d you at hoodman blind?
O flame! where is thy blush? rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron’s bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost it self as actively doth burn,
And reason a pardons will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.
Thou turn’st mine eyes into my very soul,

* or, panders.
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

_Ham._ Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the nasty fly.

_Queen._ Oh speak no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, sweet_Hamlet._

_Ham._ A murderer, and a villain!
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord. A vice of Kings,
A cuppurle of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

_Enter Ghost._

A King of shreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings

_Starting up._

You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

_Queen._ Alas he's mad.

_Ham._ Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command? O say——

_Ghost._ Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother fits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest works.
Speak to her, _Hamlet._

_Ham._ How is it with you, lady?

_Queen._ Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, † like life in excrements,

† The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life
or sensation: yet these very hairs, as if they bad life,
start up, &c.
Start up, and stand on end, O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Left with this pitious action you convert.
My stern effects then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

[Pointing to the Ghost]

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there? look how it steals away!

My father in his habit as he lived!

Look where he goes even now out at the portal.

[Exit Ghost]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation Ectasie
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ectasie?
My pulse, as yours, doth temporarily keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test.
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering uncion to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption a running all within,
Infests unseen. Confess your self to heav'n,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursie times,
Virtue it self of vice must pardon beg.
Yea, t'court, and woe, for leave to do it good.

Queen.

*mining, edit, trim. t court, to stoop or bend down.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark 279

Queen. Oh, Hamlet! thou hast cleave my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worse part of it, And live the purer with the other half; Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed. Assume a virtue, if you have it not, That monster custom, who all sense doth eat, Of habit's devil; is angel yet in this; That to the use of actions fair and good, He likewise gives a frock or livery, That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night, And that shall lend a kind of easiness To the next abstinence; the next more ease; For use can almost change the stamp of nature, And master ev'n the devil, or throw him out With wondrous potency. Once more, good night! And when you are desirous to be blest, I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[Painting to Pol.

I do repent; but heav'n hath pleas'd it so, To punish me with this, and this with me, That I must be their scourge and minister, I will beftow him, and will answer well The death I gave him; so again, good night. I must be cruel, only to be kind; Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do.† Let the fond King tempt you again to bed, Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse, And let him for a pair of reechy kistles, Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers, Make you to ravel all this matter out, That I essentially am: not in madness, But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know, For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise, Would

† In the old edition it is, Let the blote King — the word signifies fond, or puff'd up, or full-blooded, rebore suffusus, Skinner.
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despight of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house’s top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur’d, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?
Queen. Alack, I had forgot; ’tis so concluded on.
† Ham. There’s letters seal’d, and my two school-
fellows,
(Whom I will trust as I will adders sang’d,)
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery: let it work—

For ’tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: an’t shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at moon. O ’tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man shall let me packing;
I’ll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother. [Exit Hamlet, tugging in Polonius.

† The ten following verses are added out of the old edition.
ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen.

KING.

Here's matter in these sights; these profound heaves.
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

QUEEN. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?

KING. What, Gertrude? how does Hamlet?

QUEEN. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

KING. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you your self, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man. But so much was our love;
We would not understand what was most fit;
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN.
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews itself pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away:
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance, and excuse. Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter Rosincroce and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you haste in this.

[Ex. Ros. and Guil.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed——

Gentlemen within, Hamlet! lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?

Oh here they come.

Enter Rosincroce and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereeto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,

And bear it to the chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a King? 

Ros.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, 283

Ref. Take you me for a spunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that fokes-up the King's countenance; his rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the King best service in the end; he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be left swallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and spunge; you shall be dry again.

Ref. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ref. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us 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.

[Exit, etc.

Scene III.

Enter King.

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body; How dang'rous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him; He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes: And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth, This sudden sending him away, must seem Deliberate pause: diseases des'rate grown, By desperate appliance are relieved, Or not at all.

Enter Rosencroft.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ref. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord; We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ref. Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. [Exit;
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper? where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of polite worms are at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes to one table, that's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. † A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progres through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heav'n, fend thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him 'th' other place your self. But indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there.
Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.
King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety (Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done) must fend thee hence With fiery quickness: then prepare thy self, The bark is ready, and the wind at help. Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent For England.
Ham. For England?
King. Ay, Hamlet.
Ham. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

† added from the old ediz.
Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them; but come, for England! farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England. [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.
And England! if my love thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red.
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'st not coldly let
Our sovereign process, which imports at full
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it England:
For like the heathick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [Exit.

SCENE IV.
A CAMP.

Enter Fortinbras with an army.

For. Go, captain, from me, greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his realm. You know the rendezouz.
If that his majesty would outh with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. [Exit Fortinbras.

† let or retard  b conjuring
Enter Hamlet, Rosencroft, etc.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?
Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.
Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?
Capt. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, Sir?
Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir, or for some frontier?
Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition, we go to gain a little patch of ground that hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five I would not farm it, nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole a ranker rate; should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why then the Poland never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats will not debate the question of this straw; this is the impof'thume of much wealth and peace, that inward breaks, and shews no cause without why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God be'w'ye, Sir.
Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you, go a little before. [Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me, and spur my dull revenge? what is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure he that made us with such large discourse, looking before and after, gave us not that capability and god-like reason to rust in us unused. Now whether it be bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple of thinking too precipitely on that event,
(A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom, And ever three parts coward:) I do not know Why yet I live to say this thing's to do, Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means To do't. Examples grost as earth exhort me; Witness this army of such maids and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince, Whose spirit with divine ambition pust Makes mouths at the invisible event, Exposing what is mortal and unsure To all that fortune, death, and danger dare, E'en for an egg-shell, 'Tis not to be great, Never to stir without great argument; But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, When honour's at the stake. How stand I then, That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd, (Excitements of my reason and my blood) And let all sleep, while to my shame I see The imminent death of twenty thousand men, That for a fantastie and trick of fame Go to their graves like beds, fight for a spot Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause, Which is not tomb enough and continent To hide the slain? O then from this time forth, My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

SCENE V.
A Palace.
Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, Indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says she hears There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart, Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt.

That
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought;
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she
may shrow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in

Queen. To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,
So full of artless jealousie is guilt,
It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia?
Oph. How should I your true love know from another
one?
By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon.

[ Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this long?
He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone,
As his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia
Oph. Pray you mark,
While his shroud as the mountain snow.
Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.
Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do ve, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God did'ld you. They say the owl was
a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are,
but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King,
King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, and shut the chamber-door;
Let in a maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed? without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity;
Alack, and fie for shame,
Young men will not, if they come to it,
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed;
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient,
but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay
him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it,
and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come,
my coach; good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet la-
dies; good-night, good-night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you;
This is the poision of deep grief, it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain,
Next your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove, the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death. We've done but greenly,
In private to inter him; poor Ophelia
Divided from her self, and her fair judgment,
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts?)
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France.
290 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. 'O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death! [A Noise within,

SCENE VI.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my Swissers? let them guard the
door.

What is the matter?

Mess. Save your self, my lord.
The ocean over-peering of his lift
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word;
They cry, chuse we Laertes for our King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry,
On this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

[Noise within.

Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laet. Where is the King? Sirs! Stand you all with
All. No, let's come in.

Laet. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laet. I thank you; keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laet. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
baflard,


Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 291

Cry's cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste and unfinish'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a King
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why are you thus incensed? Let him go, Gertrude:

Speak man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with,

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the black devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit;
I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd

Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's.
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes:

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, in your revenge,
(That sweep-stake,) you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll open arms,

And like the kind life-rendring pelican,

Repaft them with my blood.

King. Why now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [A Noise within.

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia fantastically drest with straw and
flowers.

Lad. Let her come in. How now? what noise is
that?

O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times fall
Burn out the sense and vertue of mine eye.
By heav’n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
’Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heav’ns, is’t possible a young maid’s wits
Should be as mortal as an old man’s life?
* Nature is fine in love; and where ’tis fine,
It fends some precious instance of it self.
After the thing it loves,

Oph. They bore him bare-fac’d on the bier,
And on his grave rains many a tear,
Fare you well, my deoe.

Lad. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade re-
venge, it could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, down a-down, and you call
him a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it? it is
the falfe steward that stole his master’s daughter.

Lad. This nothing’s more than matter.

Oph. There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance;
pray love remember, and there’s pansies, that’s for
thoughts.

Lad. A document in madness, thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

Oph. There’s fennel for you, and columbines; there’s
rue for you, and here’s some for me. We may call
it

* Or, perhaps,

Nature is fire in love, and where ’tis fire
It fends some precious incense of itself
After the thing it loves.
it herb of grace a Sundays: you may wear your rue
with a difference. There's a daisy, I would give you
some violets, but they withered all when my father
dy'd: they say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Lær. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell it self,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away more,
Gramercy on his soul.

And of all christian souls! God b'w'ye. [Exit Ophelia.

Lær. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. Lærtes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wifelst friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Lær. Let this be so.
His means of death, his obscure funeral;
No trophy sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation;
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th'offence is, let the great ax fall,
I pray you go with me. [Exit.
SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, with an attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir, they say they have 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 Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, a'nt please him. There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. reads the letter.

Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this,
give these fellows some means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelledcolour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thy ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am; Rosencroft and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come,
Come, I will make you way for these your letters,  
And do’r the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them.  

[Exeunt.

_Scene IX._

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance feel,  
And you must put me in your heart for friend,  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he which hath your noble father slain,  
Pursued my life.

Laert. It well appears. But tell me,  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr’d up?

King. Two special reasons,  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfin’d,  
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,  
Lives almost by his looks; and for my self,  
My virtue or my plague, be’t either which,  
She’s so conjunctive to my life and soul;  
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other motive,  
Why to a publick count I might not go,  
Is the great love the general gender bear him;  
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
Convert his gyves to graces. So my arrows  
Too slightily tìmbred for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aim’d them.

Laert. And so have I a noble father lost,  
A sister driven into desperate terms,  
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections — But revenge will come.

_Exit._

King.
King. Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think
That we are made of fluff—so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more,
I lov’d your father, and we love your self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter Messenger.

Mei. These to your Majesty: this to the Queen.
King. From Hamlet? who brought them?
Mei. Sailors, my lord, they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudius, he receiv’d them.
King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us, all——

[Exit Mei.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked in your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes. When I shall, first asking you pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden return.

Hamlet, What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse—and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?
King. ’Tis Hamlet’s character;
Naked, and (in a postscript here, he says).
Alone: can you advise me?

Laer. I’m lost in it, my lord; but let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?
Will you be rule’d by me?

Laer. I, so you’ll not o’er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return’d,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse, but fall——

And
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Lear. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so.
That I might be the instrument.

King. It falls right:
You have been talk't of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Lear. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds.
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy;
I've seen my self and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horse-back; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he past my thought;
That in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Lear. A Norman wasn't?

King. A Norman.

Lear. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Lear. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed.
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a matterly report,
For art and exercice in your defence;
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight; indeed,
If one could match you. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but with and beg
Your sudden coming o' er to play with him.
Now out of this ———

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at all like goodness still;
For goodness growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We should do when we would; for this would changes;
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this should is like a spend-thrift's figh
That hurts by easing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer—

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To shew your self your father's son indeed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place indeed should murther sanctuarise;
Revenge should have no bounds; but, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber?

Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remits,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse

A sword
A sword † unbated, and in a pass of practice
Require him for your father.

Laer. I will do’t.

And for the purpose I’ll anoint my sword:
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare;
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death.
That is but scratch’d withal, I’ll touch my point
With this contagion, if I call him slightly
It may be death.

King. Let’s farther think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And our drift look through our bad performance,
’Twere better not assay’d; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft—let me see—
We’ll make a solemn wager on your cunning,
I ha’t—when in your motion you are hot,
And make your bouts more violent to th’ end,
And that he calls for drink; I’ll have prepar’d him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom’d touch,
Our purpose may hold there. How now, sweet Queen?

SCENE X.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another’s heel,
So fast they follow: your sister’s drown’d, Laertes.

Laer. Drown’d! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That flews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:
There with fantastick garlands did he come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a groser name,

† That is, not blunted, as foyles are. Or as one edition has it, embaited or envenomed.
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious fliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native, and indewed
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To nuddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia.
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my lord;
I have a speech of fire that sain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[Exit.]

King. Follow, Gertrude:
How much had I to do to calm his rage?
Now fear I, this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

[Exeunt.]
ACT V. SCENE I.

ACHURCH.

Enter two clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 Clown.

Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight, the crownet hath fate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clown. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clown. It must be se offendendo, it cannot be else. For here lies the point; if I drown myself willingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches. It is to act, to do, and to perform. Argal, she drowned herself willingly.

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 Clown. Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here stands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself: it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him: he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own-life.

2 Clown. But is this law?

1 Clown. Ay, marry is't, crowner's quest law.

2 Clown. Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

1 Clown. Why there thou say'st, And the more pitty that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than other Christians. Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clown. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clown. Why, he had none.

1 Clown. What, art a heathen? how dost thou understand the scripture? the scripture says, Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self.

2 Clown. Go to.

2 Clown. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clown. The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clown. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clown. To't.

2 Clown. Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.

1 Clown. Cudgel thy brains, no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with bearing; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker. The hous'd he makes, last till dooms-day; go, get thee to Youghan, fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown.]
He digs and sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet;
To contract oh the time for a my behove,
Oh methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business,
that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it to him a property of sadness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment
hath the daintier fence.

Clown sings.

But age with his healing skip,
First o'erwad me in his church;
And hush shipped me into the land,
As if I ne'er had been such.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once,
how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! this might be the pate of a politician which this ass o'er-offices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, good-morrow. D'you good 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 beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why e'en so; and now my lady Worm's, shopless, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggers with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown:

† In one edition o'er-reaches.
Clown sings.

_A pick-axe and a spade, a spade_
_For and, a shrouding sheet!
_O, a pit of clay, for to be made_
_For such a ghost is meet._

_Ham._ There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his cases? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, 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 recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

_Hor._ Not a jot more, my lord.

_Ham._ Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

_Hor._ Ay my lord, and of calve-skins too.

_Ham._ They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, sirrah?

_Clown._ Mine, Sir—

_O, a pit of clay for to be made._
_For such a ghost is meet._

_Ham._ I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in't.

_Clown._ You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

_Ham._ Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

_Clown._ 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.
Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?
Clown. For no man, Sir.
Ham. What woman then?
Clown. For none neither.
Ham. Who is to be buried in't?
Clown. One that was a woman, Sir; but rest her soul, she's dead.
Ham. How absolute the knave is? we must speak by the card, or equivocation will follow us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hath thou been a grave-maker?
Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.
Ham. How long is that since?
Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that was mad, and sent to England.
Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into England?
Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.
Ham. Why?
Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.
Ham. How came he mad?
Clown. Very strangely, they say.
Ham. How strangely?
Clown. Faith e'en with losing his wits.
Ham. Upon what ground?
Clown. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.
Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earthen ere he rot?
Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.
Ham. Why he, more than another?
Clown. Why Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a fore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flagon of rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that,

Ham. Alas poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath born me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhored in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd; I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gams? your gilded songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint: an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that—— Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Ham. What's that, my lord?

Hor. Do'st thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion in'th' earth?

Eir. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so, puh? [Smelling to the scull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, 'till he find it flopping a bung-hole?

Hor. Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 307

as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Caesar dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft a while — here comes the King,

SCENE II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a coffin, with Lords and Priests attendant.

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand
Fore-do its own life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a most noble youth: mark —

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-sways the order,
She shou'd in ground un sanctified have lodg'd
'Till the last triumph. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:
We should profligate the service of the dead,
To sing a Requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,

When
When thou liefst howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

I hop'd thou would'rt have been my Hamlet's wife; I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laert. O treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head, Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while, Till I have caught her once more in my arms

[Laertes leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead, 'Till of this flat a mountain you have made, T' o'er-top old Pelion, or the skylith head Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [discovering himself.] What is he, whose griefs

Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

[Hamlet leaps into the grave.

Hamlet the Dane.

Laert. The devil take thy soul! [Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat——

For though I am not spleenative and rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder——

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet——

Hor. Good my lord be quiet.

[The attendants part them.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,

Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers Could not with all their quantity of love Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faint? woo't tear
thy self?
Woo't drink up Esfl, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Do'st thou come hither but to whine;
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her; and so will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning zone,
Make Offa like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere madness;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd,
His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Hear you Sir—
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter—
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray you good Horatio, wait upon him.

[Exit Hor.

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.

[To Laertes.

We'll put the matter to the present push;
Good Gertrude set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.
SCENE III.

A HALL.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, now shall you see the other.
You do remember all the circumstance.
Hor. Remember it, my lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutineers in bilboes; rashness
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarlet about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold
(My fears-forgetting manners) to unselal
Their grand commission, where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
(With ho! such buggs and goblings in my life,)
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?
Hor. I beseech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 311

They had begun the play. I rate me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it as our statists do,
A basenefs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such like As's of great charge;
That on the view and knowing these contents,
Without debate more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The change was never known: now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent,
Thou know'st already

Hor. So, Guilderstern and Rosintroffe go to't.

Ham. They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baser nature comes
Between the pafs, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage, is't not perfect conscience?
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

_Her._ It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

_Ham._ It will be short.
The _Interim’s_ mine, and a man’s life’s no more
Than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good _Horatio_,
That to _Laertes_ I forgot my self;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his; I’ll court his favours;
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towring passion.

_Her._ Peace, who comes here?

**SCENE IV.**

_Enter Ofrick._

_Ofr._ Your lordship is right welcome back to _Denmark._

_Ham._ I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this
water-fly?

_Her._ 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
King’s melle; ‘tis a chough; but as I say, spacious
in the possession of dirt.

_Ofr._ Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

_Ham._ I will receive it with all diligence of spir;
put your bonnet to his right use, ‘tis for the head.

_Ofr._ I thank your lordship, ‘tis very hot.

_Ham._ No, believe me, ‘tis very cold, the wind is
northerly.

_Ofr._ It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

_Ham._ Methinks it is very sultry, and hot for my
complexion.

