

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME *the* EIGHTH.



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PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.

CYMBELINE.

ROMEO and JULIET.

HAMLET.

OTHELLO.

43

005





CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

A 2

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.

Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.

A French gentleman, friend to Philario.

Cornelius, a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

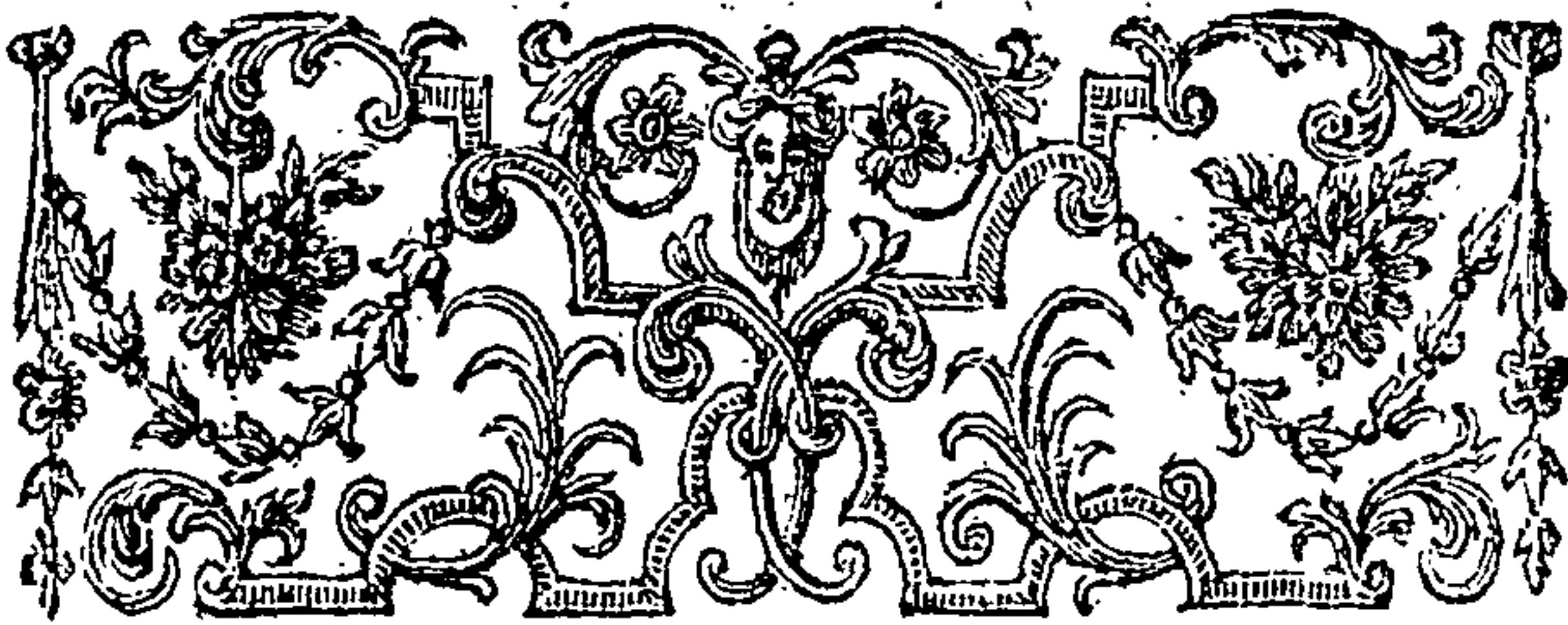
Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

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, lyes 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.

I 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,

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 scoul at.

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,
 Crust 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 *Cassibelan*,
 But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
 So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons ; who in the wars o'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 theam, 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 ministred.
 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'st ; to th' more mature,

A glass that featur'd them; and to the grayer,
 A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,
 (For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
 But tell me, is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I'th' swathing cloaths the other, from their nursery
 Were stol'n; 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.*

S C E N E 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'ner, but
 Your goaler 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,

A 4.

I will

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

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

Re-enter Queen.

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

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

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The 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

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 tear 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?

S C E N E III.

Enter Cymbeline, and lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my
fight:

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

Post. The gods protect you,

And bless the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

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

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
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!

Cym. Thou might'st 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'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; 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. Beseech 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.

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

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My self by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

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

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

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray speak with
me;
You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard.
For this time leave me. — [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E 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 carcass 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! [*aside.*]

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd 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 go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines 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 ass, 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.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

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

Pis. 'Twas, His queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kifs'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linnen, 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 stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'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

Pisano,

When shall we hear from him?

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

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The 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,
F'encounter me with orisons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him) or ere I could
Give him that parting kifs which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Makes all our buds from growing.

Enter

Enter a Lady.

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

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

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

R O M E.

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 allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been 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) works 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 wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, 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 acquaintance?

Phil.

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

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *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*.

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

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

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd 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 arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have slain 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

be more fair, virtuous, wise, 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.

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

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

Post. Being so far 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.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

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

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

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoln too; so your brace of unprizeable 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.

Post. 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.

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 o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal 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 assail?

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.

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

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

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy 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 in; she your jewel; this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

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

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* 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.

Queen. Dispatch. *[Exeunt Ladies.]*

Now master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay; here they are, ma-
dam;

But I beseech your grace without offence
(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous 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? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
Unless thou think'st me 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 noysome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring 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 stupifie 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 shew of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

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

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think
 in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master; greater; for
 His fortunes all 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'st up
 [Pisanio looking on the violet.
 Thou know'st 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 chancest on, but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then my self, I chiefly
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women —

[Exit Pisanio.]

Think on my words. — A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord. I've giv'n him that,
 Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leiders for her sweet; and which she after
 (Except she bend her humour) shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done;
 The violets, cowslips, and the prim-roses,
 Bear to my closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
 Think on my words. [Ex. Queen and ladies.]

Pis. 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

S C E N E 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 supream 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 so'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

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

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

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 *Parthian* I shall flying fight,
 Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I
 am most infinitely tyed. 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 i'th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' judgment;
For Ideots 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,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate, 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—— Beseech you, Sir,
[To Pisanio]

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

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

Imo. Continues well my lord?
His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

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

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

Imo.