_Ofr._ Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry, as ’twere, I cannot tell how:— My lord, his majesty bid

*a friendship*
H A M L E T, Prince of Denmark. 313

bid me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you remember—

Ofr. 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?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That’s two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wag’d with him six Barbary horses, against the which he impon’d, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their affigns, as girdle, hangers, or so: three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Ofr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hang’rs till then. But on; six Barbary horses, against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that’s the French bett against the Danish; why is this impon’d, as you call it?

Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, ’tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, I’ll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

V O L. VIII. O

Ham.
Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [Exit.

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did so with his dugs before he fuck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the same a breed that I know the drostly age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

Enter a lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Ofrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he fends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whencesoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldest not think how ill all's here about my heart--but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of misgiving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will foresfall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham.

a bevy, ut. edir. b game-giving, gain-giving.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 315

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now
'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now:
if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all.
Since no man has ought of what he leaves, what is't
to leave betimes?

SCENE V.
Enter King, Queen, Laertes and lords, with other at-
sendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and fla-
gons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand
from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you
wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard
How I am punished with fore distraction.
What I have done
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake. I here proclaim was madness:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet do's it not; Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my b mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace

To

mother.
To keep my name unbro't. But till that time,
I do receive your offers'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Lar. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, 
Your skill shall like a star i' th' darkest night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Lar. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Ofrich.

Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my lord,
Your grace hath laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both:
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Lar. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well; these foils have all a
[Prepares to play.

Of. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the troops of wine upon that table:
If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the canoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'n's, the heav'n's to earth.
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Lar. Come, my lord.

Ham. One——

Lar. No——

They play.

2 Utter.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 317

Ham. Judgment.

Laer. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Ham. Well — again —

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine, Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[Trumpet sound, Shot goes off.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, let it by a while.

[They play.

Come — another hit — what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows,
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam —

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late. [aside.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you pass with your best violence,
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.


Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet, then in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again —

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord?

Ofr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springde, Ofrick,
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

_Ham._ How does the Queen?

_The Queen._ She swoons to see them bleed.

_Queen._ No, no, the drink, the drink——

Oh my dear _Hamlet_, the drink, the drink——

I am poison'd—— [Queen dies.

_Ham._ Oh villain! hoe! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out——

_Later._ It is here. _Hamlet_, thou art slain,

No medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

† Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lye,

Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more—— the King, the King's to blame.

_Ham._ The point envenom'd too?

Then venom to thy work.

_All._ Treason, treason.

_The King._ O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

_Ham._ Here thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion: is 'd the onyx here?

Follow my mother.

_Later._ He is justly serv'd,

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble _Hamlet_

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me!

[Dies.

_Ham._ Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee.

In dead, _Horatio_; wretched Queen, adieu!

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant death

Is strict in his arrest) oh I could tell you——

But let it be—— _Horatio_, I am dead,

Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright

To

† It seems by this that unbated and envenomed are

two different things, therefore embaited appears not to

be the right reading, p. 299. — d the union.
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane;
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go, by heav'n I'll have't.
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [March afar off, and shout within.
What warlike noise is this?

SCENE VI.

Enter Osric.

Os. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio:
The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit,
I cannot live to hear the news from England.
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras, he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th' occurrences more or less,
Which have solicited. — The rest is silence. [Dies.
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why do's the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with drum,
colours, and attendants.

Fort. Where is this fight?
Hor. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

O 4
Fort. This quarry cries on havock. Oh proud death!
What feast is tow'rd in thine † eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing;
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That Resszræse and Guildenstern are dead;
Where should we have our thanks?

Her. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so full upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Her. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more:
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, left more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier † to the stage;

† In another edition infernal.
◆ noblesst.  † off the stage.
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,
The soldiers musick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him—
Take up the body: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here lhews much amis.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[Exeunt marching: after which, a peal of ordnance
are shot off.]
OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR OF VENICE.
Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, a noble Venetian.
Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.
Othello, the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.
Cassio, his Lieutenant-General.
Jago, Standard-bearer to Othello.
Rodorigo, a foolish Gentleman, in love with Desdemona.
Montano, the Moor’s Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
Amelia, Wife to Jago.
Bianca, Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE for the First Act in Venice; during the rest of the Play in Cyprus.

The Story is taken from Cynthio’s Novels.

OTHER-
OTHELLO,
The Moor of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

RODORIGO.

Ever tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me,
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me
If I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft' capt to him; and by the faith of man
I know my price, I'm worth no worse a place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bumbling circumstance,
Horribly stuff with epithets of war.

'Tis, never tell me, I take it much unkindly —

ed. prim.
And in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators; Certes says he;
I have already chose my officer.
And what was he?
Forsooth a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine;
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battalion knows
More than a spinster; but the bookish theorick,
Wherein the tongue'd consuls can propose
As matterly as he; meer prattle, without practice;
Is all his soldiership—he had th'election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be led and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor, this Counter-caster.
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, God blest the mark! his Moor-ship's Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Jago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge your self,
If I in any just term am assign'd
To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Jago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him;
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage;
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, caffrel'd;
Whip me such honest knaves— Others there are
Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
And such a one do I profess my self.
It is as sure as you are Rodrigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Jago:
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heaven is my judge, not I, for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe?
If he can carry her thus?

Jago. Call up her father,
Rowe him, make after him, poison his delight.
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinmen;
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud,

Jago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio! ho!

Jago. Awake! What ho! Brabantio! ho! thieves,
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE II.

Enter Brabantio above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?

Rod. What is the matter there?

Jago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome,

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness,
Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,

My spirit and my Place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice:

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Jago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve
God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do
you service, you think we are ruffians; you'll have
your daughter cover'd with a barbary horse, you'll
have your nephews neigh to you, you'll have coursers
for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What proflane wretch art thou?

Jago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with
two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Jago. You are a senator.
Moor of Venice. 329

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
† If't be your pleasure and moist wife content,
   (As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter,
   At this odd even and dull watch o' th' night,
   Transported with no worse nor better guard,
   But with a knave of hire, a Gundalier,
   To the gross clasps of a fascivious Moor:
   If this be known to you, and your allowance,
   We then have done you bold and saxy wrongs.
   But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
   We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
   That from the sense of all civility
   I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
   Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
   I say again, hath made a gros revol't,
   Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
   To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
   Of here and every where; straight satisfie your self.
   If she be in her chamber, or your house,
   Let loose on me the justice of the state
   For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper—call up all my people,—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresseth me already.
Light, I say, light!

Fago. Farewel; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholsome to my place,
To be product (as if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which ev'n now stand in act, that for their souls,
Another of his fadom they have none,

† The 17 following lines are added since the first edition, where after the words, I beseech you, immediately follows——If she be in her chamber, &c.
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
(Which is indeed but sign,) That you may surely
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; [find him,
And there will I be with him. So farewell. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Brabantio in his night-gown, and seruants
with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despis'd time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, saist thou! who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? oh she deceives me
Past thought — What said she to you? get more ta-
pers —
Raise all my kindred — are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly I think they are.
Bra. Oh heaven! how gat she out?
Oh treason of my blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?
Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brothers; oh would you had had her!
Some one way, some another — Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?
Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call,
I may command at morn; get weapons, hoa!
And raise some special officers of might:
On, good Roderigo, I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

night. ed. prim.
SCENE IV.
The Street.

Enter Othello, Jago, and Attendants with torches.

Jago. THO' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murthers: I e lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service.—Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Jago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight:
My services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, † unbonneting, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Jago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the seas worth, But look! what lights come yonder?

SCENE

* take. † i.e. without pulling off the bonnet.
SCENE V.

Enter Cassio with torches.

Jago. Those are the raised father, and his friends: You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Jago. By Jove, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant: The goodness of the night upon you, friends, What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, General, And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance, Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine: It is a business of some heat. The galleys Have sent a dozen frequent messengers This very night, at one another's heels: And many of the consuls, rais'd and met, Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for, When being not at your lodging to be found, The senate sent above three several quests, To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you: I will but spend a word here in the house, And go with you.

[Exit Othello.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Jago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack; If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Jago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Jago. Marry to — Come, captain, will you go?

[Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with officers and torches.

Jago. It is Brabantio; General be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief. [They draw on both sides.

Jago. You Rodorigo! come, Sir, I am for you—

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust 'em.

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have; t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the footy bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
† Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weaken notion. I'll have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without

† The five following lines are not in the first edition.
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To answer this your charge?

_Bra._ To prison, 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

_Oth._ What if I obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him,

_Off._ True, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council, and your noble self.
I'm sure is sent for.

_Bra._ How! the duke in council?
In this time of the night! bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [Exe.

---

**SCENE VII.**

_The Senate House._

_Duke and Senators_, set at a table with lights and attendants.

_Duke._ Here is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 _Sen._ Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

_Duke._ And mine a hundred and forty.

2 _Sen._ And mine two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where they aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet they all confirm
_A Turkish Fleet_, and bearing up to _Cyprus._

_Duke._ Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;

I do
Moor of Venice.

I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve,
In fearful sense.
Sailor within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys,
Duke. Now! — what's the businesse?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the state.
Duke. How say you by this change?

Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze; when we consider,
Th'importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more fertile question bear it,
‡ For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That Rhodes is dres'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitable.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, (reverend and gracious,) Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet —

Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?
Mes. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-item
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke:
‡ The 7 following lines are added since the first edition.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus:
Marcus Lucentio, is he not in town?
1 Sen. He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us, to him.
Puff-haste, dispatch.
1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

SCENE VIII.
To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago,
Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you,
Against the general enemy Otoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior,
We lack't your counsel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me. For my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and swallows other forrows,
And yet is still it self.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter!

Sen. Dead.

Bra. To me,
She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her self,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace,
Here is the man; this Moor, whom now it seem
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Moor of Venice.

Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very 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 arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battel;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms;
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at it self; and she, in spight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on
It is a judgment main'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more a certain and more overt tett,
Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods

Vol. VIII.

P

Of

a more wider and more overs test.
Of modern seeming do 'prefer against him:

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak,
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.


Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the
place. [Exit Jago.

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of moft disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And fold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history: 

† This line is restored from the old edition. It is in
the ref — — And porance in my travel's history.
Rymer in his criticism on this play has chang'd it to
Portents, instead of Portance.
Wherein of † antreés vast, and b desarts wild;
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heav'n,

It was my hint to speak. * All these to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
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 distinctively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ‡ sighs:
She sware in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful —
She wish'd she had not heard it, — yet she wish'd:
That heav'n had made her such a man — she thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,

* It was my hint to speak; such was the process;
And of the Canibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi; and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,
Would Desdemona &c.

† Antreés, Fr. Grottoes.

b Desarts idle, in the former editions; doubtless a corrup'tion from wildes.

‡ It was killed in the later editions. But this is evidently the true reading: the lady had been forward indeed, to give him a world of kisles upon the bare recital of his story, nor does it agree with the following lines.
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

**SCENE IX.**

*Enter Desdemona, Jago, and attendants.*

**Duke.** I think this tale would win my daughter too—

Good *Brabantio,*

Take up this mangled matter at the best,
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you most owe obedience?

*Des.* Noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you. You're the lord of duty,
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you: I have done,
Please it your grace on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

**Duke.** Let me speak like your self; and lay a sentence,
Moor of Venice. 34

Which, like a grieve, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour —————
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury, a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Era. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He hears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he hears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes
for Cyprus: Othello, the fortitude of the place is best
known to you. And though we have there a substitu-
tute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more
sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice
on you; you must therefore be content to fluster the
gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn
and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the shifty and steel b couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present war against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reverence of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and befor

a greifs,  b coach.
As levels with her breeding.

_Duke_. Why, at her father's.

_Bra_. I will not have it so.

_Oth_. Nor I.

_De'. Nor would I there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
To afflitt my simpleness.

_Duke_. What would you, _Desdemona_?

_De'. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdued
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I saw _Othello's_ village in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

_Oth_. Your voices, lords; beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my defect and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feareher'd Cupid, b foil with wanton dulness
My speculative, and offce'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my businesse;
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

_Duke_. Be it as you shall privately determine,

*character.  

*feel.
Moor of Venice.

Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste;
And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

Des. † To-night, my lord, to-night?

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honesty and trust,)
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;

Good-night to every one. And noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haft eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. [Exit.

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest Jago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [Exeunt.

Scene X.

Manent Rodorigo and Jago.

Rod. Jago.

Jago. What sayest thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Jago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Jago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Why, thou silly gentleman!

† added from the first edition.
It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our physician.

O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinney-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Virtue? a fig, 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lyes in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and bafeness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitten lufts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a fect, or syen.

It cannot be.

It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy self: drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deferring, with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better steed thee than now. Put mony in thy purse; follow thou these wars, † defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put mony in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put mony in thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration, — but put mony

† i. e. disgrace thy features and make thy fair com- tenance grim with a false beard.
mony in thy purse. — These Moors are changeable in
their wills; — fill thy purse with mony. The food
that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall shortly
be as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth;
when she is sated with his body, she will find the er-
rors of her choice — Therefore put mony in thy
purse — If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a
more delicate way than drowning. Make all the mony
thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an
ering Barbarian and a superfust Venetian, be not
too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt
enjoy her; therefore make mony. A pox of drown-
ing thy self, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou ra-
ther to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be
drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend
on the issue?

Jago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make mony. — I
have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again,
I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no
less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge a-
gainst him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy
self a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events
in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Tra-
verse, go, provide thy mony. We will have more
of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet 'th' morning?

Jago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Jago. Go to farewell. Do you hear, Rodorigo!

Rod. I'll sell all my land.

[Exit.

SCENE XI.

Monet Jago.

Jago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For mine own gain'd knowledge should profane.
If I should time expend with such a swain,
But for my sport and profit, I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true—
P 5

But
But I, for sheer suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as it for surety. He holds me well——
The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio’s a proper man: let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume up my will
A double knavery —— How? how? —— let’s see——
After some time, t’ abuse Othello’s ears,
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 Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th’ nose
As asses are:
I have’t —— it is engendred —— Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world’s light.

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus, and
Gentlemen.

MONTANO.

HAT from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high-
wrought flood;

I cannot twixt the heavens and the main

Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when a the huge mountains melt,
Can hold the morris? what shall we hear of this?

_2 Gent._ A segregation of the _Turkish_ fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever b fired pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafted flood.

_Mont._ If that the _Turkish_ fleet
Be not Inktherd' and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

**SCENE II.**

_Enter a third Gentleman._

_3 Gent._ News, e lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designation halts. _Another ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of the fleet._

_Mont._ How! is this true?

_3 Gent._ The ship is here put in;
_A Veronesio, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea;
And is in full commission here for Cyprus._

_Mont._ I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

_3 Gent._ But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the _Turkish_ loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

_Mont._ Pray heav'n's he be:
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. _Let's to the sea-side,

*a mountains melt on them. b fixed. c lads.*
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor: oh let the heav'n's
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!
Cas. What noise?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie:
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'us that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. [Exit.

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most unfortunately, he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Do's bear all excellency ——
SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Jago, ancient to the general.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors † enfetep'd to clog the guiltleskfeel,) 
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain;
Left in the conduit of the bold Jago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A fennight's speed. Great Jove, Otello guard,
And swell his fail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may blest this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguishe'd spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort——

SCENE V.

Enter Desdemona, Jago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round,

Def. I thank you, valiant Cassio,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Def. O but I fear—— how lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But hark, a fail!

Within.] A fail, a fail!

† qu, if env'd.
Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewife is a friend.

Caf. See for the news:

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress; [To Æmilia.

Let it not gall your patience, good Jago,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtseie.

Jago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Def. Alas! she has no speech.

Jago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have lift to sleep;
Marry before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Jago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Skins in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your huswifery, and houßwifes in your beds.

Def. Oh fie upon thee, flanderer.

Jago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Jago. No, let me not.

Def. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Jago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Def. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the harbour ———

Jago. Ay, madam.

Def. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwife;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Jago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out
out brains and all. But my muse labours, and thus the is delivered.

If she be fair and wise, fairnesse and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Def. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?
Jago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blacknesse fit.

Def. Worse and worse.
Amil. How if fair and foolish?
Jago. She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly help't her to an heir.

Def. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Jago. There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Def. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it self?

Jago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)

Def. To do what?
Jago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Def. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! do not
not learn of him, Emilia, thou he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam, you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Jago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said—whisper—With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do—I will tie gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed—If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kis'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kis'd and excellent curtesie—'tis so indeed—Yet again—your fingers to your lips? would they were cluster-pipes for your sake.

The Moor, I know his trumpeter.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. My soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n. If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. 

† or catch, shackle.
Moor of Venice

Def. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Ev'n as our days do grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greatest discords be [Kissing her:]
That e'er our hearts shall make.

Jago. Oh you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down
the pegs that make this musick, as honest as I am.

[Aside:]

Oth. Come, let's to the cattle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good Jago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the cittadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiess
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

SCENE VII.

Manent Jago and Rodrigo.

Jago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour.
Come thither, if thou be'st valiant; as they say, base
men being in love, have then a nobility in their na-
tures, more than is native to them——lift me; the
lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard.
First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in
love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Jago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be in-
structed. Mark me with what violence the first lov'd
the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantasti-
cal lies. And will she love him still for prating? let
not
not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite; loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble, no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and human seeming, for the better compassing of his fall and most hidden loose affection? a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsom, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest'd condition.

Jago. Blest'd figs end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blest'd pudding! didn't thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didn't not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtese.

Jago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these a mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master, and main exercise th' incorporate conclusion: pish——But, Sir, be you rul'd by me.

a mutabilities.
me. I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find 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 favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Jago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and happily may strike at you. Provok him that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of Cyprus to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them: And the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Jago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries a-shore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Manet Jago.

Jago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I love her too, Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leapt into my seat. The thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can, or shall content my soul 'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousie so strong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on;
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb,
(For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too,)  
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me;
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practicing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here——but yet confus'd,
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.  [Exit.

SCENE IX.