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

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick ^a sighs from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
(Your lord I mean,) laughs from's 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 assur'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'rds 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

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 feeler'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 falshood, as with labour?
Then glad my self by peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrious 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 muteſt conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastned to an empery,
Would make the great'st 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 rottenness 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 stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

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

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

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio*! —

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou 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 sawcy stranger in his court to mart
As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*!

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit! blessed live you long,
A lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most 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 sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my 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 business.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your lord,
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
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;

I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I cross 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 beseech 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.



AS there ever man had such luck! when
I kiss'd the *Jack* upon an up-cast, 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 standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

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

Clot. Whorson 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 vext 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'st 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, wheresoever 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 easily, 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 princess,
 Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
 Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
 A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce — he'll make the heav'ns 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.]

S C E N E 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. **W**H O'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.]

[Iachimo rises from the trunk.]

Iach.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs it self by rest : our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch;
But kiss, one kiss — rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't! — 'tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep 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 tinct — 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. —

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slipp'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 mole 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 ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more — to what end?
Why should I write this down that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry. Sh' hath been reading late,
The tale of *Terens*, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough —
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning

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.*

S C E N E III.

The Palace again.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* YOUR lordship is the most patient man in
 loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. 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.

Clot. 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.

Clot. 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 wonder-
 ful sweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then
 let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chalic'd flowers that lyes:*

And

a bear.

*And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, 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 unpav'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 reason 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 assail'd her with musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

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

Queen. You are most bound to 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 dismissal 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.

B 5

Cym.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
 According to the honour of his sender;
 And towards himself, his goodneſs 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
 T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen.
[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E IV.

Clot. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
 Let her lye ſtill, and dream. By your leave ho!
 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' ſtand 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?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. 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?

Clot. Your lady's perſon, is ſhe ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

Clot. 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 princeſs —

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow fairest, sister your sweet hand.

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

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence 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 discourtesie
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
T' accuse 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 consequence o'th' crown, and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A kilding 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 stil'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, *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? now the devil.

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

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worse—go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm— it was thy master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king 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.

Pis. '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 witnesses to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo.

Imo. Your mother too ;
 She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
 To th' worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clot. I'll be reveng'd ;
 His meanest garment ? — well. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

R O M E.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

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

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

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

Phi. 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 throughly. And I think
 He'll grant the tribute ; send th' arrearages,
 Or look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief,

Post. I do believe,
 (Statist 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 Caesar*
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
 Now mingled with their courages, will make known

To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See *Iachimo*.

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

Phi. Welcome, Sir,

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

Iach. Your lady,
Is 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 *Gaius Lucius* in the *Britain* court,
When you were there?

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

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the ring is won.

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

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easie.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,

If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question 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 tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul 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. Proceed.

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

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

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

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

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece

Chast

Chast *Dian*, 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.

Post. 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 cherubims is fretted. Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. 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 Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: see!—
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

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

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

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

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
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,

2 This is her honour.

O, above measure false! ———

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

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

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

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true — nay keep the ring — 'tis true; I'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 hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you.

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

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

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

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

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick.
Count not the turns: once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn —

Post. No swearing:

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i'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.

Post. ' Is there no way for men to be, but women
' Must be half-workers? we are bastards all,
' And that most venerable man which I
' Did call my father, was I know not where,
' When I was stamp'd. Some coyner with his tools
' Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
' The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
' The non-pareil of this — Oh vengeance, vengeance!
' Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
' And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
' A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
' Might well have warm'd old *Saturn* — that I
' thought her
' As chaste, as unsmn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
' This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour — was't not? —
' Or less: at first? perchance he spoke not, but
' Like a full-acorn'd boar; a 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

' It

^a A *Fermen* one, in the first editions; since alter'd to
² *F* man one.

' 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, slanders, mutability:
 ' All faults that may be nam'd, nay that hell knows,
 ' Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all — for even
 ' to vice
 ' 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.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

C Y M B E L I N E's Palace.

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

C Y M B E L I N E.



O W say, what would *Augustus Caesar*
with us?

Luc. When *Julius Caesar*, (whose re-
membrance 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 *Caesar's* praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it). for him
And his succession, granted *Rome* a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen.

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
Shall be so ever.

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

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, Sir my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your isle, which stands
As *Neptune's* park ribbed and paled in
With oaks unskaleable, and roaring waters,
With sand that will not bear your enemies boats,
But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: With shame,
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, 'twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet fortune!) to master *Cæsar's* sword,
Made *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britains* strut 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 *Cæsars*; other
of them may have crook'd noses, but to own such
strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as *Cassibelan*, I do not say I am one; but I
have a hand. Why tribute? Why should we pay tri-
bute? if *Cæsar* 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

'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar's* ambition,
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'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 *Cæsar*,
 Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, who
 Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of *Cæsar*
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise;
 Shall by the power we hold be our good deed,
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry. That *Mulmutius*
 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 Cæsar*,
 (*Cæsar* that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thy self domestick officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me then. War and confusion
 In *Cæsar's* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*,
 Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
 Which he to seek of me again perforce,
 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 *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us af-
 terwards 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 bet-
 ter for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir,

Cym.

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

SCENE II.

Enter Pisanio reading a letter.

Pis. **H**OW? 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 goddess-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 murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy command! ——— I her! ——— her
blood!

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

*That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
Art thou a scædarie for this act, that look'st
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 medicinable; that is one of them,
 For it doth physick love) ——— of his content
 All but in that. Good wax; thy leave ——— blest be
 You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
 Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables: good news, gods!

[Reading.]

*JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, should he 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 advise 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! hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*: read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me to see thy lord; who long'st,
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st,
 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' smoth'ring 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
 T'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-ere begot?

We'll

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.*

S C E N E 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'ns; 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.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. 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 rustling in unpaid-for silk:
 ' Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
 ' Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. ' Out of your proof you speak; we poor un-
 ' fledg'd

' Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know
 ' What air's from home. Hap'ly 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 ign'rance; travelling a-bed,
 ' A prison, ' for a debtor that not dares
 ' To stride a limit.

Arr. ' 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

' 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 stand'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 theme, my name
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

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 demesnes 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 simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others: This *Polydor*,
 (The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
 The king his father call'd *Guiderius*;) *Jove*?
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say, thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on's neck — even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek; he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words — The younger brother *Cadwall*,
 (Once *Arviragus*;) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews 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'st me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou wast 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,

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.

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

Imogen reads.

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

Pis. 'What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 ' Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
 ' Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 ' Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*, whose breath
 ' Rides on the posting 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?

Imo. 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!

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witnesses, *Iachimo*,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,

Thou

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.

Pis. Madam, hear me —

Imo. ' True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
 ' Were in his time thought false: and *Synon's* weeping
 ' Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
 ' From most true wretchedness. So thou *Posthumus*,
 ' Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
 ' Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjurd,
 ' From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou 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.

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

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

C 3

All

† 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.

Pis. O gracious lady!

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

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll 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?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course; good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak.

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

Pis. Then, madam,

I thought

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;

But if I were as wise as honest, then

My purpose would prove well; it cannot be

But that my master is abus'd, some villain

And singular in his art, hath done you both

This cursed injury.

Imo. Some *Roman* curtezan?

Pis. 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.

Imo. Why, good fellow;

What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am

Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' court ———

Imo. 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.

Pis. If not at court,

Then not in *Britain* must you bide.

Imo. Where then?

Hath *Britain* all the sun that shines? Day? night?

Are they not but in *Britain*? i'th' world's volume

Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in it;

In a great pool a swan's nest. Pr'ythee think

There's living out of *Britain*.

Pis. I'm most glad

You think of other place: th' Ambassador,

Lucius the *Roman* comes to *Milford-Haven*

To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

That which t'appear it self, must not yet be,

But by self-danger; you should tread a course

Pretty, and full of view; yea haply near

The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his 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.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
 ' You must forget to be a woman, change
 ' Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
 ' (The handmaids of all women, or more truly
 ' Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage,
 ' Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, 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.

Pis. 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
Beginnaing, nor supply.

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

I'm

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

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell.
Lest being mis'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. . . . [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

The Palace of Cymbeline.

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

Cym. T H U S 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 yolk; and for our self
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*.

Madam, all joy befall your grace; and you.

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

So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

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

[Exit *Lucius*, &c.]

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

Clot. '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? she 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'ns, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say; follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after _____
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*! —
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 *Posthumus*; 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!
[Exit Queen.]

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
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders 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 _____

SCENE

SCENE VI.

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. Close 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 mis'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfy 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. [*aside.*]
She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Hamh.

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. Oh, *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 foe'er I bid thee do to perform it, directly and truly; I would think thee an honest man, thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

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 gratitude 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.

[Exit.

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 I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes — there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined, (which as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the 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.

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

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

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

S C E N E 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 wast within a ken. Oh *Jove*, I think Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or tryal? yes no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness Is forer, than to lie for need; and falshood 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 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, hardnefs ever
Of hardnefs 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.
Best 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 savo'ry; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thy self!

Guid. I'm thoroughly 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 victuals, 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

Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : good
troth

I have stoln 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 dirry 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 faln 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 woee 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 ?

[*aside.*]

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

To

To thee, *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free't!

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

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering*]

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

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; 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,
less welcome!

[*Exeunt*.^{*}
S C E N E

* ——— less welcome!

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E VIII. Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. **T**HIS 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 *Britains*; 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 *Cesar*!

Tri.

S C E N E VIII.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. **A** GAIN; 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
Dost 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. Beseech 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* gen'ral 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 jealousie
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 affront 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. [Exit.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is 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.



A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The FOREST.**Enter Cloten alone.*

Am near to th' place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving 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 my self, 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 despight. What mortality is! *Posthumus*, 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, I 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,

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen,
from the cave.*

Bel. You are not well: remain here in the cave,
We'll come t'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 is't shall die, I'd say
" My father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble strain!
O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness! *

* ~~breed~~ breed of greatness!

" Cowards father cowards, and base things fire the base:

" Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

I'm not, &c.

I'm

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.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

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

Imo. 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 ——— *Pisano,*

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.

Arv. 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.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.

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

Arv. How angel-like he sings?

Guid. But his neat cookery?

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

Arv. Nobly he yokes

* ——— but at court :

Experience, oh how thou disprov'st report.

Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers, as sweet fish;

I am sick still, &c.

A smiling 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 ambush

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. [*Exe. 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 commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note, &c.

* ——— together.

Arv. Grow patience,

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root, with the encreasing vine.

Bel. It is, &c.

More

† spurs, an old word for the fibres of a tree.

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
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'st 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. *Cloten*, thou villain.

Guid. *Cloten*, 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' queen.

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

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. 'Those that I rev'ence, those I fear; the wise:
' 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 blurr'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 wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for 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 *Lud'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, howsoe'er
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this day: the boy *Fidèle'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 fishes, 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 done't,
 So the revenge alone pursu'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 answer.

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

† care

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

Arr. Poor sick *Fidele*!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour
 I'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,
 And praise my self for charity.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine nature! how thy self thou blazon'st
 ' In these two princely boys? they are as gentle
 ' As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 ' Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
 ' (Their royal blood enclaf'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 *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
 Or what his death will bring us?

Re-enter Guiderius.

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

[*Solemn musick.*]

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 dear
 mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter? *

* ——— The matter?

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,

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 skipt from sixteen years of age, to sixty;
' And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
' Than have seen this.

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

Bel. ' Oh melancholy!
' Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
' The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care
' Might eas'liest harbour in? — thou blessed thing!
' Jove 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.

Guid. ' 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.

Guid. ' 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

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

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
(Whilst 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-sweetn'd not thy breath. The raddock would
With charitable bill (oh bill sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides. When flow'rs are none
To winter-ground thy coarfe —

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

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Pelidore*, 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 *Fidels*.

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

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
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.

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.

S O N G.

Guid. ' Fear no more the heat o'th' 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'th' 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, physick, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. ' Fear no more the lightning-flash.

' *Arv.* Nor th' all dreaded thunder-stone.

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 unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have,

And renowned be thy grave!

Enter

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 fitt'ft 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 soft! 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 *Posthumus*?