The Street.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant
General, that upon certain tidings now ar-
riv'd, importing the meer perdition of the Turkish
fleet, every man put himself into triumph: Some to
dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what
sport and revels his mind leads him. For besides
this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial.
So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All
offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting,
from this present hour of five, 'till the bell have toll'd
eleven.
Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble General Othel-
lo.  [Exit.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night.
Let's teach our selves what honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. **rank. ed. prim.**
Moor of Venice.

Cas. Iago hath direction what do do: But notwithstanding with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest:
Michael, good night, To-morrow with your earliest; Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue, That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. [Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our General caft us thus early for the love of his Desdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made the wanton night with her: and she is sport for Jove.
Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. And I'll warrant her full of game.
Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she has? methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
Cas. She is indeed perfection.
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets: come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.
Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well with courtesie would invent some other custom of entertainement.
Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup, I'll drink for you.
Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
Iago.
Jago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Jago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it disliketh me. [Exit Cassio.

Jago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress's dog.——
Now, my sick fool, Rodrigo,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night carouse'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night flutter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now among this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

SCENE X.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith a little one: not past a pint, as
I am a soldier.

Jago. Some wine ho! [Jago sings.

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A soldier's a man; oh man's life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some

f and the watch too. ed. prim.
Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Jago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are most potent in potting. Your Dane, your German, and your swag-belly'd Hollander, are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Jago. Why he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk. He's sweats not to overthrow your Almain. He gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next portle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice;


King Stephen was and—a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them six pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor town:

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down, And take thy old cloak about thee.

Some wine ho.

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Jago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well—— Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be sav'd, and there be souls must not be sav'd.

Jago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be sav'd.

Jago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be sav'd before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our

& sweats not.
our fins—gentlemen let's look to our business.  
Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my  
Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left,  
I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and  
I speak well enough.  
Gent. Excellent well.
Ca. Why very well then: you must not think then  
that I am drunk.  

Exit.

Scene XI.

Manent Jago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters, come, let's see  
the watch.

Jago. You see this fellow that is gone before,  
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar,  
And give direction. And do but see his vice,  
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,  
The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pity of him;  
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Jago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:  
He'll watch the horologue a double set,  
If he drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well  
The General were put in mind of it:  
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Jago. How now, Roderigo!  
I pray you after the lieutenant, go.  

[Exit Rod.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place as his own second,  
With one of an ingraft infirmity;  
It were an honest action to say so  
Unto the Moor,
Moor of Venice.

Jago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?

Re-enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cass. You rogue! you rascal! —
Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cass. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave
into a twigg'n bottle.
Rod. Beat me —
Mont. Nay, good lieutenant? I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.
Cass. Let me go, Sir, or I'll h knock you o'er the
mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cass. Drunk? [They fight.
Jago. Away I say, go out and cry a mutiny.

[Exit Rodorigo.

Nay, good lieutenant — Alas, gentlemen —
Help ho! — Lieutenant — Sir, Montano —
Help matters! here's a goodly watch indeed —
Who's that who rings the bell — diablo, ho!

[Bell rings.
The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant!
You will be sham'd for ever.

Scene XII.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.
Oth. Hold for your lives.
Jago. Hold ho! lieutenant — Sir — Montano —
Gentlemen —
Have you forgot all place of sense and duty?
The General speaks to you — hold, hold, for shame —
Oth. Why how now ho? from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks? and to our fellowes do that

Vol. VIII. Q

Which

h know.
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light: he dies upon his motion,
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the idle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak: who began this? on thy love I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men,
Sword out, and tilting one at other's breasts,
In opposition bloody. I can't speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds,
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cai. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform 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 amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves it be a sin,
When violence affails us.
Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How
Moor of Venice.

How this foul rout began? who set it on?
And he that is approv'd in his offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall lose me. What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the peoples' hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel?
In night, and on the court and guard of safety?
'Tis monstrous, Say Jago, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Jago. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio.
Yet I persuadw my self, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him, Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and intreats his pause;
My self the crying fellow did pursu'e;
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose: I return'd the rather:
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which 'till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you your self did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
Tho' Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that with them best,
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Jago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, sweeting; come, away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.
Lead him off:

Jago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

SCENE XIII.

Mainent Jago and Cassio.

Jago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cassio. Past all surgery.

Jago. Marry, heav'n' n forbid.

Cassio. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have
loft my reputation! I have loft the immortal part of
my self, and what remains is bestial. My reputation,

Jago, my reputation——

Jago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you
had received some bodily wound; there is more i senfe
in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and
most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost
without deserving. You have loft no reputation at
all, unless you repute your self such a loser. What
man — there are ways to recover the General again.
You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment
more in policy than in malice, even so as one would
beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion.
Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cassio. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to de-
ceive so good a commander, with so flight, so drunk-
en,
Moor of Venice. 365

en, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak, parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse futian with ones own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Jago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Caf. I know not.

Jago. Is't possible?

Caf. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform our selves into beasts.

Jago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caf. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfection seems me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Jago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard? had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast. Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Jago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Jago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotion of her
her parts and graces. Confess your self freely to her; importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Jago. I protest in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me.

Jago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Jago. [Exit Cassio.

SCENE II.

Manet Jago.

Jago. And what's he then, that says I play the villain! When this advice is free I give, and honest, Likely to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie Th'inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit, she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so ensneter'd to her love That she may make, unmake, do what she lift, Even as her appetite shall play the God With his weak function. Am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? 'Tis hell's divinity: When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heav'nly shews, As I do now. For while this honest fool
plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's luft;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall † enmesh them all. How now, Rodrigo!

SCENE XV.

Enter Rodoligo.

Rod. I follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so with no mony at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Jago. How poor are they that have not patience? What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time:
Doesn't not go well? Cassio has beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.
Tho' other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while. In truth 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted?
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rodoligo.

Two things are to be done;
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress:
I'll set her on to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not device, by coldness and delay. [Exit.

†en-mesh, a metaphor from taking birds in meshes.
ACT III. SCENE I.

Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

CASSIO.

ASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow, General.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak 'th' noise thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?
Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?
Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.
Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.
Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?
Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's mony for you: and the General so likes your musick, that he desires you for loves fake to make no noise with it.
Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.
Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear musick, the General does not greatly care.
Mus. We have none such, Sir.
Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vanish into air, away. [Exit Mus.
Cass. Dost thou hear me, mine honest friend?
Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.
Cass. Prythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends
tends the General's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Caffo entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir, if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit Clown.

Cas. Do my good friend.

To him enter Jago.

In happy time, Jago.

Jago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold to send in to your wife; My suit is, that she will to Desdemona Procure me some access.

Jago. I'll send her presently: And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

To him enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will sure be well. The General and his wife are talking of it: And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies, That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity; and that in wisdom He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you, And needs no other suitor but his likings, To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in, I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I'm much bound to you. [Exeunt. 

Q 5 SCENE
Othello, the

Scene II.

Enter Othello, Jago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Jago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Jago. My good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

Scene III.

An Apartment.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do: I know it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest fellow; doubt not, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cass. Most bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you: you do love my lord,
You've known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cass. Ay, madam,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it fear so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy follicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

SCENE IV.

Enter Othello and Jago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Cassio. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why stay, and here me speak.
Cassio. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease.
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio;
Oth. What dost thou say?
Jago. Nothing my lord, or if — I know not what;
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Jago. Cassio, my lord? no sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away to guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.
Jago. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is it you mean?
Jago. Why your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take,
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee call him back.
Oth. Wilt he hence now?
Jago. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me.
To suffer with him. Good love call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona, some other time,

Des. But shall’t be shortly?

Oth. Sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall’t be to-night at supper?

Oth. Not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn,
Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday morn,

I pr’ythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith he’s penitent:
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that they say the wars must make example
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
T’incurr a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so muttering on? what? Michael Cassio!—
That came a wooing with you, and many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta’en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? trust me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr’ythee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon:
’Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona, I’ll come straight.

Des.
Def. Emilia, come; be as your fancies teach you: What'yer you be. I am obedient. [Exeunt.

* S. C. E. N. E. V. 

Manent Othello and Jago.

Oth. Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee; and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again.

Jago. My noble lord,

Oth. What dost thou say, Jago?

Jago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love?

Oth. He did from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Jago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,

No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Jago?

Jago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh yes, and went between us very oft.

Jago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought of that?

Is he not honest?

Jago. Honest, my lord?


Jago. My lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Jago. Think, my lord!

Oth. Think, my lord! why by heav'n, thou ech'ost me;

As if there were some monster in thy thought Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something: I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that, When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my counsel, In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, indeed? And didst contract and purle thy brow together, 

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me Shew me thy thought.
Othello, the

Jago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:
And for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're close denotements working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Jago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Jago. Men should be what they seem.
Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Jago. Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee speak to me as to thine thoughts,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts,
The worst of words.

Jago. Good, my lord, pardon me.

Thou I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts! — Why say they're vile and false?
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Jago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Jago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spie into abuse, and of my jealousie
Shapes faults that are not,) I intreat you then
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build your self a trouble

\( ^* \text{cold dilations.} \quad ^b \text{my.} \quad ^c \text{I am not bound.} \)
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
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 mean?

Jago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, no-
thing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robbs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts ———

Jago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Jago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy,
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. Oh misery!

Jago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon,
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufficate and blown furmisces,
Matching thy inferences. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits, will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Jago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealoufie.

Jago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let hear'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Do'st thou say so:
Jago. She did deceive her father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Jago. Go to then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak —
He thought 'twas witchcraft — but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever,
Jago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Jago. Trust me, I fear it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do fee you're mov'd —
I am to pray you, not to straint my speech
To groser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.
Jago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile excess,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend.

My lord, I see you're mov'd——

Oth. No, not much mov'd——

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Jago. Long live the so; and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it self——

Jago. Ay, there's the point; — as (to be bold with you)

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereeto we see in all things nature tends:

Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.

But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And haply so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, Jago.


Oth. Why did I marry?

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Jago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busie in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth.
Othello, the

Oth. Fear not my government.
Jago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learn'd spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
† Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
to prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much——
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others use. Yet 'tis the plague of great-ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
*Tis destiny unhinnable like death.
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes!

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, oh then heav'n mocks it self?
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

† A metaphor taken from falconry. Jesses are the
strings they hold a hawk by.
Moor of Venice.

Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again; Let me but bind it hard, within this hour It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little; [She drops her handkerchief.

Let it alone; come, I'll go in with you.

Def. I am very sorry that you are not well. [Exeunt.

Scene VII.

Manet Àemilia.

Àemil. I am glad I have found this napkin; This was her first remembrance from the Moor; My wayward husband hath a hundred times Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token, (For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it) That she referves it evermore about her, To kifs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out; And give it Jago; what he'll do with it, Heavn knows, not I:

I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Enter Jago.

Jago. How now? what do you here alone?

Àemil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Jago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing ———

Àemil. Ha!

Jago. To have a foolish wife.

Àemil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now For that same handkerchief?

Jago. What handkerchief?

Àemil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemonia, That which so often you did bid me steal.

Jago. Haft stolen it from her?

Àemil. No; but she let it drop by negligence, And to th' advantage, I being here, took't up:

Look, here 'tis.

Jago. A good wench, give it me.  

Àemil.
Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so earnest to have me slip it?

Jago. Why, what is that to you? [Snatching it.

Æmil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Jago. Be not you known on't:
I have use for it. Go, leave me—— [Exit Æmil.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poisons:
± Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—— I did say so.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou hadst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Jago. Why, how now, General; no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone; thou'lt set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Jago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Jago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. ¹ This line, restored from the first edition, compleat[s] the sense.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing sife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Fove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!
Jago. Is't possible, my lord?
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[Catching hold on him:
Or by the worth of f mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Jago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!
Jago. My noble lord——
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horrors head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Jago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be wi' you; take mine office. Wretched fool,
That is liv't to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh monfrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

f man's, in the first edition.  
g loves.
Oth. Nay stay—thou should'st be honest.

Jago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

† Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. *Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure't. Would I were satisfied!

Jago. I see Sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Jago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you be supervisor, grovelingly gape on?
Behold her tup'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Jago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As falt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Jago. I do not like the office;
But sith I'm entred in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep—

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say, Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry—oh sweet creature, and then kis me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots
And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kis, and then
Cry, cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Jago. This was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a firew'd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Jago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Jago. Nay but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Jago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Jago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 'tis true——Look here, Jago,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone;——

Arise black vengeance from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell bo'som with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics tongues.

Jago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood——

Jago. Patience I say; your mind may change.

Oth. Never, Jago. † Like the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont:
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up——Now by yond marble heav'n,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow; [He kneels.
I here engage my words——

Jago. Do not rise yet: [Jago kneels.
Witness you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Jago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,
K Not to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Jago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn her!
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Jago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

† This simile is omitted in the first edition: I think it should be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place.
K and to obey.
SCENE IX.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clown. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him, that is make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[Exit Clown.

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia?

Amil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Amil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born
Drew all such humours from him.

Amil. Look where he comes.

Vol. VIII,
Othello, the

Def. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be
call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

Scene X.

Enter Othello.

Cth. Well, my good lady. Oh hardness to dissemble!
How do you, Defdemona?
Def. Well, my lord.
Cth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady.
Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Cth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist—this hand of yours requires
A fequefter from liberty; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Def. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Cth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.
Cth. What promise, chuck?
Def. I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Cth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Def. Here, my lord.
Cth. That which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Cth. Not?
Def. No indeed, my lord.
Cth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed; and his spirits hunt
Moor of Venice. 387

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To loose't or give't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Oth. 'Tis possible?

Def. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;
A Sybill that had numbred in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sow'd the work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silks,
And it was dy'd in mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed! is't true!

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Def. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Def. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'th' way?

Def. Bless us! ———

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not lost; but what and if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Def. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Def. Why so I can, Sir, but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit,
Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief — my mind mil-
gives ———

Def. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief——

Def. A man that all his time

 Hath found'd his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief——

Def. Insooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away. [Exit Othello.]

R 2 SCENE
Othello, the
Scene XI.

Manent Desdemona and Emilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:
They are but stomachs, and we all but food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they're full
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband,

Enter Jago, and Cassio.

Jago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;
And so, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means, I may again
Exit, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit;
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course,
To fortune's arms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle Cassio,
My advocacion is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must a while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Jago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now; And
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Jago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Put his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit.

SCENE XII.

Maevit Desdemona, Æmilia, and Cassio.

Def. I pr'ythee do so. Something sure of State,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonstrable in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridial. Beshrew me much, Æmilia,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arnaigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had subborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmili. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Def. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Def. heav'n keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Def. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And soeke to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Ex. Desdem. and Æmil.

R. 3. SCENE:}
SCENE XIII.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you, friend Cassio.

Cass. What makes you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

'What? keep a week away? seven days and nights!

'Eight score eight hours? and lover's absent hours,

'More tedious than the dial, eight score times?

'Oh weary reck'ning!

Cass. Pardon me, Bianca:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,

But I shall in a more convenient time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief]

Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:

Of thy felt absence, now I feel a cause:

Is't come to this? well, well.

Cass. Go to, woman;

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mist'ref, some remembrance!

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cass. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber,

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cass. I do attend here on the General,

And think it no addition, nor my wish

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cass. Not that I love you not.

*continue*
Moor of Venice.

Bian. But that you do not love me; I pray you bring me on the way a little. And say, if I shall see you soon at night?
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you, for I attend here. But I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. [Exe.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State:
Enter Othello, and Jago.

JAGO.

ILL you think so?
Oth. Think so, Jago?
Jago. What, to kifs in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs?
Jago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed, An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Jago, and not mean harm?
'IT is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.
Jago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief
Oth. What then?
Jago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord, and being hers, She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
Cib. She is protect'res of her honour too;
May she give that?
Jago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief

R 4

Oth.
Oth. By heav'n I would most gladly have forgot it; Thou saidst,—oh, it comes o'er my memory, As doth the raven o'er th' infected house, Boding to ill,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.
Iago. What if I said, I did see him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad, Who having by their own importunate suit, Or voluntary dotation of some mistress, Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. Why, that he did— I know not what he did—
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Ly—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her? on her—what you will—
Oth. Ly with her! lye on her! lye with her! that's
Solom: handkerchief—Confessions—Handkerchief—* I tremble at it—Nature would not invest
her self in such shadowing without some instruction,
It is not words that shake me thus—pith—Mothes, ears,
and lips—is't possible!—confess!—handkerchief!—Oh devil—

[ Falls in a Trance,
Iago. Work on,
My medicine works! thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
All guiltlesse meet reproach. What hoa! my lord!
My lord, I say, Othello.

* Handkerchief—to confess, and be
hang'd for his labour—First, to be hang'd, and then
to confess—No hint of this trash in the 1st. edit.
SCENE II.

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio?

Cass. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy.

This is the second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cass. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear.

The lethargy must have his quiet course;

If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness: look, he stirs.

Do you withdraw your self a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you. [Exit Cassio.

How is it, General: have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doth thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;

Would you would bear your fortune like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:

Think every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd

May draw with you. Millions are now alive,

That nightly lye in those unproper beds,

Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case is better:

Oh, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch;

And to suppose her chaste. No; let me know,

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be:

Oth. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,

Confine your self but in a patient lift,

Whilst you were here, o'er-whelm'd with your grief

(A passion most a unfitting such a man)

Cassio came hither. i. shifted him away

\[R^5\] And

a resulting.
And laid good excuses on your ecstasie;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns,
That dwell in every 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 again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry patience,
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Cf. Dost thou hear, Jago,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Jago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature
That dores on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

SCENE III.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smite, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousie must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cf. The worser, that you gave me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Jago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this sute lay in Bianca's b power,

How quickly should you speed?

Cf. Alas, poor scaffold.

Oth.
Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Jago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

Jago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it o'er: go to, well said, well said.

Jago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry!—What? a customer? pr'ythee bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so: they laugh that win.

Jago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee say true.

Jago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scorn'd me? well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Jago beckons me: now he begins the story.

Cas. She was here even now: she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck——

Oth. Crying, oh dear Cassio, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha——

Oth. Now he tells how he pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Jago. Before me; look where she comes.
SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one: What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you; what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work; a likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work; there, give it your hobby-horse: wherefore you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By heav'n, that should be my handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[Exit.]