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 —

Murder in heav'n! — how! — 'tis gone! —

Pisanio! —

All curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
 'Twas thou conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 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 *Cloten*. 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
 Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten's*. Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

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

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 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

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision.
(I fast; and pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From th' spungy south, to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft ho, what trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page! —
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his 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 lyes 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 thy self 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 said a century of pray'rs,
(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service follow you,
So please you entertain me.

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

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest 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 chearful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E 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 *Cloten'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 *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the 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 sun that shines
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats and 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'ns I'll go;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans*.

Arr. So say I, *Amen*.

Eei. 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 flie out, and shew them princes born. [*Exe.*



A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus with a bloody handkerchief.

P O S T H U M U S.



E A bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
wist

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You
married ones,

If each of you would take this course,
how many

Must murder wives much better than
For wrying but a little? oh *Pisano*! [*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 saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more; you some permit
 To second ill's with ill's, 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 mistress: Peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
 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 guise o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.]

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

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a lady,
 The princess of this country; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? knightships, 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 battel 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 fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: the king himself
 ' Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 ' And but the backs of *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 pass 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, [ard
 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' chaser, a retire; anon
 A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they flie
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'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'ns, 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 resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o'th' field.

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

Post. 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. [Exit.]

Post. 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.

Post. Lack, to what end?

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

Lord. Farewel, &c.

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, Pisanio, and Roman captives. The captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a goaler.

S C E N E III.

A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two goalers.

1 *Goal.* YOU shall not now be stoln, 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,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfie
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

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

† † †

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

SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's *Trent*.

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

Cym. **S**TAND by my side, you whom the gods
have made

Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast-
Step

*as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round
as he lyes 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.

Step: 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.

Cym.

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 mockt
 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 jealousy,
 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 dolours turn'd?

Sici.

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 harsh
 And potent injuries.

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

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

Breth. Help *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
 And from thy justice flee.

*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 coasts.

Poor shadows of *Elizium*, hence and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,

No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his 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.

This

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, lest you stir up mine;
 Mount eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends.]
Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our 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 grandsire, 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 steep'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 fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[Reads.]

WHEN as the lion's whelp shall, to himself un-
 known, 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 lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: 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 Goaler.

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

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. 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.

Goal. 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 acquittance follows.

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

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

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

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

And

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

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

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.

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

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

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

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. 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 verier knaves desire

And not o'th' court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By 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 confest,
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 she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

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

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

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

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. *etc.*

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E

Should

Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
 By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, 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 shameless, desperate; open'd in despite
 Of heaven and men, her purposes: repented
 The ill 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!

S C E N E 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 pleas'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 ransome, let it come. Sufficeth,
 A *Roman* with a *Roman's* heart can suffer. —
Augustus lives to think on't — And so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will

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 perplext?

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?

Arv. One said another

Not more resembles that sweet rosie 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.

Pis. 'Tis my mistress ———

[*aside*.

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 falshood. 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
thee,

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 *Posthumus* —
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones — sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of *Italy*
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*;
Postures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye —

Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

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

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity; there it begins:
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and 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 lesser 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 ear.) 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
 Most vilely: for my vantage excellent,
 And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown,
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet
 (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 ———

Post. 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 *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie,
 That caus'd a lesser 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, let

The

The dogs o'th' street to bait me : every villain
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be villainy less 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 mistresss ——— Oh, my lord *Posthumus* !
 You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now ——— help, help,
 Mine honour'd lady ———

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistresss.

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

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O get thee from my sight,
 Thou gav'st me poison : 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 *Pisanio*
 Have, said she, giv'n his mistress 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. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.

Guid. 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.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
 'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
 What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
 Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

[*Kneeling.*

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
 You had a motive for't.

[*To Guid. 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 *Cloten*,
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me
 With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
 If I discover'd not which way she 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 posts
 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 forefend.
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 *Clotens*
Had ever scar 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 tasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two 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 hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd
Bellarus.

Cym. What of him ? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age ; indeed a banish'd man,
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I'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 *Bellarus* 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 loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But Sir,

Here

Here are your fons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay 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 fons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——
This gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
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. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star,
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral 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'ast 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.

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 battel? 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 sev'rally 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 becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor befeeming: '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.

Iach.

Iach. 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 princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice tow'rd's 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.

Arr. 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. Philarmonus.

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
lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after
revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then
shall

Cym. My peace we will begin : and *Cains Lucius*,
 Although the victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
 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 battel, 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 *Cesar*, should again unite

Shall *Posthumus* end his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
 and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp ;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name
 Being *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 lopt branches, point
 Thy two sons forth : who by *Bellarus* stoll'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 : &c.

His

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 march.
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feasts.
Set on there: Never was a war did cease
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]



R O M E O



P. Fourdrinier sculp.

V. 8. p. 113.

R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.



PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, 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 pitious overthrow,
Do, with their death, bury their parents ſtriſe.
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

Dramatis Personæ.

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, }

Abram, *Servant to Mountague.*

Apothecary.

Lady Mountague, Wife to Mountague.

Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.

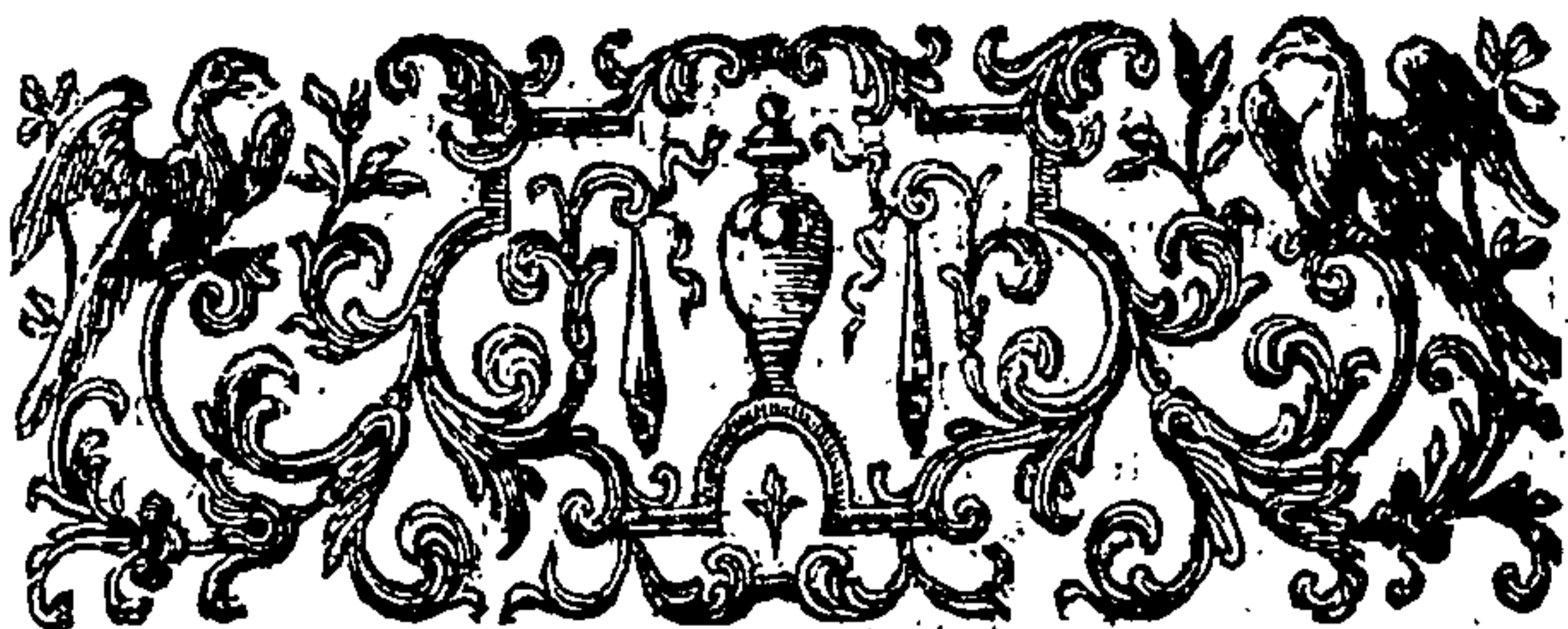
Juliet, Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.

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 first
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 *Mountague* moves me.

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

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague'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 *Mountague'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 maiden-heads, 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 fish: if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of the *Mountagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is 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 our 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*

‡ 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 swashing 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 ?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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 Mountagues 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 Mountagues.

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 Mountague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Mountague and lady Mountague.

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

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

Enter

‡ Much of this Scene is added since the first edition ; but probably by Shakespear, since we find it in that of the year 1599.

Enter Prince with attendants.

Prin. 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 *Mountague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made *Verona's* antient citizens
 Cast by their grave befeeming 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, *Mountague*, 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.

La. Moun. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ber. 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,

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

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. Moun. 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 sycamour,
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.

Tow'rd's him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

I measuring his affections by my own,
b That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his;
† And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. 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?

b *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 sounding 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. [*Exe.*

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!

Oh

‡ *These two speeches also omitted in Ed. 1597. but
inserted in 1599.*

Oh any thing of nothing first create !
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
 Mis-shapen 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. Griefs 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
 Doth 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 vext, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears ;
 What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking 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 lost 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 *Dian's* wit :
 And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow, she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide th' encounter of assailing 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 starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,
To merit blifs 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 rul'd 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 stricken 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 ?
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

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

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E 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

‡ None of the following speeches of this Scene in the
first edition of 1597.

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 marr'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 accustom'd feast,
 Whereto 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 shooe-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.

son hath here writ, I must to the learned ——— in good time,

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'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.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more 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?

Rom. 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?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

*S*ignior Martino, and his wife and daughters: Count Anselm and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentino, and his lovely neices; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline, Livio, signior Valento, and his cousin Tibalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena. A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Ser. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser.

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 crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of *Capulets*,
Supps the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admired 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 hereticks, be burnt 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 chrystal 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 sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E 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 bad 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.

E 4.

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 remembered 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 *Lammastide*?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. ' Even or odd, of all days in the year,
' come *Lammastide* 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 *Lammastide* at night
' shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remem-
' ber 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 fall backward when thou hast more
' wit, wilt thou not, *Jule*? and by my holy-dam, 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:
' Wilt

² er, teen, as in the old edition.

‘ Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it
‘ stinted, 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, *Julé*? it stinted, and said, ay.

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

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his
grace,

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e’er I nurs’t.
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. ^a And that same marriage is the very theam
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How stands 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 hadst suck’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*’ love?

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

F 5

But

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

^a Marry, that marry is the very theam. ^b hour.

‡ In the common editions here follows a ridiculous
speech; which is entirely added since the first.

But no more deep will I 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 curst
in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must
hence to wait, I beseech you follow. * [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E 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:
† Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.

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 stokes 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 county 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.

Rom.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light-of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes 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 agat-stone
' On the fore-finger of an alderman,
' Drawn with a team of little atomies,
' Athwart 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. 1.*]
Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits
Five times a day, ere once in her right wits. [*ed. 1.*]

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 she gallops night by night,
 ' Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love:
 ' On courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies 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 parson as he lies asleep;
 ' Then dreams he of another benefice.
 ' Sometimes she 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 frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 ' And sleeps again. This is that very *Mab*
 ' That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 ' And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 ' Which once ^c untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 ' This is the hag, when maids lye on their backs;
 ' That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 ' Making them women of good carriage:
 ' This is she —————

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

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

Turning

^a *courtier's.* ^b *bakes.* ^c *intangled.*

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

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

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, 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 a-
way? 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; chearly
boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter all the guests and ladies to the maskers.

1 Cap. Welcome gentlemen. Ladies that have your
feet

Unplagu'd with corns, a we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty

I'll

^a *will walk about with you.*

I'll swear hath 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 *Lucentio*,
 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.

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

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop'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 measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight;
 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 flear 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.

Cap. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storm you so?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, 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 presence, and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming 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. 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) lest faith turn to despair.*

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? [To her nurse.

Nurse. Marry, batchelor,

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'en 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.

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

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 yon 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 rhyme 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.



O W old desire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his
heir:

That Fair, for which love groan'd sore,
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 she steal 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 extream sweet.

S C E N E 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 Benyolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo.

Mer. He is wise,
 And on my life hath stoln him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
 Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
 Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh,
 Speak but one ^a Rhime, and I am satisfied,
 Cry but *Ay me!* ^b couple but *love* and *dove*,
 Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,
 One nick-name to her ^c 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. † alluding to an old ballad.