Jago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Jago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Jago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee come, will you?

Jago. Go to, say no more. [Exit Cassio.

SCENE V.

Remain Othello and Jago.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Jago?

Jago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, Jago! —

Jago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

† Fitchew, a pole-cat.
Jago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife—She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!——

Jago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night, for she shall not live. 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 emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Jago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is—so delicate with her needle—An admirable musician, Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Jago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle condition!——

Jago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, Jago—Oh, Jago, the pity of it.

Jago——

Jago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Jago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Jago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Jago, this night, I'll not expostulate with her, left her body and her beauty un-provide my mind again: this night, Jago.

Jago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The justice of it pleases; very good.

Jago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker:
You shall hear more by midnight.

SCENE
SCENE VI.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good — what trumpet is that same?

Jago. I warrant something from Venice.

’Tis Lodovico; this comes from the Duke.

See, your wife’s with him.

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the senators of Venice greet you.

[Give him a letter.

Oth. 1 kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Def. And what’s the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Jago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant Cassio?


Def. Cousin, there’s fall’n between him and my lord.

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Def. My lord,

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will —

Lod. He did not call; he’s busy in the paper.

Is there division ‘twixt my lord and Cassio?

Def. A most unhappy one; I would do much

T’ atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Def. My lord!

Oth. Are you wife?

Def. What, is he angry?

Lod. May the letter mov’d him.

For as I think they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Def. Trust me, I am glad on’t.

Oth. Indeed!

Def. My lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Def. Why, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil!
Moor of Venice.

Def. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice.

Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much.

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:

Out of my sight

Def. I will not stay t' offend you. [Going]

Lod. Truly an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress.

Def. My lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my lord?

Oth. I! you did wish that I would make her turn:

Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;

And she's obedient: as you say obedient,

Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—

Concerning this, Sir,—oh well painted passion!—

I am commanded home—get you away,

I'll send for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice—Hence, avant!

[Exit Def.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus——

Goats and Monkies!

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Manent Lodovico, and Jago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate

Call all-in-all sufficient? this the nature

Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident nor dart of chance

Could neither graze nor pierce?

Jago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not of light brain?

Jago.
Othello, the

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my censure,
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heav'n he were.

Oth. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the work.

Oth. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Oth. I'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

An Apartment.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor lend you out o'th' way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fans, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse;
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [Exit Æmilia.
She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock and key of villainous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I've seen her do't.

SCENE IX.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Def. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Def. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.
Def. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress,
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.
Your mystery, your mystery; nay dispatch.

[Exit Æmilia.

Def. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
† But not your words.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Def. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come swear it; damn thy self; I being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double damn'd; swear thou art honest.
Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows
That thou art false as hell,
Def. To whom, my lord?
With whom? how am I false?
Oth. Ah, Desdemona, away, away, away——
Def. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

† This line is added out of the first edition.
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you've lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of?o?es and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at—
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion there;
Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin;
I here look grim as hell.

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh ay, as summer-flies are in the shambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee—

Would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book;
Made to write whore upon? What, committed?
Committed? Oh, thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modesty,
Did but I speak thy deeds. What, committed?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is huff'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. What, committed?—

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth.
Oth. Are not you a strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I shall be saved.
Oth. Is't possible?
Def. Oh heav'n forgive us.
Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello——

SCENE X.

Enter Aemilia.

You mistresse,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter's,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay you!
We have done our course, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel.
[Exit.

Aemil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Def. Faith, half asleep.
Aemil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Def. With whom?
Aemil. Why, with my lord, madam?
Def. Who is thy lord?
Aemil. He that is yours, sweet lady.
Def. I have none; do not talk to me, Aemilia; I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember
And call thy husband hither.
Aemil. Here's a change indeed! [Exit.
Def. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might flink
The small'rt opinion of my least mislife?

SCENE
SCENE XI.

Enter Iago and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? how is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks;
He might have chid me so: for in good faith
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches?

Her father? and her country? and her friends?

To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Befrow him for't; how comes this trick up-
on him?

Des. Nay heav'n doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,

Some buffe and insinuating rogue,

Some coggling, cozening slave, to get some office,

Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him.

Emil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?


The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.

Oh
Oh heav'n, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Fly'n from the east to th' west!

Jago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh fie upon them! Some such 'quire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Jago. You are a fool; go to.

Def. Alas, Jago.

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel! [Kneeling.
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't say whore,
It do's abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's masts of vanity could make me.

Jago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state do's him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Def. If 'twere no other.

Jago. It is but so, I warrant. [Trumpets.
Hark how these instruments summon to supper!
The messenger of Venice stay's the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.

SCENE XII.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Jago.
Jago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost fret me with some devise

Jago, and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Jago. Will you hear me, Rodorigo?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Jago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Jago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well, nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself blood'd in it.

Jago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure your self I will seek satisfaction of you.

Jago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Jago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Rodorigo, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Jago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Rodorigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever (I mean, purpose, courage,
Moor of Venice. 407
courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the
next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me
from this world with treachery, and devise engines
for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and com-
pass?

Jago. Sir, there is especial commission come from
Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdem-
ona return again to Venice.

Jago. Oh no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh
away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode
be lingered here by some accident. Wherein none can
be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Jago. Why by making him incapable of Othello's
place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Jago. Ay, if you dare do your self a profit, and a
right. He sips to-night with a harlot; and thither
will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable
fortune; if you will watch his going thence
(which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and
one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be
near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between
us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with
me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that
you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It
is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste.
About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Jago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

Scene XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia,
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no
further.

Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod.
Othello, the

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh Desdemona!

Des. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look't be done. [Exit,

Des. I will, my lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did,

Des. He says he will return incontinent,

And hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,

(Pr'ythee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our minds?

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me

In one of these same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara,

She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,

And did forfake her. She had a song of willow,

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've much ado,

But to go hang my head all at one side,

And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee dispatch:

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;

This Lodovico is a proper man,

Æmil. A very hand som man.

Des. He speaks well.
Æmil. I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd bare-foot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Def. The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore-tree,
   Sing all a green willow:
   Singing.
   Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
   Sing willow, willow, willow.
   The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
   Sing willow, &c.
   Her fall tears fell from her, and softned the stones;
   Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee bye thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay that's not next—— Hark who is't that knocks?
Æmil. It's the wind.

Def. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?
   Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do itch,
Dost that bood weeping?
Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.
Def. I have heard it said so; oh these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me Æmilia,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gros kind?
Æmil. There be some such, no question.
Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Def. No, by this heav'ly light.
Æmil. Nor I neither by this heav'ly light,
I might do't as well i'th' dark.
Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Æmil. The world's a huge thing;
It is a great price, for a small vice.
Def. In troth I think thou would'st not.
Æmil. In troth I think I should, and undo't when
I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for
a jointring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns,
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.

*Def.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

*Æmil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i’th’world; and having the world for your labour, ’tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Def.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Æmil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many to th’ vantage, as would store the world they plaid for. But I do think it is their husbands faults, If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint on us; or say they strike us; Or scant our former having in despirit; Why we have galls; and though we have some grace, Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know, Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell, And have their palates both for sweet and fower, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? is it sport? I think it is; and doth affection breed it? I think it doth: is’t frailty that thus errs? It is so too. And have not we affections? Desires for sport? and frailty as men have? Then let them use us well; else let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

*Def.* Good-night; good-night; heaven me such uses fend,

Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend.

[Exeunt.]
A C T V. S C E N E I.

The S t r e e t.

Enter Jago and Roderigo.

J A G O.

E R E, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

R o d. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.
J ago. Here, at thy hand; a be bold and take thy sword.

R o d. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me satisfying reasons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my sword; he dies.

J ago. I've rub'd this young gnat almost to the sense
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill Caffio,
Or Caffio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona.
It must not be. If Caffio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and besides the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril;

S e e, behold, and take thy stand.
No, he must die. Be it so, I hear him coming.

[Exit Iago.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain thou dyest.
[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am slain. [Fight, and both fall.
Cas. I'm maim'd for ever; help hoa! murther, murther!

SCENE II.

Enter Othello above at a Window.

Oth. The voice of Cassio, Iago keeps his word.
Rod. Oh villain that I am!
Oth. It is even so.
Cas. Oh help ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong,
Thou teachest me—— Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hyes apace. Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, those charms thine eyes, are blotted.
Thy bed lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.

SCENE III.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho! no watch? no passage? murther, murther!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voice is very direful.
Cas. Oh help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. Oh wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod.
Rod. No body come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Jago, in his shirt.

Lod. Hark.

Græ. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Jago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out murther?

Lod. We do not know.

Jago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here: for heav'n sake help me.

Jago. What's the matter?

Græ. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Jago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Jago? oh I'm spoile'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help. [this?

Jago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Jago. Oh treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in and give some help.

Rod. Oh help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Jago. Oh murd'rous slave! oh villain!

[Rod stabs him.

Jago. Oh damn'd Jago! oh inhuman dog!

Jago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be these bloody thieves!

How silent is this town? ho, murther! murther!

What may you be! are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Jago. Signior Lodovico.

Lod. He, Sir.

Jago. I cry you mercy! here's Caffio hurt by villains.

Græ. Caffio?

Jago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Jago. Marry heav'n forbid:

Light gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

SCENE
Othello, the

Scene IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? who is't that cry'd?
Jago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear Cassio,
My sweet Cassio, oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.
Jago. Oh notable strumpet. Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cass. No,
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you,
Jago. Lend me a garter. So—Oh for a chair,
To bear him easily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
Jago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good Cassio, come, come:
Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear country-man
Gra. What, of Venice?
Jago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Jago. 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.
Jago. How do you, Cassio? oh a chair, a chair.
Gra. Roderigo?
Jago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well said, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lyes slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Cass. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Jago. What, look you pale? oh bear him out o' th' air.
Stay you good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress!
Do you perceive the gastness of her eye? [To Bianca.
Nay,
Moor of Venice.

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness
Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

SCENE V.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?
Jago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Rodorigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and Rodorigo dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Jago. This is the fruit of whoring. Pray Æmilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night.
What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supped at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Jago. Oh did he so? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet.
Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Æmil. As I? fie upon thee.
Jago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor Cassio dreft.
Come mistress, you must tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a light, and a sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chase stars,
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor fear that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth and monumental alabaster:
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light re-lumine.
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither — I'll smell thee on the tree;

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost perçwade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after — One more, that's the last,
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav'nly,
It strikes, where it doth love — She wakes —

Def. Who's there, Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Def. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Def. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink your self of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Def. Alack, my lord,
What may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heav'n's fore-fend, I would not kill thy soul.
Def. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me.
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so.
Why I should fear I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Def. They're loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Ahs, 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.
Def. I will so: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st Caffio.
Def. No by my life and soul: send for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take head of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Presently.
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Def. Oh heav'n have mercy on me.
Oth. I say, amen.
Def. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Caffio,
But with such general warantry of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heav'n I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doit stone my heart,
And mak'lt me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess.

Def. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee — —

Def. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Def. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd.

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Def. Oh, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Def. Oh banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Def. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Def. But half an hour — but while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [Attempts to smother her.

SCENE VII.

Æmilia at the door.

Æmil. My lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noife is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Æmil. within.] What hoa! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, I would speak a word

with you.

* Def. But half an hour —

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Def. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. Yes 'tis Æmilia—by and by—she's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death; The noise was high. Ha, no more moving? Still as the grave. Shall she come in? weren't good? I think she stirs again—No—what's the best? If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife; My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife. Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour! Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe Should yawn at alteration—

Æmil. I beseech you That I may speak with you. Oh, good my lord!—

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh come in, Æmilia.

Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw. Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's soul murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon, She comes more near the earth than she was wont; And makes men mad.

Æmil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd A young Venetian, call'd Rodorigo.

Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and Cassio kill'd?

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? then murder's out of tune; And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Def. Oh falsely, falsely murder'd.

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out and alas, that was my lady's voice. Help! help hoa! help! oh lady speak again, Sweet Defdemona! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Def. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Def. No body, I my self, farewell!
Commend me to my kind lord; oh farewell. [Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say her self, it was not I.

Æmil. 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.

Æmil. Oh the more angel she, and you the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost bely her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rath as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio: had she been true,

If heav'n would make me such another world,

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have told her for it.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, twas he that told me fist;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration woman?

I say thy husband.

Æmil. Oh mistress! villany has made mocks with love.

My husband say she was false?

Oth. He, woman;

I say thy husband; don't understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Jago.

Æmil. 

† This speech and the following are

interpolated.
Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a-day; he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moost filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah?

Æmil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt; thou'lt done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives—Help! help hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murther, murther!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Jago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, Jago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;
He says thou toldst him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Jago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Jago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie; an odious damned lie:
Upon my soul a lie; a wicked lie.

She false with Caffio? did you say with Caffio?

Jago. With Caffio, mistress; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to
My mistress lies here murther'd in her bed.* [speak,

* murther'd in her bed.

All. Oh heav'n's forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murther on.
Jago. What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak; 'Tis proper I obey him, but not now: Perchance, Jago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello falls on the bed.

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar: For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent, That e'er did lift up eye

Oth. Oh she was foul! I scarce did know you, uncle; there lyes your niece, Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stop'd; I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I'm glad thy father's dead: Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now, This sight would make him do a desperate turn; Yea, curse his better angel from his side, And fall to reprobation,

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Jago knows, That she with Cassio hath the act of shame A thousand times committed. Cassio confest it, And she did gratifie his amorous works, With that recognition and pledge of love Which I first gave; I saw it in his hand; It was an handkerchief, an antique token My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!

Jago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out — I peace!

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act!

Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!

I think upon't — I think — I smell't — Oh villany! I thought so then; I'll kill my self for grief, Oh villany, villany!

Jago. What, are you mad? &c.

No,
No, I will speak as liberal as the air,
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Jago. Be wife and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Jago offers to stab his wife.
Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?
Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Jago. Villanous whore!
Æmil. She give it Cassio? alas I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Jago. Filth, thou liest.
Æmil. By heav'n I do not, I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[Jago breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n,
But what serve for the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his wife,
Æmil. Ay, ay; oh lay me by my mistress' side.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [Exeunt Mon. and Gra.

SCENE IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy song boast, lady? Hark!

north.
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musing; Willow, Willow, Willow—
Moor, she was chaste, the lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of Spain, the Æbro's temper;
Oh here it is: uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and performance must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost fail.
Do you go back dismayed? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?

Now—how dost thou look now? oh ill-star'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Ev'n like thy chastity. Oh cursed slave!
Whip me; ye devils,
From the possession of this heav'nly fight;

 Blow

*[In the first edition it is Isebro's temper. Thence corrupted to Ice-brooks. Ebro's temper: the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world, the Catalonian Fusées.*]
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire—
Oh Desdemona! Desdemona! dead, dead! oh, oh!

SCENE X.

Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounds, Montano, and Jago prisoner, with officers.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello: here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable.
If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello wounds Jago.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Jago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die,
Lod. Oh thou, Othello, that wast once so good,
Fain in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shalt be said to thee?
Oth. Why any thing;
An honourable murder, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay,
Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Jago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir you shall understand what hath befal'n,
Which as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Rodrigo,
And here another, one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook

By Roderigo.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it seems
Roderigo meant t'have sent this damned villain;
But that belike Jago in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Jago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake
After long seeming dead. Jago hurt him,
Jago set him on.

Lod. You must forswear this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
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 known
To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd
Perplex'd in the extrem; of one whose hand,  
Like the base † Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this.  
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself.  

Lod. Oh bloody period!  
Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.  
Oth. I kill thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,  
Killing my self, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.  
Ca'il. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;  
For he was great of heart.  
Lod. Oh Spartan dog!  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!  
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;  
This is thy work: the object poisons sight, —  
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed to you. To you, lord governor;  
Remains the censure of this hellish villain:  
The time, the place, the torture, oh enforce it.  
My self will straight aboard, and to the state,  
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [Exeunt.

† In the first edition it is Judian, occasion'd probably  
by the word Tribe just after, but the common reading is  
better; as the word Tribe is applicable to any race of  
people, and the thought of an ignorant Indian's casting  
away a pearl very natural in itself, whereas to make  
sense of the other, we must presuppose some particular story  
of a Jew alluded to, which is much less obvious.

The End of Shakespear's Plays.

INDEX
INDEX

OF THE

CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS,

SPEECHES and DESCRIPTIONS

IN

SHAKESPEARE.
## SECT. I.

### CHARACTERS OF HISTORICAL PERSONS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Alcibiades,</strong> banish'd for interceding for his Friend.</td>
<td><em>Timon.</em></td>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— visits <em>Timon</em> with two Misses.</td>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— exhorted to Cruelty by him, and the Women to Lust.</td>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— conquers <em>Athens.</em></td>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Antony, Mark,</strong> his Conference with <em>Brutus</em> after <em>Cæsar</em> was murther'd.</td>
<td><em>Jul. Cæsar.</em></td>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— his Reflections on it, when alone.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— speaks <em>Cæsar's Funeral Oration.</em></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Antony,*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Antony, Mark, his Eloquence prais'd by Cæ-</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. Cæsar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Play.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Valour degerates into Fondness for Cleopatra.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - resolves to leave her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his former Bravery describ'd by Othavius Cæsar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - Pompey's wish that he may live on in love and luxury.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - quarrels with Othavius, which ends in a Marriage with Othavia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Genius inferior to Othavius's.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - complains of Othavius's ill-treatment to Othavia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - beaten at Actium, and despairs after it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - sends to Othavius to treat, and is refus'd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - grows jealous of Cleopatra.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - beats Cæsar by Land, and meets the Queen in Rapture.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Fleet revolting he quarrels again with Cleopatra.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - being told she is dead he falls on his Sword.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - carried to Cleopatra he dies in her Arms.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - Othavius and his Generals lament and praise him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - and Cleopatra.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 7.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>B.</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Blanche, her Beauty and Virtue.</td>
<td>Vol. 4.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burgundy, Duke of, a Falle Ally.</td>
<td>Vol. 5.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - in Henry 8th's Reign, rash, choleric.</td>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td>Hen. 8.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Character given by Hen. 8. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - Condemn'd. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1. 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bullo, Anne, her Beauty.</td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - item. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - item. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - item. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- spirited up by Cæc.</td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - of great Authority with the People.</td>
<td></td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Cæc.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his self-debate up-on Cæsar's Death.</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - opens himself freely to the Conspirators.</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - declares for saving Anthony.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - importuin'd by his Wife Portia.</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Speech to the People, to justify Cæsar's Mother.</td>
<td>Vol. VIII.</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- - - relates the Death of Portia.</td>
<td>Jul. Caesar</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- - - sees Caesar's Ghost.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- - - takes his last farewell of Cassius.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- - - resolves to die, and kills himself.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- - - praised by Antony.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Banquo, his Character (for the rest, vide Macbeth.)