And the demefns that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likenefs thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raife a fpirit in his miftrefs's circle,
Of fome ftrange nature, letting it there ftand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were fome fpight. My invocation is
Honeft and fair, and in his miftrefs' name,
I conjure only but to raife up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himfelf among theſe trees,
To be comforted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beft befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he fit under a medlar-tree,
And wiſh his miftrefs 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.*]

S C E N E III.

A G A R D E N.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. **H**E jeſts 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.*]

Arife, 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:

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 business, 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 wondring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the ^a lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails 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 hand, 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

^a *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 *Mountague*?

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 stony 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 wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would

^a dislike.

I would adventure for such merchandise.

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 *Jove* 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;
 Lest 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 is 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.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
 All this is but a dream I hear and see;
 Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

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'st 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 send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night.

[*Exit.*]

Rom.

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 Tassel 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,
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other 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

h name.

Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

* Fri. **T**HE grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And darkness flecker'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 chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must fill up this osier 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 sucking 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,
i Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.
Virtue it self turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.
Within the infant rind 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, stumbling on abuse.

For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part;
 Being tasted, slays 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 unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'ature;
 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! wast 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, blessed man, for lo
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
 Ridling confession finds but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
 And all combin'd, saye 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 wash't thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
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 sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

If e'er 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'st 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 assistant 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.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline*, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay he will answer the letter's master, ¹ if he be challeng'd.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'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*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. 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 ———

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick lispings affected phantasies, these new ^m tuners of accents: ——— *Jesu*, 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.

^m turners.

thing, grandfire, 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.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roc, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry she had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thisby* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*, there's a *French* salutation to your *French* stop.*

Rom. Good-morrow to you both.

* *Mer.* You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain curtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesie.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. 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, soly-singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest.

Solely singular, for the singleness.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear: a sayle! a sayle.

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs,

Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well-serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. 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 driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. 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.

Mer.

Mer. Do good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good-den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you; what a man are you?

Rom. 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*?

Rom. 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.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, i'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,

I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will invite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho. *

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:

Farewel lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.]

* ——— So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unless a hare Sir, in a lenten pyc; 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 &c.

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself 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 lustier 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.

Pet. I saw 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 vext, 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 gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee —

Nurse. Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. 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.

Rom. 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.

Rom.

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 tackled 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
see 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
rosemary 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
rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady—— [Exit *Romeo*.]

Nurse. A thousand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. ^a Take my fan, and go before. [Exit.]

^a from the first edition.



G. 5.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. **T**HE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse :

In half an hour she promis'd 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 lowring 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 —

By 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?

Hast 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 vite*.

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 not he, 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 compare. He is not the flower of courtlie, but I warrant 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: Belshrew your heart, for sending me about, To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'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 handsome, 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 shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie 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.

Hie you to church, I must 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.*]

S C E N E 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 mod'rately, 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 bestride 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

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,
Bragg 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]

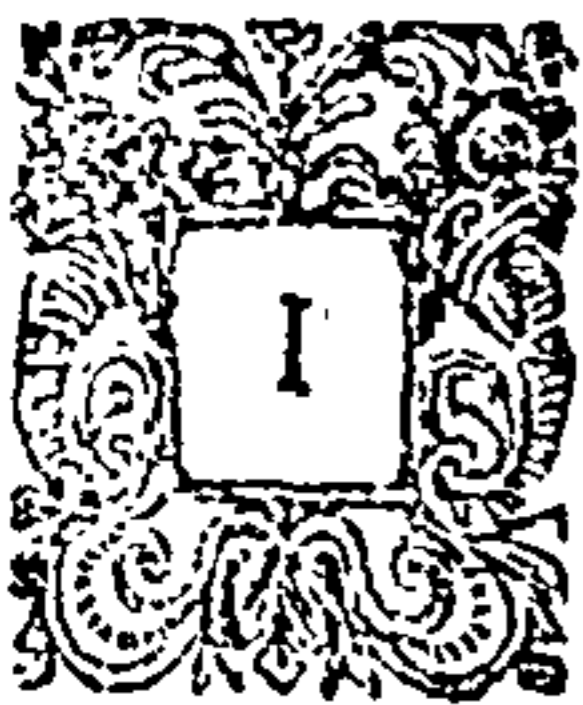


ACT III. SCENE I.

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 fel-
lows, 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,

Mer. 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.

Ben. And what to ?

Mer. '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 nutts, 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 !

Ben. 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.

Mer. The fee-simple ? O simple !

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. 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.

Mer. 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.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving ?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo* ———

Mer. Consort ! what, dost thou make us minstrels !
is thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing
but

but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. zounds! consort!

[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!
Alla stucatho 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 pilcher
by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

Tyb.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.]

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [Mer. and Tyb. fight.]

Rom. 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.

Rom. 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.

Rom. 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.

[Exe. *Mer.* *Ben.*]

S C E N E II.

Rom. 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 sofin'd valour's steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd 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. ^a Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?
Away to heav'n respective lenity,
And ^b 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 consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tybalt falls.*

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? [Exit Romeo.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that murd'rer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Up Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

Enter

^a He gone in triumph.

^b 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 slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. *Tybalt* my cousin ! O my brother's child,
Unhappy sight ! 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 agil 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

I beg for justice, which thou prince must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *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 murders, pardoning those that kill."

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 G To *Phæbus'* mansion; such a waggoner
 As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That run-aways eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
 Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous 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

Hood my unmann'd 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 lye upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than 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 sold,
 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'nly 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 devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but ay;
 And that same 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 a 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.*

* — fiend angelical,
† Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,
Wolvish-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

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 naught; and all dissemblers.
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 asham'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 presses 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 *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if sow'r woe delights in fellowship,
And needly 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

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 corpse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash 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's* cell.

Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. **R** O M E O 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^d acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sow'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.

Rom.

^d admittance.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Than death it self. 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,
e 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 murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
f This is meer mercy, and thou see'st 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;
g But *Romeo* may not, he is banished!
O father, had'st thou no strong poison mixt,

No

e *And world's exile is death. Then banished
Is death mis-term'd, calling death banished.*

i *That is dear mercy.*

s *Which even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, 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.*

*Had'st thou no prison mixt, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, tho' ne'er 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 confessor,
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, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy:
Unless 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 mad men 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* murdered,
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 wilfulness 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:

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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 slay thy self?