Vol. 7.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mac.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

C.

Confiance, a Mother passionately fond. Vol. 4.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5 York</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cade, John, a bold crafty Rebel. Vol. 5.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1 Prince</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3 Norf</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- - - pitted by Anne Bullen. ibid. Vol. 7.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C.</th>
<th>Her Speech to the King before her Divorce.</th>
<th>Play.</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- - - praised by the King. ibid. Vol. 8.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2 Gent</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- - - by Cromwel. ibid. Vol. 10.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C.</th>
<th>By the King.</th>
<th>Play.</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- - - his Speech over Princess Elizabeth. ibid. Vol. 11.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Coriolalus.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cæsærius, brave, proud, a Contemner of the Populace</td>
<td>Coriolanus</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Lar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - chides his Soldiers when repuls'd.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Character.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Entry into Rome after a Victory.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Actions summ'd up by Cominius.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - approv'd by the Tribunes, he rails at the Populace.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - banish'd.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - applies to, and is kindly receiv'd by Auscius.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - not to be diverted by his Friends from invading Rome.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - yields to his Mother's intreaties.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - slain by the envy and treachery of Auscius.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cæsar, Julius, suspicious of Cæsius</td>
<td>Jul. Cæsar</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Cæs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - refuseth the Crown that was offer'd.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - addicted to superstition, and low'd flattery.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - diffused by Calphurnia from going to the Senate.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Contempt of Death.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Cæs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - firm against those who wrong him.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Cæs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - Assailinat't,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Ghost appears to Brutus.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cæsius, confers with Brutus against Cæsar.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character/Event</td>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act.</td>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>---------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caesur, his Character</td>
<td><em>Jul. Cæsar</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Cæs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - resolves to kill himself if Cæsar is made King.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Quarrel with Bruttus</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2, 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - ill Omens stagger him tho' an Epicurean.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - prefaces he should die on his Birth-day.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - kills himself.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - mourn'd and prais'd by Titinius, Messala and Bruttus.</td>
<td>5, 6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cæs. &amp; Character.</td>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Cæs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleopatra, the power of her Beauty over Antony.</td>
<td><em>Ant. &amp; Cleo.</em></td>
<td>1, 2</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Ant.</em>, <em>Cleo.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - tenderly passionate.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - her Character of Antony when he had left her.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - her failing down the <em>Caedum</em> describ'd.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[for the rest <em>vid. Antony.</em></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - her Lamentation over the dead Body of Antony.</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - resolves to die.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - visited by Octavius.</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - affronted by her Treasurer Seleneus.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - kills her self with an Aspick.</td>
<td></td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character/Event</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Duncan, K. of Scotland murth'rd.</td>
<td><em>1 Hen. 4.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Hot.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Edward
# Index

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Edward</strong> the Black Prince.</td>
<td>Richard 2.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>York.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor Wife of D. Humphrey, Ambitious and given to superstition.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - walks in procession for Penance, and is banished.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward 4th, amorous, brave, successful.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his two Sons.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - murther'd.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward P. of Wales, Son to Henry 6.</td>
<td>Richard 3.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Elizabeth, prophetically describ'd by Cranmer.</td>
<td>Henry 8.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - Complimented by the Title of the Virginal Queen.</td>
<td>Midst. N. Dr.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Ob.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embrasse, a brave Roman Captain.</td>
<td>Ant. and Cleop.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - dies with grief for defeating Antony.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fulvia's Death and Character.</td>
<td>Ant. and Cleop.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Ant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Glendower</strong>.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - describ'd by Hotspur.</td>
<td>ibid., ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Gloucester.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>gives up his white Staff.</td>
<td>Vol. 5.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - sees his Dutches's Procession for Penance.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - Accus'd to the King by the Queen and others.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - Arrested for High Treason, he defends himself.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - murdered by strangling.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>War.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardiner, Bp. of Winchester, flattering and cruel.</td>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td>Hen. 8.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### H. Henry 5th, whilst Prince.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vol. 4.</th>
<th>Richard 2.</th>
<th>5</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>Boling.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- - item.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Henry 4th describ'd by Hotspur.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vol. 4.</th>
<th>ibid.</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>Ver.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Henry 5th.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vol. 5.</th>
<th>ibid.</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>5</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Henry 6th, meek, religious, unfortunate.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vol. 5.</th>
<th>ibid.</th>
<th>1 Hen. 6.</th>
<th>1</th>
<th>1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Henry 8th, vid. Q. Catherine, Anne Bullen.

### I.

**O H N**, King, diffembling, cruel, irreasolute, unfortunate.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Vol. 4.</th>
<th>1 Hen. 6.</th>
<th>1</th>
<th>5, &amp;c.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Jean.
# Index

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Joan of Orleans rafeth</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends</td>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td>1 Hen. 6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - taken Prisoner</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - Condemn'd to be burn'd</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James I. King, prophetically describ'd by Cranmer</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td>Hen. 8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julio Romano, his Character</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>Wint. Tale</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3 Gent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lear, King, choleric, nicker, mad, miserable</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lepidus's Character by Antony</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td>Jul. Caesar</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - by Pompey</td>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>Ant. and Cleop</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mortimer</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret, Henry 6th's Queen, enrag'd with her own miseries, exults at others</td>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moor, Sir Thomas</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td>Hen. 8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menenius Agrippa, his Fable of the Belly and Limbs</td>
<td></td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>Coriol.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Character by himself</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Character of Coriolanus</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macbeth, his bravery in Battel</td>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - hath his Greatness foretold by Witches</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - the conflict of his Mind when he first intended to kill the King</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5. 6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Temper describ'd by his Lady</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Macbeth |
**INDEX.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Macketh</strong>, Lady, resolves on murthering the King, and encourages <strong>Macketh</strong>. Vol. 7.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - he flaggers in his Resolution, and is confirm'd again by his Wife.</td>
<td></td>
<td>9. 10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Soliloquy before he kills the King, and horror after.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2. 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - meditates Banquo's Death, and employs murtherers.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - Banquo's Ghost appears to him.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - consults the Witches again.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Character by Malcolm.</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - distracted with horror.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - despairs, on hearing the English advance against him.</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - told of his Lady's Death.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - slain by Macduff.</td>
<td></td>
<td>7. 8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**N.**

**Northumberland's grief for Hotspur. Vol. 4.** 2 Hen. 4. 1 3 North.

**O.**

**Orpheus's Music. Vol. 6.** Hen. 8. 3 1 Song.

**Othello's Cesar, his interview with Brutus and Cassius. Vol. 6.** 2 Gent. Ver. 3 5 Pro.

[for the rest vid. Antony and Cleopatra.]

Percy,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Percy, Harry Hotspur</strong>.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>K.; Hen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - item.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - item.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Death.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - Character, by Lady Percy.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perins, a Roman Lady of an heroic Spirit. <em>vid. Brun.</em>*</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| **Richard the Second, his Ill Conduct.** | Richard 2. | 2 | 1 |
| - - - item. | ibid. | 2 | 2 |
| - - - item. | ibid. | 2 | 4 |
| - - - item. | ibid. | 1 Hen. 4. | 3 |
| Richard I. his Character. | ibid. | | |
| Richard 3. ambitious, brave, dissembling, cruel, unfortunate. | 3 Hen. 6. | 3 | 7 |
| and | Richard 3. | 1 | 4 |
| - - - his Birth prodigious. | ibid. | 3 Hen. 6. | 5 |
| - - - his Person and Manners describ'd by Q. Margaret. | Richard 3. | 4 | 5 |
| - - - describ'd by his Mother, the D. of York. | ibid. | | |

| **Alicebury’s Death and Character.** | 1 Hen. 6. | 1 | 9 |
| Suffolk, proud, false, enterprising. | ibid. | 2 Hen. 6. | 1 |
| - - - his Death. | ibid. | 4 | 1 |
|------------|-------|------|-------|---------|
| T. Albot, when Prisoner in France. Vol. 5. | 1 Hen. 6. | 1 | 9 | Tal. |
| - - - slain with his Son. ibid. | ibid. | 4 | 7 | Page. |
| Tirrel, James. ibid. Richard 3. | ibid. | 4 | 2 | 5 Flav. |
| - - - idem. ibid. | ibid. | 2 | 1 | Sen. |
| - - - his last entertainment for the Parasites. ibid. | ibid. | 3 | 7 | |
| - - - - retires, and shaks off humanity. | | 4 | 1 | |
| - - - - diging for Roots finds Gold. | | 3 | 4 | |
| - - - - visited by Alcibiades, excites him to cruelty. | | 5 | 6 | |
| - - - - pinch'd with Hunger, his reflections on the Earth. | | 4 | 7 | |
| - - - - compares himself with Aemilius. | | 5 | 1 | |
| - - - - he gives Gold and encouragement to the Thieves. | | 6 | 2 | |
| - - - - visited by his honest Steward. | | 7 | 3 | |
| - - - - by the Poet and Painter. | | 1 | 5 | |
| - - - - by the Senators, entreating him to command against Alcibiades. | | 2 | 5 | |
| - - - - his Death and Epitaph. | | 3 | 5 | |

Volumnia, a Mother of an heroic Spirit.

Vol. 6. Coriol. 1 6
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Volumnia instructs Coriolanus to address the People.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - diverts him from destroying Rome.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Valeria's Chastity praised by her Husband.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Winchester, Cardinal Beaufort's Character.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 5.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Death.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warwick, brave but inconsistent.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wolsey, Cardinal, his Character by Norfolk, &amp;c.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Power over the King.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - upbraided by Q. Catharine.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his reflection on his fall.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Death related and mix'd Character.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>York, Archbishop of.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>York, D. of, enterprising, valiant, unfortunate.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 5.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SECT.**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sect. II.</th>
<th>INDEX of Manners, Passions, and their external Effects.</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>N. B. The Names of the fictitious Persons to whom these Characters are apply'd, are annex'd in an Alphabetical Index ensuing. Vid. Sect. 3.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>A.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALLY, a perfidious one, in Burgundy. Vol. 5.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambition. Vol. 6.</td>
<td>3 6 Wol.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - cover'd with s</td>
<td>7ul. Cesar.</td>
<td>1 Brut.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2 I</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambitious Woman in Elea</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>1 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3 2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anger, in the D. of Bucking</td>
<td>Hen. 8.</td>
<td>1 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3 4 Wol.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - its external Effects painted. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3 4 Ari.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Affiliation. Vol. 1.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Admiration. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atheistical harden'd Villain. vid. Barnardine.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mer. of Ven.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - a Rebel, York. ibid.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boasters, the Dauphin, &amp;c. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3 9.10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Boaster;
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- describ'd.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C.</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- - - Kent. Vol. 3.</td>
<td>K. Lear.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| - - - honourable in-join'd by a Father. Vol. 1. | Temp. | 4 | 1 | Prof. |
| - - - describ'd. ibid. | Mids. N. Dr. | 1 | 1 | Ege. |
| - - - a beautiful Scene betwixt Romeo and Juliet. Vol. 8. | Rom. and Jul. | 2 | 3 |       |

| Councillor, an honest one, vid. Gonzalo. |       |       |       |       |
| Child, the Duty it owes a Father. Vol. 1. | Mids. N. Dr. | 1 | 1 | The. |


| Care, in a Merchant. Vol. 2. | Ant. and Cleop. | 5 | 5 | Cleop. |
| Constancy. Vol. 7. |       |       |       |       |

<p>| D. |       |       |       |       |
| Daughters, undutiful, in Goneril and Regan. Vol. 3. | K. Lear. |       |       |       |
| Vol. VIII. |       |       |       |       |
|         |       |       |       | Daughter, |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-- -- of Pardon. Vol. 3.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Grief,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act. Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Love, its nature. Vol. 1.</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hel.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charm to enkindle it. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Ob.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in the Queen of Fairies, beautifully imagin'd. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>given over. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Dem.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chang'd to aversion. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>commended and diffrais'd. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>froward, and diffembling. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>expells all other passions. Vol. 2.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>its Original. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Duke, Vi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>its several Offices. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Oli.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>all other passions lost in it. Vol. 3.</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Duke, Vi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at first sight. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Vis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in Man and Woman, compar'd. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>conceal'd, beautifully painted. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in a young brave General. Vol. 7.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>constancy in, protesed.</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Pat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>quitted by a Soldier.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>its qualities. Vol. 8.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>impatient of delay.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>item.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>impatient of absence. Vol. 3.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Othello. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.W.of Winds. Vol. 1.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in a grave Minister of State. <em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.</td>
<td>Adness, real in Lear, counterfeit in Edgar.</td>
<td>V. 3.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Melancholy.</td>
<td>V. 2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>of it.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mother, lamenting her Sons.</td>
<td>V. 5.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>item.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Murtherer, in Exon.</td>
<td>V. 4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in Armado, Holyfernes, Nathaniel.</td>
<td>V. 2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Princes, young and valiant, P. Henry and Lancaster.</td>
<td>V. 4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Prophets, in Joan of Orleans.</td>
<td>V. 5.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pride.</td>
<td>V. 7.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R.</td>
<td>RAGE, arising from Grief, and Northumberland.</td>
<td>V. 4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>of his Children. Vol. 3.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in a Son for the murder of his Father, in Richard.</td>
<td>V. 5.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rebel, crafty and timorous. Northumberland.</td>
<td>V. 4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- - - crafty and resolu-tute. Westmorland, ibid.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td>M. A. abt. Noah.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Leon.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Ingratitude, in Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius. | Vol. 6 | Timon. | 2 |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>K.</th>
<th>Richard 2.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>Richard 2.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - wife and valiant, Henry 4.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - weak, cholteick, miserable, Lear.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - meek, religious, unfortunate, in Henry 6.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - amorous, brave, successful, in Edward 4.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - brave, religious, fortunate, in Henry 7.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>L.</th>
<th>Love,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>Henry 5.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - virtuous. Vol. 5.</td>
<td>3 Hen. 6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - protested by Richard 3.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - the first motions expressed by Hen. 8.</td>
<td>Anne Bullen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - the Crosses of ir.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - Appointment protested.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelfth Night</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cymbeline</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tro. and Cress</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Othello</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.W. of Winds</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Desdemona, Beauty and Innocence Sacrific'd to Jealousy.**

Vol. 8

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Desdemona's Character</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Bra.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>idem.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Cai.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>id. and Jago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Oth.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>idem.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Edmund, a crafty, false, enterprising Villain.**

Vol. 3

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lear</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Eugen, a cruel morose Father.**

Vol. 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M.W. of Winds</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Falstaff, Sir John, resolves on an intrigue with Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Page.**

Vol. 1

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M.W. of Winds</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Falstaff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.W. of Winds. 3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; surpris'd, and escapes in a Basket.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; his Account of his being thrown into the Thames.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; another Assignation with Mrs. Quickly.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>16</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; makes a full relation to Ford of his former disappointment.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; meets with Mrs. Ford, and is again surpriz'd.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; escapes undiscover'd in the disguise of an Old Woman.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; his Soliloquy on this Occasion.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; a Third Meeting settled with Mrs. Quickly.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; he relates to Ford his late disappointment.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; he meets Mrs. Ford in Windsor Park.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; surpriz'd, and seiz'd by Mr. Ford.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; his course of Life describ'd by P. Henry.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4. I Hen. 4.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; he concocts a Robbery with the Prince.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; his Horse taken from him in the Adventure.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; inflicts the Prince to conceal his own Cowardice.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; personates the King to chide Prince Henry.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&amp; the Tavern Bill found in his Pocket.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act</td>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebek, brave and indiscreet. Hotspur. Vol. 4.</td>
<td>1 and 2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Ant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Superstition, in Glen-dower. Vol. 4.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sister, tenderly affectionate. vid. Isabel.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Villain, false, crafty, bold describ'd in Edmund. Vol. 3.</td>
<td>K. Lear.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - the murderers of Clarence. Vol. 5.</td>
<td>Richard 3.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wife, lamenting her Husband. Vol. 5.</td>
<td>Richard 3.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - a good one. vid. Catharine, Q. to Hen. 8.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - complaining of the unkindness of her Husband. Vol. 2.</td>
<td>Com. of Er.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - the ill effects of her Jealousy. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - complaining of being forsaken by her Husband. Vol. 7.</td>
<td>Macbeth.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - item. ibid.</td>
<td>Meas. for Meas.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## INDEX

### SECT. III.

INDEX of fictitious Persons, with the Characters ascrib'd to them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aemus. vid. Guiderius.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angelo, a severe new Governor. ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adriana, a piteous jealous Wife. Vol. 2.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anthonio, a Friend. ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adam, a grateful old Servant. ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Andrew Ague-cheek, a foolish Cowardly Knit. Vol. 3.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelfth Night.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aemus. vid. Guiderius.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benedick, Beatrice, two Satirical Wits. Vol. 2.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellarius, forsooth in disgrace. Vol. 3.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cymbeline.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ceres, or the Country. ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>As you like it.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act</td>
<td>Scene</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falstaff, his rai lery on Bardolph's red Nose. Vol. 4.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Quarrels with the Holtes.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5.6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his description of his new-raised Company.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his description of Honour.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Behaviour in the Battle at Shrewsbury.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7.9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - wounds Percy after he was dead, and assumes the Merit of killing him.</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - he rails at his Page, the Prince and the Mercer.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - reprimanded by the Chief Justice.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - arrested by Mrs. Quickly.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - pleads before the Chief Justice.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - pacifies Mrs. Quickly, and borrows more Money.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Letter to the Prince.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - treats Dol Tearsheet.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8.9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - revenges her quarrel on Pistol.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - surpriz'd with her by the Prince whilst he was railing at him.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - inflits Soldiers before Justice Shallow.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Character of the Justice.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - takes Colewile Prisoner.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act</td>
<td>Scene</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Falstaff, his Encomium on the virtues of Sack.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - his Character of Justice Shallow and his Family.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - receives News of Henry 4th his Death.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - presents himself to Henry 5.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - reprimanded by the King, and order'd to the Fleet.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - an account of his Sickness.</td>
<td>Hen. 5.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - of his Death.</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fluellen, stout and choleric.</td>
<td>Hen. 5.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Florizel, constant in Love.</td>
<td>Wint. Tale.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flavius, a frugal honest Steward.</td>
<td>Timon.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairies.</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friar.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

G

Goldhill, a Highwayman. | 1 Hen. 4. | 2 | 2 |  |
| Gower, a good Officer. | ibid. |
| Gonzalo, an honest Councillor. | Hen. 5. |
| Guiderius, and Arviragus, native Royalty exerting itself in a low savage life. | Tempest. |
| Grave-digger. | Cymbeline. |
| ibid. | Hamlet. |

H

Hermia, constant in Love. | Midst. N. Dr. |  |  |  |

Here,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Winter Tale</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7, 8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.A. abst. Noth.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage with his Uncle.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - with his Father's Ghost.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - addresses himself to Ophelia as a distracted Person.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - converses with Polonius.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - with Rosencroft and Guildenstern.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - his Soliloquy about his own delay to revenge his Father's murder.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - he Soliloquy whilst he meditated self-murder, interrupted by Ophelia.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - his Character by Ophelia.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - his Advice to the Players about pronunciation and action.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - professeth his Friendship to Horatio, with a detestation of flattery.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - discovers the King's guilt by the Play.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - bantersthe Mef- fengers the K. and Q. sent to him.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - debates with himself whether he shou'd kill the King at his Prayers.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Vol. VIII.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet, upbraids the Queen with her guilt, when the Ghost appears again to him.</td>
<td>Hamlet.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - examin'd by the King, banter's him, and is order'd to go to England.</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - blames his own inactivity.</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - converseth with the Grave-maker, and moralizeth on the Sculls.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - fights with Laertes in the Grave.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - relates to Horatio the King's Order to have him put to Death in England.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - banters a Fop who brought a Challenge from Laertes, and accepts it.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - asks Laertes pardon before they fight for his former rashness.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - kills Laertes, the King, and dies himself.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5.6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horatio, a fine Character of Friendship.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I</td>
<td>Tempest.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R I S, or the Rainbow.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juno, the Blessings of Marriage.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isabe, a Sister tenderly affectionate.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaques, a melancholy Satyrical Character.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>As you like it</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act</td>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imogen, distressed in a beautiful innocent Wife.</td>
<td>Cymbeline.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juliet, beautiful, constant, and unfortunate in Love.</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iago, a consummately villain.</td>
<td>Othello.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Katharine, a Shrew.</td>
<td>Tam. of the Sh.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucio, a half-witted Rake.</td>
<td>Meas. for Meas.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Gent. Ver.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leonato, a brave old Man, and a tender Father.</td>
<td>M. A. abs. Notb.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lavinia, beautiful, innocent, and greatly unfortunate.</td>
<td>Titus And.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lear, the Duties of a Son and a Brother.</td>
<td>Hamlet.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miranda, beautiful and innocent.</td>
<td>Tempe.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murcielau (a Moor) his Person and Manners.</td>
<td>Mer. of Ven.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Mor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malvolio, a fantastical Steward.</td>
<td>Twelfth Night.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercutio, quarrelsome.</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nurse.</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td>X</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Orlando.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orlando, a younger Brother neglected by the Elder.</td>
<td>As you like it.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ophelia, Beauty and Innocence distracted with Calamities.</td>
<td>Hamlet.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Othello, his Service of importance to the State own'd by Iago.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - owns himself of Royal Descent, and Love the sole motive of his marrying Desdemona.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - seiz'd and insulted by her Father.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - accus'd by him before the Duke, he relates the whole progress of his Amour.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - describ'd by Iago, of a temper easy and credulous.</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his meeting at Cyprus with Desdemona.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - Iago begins to work him up to Jealousy.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Soliloquy after it.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his Jealousy confirm'd, a beautiful Scene.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - asks Desdemona for the Handkerchief, tells the virtues of it.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - his passion work'd up by Iago till he falls in a trance.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - listens to Cassio's discourse with Iago.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - wrought up to Fury, he resolves to murder Desdemona and Cassio.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act</td>
<td>Scene</td>
<td>Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ithello, stikes Desdemona.</td>
<td>Othello</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8, 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Posthumus, fond and jealous.</td>
<td>Cymbeline</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prospero, a Magician.</td>
<td>Tempest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Protheus, false to his Friend and Mistress.</td>
<td>2 Gent. Ver.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paralle, a lying cowardly Captain.</td>
<td>All's well, &amp;c.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pandarus, a He-Bawd.</td>
<td>Tro. and Cref.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quickly, a Bawd. V. 1.</td>
<td>M.W. of Winds.</td>
<td>1 and 2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quicky, ambition, cruelty, and falsehood.</td>
<td>Cymbeline.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosalind, beautiful and witty.</td>
<td>As you like it.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romeo, passionately tender, and unfortunate in Love.</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silvia, beautiful and constant.</td>
<td>2 Gent. Ver.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shylock, a Jew, cruel and covetous.</td>
<td>Mer. of Ven. X 3</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX.

T.

Thurio, a rich simple pretender to Love.
Vol. 1.

Sir Toby Belch, a Sot.
Vol. 3.

Titus Andronicus, a brave Soldier and unfortunate Father.
Vol. 7.

Tamora, vid. Horror.

Thebesites, Envy and Calumny.
Vol. 8.

Tro. and Cref.

SECTION IV.

INDEX of Thoughts, or Sentiments.

A.

Astrology ridicul'd.
Vol. 3.

Actions to be carried on with Resolution. Vol. 6.

Authority, the ill privileges of it.
Vol. 1.

Adversity, the Advantages of it.
Vol. 2.

As you like it.

B.

Banishment, (in Mowbray banish'd) Vol. 4.

Banishment, comforted.

Bastardy, defended. Vol. 3.

K. Lear.


2 Gent. Ver.

Twelfth Night.

Titus Andro.

Tro. and Cref.

K. Lear.

i 8

i 4 Wol.

i 7 Iiab.

i 1 Duke Seni.

Richard 2.

ibid.

ibid.

i 4 Mowbray.

i 6 Gaunt.

i 6 Bast.
| Content in a private Life. Vol. 5. | 2 Hen. 6. | 4 | 9 | Iden. |
| Crown, the pleasure of wearing one. ibid. | 3 Hen. 6. | 1 | 4 | Rich. |
| - - - item. ibid. | ibid. | 5 | 6 |
| Changes, in friendship and hate. ibid. Coriolanus. | 4 | 3 | Cor. |
| Conspiracy, dreadful till executed. ibid. Jul. Cesar. | 2 | 1 | Brut. |
| Cowards die often. ibid. | 2 | 4 | Cæs. |
| Conduct in War, superior to Action. Vol. 7. | Tro. and Cresh. | 1 | 5 | Ulyss. |
| Christmas, how the time is reverenc'd. Vol. 8. | Hamlet. | 1 | 1 | Hor. |
| Courtship, advice to young Ladies how it should be admitted. ibid. | ibid. | 1 | 5 | Laer. Pol. |
| Cuckolds make themselves. ibid. | Othello. | 4 | 13 | Emil. |

| Dying Words, their force. Vol. 4. | Richard 2. | 2 | 1 | Gaunt. |
| Day, happy. ibid. K. John. | 3 | 1 | K. Phil. |
| - - - unfortunate. ibid. ibid. | 3 | 1 | Conf. |
| Death invok'd. ibid. ibid. | 3 | 5 | Conf. |
| Dependents, not to be too much trusted by great Men. Vol. 6. Hen. 8. | 2 | 2 | Bucks. |
| Duty express'd with simplicity acceptable. Vol. I. Mids. N. Dr. | 5 | 1 | Thees. |
| Death, the terrors of it. ibid. Meal.s for Meal.s. | 3 | 2 | Cland. Death. |
# INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M. A. alt. Noth.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Friar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. Cæsar.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Cæs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Fri.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Othello</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## E

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eclipses, their influence.</td>
<td>K. Lear.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## F

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Faction, how to be carried on.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favourites of Princes, wretched.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendship, none observ’d in Love.</td>
<td>Hen. 8.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frusion more languid than Expectation.</td>
<td>Mer. of Ven.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendship grounded on Interest chang’d with Fortune.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fly, reflections on the killing one.</td>
<td>Timon.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titus Andro.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Tit.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## G

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GOOD to be drawn out of Evil.</td>
<td>Hen. 5.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great Men, their Favourites uncertain.</td>
<td>Richard 3.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greatness, subject to Censure.</td>
<td>Measure for Measure.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act/Scene</td>
<td>Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold, its power over Man.</td>
<td>Timon.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Tim.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>idem.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>idem.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greatness meets with Contempt when it declines.</td>
<td>Tro. and Cres.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Achil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 7.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Clot.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold, its power.</td>
<td>Cymbeline.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Rom.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 8.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Rom.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grief, immoderate discommoded.</td>
<td>Hamlet.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>King.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| H. | Richard 2. | 1 | Mowbray's |
| Honour, Man's greatest Treasure. | ibid. | 2 | K; Hen. |
| Holy War. | 1 Hen. 4. | 1 | Hot. |
| ibid. | 4 | Fal. |
| Honour. | ibid. | 1 | |
| - - describ'd. | ibid. | 2 | |
| - - new-made describ'd. | ibid. | 5 | Fal. |
| - - ought to be confer'd on Merit only. | Mer. of Ven. | 2 | Ar. |
| Vol. 2. | 10 | |
| - - due to perfonal Virtue, not to Birth. | All's well. | 2 | King. |
| Vol. 3. | 6 | |
| - - continued acts necessfary to preserve its luftre. | Tro. and Cres. | 3 | Ulyss. |
| Vol. 7. | 7 | Pol. |
| Hypocrisy. | Hamlet. | 2 | |
| Vol. 8. | 3 | |

| I. | K; Lear. | 15 | Lear. |
| Ingratitude. | 1 | |
| Vol. 3. | |
| Innocence. | 2 Hen. 6. | 7 | K; Hen. |
| Vol. 5. | |
| Imagination, strong in Lovers, Poets, and Madmen. | Midst. N. Dr. | 5 | Thes. |
| Vol. 1. | |

| K. | Richard 2. | 3 | K; Richard. |
| Kings, their Right divine. | Henry 5. | 4 | K; Hen. |
| Vol. 4. | 5 | Kings, |
| - - their Miseries, ibid. | | | |
---|---|---|---|---
| Vol. 5. | Richard 3. | 1 | 5 | Brak.
| Vol. 6. | Hen. 8. | 2 | 5 | Anne.
| Vol. 3. | Wint. Tale. | 1 | 3 | Cam.

L.

LIFE. | | | |
---|---|---|---
| Vol. 4. | I Hen. 4. | 5 | 9 | Hor.
| Vol. 3. | K. Lear. | 2 | 11 | Lear.
| Vol. 4. | K. John. | 3 | 6 | Lewis.
| Vol. 6. | Henry 8. | 3 | 6 | Wol.
| Vol. 2. | As you like it. | 2 | 9 | Jaques.
| Vol. 7. | Tit. Andro. | 4 | 5 | Tam.

Life, the shortness and vanity of it. | ibid. | 5 | 5 | Mac.

M.

MAN. | Marriage. | | |
---|---|---|---
| Vol. 3. | K. Lear. | 3 | 6 | K. Lear.
| Vol. 5. | I Hen. 6. | 5 | 2 | Suff.
| Vol. 1. | Meas. for Meas. | 2 | 7 | Isab.
| ibid. | ibid. | 3 | 8 | Duke.
| ibid. | ibid. | 4 | 1 | idem.
| ibid. | ibid. | 1 | Luc.
| ibid. | Mer. of Ven. | 1 | 2 | Ner.
| ibid. | ibid. | 4 | 2 | Por.
| ibid. | ibid. | 5 | 1 | Lor.
| As you like it. | Vol. 3. | 4 | 2 | Rose.
| Tam. of the St. | 4 | 6 | Per.

Mind, not Dress, adorns the Body. | | |
---|---|---|
| Vol. 3. | | | Mellancholy.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Athens, illegal, not obligatory.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— — to Princes, little valu'd by their People.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ornament, a specious delusion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opportunity, to be seiz'd on in all affairs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>P.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Power, impotence of humane.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry, Hotspur's contempt of it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pardons of Popes ridicul'd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry, prevalent with Women.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power, abuse of it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patience.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— — the Theory of it rarely practicable.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Population, factious and sicke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Providence directs our Actions.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preferment gain'd by Favour not Merit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patience.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>R.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Religion, of great use in Rebellion.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jul. Caesar</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Mes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Ham.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3 Hen. 6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Rich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>K. Hen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Mer. of Ven.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Bafs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jul. Caesar</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Brut.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Richard 2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Gaunt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hot.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>K. John</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>K. John.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2 Gen. Ver.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Pro.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Meas. for Meas.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Isab.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Com. of Errors</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Adr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>M. A. abt. Noth.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Leon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Coriol.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Othello</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Cas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Jago.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Othello</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - -</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**S.**

| Speech, haughty, discommended | Vol. 4 | 1 Hen. 4 | 3 | 2 | Wor. |
| Slander sticks long | Vol. 2 | Com. of Er. | 3 | 1 | Bal. |
| Speculation more easy than Practice | ibid. | Mer. of Ven. | 1 | 2 | Ner. |
| Season, necessary to give every thing its perfection | ibid. | ibid. | 5 | 1 | Por. |
| Study, disprais'd. | ibid. | Love's Lab. lost. | 1 | 1 | Biron. |
| Solitude, preferr'd to a Court Life | ibid. | As you like it. | 2 | 1 | Duke Sen. |
| Satire, not to descend to particular Persons. | ibid. | ibid. | 2 | 7 | Jaques |
| Solitude, a fine Description of it | Vol. 8 | Cymbel. | 3 | 3 | Bel. |
| Slander unavoidable | ibid. | ibid. | 3 | 3 | Pif. |

**T.**

| Thoughts, ineffectual to moderate afflications. | Vol. 4 | Richard 2. | 1 | 6 | Boling. |
| Thought | ibid. | 1 Hen. 4. | 5 | 9 | Hot. |
| Travel, advantage of it | Vol. 1 | 2 Gent. Ver. | 1 | 4 | Ant. |
| - - - a Father's advice to his Son before going | Vol. 3 | Hamlet. | 1 | 6 | Pol. |

**V.**

| - - - conspicuous, expos'd to Envy. Vol. 2 | As you like it. | 2 | 3 | Adam. |
| Virtue and Vices chequer | Vol. 3 | All's well, &c. | 3 | 1 | Lord. |
| Man's Life | | | | | Vitious |
INDEX.

--- | --- | --- | --- | ---
Vol. 7. | Ant. and Cleop. | 3 | To. | Antq

W.

Words give ease to Grief. | Vol. 5. | Richard 3. | 4 | 4 | Queen
World, the Vanity and Dissolution of it. | Vol. 1. | Temp. | 4 | 4 | Pro
beautifully painted at large. | Vol. 2. | As you like it. | 2 | 9 | Jaques
Wives, the Duty they owe to their Husbands. | Vol. 3. | Tam. of the Sh. | 5 | 11 | Kath.
--- advice how to chuse. | ibid. | All's well, &c. | 2 | 5 | Duke

SECT. V.

SPEECHES.

A Table of the most considerable in Shakespeare.

EXHORTATORY.

Bishop of Carlisle's in Defence of K. Richard.
Vol. 4. | Richard 2. | 4 | 2
Henry the Fourth's to the Prince before he dy'd. | ibid. | 2 Hen. 4. | 4 | 11
Henry Fifth's to the Chief Justice. | ibid. | 5 | 3
Canterbury's to excite Henry Fifth to begin a War. | ibid. | Hen. 5. | 1 | 2
Henry Fifth's to his Soldiers. | ibid. | Y | 3 | 2

Vol. VIII.