And

i conceal'd

And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee? *
 What, rouse 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 threatned 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 sullen wench,
 Thou¹ pout'st 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'st 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

Give

* 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 poutest up thy fortune.

Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good-night.

Rem. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. . . [Exeunt.

* S C E N E VI.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. **T**Hings have falln 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 woe:
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 rul'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.

Farewel, my lord — light to my chamber, ho!

Good-night.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

* Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this
Scene according to the oldest editions.

S C E N E VII.

The Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. ' **W**ILT 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 pomgranate 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 severing 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*;
' ^m 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

^m *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,
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go.*

Come death &c.

' 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, hie 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 she 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 so do you:
 Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu. [*Exit.*

† alluding to some fable, or some notion of the *Naturalists*.

SCENE

S C E N E 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?

La. Cap. That same villain, *Romeo*.

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 vext?

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.

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 sorted 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?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The county *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

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 wooe.
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

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 'gainst *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 gen-

^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 demean, 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. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first; or if it did not,

Your

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 beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

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's* cell,
To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry I will, and this is wisely done. *[Exit.]*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
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 slack 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

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, hastes 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 slow'd.
 Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds 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 abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that:
 For it was bad enough before their spight.

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 hear'st 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 wise,
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-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel, or behold
'Twi'xt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring:

^a 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 desp'rate which we would prevent.

If rather than to marry County *Paris*
Thou hast 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'st with death himself, to 'scape 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:

^b Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;

Or

^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 rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, 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 e nam'd, have made me
 tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd 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 progress, but surcease to beat.
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To ^d paly ashes; the eyes windows fall
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk 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 rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Be born to burial in thy kindred's 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.

e told.

d mostly.

Jul.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.
[taking the vial.]

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.

Farewel, dear father ————— [Exeunt.]

S C E N E 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 unfurnish'd for this time :
 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Lawrence ?

Nurse. Ay forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :
 A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. e 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.

e 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 behests; 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*'s 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 sort 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.
[*Exeunt 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 same way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.*]



SCENE

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'ns 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 behoveful 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 business.

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
' Subt'ly hath ministred, to have me dead,
' Lest 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,

a fire.

286 ROMEO and JULIET.

' 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 breaths 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 festring 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 shrieks 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 desp'rate 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.

S C E N E IV.

A H A L L.

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, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath
crow'd,

The curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three a-clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for cost.

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, firrah, '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. Mass and well said, a merry horson, 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

S C E N E V.

SCENE *draws and discovers Juliet on a bed.*

Nurse. Mistress, what mistress! *Juliet* ——— Fast I warrant her,
 Why lamb — why lady — Fie you slug-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 drest, and in your cloaths — 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 vite*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. 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.

Nurse. She's dead, deceast, 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:
 ' 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! †
Most lamentable day! most 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 stick your rosemary on this fair 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.]

S C E N E VI.

Manent 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.*

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 founding.

[*Exit.*

Mus. 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.



I F I may trust the ^a flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
^b And all this day, an unaccustom'd 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 possess't,
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, unaccustom'd.

How

How doth my lady? is my father well?
 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. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
 Hast 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 tatter'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 stuft, and other skins
 ‘ Of ill-shap'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 *MANTUA*,

Here

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 geer,
 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 hasty 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 sell:
 I sell thee poison, thou hast 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.*

a thy self in flesh.

S C E N E II.

The Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.

John. **H**O L Y *Franciscan* Friar! brother! ho!
Law. This same 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 staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send 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 bestrew 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 corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.]

SCENE

S C E N E 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 hear'st 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; [*Strewing flowers.*

^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 cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

S C E N E 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

I 2

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 see'st, 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.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
 Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell good fellow.

Pet. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Exit.]

Rom. 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 despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*
 That murder'd my love's cousin; (with which grief
 It is supposed the fair creature dy'd,)

And here is come to do some villanous shame
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Mountague*:
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
 Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither —
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man,
 Fly hence and leave me: think upon those gone,
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
 Pull 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 defie thy commiseration,
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 merciful,
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 betossed 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 sour misfortune's book,

I'll bury thee in this triumphant grave.

For here lyes *Juliet* — Oh my love, my wife

Death that hath suckt 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,

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,

To sunder 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 Shakespear, 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 stumbled 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 skulls ? as I discern,
 It burneth in the *Capulets* 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.

a thy.

Pet. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and goary 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 stirs.

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.

[*Kills herself.*]

I 4

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 *Mountagues*, 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.

S C E N E 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'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder 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 heav'n! oh wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for loe f the sheath
Lies empty on the back of *Mountague*,
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 Mountague.

Prince. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early & fallen.

Moun. 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.

Moun. 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 to do least,
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 *Mountague*,

And is mis-sheathed —————

I. 5.

& down..

And.

And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful wife :
 I married them ; and their stoln 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 staid by accident, and yesternight
 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 threatned 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!* *Mountague!*
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 kinsmen: all are punish'd!

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. 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 shew 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.*





H A M L E T,

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,

} *Courtiers.*

Osrick, *a Fop.*

Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo,

Francisco,

} *two soldiers.*

Reynoldo, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *Daughter to Polonius, belov'd by Hamlet.*

Ladies attending on the Queen.

*Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and
other attendants.*

SCENE *ELSINOUR:*

*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 centinels.

BERNARDO.



H O '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,

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Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. Oh farewell, honest soldier; who hath reliev'd
you?

Fran. *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 phantasie,
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 yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
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'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometime march? by Heav'n 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.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than phantasia?
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 fleaded ^a *Polack* on the ice.

'Tis strange ———

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this ^b dead hour,
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 impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:

Who

^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. 2, scene 4. ^b same.

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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 design'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 resolute,
 For food and dyet, 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 sort 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 flourish-
 ing.

Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets,
 Stars shon 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 precurse 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!
 [Spreading his arms.]

If thou hast any sound, 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 uphoorded 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.

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
 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,

312 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

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 hies
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 russet 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.*]

S C E N E II.