Henry
## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act, Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Henry V</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. John</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Baird's to King John to fight the French</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joan of Orleans's to Burgundy to forfake the K. of England's Interest</td>
<td>3 Hen. 6</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clifford's to K. Henry, to stir him up to Revenge</td>
<td>3 Hen. 6</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Margaret to her Soldiers</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard to his Soldiers, before the Battle of Bosworth</td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard the Third's, on the same Occasion</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## VITUPERATIVE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act, Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B. Bolingbroke to B. on his Injuries receiv'd</td>
<td>Richard 2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Smart's to K. Richard</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. Burke's to Bolingbroke, on Rebellion</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Henry to his Son</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. V. to Henry Fourth</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arch-Bishop of York's, on the inconfinancy of the populace</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Somerset's to the Arch-Bish. on taking Arms</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lancastier's, on the same Subject</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Henry Fourth on Arise</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Henry</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

K. Henry
## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>K. Henry Fifth to Falstaff</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, on their Conspiracy.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Hen. 5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Constable’s and Grandprey’s against the English.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Lear’s against Women.</td>
<td>K. Lear.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - abuse of Power.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balfour Faulconbridge’s against the French. Vol. 4</td>
<td>K. John.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talbot’s to his Men retreating.</td>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td>1 Hen. 6</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suffolk’s against D. Humphrey.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Henry’s to Suffolk, on D. Humphrey’s Death.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Margaret’s answer. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - - - - to York when taken Prisoner, and his Reply.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3 Hen. 6</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward, and Clarence to Q. Margaret.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Henry’s to Gloucester before he kill’d him.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Margaret’s to Edward the Fourth’s Queen, and the D. of York.</td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Catharine’s to the two Cardinals.</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td>Hen. 8</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Timon’s to his false Friends.</td>
<td>Timon.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## EXECUTIVE

| Richard the Second, to England on his Arrival. | Richard 2 | 3 | 2 |

King
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>K. Lear.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>2. Hen.</em></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Richard.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Timon.</em></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Cevi.</em></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Richard.</em></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>1. Hen.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>2. Hen.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Hen.</em></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>K. John.</em></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Tro. and Cres.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>1. Hen.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>2. Hen.</em></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Deliberative**

**K. Richard in Prison.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Richard.</em></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**K. John.**

**Narrative**

**Horace’s to the King about delivering Prisoners.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>1. Hen.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>2. Hen.</em></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>ibid.</em></td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act. Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard 3.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter Tale.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### PATHETIC

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Richard II, on the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings. Vol. 4.</th>
<th>Richard 2.</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Henry Fourth, on the vicissitude of humane Affairs.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Henry’s Defence of himself.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Lear’s in the Storm.</td>
<td>K. Lear.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2. 3. 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>10.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constance’s to Salisbury.</td>
<td>K. John.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Constance’s
## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Speeches on the loss of Arthur</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>K. John</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salisbury's on taking Arms against his King</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suffolk's to Margaret, in love with his Prisoner</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Sixth's on D. Humber's disgrace</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suffolk, and Q. Margaret, parting</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8, 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Fourth on the Murder of Clarence. ibid.</td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. of Buckingham's after Condemnation. Vol. 6.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Hen. 8</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Catherine's, before her Divorce</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cardinal Walsby to Cromwell</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q. Catherine's, recommending her Daughter to the King</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helena's, on her Husband's flying from her to the War</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Ali's well, etc.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermione's defence when impeached of Adultery</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Wint. Tales</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Antonys on Cesar's Murder</td>
<td>Jul. Cesar</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3, 4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* - - - * his Funeral Oration over the Body</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SOLILOQUIES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Speech</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Henry the Fourth, on want of sleep Vol. 4.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prince Henry, on the Troubles attending Greatness. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Fifth, on the Miseries of Kings.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Hen. 5</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Play</td>
<td>Act</td>
<td>Scene</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>-----</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On new-Made Honours, by the Bastard</td>
<td>John</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Self-interest, by the same</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. of York's on the surrender of Anjou to the French</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - on his design to seize the Throne for himself</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young Clifford on the Death of his Father</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. Henry's on the Happiness of low life</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - after he left the Battle, on his Q. going to France</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloucester's on his deformity, and ambition</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warwick's dying Speech</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard the Third's on his deformity</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tirrel's on the Murder of K. Edward's two Sons</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond's the Night before a Battle</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard the Third, in despair</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cardinal Wolsey's on the vicissitudes of life</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td>Hen. 8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prospero's to the Spirits</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>Tempest</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angelo's on temptation to Luft by a virtuous Beauty</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iachimo's looking on Imogen asleep</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 8</td>
<td>Cymbeline</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pothinus's against Women</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### I N D E X.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rem. and Jul.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rem. over Juliet in the Vault.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King's, despairing of Pardon for Incest and Murder.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

N.B. The Speeches in Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello, are chiefly placed under the Titles of those Plays.

---

### S E C T. VI.

**INDEX of Descriptions, or Images.**

#### I. Descriptions of Places.

**B.**

- **Bank, flowry.** Vol. 4. Mids. N. Dr. 2 4 Ob.

**D.**

- **Dover Cliff.** Vol. 3. K. Lear. 4 6 Edg.

**E.**

- - disprais'd by the Constable of France. ibid.
- - describ'd in its situation. ibid.
- - only conquer'd by intelligne Divisions. ibid.
- - its situation. Vol. 8. 3 Hen. 6. 4 1 Hafl. 3 1 Queen.

A Field
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Field after a Battle</td>
<td>Henry 5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>Mounte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloucestershire</td>
<td>Richard 2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>North</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I.</td>
<td>Tempest</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Cal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kent.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Saye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lombardy.</td>
<td>Tam. of the Sh.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Lucentio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nile, its flow describ'd</td>
<td>Ant. and Cleop.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pisa</td>
<td>Tam. of the Sh.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Luc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Severn.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Hert.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salique Land.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Cant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trent, at Burton</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hert.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tower of London</td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V.</td>
<td>Tit. Andro.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Tam.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Index

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description of Persons</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act 5 Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **A.**
Foetheary, his Poverty and Shop described. | ROM. and JUL. | 5.1 | ROM. |
| **B.**
Beautiful Maid. | TAM. of the SH. | 5.6 | PER. |
| A Bishop in Arms. | 2 HEN. 4. | 4.2 | WEL. |
| Bedlam Beggars. | K. LEAR. | 2.7 | EDGAR. |
| Beautiful Person petitioning. | 2 GEN. VER. | 3.5 | PRO. |
| A Bailiff. | COM. of ER. | 4.4 | S. DRA. |
| **C.**
Commons of England. | RICHARD 2. | 2.8 | BAG. |
| - - - - their Inconstancy. | 2 HEN. 4. | 1.6 | YORK. |
| Courtier, an unsuccessful one. | HEN. 8. | 2.5 | OLD L. |
| Cheats, several sorts. | COM. of ER. | 1.3 | AN. |
| Constables and Watchmen. | Ibid. | 3.5 | Ibid. |
| Ibid. | 4.4 | As you like it. | 5.6 | CLO. |
| Courtier, humorously described. | Ibid. | 4.4 | As you like it. | 5.6 | CLO. |
| Candidate for an Office. | CORIOL. | 3.5 | COR. |
| **D.**
A Deform'd Person. | K. JOHN. | 2.7 | CONFI. |
| A dying Person by Poison, in K. JOHN. | Ibid. | 5.9.10 | Ibid. | 5.10 | A dying |
### Index

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A dying Person of old age, in Prison, in Mortimer.</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act, Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 5.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by strangling, in D. Humphrey.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>in Agonies of Despair, in Cardinal Beauford.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dying of Grief.</td>
<td>Vol. 3.</td>
<td>All's well, &amp;c.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debtor.</td>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td>Timon.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death, in a beautiful Face.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>item</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Cymbeline.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>item</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**E.**

--- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
- - describ'd by the French. | Vol. 5. | 1 Hen. 6. | 1 | 5 |
- - ridicul'd for following French Fashions. | Vol. 6. | Henry 8. | 1 | 6 |

**F.**

A Foppish Couriier. | Vol 4. | 1 Hen. 4. | 1 | 4 | Hot. |
--- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
Flatterers of great Men. | Vol. 3. | K. Lear. | 2 | 6 | Kent. |
--- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
Fairies. | Vol. 1. | Mids. N. Dr. | 2 | 2 | Merc. |
--- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
--- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
Fortune-teller. | Vol. 2. | Com. of Er. | 5 | 5 | Mer. |
--- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
Fairies, Mab the Queen of. | Vol. 8. | Rom. and Jul. | 1 | 5 | Mer. |
--- | --- | --- | --- | --- |

**General,**
# Index

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>General, leading a Victorious Army.</td>
<td>Coriol.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Com.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Judge.</td>
<td>Vol. 2.</td>
<td>As you like it.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K.</td>
<td>KING, a good one describ'd.</td>
<td>Vol. 7.</td>
<td>Macbeth.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Knights of the Garter.</td>
<td>Vol. 5.</td>
<td>1 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Kentishmen.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lovers, humorously describ'd.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lovers parting.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Cymbeline.</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lover, describ'd.</td>
<td>Vol. 2.</td>
<td>As you like it.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lover describ'd.</td>
<td>Vol. 2.</td>
<td>As you like it.</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lovers parting.</td>
<td>Vol. 7.</td>
<td>Tro. and Cref.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Messenger, with ill News.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>North.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - item.</td>
<td>K. John.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Conf.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - with good News.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>K. Hen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Mad-man.</td>
<td>K. Lear.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Cord.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 3.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Miserable Mother in Confiance.</td>
<td>K. John.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>K. Phil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - Edward the Fourth’s Widow.</td>
<td>Richard 3.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Queen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Midst. N. Dr.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Ob.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mermaid.</td>
<td>Hamlet.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Ham.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 1.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melancholy-man.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 2.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>N.</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>News-tellers.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Nun.</td>
<td>Midst. N. Dr.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>The.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 1.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O.</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Old Man oppress’d with cares.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 2.</td>
<td>Com. of Errors.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Æneas.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - vigorous, from temperance in Youth.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>As you like it.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Adam.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Man in the extremity of decay.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Jaques.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Men subject to ingratitude.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td>Timon.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Tim.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>P.</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Post-Messenger.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Trav.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - see the same describ’d.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 3.</td>
<td>K. Lear.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Kent.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Vol. VIII.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Quarelsome Person</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul. 3</td>
<td>1 Mer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldier young, brave and unpolish'd</td>
<td>Tro. and Cres. 4</td>
<td>2 Ulyss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldiers in Armour</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>2 Ver.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serving-man</td>
<td>Ks Lear. 3</td>
<td>6 Edgar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sea-faring Persons in distress</td>
<td>Tempest 1</td>
<td>2 Pro.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savage-man</td>
<td>ibid. 2</td>
<td>1 Fran.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caliban</td>
<td>ibid. 2</td>
<td>3 Cae.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swimmer</td>
<td>ibid. 2</td>
<td>9 Jaques, idem.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldier</td>
<td>ibid. 2</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>School-boy</td>
<td>ibid. 2</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shepherd</td>
<td>ibid. 2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wins, their likeness described in the two Antipholis's and Dromio's</td>
<td>Com. of Errors.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talkative Coxcombs</td>
<td>Mer. of Ven. 3</td>
<td>6 Loves.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trojans</td>
<td>Tro. and Cres. 1</td>
<td>6 AEn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Villain's look</td>
<td>K. John. 4</td>
<td>2 Pemb.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman of a Satirical Wit</td>
<td>ibid. 3</td>
<td>1 Hero.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - item</td>
<td>ibid. 3</td>
<td>6 Jef.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wife, a good one</td>
<td>ibid. 3</td>
<td>6 Woman</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Woman, a lewd one. ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Young Gentleman, an accomplish’d. Vol. 1. |       |      |        |         |
| - - - - item. Vol. 8. | 2 Gent. Ver. | 2    | 5      | Val.    |
| Youth, a pert Pretender. Vol. 2. | Cymbeline. | 1    | 1      | I Gent. |
| Younger Brother, kept without Education. ibid. | Mer. of Ven. | 3    | 3      | Por.    |
| Youth, a beautiful one describ’d. ibid. | As you like it, | 1    | 1      | Orla.   |
| Young Lady playing on the Lure and singing. Vol. 7. |       |      |        |         |
| Youth, a pert one. Vol. 8. | Tit. Andro. | 2    | 10     | Mar.    |
| - - - - - two of Royal Birth. ibid. | Cymbel. | 3    | 4      | Pisz.   |

### III. Descriptions of Things.

#### A.

<p>| - - - - Embarking. ibid. | 2 Hen. 4. | 4    | 5      | Hafl.   |
| - - - - English, newly rais’d. ibid. | Hen. 5. | 3    |        | Chorus. |
| Angling, Cleopatra’s. Vol. 7. |       |      |        |         |
| Ant. and Cleop. | 2    | 5    |        | Beauty. |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Challenge, the Ceremonial of one. | Vol. 4 | Richard 2 | 1 | 2 | York. |
| Coronation, the Ceremonies of one. | Vol. 6 | Rom. and Jul. | 1 | 6 | York. |
| Denial of Favours. | Vol. 6 | Timon. | 2 | 5 | Flav. |
| Diamond-Ring. | Vol. 7 | Titus Andro. | 3 | 7 | Mar. |
| Death. | Vol. 5 | Cymbeline. | 5 | 2 | Post. |
| Dreams. | *ibid.* | Rom. and Jul. | 1 | 5 | Mer. |

| Earthquake. | *ibid.* | 1 Hen. 4 | 3 | 1 | York. |
| Entry of Coriolanus into Rome after Victory. | Vol. 6 | Coriol. | 2 | 4 | Brs. |
| *Pompey's* | *ibid.* | Jul. Cæsar | 1 | 1 | Mar. |

<p>| Fashions, of Italy, &amp;c. | Vol. 4 | Richard 2 | 2 | 1 | York. |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Face of a Person near Death.</th>
<th>Vol. 6</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- - ill-favour'd.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Henry 8.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Pat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friendship betwixt two young Ladies.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Gonz.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friend.</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fortune, and her Votaries.</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Family, ruin'd by profuse-ness.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gatitude in an Old Servant.</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentle Temper.</td>
<td>Vol. 8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse, Richard's rode by Bolingbroke.</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hounds, and Hunting describ'd.</td>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>House-keeping, riotous.</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hounds, Horses, Hunting.</td>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurricane.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horror in one, buried alive.</td>
<td>Vol. 8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurrection of the Populace.</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interview of the Kings of England and France.</td>
<td>Vol. 6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jefts and Jefter.</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invention, a dull one.</td>
<td>Vol. 8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jealousy describ'd.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>INDEX</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>K.</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kingdom, oppress'd by an Uniformer.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Mac.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| **L.** |
| - - - improves all our Faculties. | ibid. | 4 | 4 | idem. |
| - - - fantastical. | ibid. | 5 | 10 | idem. |
| Lioness. | As you like it. | 4 | 6 | Oli. |
| Life. a pleasant one described. | Tis. of the Su. | 4 | 4 | Lord. |
| - - - in a wild solitude. | Timon. | 4 | 6 | Aspem. |

| **M.** |
| Moon. | ibid. | 1 | 1 | Thes. Hip. |
| - - - item. | ibid. | 1 | 3 | Lys. |
| Masquerade, a Scene of one. | M.A. alt. Noth. | 2 | 2 | Orla. |
| Moon. | As you like it. | 3 | 2 | Duke. |
| Marlettes Nefts. | Twelfth Night. | 1 | 1 | King. |

| **N.** |

<p>| <strong>O.</strong> |
| Parting | As you like it. | 4 | 6 | Ol. |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Vol.</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Parting of Lovers</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>K. Rich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pride</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Rich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>idem.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--- after Civil War</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>idem.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prodigies</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>K. Hen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Cap.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Cl. and Gl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Rich.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Play, a bad one describ'd</td>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Richm.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ficture of a beautiful Woman</td>
<td>Midst. N. Dr.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Philo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fictures of Adonis, Venus, Io, Daphne and Apollo</td>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td>Mer. of Ven.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry</td>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>Tam. of the Sh.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prodigies</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>Timon.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poison</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>Hamlet.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--- in the Induction War</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>1 Hen. 6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Mort. &amp; Glee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>K. Hen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>3 Cit.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Song (Wolsh)</td>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep</td>
<td>ibid</td>
<td>2 Hen. 4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signs of change in Government</td>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep</td>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>Midst. N. Dr.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A</td>
<td>Ob.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>--------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2 Gent. Ver.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Iul.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleep, Sound.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>Meas. for Meas.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stag, in the Chace. Vol. 2.</td>
<td>As you like it.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1 Lord.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snake.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Storm at Sea. Vol. 8.</td>
<td>Othello.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Time, the seeming inequality of its Motion. Vol. 2. | As you like it. | 3 | 8 | Ros. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
<td>H. n. 8.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginity. Vol. 2</td>
<td>Ail's well, &amp;c.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Par.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Victory long disputed</td>
<td>Mackbeth.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - and pursuit of the conquer'd. Vol. 8.</td>
<td>Cymbeline.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Post.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WAR, the prognosticks of it. Vol. 4</td>
<td>Richard 2.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Captain.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - preparation for. ibid.</td>
<td>Hen. 5.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Chorus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - ill effects of. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Burg.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - item. Vol. 5.</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>T. Cliff.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Wreck. Vol. 1.</td>
<td>Tempest.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Mr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - item. Vol. 2.</td>
<td>Com. of Erc.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Aegon.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wint. Tales.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Fle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Hand.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3 Gent. &amp;c.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wonder proceeding from sudden joy. ibid.</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Tro.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White Hand. Vol. 7.</td>
<td>Tro. and Cref.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Index

IV. Descriptions of Times and Seasons.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year, Unfruitful and Sickly</th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act.</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Spring</td>
<td>Midst. N. Dr.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>Love's Lab.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter</td>
<td>As you like it</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Duke Seno</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Day-break</td>
<td>Midst. N. Dr.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>Love's Lab.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Glend</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning</td>
<td>1 Hen. 4.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Bed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A low'ring Morning</td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Stan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>Richard 2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Puck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning</td>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Pedro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 5</td>
<td>Tempest</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Tro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morning</td>
<td>Titus Andro</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Hor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Richard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A pleasant Morning</td>
<td>Titus Andro</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Rich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>Rom. and Jul.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Pro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun-rising</td>
<td>Richard 3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Ob</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 8</td>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Tam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evening, a fair one</td>
<td>K. Lear</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Fri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>Hen. 5.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Aar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twilight</td>
<td>K. John</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Ben. Moun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Rich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night</td>
<td>1 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Melun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 3</td>
<td>K. John</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1 Mur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midnight</td>
<td>2 Hen. 6.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Chorus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 4</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Gent. Kent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night</td>
<td>Midst. N. Dr.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>K. John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 1</td>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Boling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night</td>
<td>Mer. of Ven.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Lov. Por</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 2</td>
<td>Jul. Cesar</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Cafe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night</td>
<td>Mackbeth</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Len</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>Old M. &amp; R.</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Night</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 7</td>
<td>Macbeth</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 8</td>
<td>Tro. and Cref.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rem. and Jul.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>midnight</td>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### SECT. VII

INDEX of some Similies and Allusions.

#### A
- Authority, compared to a Farmer's Dog. Vol. 3
- Anger, to a high-minded Horse. Vol. 6
- — to boiling Water. ibid.
- Ambition, to the Dream of a Shadow. Vol. 8

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>King Lear</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her...8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### B
- A Doubtful Battle, to a Swan swimming against a Stream. Vol. 5
- — to a Cloudy Morning and a Stormy Sea.
- Beautiful Maid, to a Siren.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>3 Hen. 6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Com. of Er</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### C
- Courage compar'd to a Faulcon. Vol. 4
- — to a Captive that free.
- Contention, to a Horse broke loose.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Richard 2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ibid.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Con-
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Act</th>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Person</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Consideration to an Angel.</em></td>
<td>Hen. 5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Cant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Catherine, Queen to a Lilly.</em></td>
<td>Hen. 8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>A Crowd dispers'd to wild Geese.</em></td>
<td>Mids. N. Dr.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Courtship, the degrees of it compar'd to Dances.</em></td>
<td>M. A. abt. Notb.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Dissimulation to a Snake.</em></td>
<td>2 Hen. 6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>England to an Eagle, Scotland to a Weazl.</em></td>
<td>Hen. 5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Q. Elizabeth, to the Maiden Phenix.</em></td>
<td>Hen. 8</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Father (good) of a bad Son, to the clear Spring of a muddy Stream.</em></td>
<td>Richard 2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Favourites, to a new-trimm'd Vessel, and their Enviers to ravenous Fishes.</em></td>
<td>Hen. 8</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>- - - to Honey-fuckles excluding the Sun.</em></td>
<td>M. A. abt. Notb.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Garden, compar'd to Government, in disorder.</em></td>
<td>Richard 2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Government, to Bees.</em></td>
<td>Hen. 5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Glory, to a circle in the Water.</em></td>
<td>1 Hen. 6</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Gene-
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>General, an Old, to a Winter Lion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Prince comparing himself to the Sun in Clouds.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - to rich Oar in a dark Soil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - to Mars.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - to a Strawberry growing among Weeds.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heart, a penitent one, to a ripe Mulberry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insurrection to a Storm.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - - to Bees.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. James I. to a Cedar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vol. 6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King's return to his Country compar'd to a Mother's meeting her Child.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOVE, compar'd to a canker in a Bud.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - to April Weather.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>- - - - to a waxen Image.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lover,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentleman, V. I. 2 Gent. Var.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love compared to a Figure on Ice. ibid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--- his thoughts, to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd. ibid.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**M.**

Mind, in doubt, compared to the Tide. Vol. 4. 2 Hen. 4. 2 6 North. 5 | 5 | Burg. |

**O.**


**P.**

Promises, to the Garden of Adonis. Vol. 5. 1 Hen. 8. 1 11 Dan. |

**R.**

Rabels, returning to Allegiance, compared to a Flood. Vol. 4. K. John. 5 6 Sal. |

Reason returning, to the Morning. Vol. 1. Tempest. 5 3 Pros. |

**S.**

Sun rising in a cloudy Sky, to King Richard in discontent. Vol. 4. Richard 2o. 3 6 Boling. |

Sun rising after a dark Night, to the Restoration of a lawful King. ibid. ibid. 3 2 Ks. Rich. |
| INDEX |
|------------------------|--------|--------|
|                        | Vol. 5 | 1     | 2 Hen. 6 |                |
| Soldiers, to Bees.     |        | 7     | Tit. Andro. |                |

T.

| Treaon compar'd to a Fox. |            |       | 4 Hen. 4 |        |
| Tear, to Dew on a Lilly.  |            |       | Tit. Andro. |        |

W.

| Westminster, of, in Rebellion, compar'd to a Meteor. |            |       | 4 Hen. 4 |        |
| Warwick's Death, to the fall of a Cedar. |            |       | 6 Hen. 6 |        |
| Wolsey, Cardinal, to a falling Star. |            |       | 8 Hen. 8 |        |
| Wanderer, to a drop of Water in the Ocean. |            |       | 2 Sam. of En |        |
| World, compar'd to a Stage. |            |       | As you like it |        |
| Widow, to a Tartle. |            |       | 7 Wint. Tale |        |

D. of two fighting, to a Lion among a herd of Heaft. |            |       | 6 Hen. 6 |        |

| VARIOUS |
VARIOUS READINGS
OR
CONJECTURES,
ON
P A S S A G E S
I N
S H A K E S P E A R.

Since the Publication of our first Edition, there
having been some attempts upon Shakespear pub-
lisht by Lewis Theobald, (which he would not
communicate during the time wherein that Edition
was preparing for the Press, when we, by publick
Advertisements, did request the assistance of all Lo-
ers of this Author) We have inserted, in this Im-
pression, as many of ’em as are judg’d of any the least
advantage to the Poet; the whole amounting to a-
bout twenty five Words.

But to the end every Reader may judge for him-
self, we have annexed a compleat Lift of the rest;
which if he shall think trivial, or erroneous, either
in part or the whole; at worst it can spoil but a half
sheet of paper, that chances to be left vacant here.
And we purpose for the future, to do the same with
respect to any other persons, who either thro’ Candor
or Vanity, shall communicate or publish, the least
Aa 2 thing
Various Readings,

thing tending to the illustration of our Author. We have here omitted nothing but Pointings and meer Errors of the Press, which I hope the Corrector of it has redivid'd; if not, I con'd wish as accurate an One as Mr. Th. had been at that trouble, which I desired Mr. Totton to sollicit him to undertake.

A. P.

Various Readings, Guesses, &c.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.] Act 1. Scene 1. pag. 104. line ult. Sometimes the Beams of her view guiled my foot, sometimes my portly belly. I. T. calls this Reading (guilded for guided) his own; but it is in the first Folio Edition, which it hereby appears he had never seen.

Midsummer Night's Dream.] Act 3. Sc. 2. pag. 132. l. 13. for mural, he would have it more all.


King Lear.] Act 1. Sc. 15. p. 377. l. 6. Th' untender woundings of a Father's Curse, he reads Th' untented woundings. Act 2. Sc. 10. p. 395. l. 28. Instead of — strike her young bones, Infecting airs! he would have it, You taking airs! Act 3. Sc. 2. p. 403. I tax not you, ye Elements, with unkindness, You owe me no submission, he chufes to read no subscription. Act 4. Sc. 1. p. 420. l. 3. Our mean secures us —— (i. e. our mean Eflate) he would alter arbitrarily, Our means (i. e. riches) enspare us. Act 5. Sc. 10. p. 453. l. 2. 'Twas no man else — he prefers the two negatives, Nor no man else.

wrong, and that some Scene follow'd which is lost; because otherwise Constantia sits down on the Stage only to rise again and go off. It seems to be so, and it were to be wish'd the Restorer could supply it.

**First Part of Henry IV.** Act 2, Sc. 2. p. 199. l. 24. Great one-eyes, He conjectures should be great Seigniors — Act 5, Sc. 1. p. 255. l. 10. Peace chevet, peace — he would alter to Peace chewet, peace. The first signifies a Bolster, the second a Magpie: it is spoken to Falstaff.

**Second Part of Henry IV.** Act 2, Sc. 10. p. 310. Pistol says to Falstaff, "Sweet Knight I kiss thy " Neif." Which word signifies a Wench, and he has been quarrelling with Falstaff's Doll. The Corrector thinks it impossible that a drunken fellow should offer at such a thing, and therefore supposes Neif here must be taken in its other sense, for a Fist, and so he desires to kiss Sir John's hand.

**Henry V.** Act 2. Sc. 3. p. 400. lin. ult. His nose was as sharp as a pen — " and a Table of green " fields." Mr. P — omitted this latter part, because no such words are to be found in any Edition till after the Author's death. However the Restorer has a mind they should be genuine, and since he cannot otherwise make Sense of 'em, would have a meer Conjecture admitted, that it may be thus — "and 'a " babled of green Fields."

**First Part of Henry VI.** Pag. 17. lin. 5. for Ambitious Umpire, he would read conjecturally, ambitious Humphrey. **Second Part, Act 2, Sc. 4.** p. 121. l. 2. for, Edward Langley, read Edmond (rectë.) **Third Part, p. 209. l. 34.** Would not have stain'd the Roses but with blood, he conjectures should be — Roses juic'd with blood.

**Richard III.** Act 2. Sc. 1. In the Stage direction, Flourish, Enter King Edward SICK,— dels Flourish. (rectë.)

**In Henry VIII.** Act 2. Sc. 5. for chivrel, read cheveril.
VARIOUS READINGS,

TIMON OF ATHENS.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 104. 1. ult. — mean Eyes have seen The foot above the head (i.e. ordinary, common observation has seen the Virgil's image of human Grandeur.) He would correct it, "Men's eyes — Act 2. Sc. 1. 1. ult. — And have the Dates in. Come, read, And have the Dates in compt. (reft.)

CORIOLANUS.] Act 1. Sc. 7. Thou wert a soldier even to Calvis' wish, &c. he clearly proves from a passage in Plutarch, that Shake$pear writs Cato in this place. A terrible Anachronism, which might have lain hid, but for this Restorer.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.] Act 1. Sc. 5. p. 18. 1. 18. Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to and back, lattcing the varying tyde — he corrects to, lacking the varying tyde.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.] Act 3. Sc. ult. p. 154. I. 32. — How would he hang his wings And buzz lamenting doings in the air! He has somewhere seen it read, Drininges; the right reading seems to be lamented doings (i.e.) complain of lamentable cruelties,

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 271. I. 10. Instead of the Note of Admiration in all the Editions, O that! her hand! he would have it, How white her hand! I. 5. instead of, How many fathoms deep they lye intrench'd, he would have indrench'd. Sc. 3. p. 273. I. 12. Before the Sun rose he was harnest light, he would alter by guess, harness-dight. Sc. 4. P. 274. the Note at the bottom, Good-morrow Alexander. This material passage he thinks fit to restore, because it might be the name of Cressid's man-servant, for ought we know, tho' he is no where else mention'd; And 'tis not impossible but Pandarus might bid him Good-morrow. — Act 2. Sc. 4. p. 300. I. 26. for And read But; I. 28. Unlike young Men, whom Aristotle thought. This is said by Hector, and Mr. Row alters'd it, whom greater sages thought, so that he is mistaken in saying no Edition had it so, but acts the part of a Restorer in vindicating the Anachronism to Shakespeare.
G U E S S E S, &c.

C Y M B E L I N E.] Act 3, Sc. 4. p. 54. Dis-eag'd by her whom now thou tires on (Metaph. from Hawking) he would have it, Dis-seig'd.

H A M L E T.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 308. l. 27. for illume the Restover reads illumine. p. 311. for strike it with my partisan, he would have strike at it. The first spoils a Verse, the second mends one. Sc. 2. p. 313. l. 16. for colleague as it is in all the Editions, he conjectures collaged. l. 30. instead of For Bearers of this greeting --- Our Bearers --- l. 31. instead of Giving to you no farther personal power of Treaty with the King, he would read, To business (making business a Verb.) p. 315. l. 10. Your father lost a father, that father, his. --- he would alter it, your father lost a father, that father lost, lost his --- (which spoils the measure.) Sc. 3. p. 216. l. 17. for That it shou'd come thus. he reads, That it shou'd come to this! --- l. 20. So loving to my mother, That he permitted not the winds of heaven Visit her Face too roughly --- He says some old Editions have it, That he might not beteen the Winds, &c. whence he would alter it, That he might not let 'een the Winds, &c. instead of That he permitted not --- l. 32. My father's brother; no more like my Father Than I to Hercules --- he would spoil the measure to insert, My father's brother, but no more like my father --- Sc. 4. p. 219. l. 2. Indeed Sirs but this troubles me, he redoubles the word Indeed. Sc. 5. p. 220. l. ult. The sanctity and health of the whole State, he conjectures shou'd be, Sanity and Health, (which seems the same thing.) Sc. 6. p. 223. l. 2. What is't, Ophelia, he said to you? he makes What is't Ophelia he hath said to you? l. 21. --- Tender your self more dearly, Or (not to crack the wind of the poor Phrase, Wronging it thus) you'll tender me a fool. He alters by Conjecture, Ranging it thus --- Sc. 7. p. 225. This heavy-headed Revol, &c. are put into the bottom of the page, as lines which had been left out after the first Edition. He supposes Mr. P --- never saw a 4to Edition of 1637. where they are again inserted: He did see that Edition; but it bearing small authority, as
as printed so many Years after Shakespeare's Death, he chose to follow the Editions in his life-time, one of 1695, and one of 1611. mention'd (as Mr. T---- might have seen) in his Catalogue of Editions. In these lines he alters Mole to Aiol, Star to Scar, Ease to Base, and a doubt to worth out, which gives the whole a glimmering of Sense, but it is purely conjectural, and founded on no Authority of Copies. Sc. 7. p. 226. l. 10. So horribly to shake our disposition, he reads so horribly.—— Sc. 8. p. 227. l. 31. And for the day confin'd so fast in fires: So it is in all the Editions, but he desires to have it, Roast in fires. p. 228. l. 15. That I, with wings as swift, May sweep to my revenge: he guesles thou'ld be——may swoop to my Revenge. P. 229. l. 24. instead of unhoulzel'd, unanointed, un-anell'd. He reads, un-house'd, disappointed, unanell'd, and gives his Affirmation, that unanell'd never signify'd No Knell rung. Sc. 9. p. 231. l. 16. for, These are but wild and hurling Words, He wrou'd have, whirling Words.

Aft 2. Sc. 1. p. 234. l. 9. You must not put another scandal, read, an utter scandal. Line 20. And I believe it is a fetch of Wit. Another Reading has it——a fetch of Warrant. The next line, for Sal-lies read Sallies, (or Spots) Subst. Sc. 4. p. 239. l. 12. Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual see; it has been alter'd (from the Year 1637.) to——Gives him Three-score Thousand——which in his ear is a Verse. Line the last, that he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity; and pity, it is true:——He makes this material correction, That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pi-ty; and pity 'tis, 'tis true. P. 241. l. 17. Do you think this? alter'd, Do you think 'tis this? Sc. 6. p. 246. l. 24. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common Stages——He conjectures that fashion should be fashi-on, and Stages, Stagers. Sc. 7. p. 249. l. 23. The rugged Pyrrhus, &c. All these Verses out of a Tragedy of those times, which (as the Editor thinks) are horrible fustian, and commended ironically, This Cor-rector esteems to be very fine ones; and is at a lost how to reconcile what Hamlet says of that Play,
"That it had no Salt, and no affection in it;" wherefore he substitutes Affectation, and judiciously explains it, that tho' the Play indeed had no Salt, that is no poignant or virulent Satyre in it; yet to make amends for that great Defect (of Satyre in a Tragedy) it had however no Affectation; of which the Reader will be the best judge, when he casts his eye on the whole together.---Sc. 7. p. 250. l. 19. A Silence in the heav'n's, The Rack stand still. He does not know there is any such word in English, as the Rack of the Clouds; so supposeth it should be Wrack. P. 251. l. 17. Look if he have not turn'd his colour------he corrects Look where (for whether) he have not turn'd his colour.

Act 3. Sc. 1. p. 255. And drive his purpose into these delights,------on to these delights. Sc. 2. p. 265. and as my Love is fix'd, my fear is so. He reads and as my Love is fix'd my fear is so. P. 267. l. 17. Still worse and worse, he conjectures, still better and worse.------Sc. 8. p. 268. l. 7. for rayed Shoes, he gueffes rais'd Shoes. l. 14. A very very Peacock, he is desirous should be Meacock, or Paddock, or Putcock, or any thing but Peacock. P. 271. l. 3. It is black like an Ouzle, another Reading, It is back'd like a Weazel. Sc. 9. l. 2. To let his madness rage,------r. To let his madness range. Ibid. To keep these many bodies safe------he redoubles the word many------P. 272. l. 28. Oh! my offence is rank-----It has the primal eldest curse upon it, A Brother's Murder! He adds, That of a Brother's Murder, Sc. 10. p. 374. l. 5. Up Sword and know thou a more borrid time, he reads conjecturally a more borrid bent. Sc. 11. p. 275. l. 6. And (wou'd it were not so:) you are my mother, r. But. P. 276. in the Speech of Hamlet to his mother, he inserts some lines not to be found before the Edition of 1637. and very bad ones. P. 277. l. 4. In the rank sweat of an incestuous Bed, he prefers another reading, Enfmeamed Bed.

Act 4. Sc. 1. He replaces some Verses which were imperfect, (and, tho' of a modern date, seem to be genuine) by inserting two words.
Come Gratitude, we'll call up your wisest friends:
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. "Happily, Slander,
"(Whose whisper o'er the World's Diameter,
"As level as the Cannon to his blank,
"Transports his poison'd Shot) may mis our Name,
"And hit the woundless Air."----- O come away,
My Soul is full of Discord and Dismay.

Sc. 3. p. 285. l. 17. By Letters congruing to that effect,
he would have, conjuring to that effect. Sc. 9. p. 296.
1. 5. I lov'd your father, and we love yourself. He
prefers And we love ourself: And adds these Words,
from the second Folio Edition, How now, what
news? ------ Letters my Lord from Hamlet; which are
not necessary, and omitted in the first Edition. He also
adds two more lines in the same way a little lower.

Act 5. Sc. 5. p. 316. l. 27. And in the Cup an O-
yx shall be throw ------ An Union is the other Read-
ing: Mr. Pepys prefers the former, Mr. T ------ the latter.
Sc. 6. p. 320. l. 2. Oh proud Death? What feast is toow'd
in thine eternal Cell? Another reading has it internal.

O the llo.] Act 4. Sc. 7. p. 392. l. 11. Convinced
or supplied them, he alters to ------ Convin'd or supplied
them. Act 1. Sc. 8. p. 338. l. ult. ------ And sold to slave-
ry, my Redemption thence, And with it all my Travels
History: It is so in the first Edition; but he prefers,
And Portance in my Travels History. Tho' it be thus
only in the latter Editions, he questions not but Shake-

eries himself alter'd it so after the first; which if the Re-
marker had ever seen, he would have found the Play
was not published at all till after the Author's Death.
(See Wackley's Preface to it.)

In general, Mr. T ------ prefers the contrary Readings
to those chosen by Mr. P ------. The Readers may take
which they think best, and when they are all agreed,
the Text may be establish'd accordingly.