The Palace.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Corne-
lius, lords and attendants.

King. **T**HOUGH 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,
That

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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;
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage;
 He hath fail'd not to pester us with message,
 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 suppress
 His further gate herein; in that the levies,
 The lists, 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 these 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

314 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
That shall not be my offer, not 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 tow'rd *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,
Wrung 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 i'th' 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 'tis 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 suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor

a nightly.

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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 condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shews a will most incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'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 sense,
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 theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first coarse, 'till 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 less 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 chiefest 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.

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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*.

S C E N E 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 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
 Visit 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 gauled eyes,

She

• CANNON.

She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

S C E N E 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 c hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against your self. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elsinoor?*

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee 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,

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I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who? ———

Hor. My lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd 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:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted 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 sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty

To

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 not 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 saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisly?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable 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.*

K 2

Ham.

d *tenable.*

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 mens eyes.
 [Exit.

S C E N E V.

An Apartment in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessaries are imbark'd, farewell;
 And sister, as the winds give benefit,
 And convoy is assistant; 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,
 e The perfume, and suppliance 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.

And

e *The suppliance of a minute.* † *thews, or qualities.*
 † *foil.* † *fear.* † *or, sanity.*

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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 i 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 list his songs,
 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 scapes not calumnious strokes,
 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,
 Shew 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.

i *seēt and force:*

† recks not his own reed, *that is,* heeds not his own lessons.



S C E N E 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 staid for there. My blessing with you ;
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. ‘ 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, unfledg’d comrade. Beware
‘ Of Entrance to a quarrel : but being in,
‘ Bear’t that th’ oppos’d 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 exprest 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 !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go, your servants tend.

Laer. 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.

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Laer. Farewel. [Exit *Laer.*

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he said to you?

Oph. So please you, something 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,
Unfitted 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 scanted of your maiden presence,
Set your intreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger † tether may he walk,
 Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
 k Not of that die which their investments shew,
 But meer implorers of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious ^l Bawds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander 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.*]

S C E N E 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 wassell, 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?

Ham.

† Tider, or tether, teder, a string to tye horses.

k Not of the eye which their investments shew.

^l 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 goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;
Be thy ^m 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,

* These 21 lines following are in the first edition, but in some editions since left out, perhaps as being thought too verbose, but certainly Shakespear's.

This heavy-headed revell, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them;
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners; that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's scar)
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. —————

Enter Ghost, &c.

^m events.

Let me not burst in ignorancé; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones heard 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 coarfe 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.

Ham.

* The 4 following lines added from the first edition.

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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 desp'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.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no

Ghost. Mark me.

[*further.*]

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 ; list, list, oh list !
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love —

Ham. Oh heav'n !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder 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 *Lethæ'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 prophetick 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 shameful 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,

Thoughts

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n ;
 So lust, 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 curst 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 posset
 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 vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of Queen at once dispatcht ;
 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'st 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 extream unction.*

† unanel'd, *no knell rung.* *a bak'd.*

And

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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 pressures 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 ———

S C E N E 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. Hillo, 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,

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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 i'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.

Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost 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

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Consent to swear.

Hor. 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, canst work i'th' ground
so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. 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, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,
Swear as before, never so help you mercy,
How strange or odd so'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 encumbred 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 list 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 friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack; let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray.

The

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 V E 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 expence? 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

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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 dishonour 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 unreclaimed 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 sallies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working,
Mark you your party in converse; he you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you speak of guilty, be assur'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

▪ *nothing.*

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 sale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth — See you now;
 Your bait of falshood 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.

[*Exit*]

S C E N E 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

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As he would draw it. Long time staid he so ;
 At last, a little shaking of his arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being. Then he lets me go,
 And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
 For out-a-doors he went without their help,
 And to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King;
 This is the very ecstasie of love,
 Whose violent property foredoes it self,
 And leads the will to desp'rate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heav'n,
 That do's afflict our natures. I am sorry ;
 What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lood ; 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 sorry that with better a heed and judgment
 I had not quoted him. I fear'd he triff'd
 And meant to wrack thee ; but beshrew my jealousie ;
 It seems it is as proper to our age,
 To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.
 This must be known, which being kept close, might
 move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

^a *speed.*



SCENE

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrosse, Guildenstern, lords
and other attendants.*

King. **W**ELCOME dear *Rosincrosse* and *Guilden-*
stern,

Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet's* transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles 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

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And here give up our selves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosincrosse* and gentle *Guildenstern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenstern* and gentle *Rosincrosse*;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed son. Go some of ye,
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. How shall we make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and accept'd to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Enter Rosincrosse.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. I am ambassadors from *Norway*, my good lord,
And for my 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 source 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.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift 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

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 out 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 pass
 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

^a *well-look'd.*

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 surmise.

[*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.

*Oh dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have
 not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best,
 oh most 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 sollicitings,
 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
 think?

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 repulsed, a short tale to make,
 Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,
 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.

S C E N E 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; y' are 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 kissing carrion——
Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'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

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 prosp'rously 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 Rosincrosse 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, *Rosincrosse*, good lads! how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

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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 meerly 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 sort 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 *Elsinour*?

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.

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.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved 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?

Ros. 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 steril promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! 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.

Ros. My lord there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, man delights not me?

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Ros. 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?

Ros. 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.

Ros. 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?

Ros. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an † Airy of Children, little yases, 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 say 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?

Ros. 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 chappel.

for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. 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-peice, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [Flourish for the players.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsinoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, lest 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.

Guil. 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.

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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, *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of wit, and the liberty. These are the only men.

Ham. Oh *Jephtha*, 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 i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, 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 lot, 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.

Y'are welcome masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is b valanc'd since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What my young lady and mistress? berlady your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a ‡ chioppine. Pray God your voice, like a
piece

† Rubrick. *It is Pons chansons in the first folio edition. The old ballads sung on bridges, and from thence call'd Pons chansons. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old songs.*

b valiant. ‡ Chioppine, a high-heel'd shoe, or a slipper.

piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring. — Masters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like e' friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good lord?

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' *Hyrceanian* 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 complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching e' fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders 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* seeks.

L 5

Pol.

e' french. a sallet. † 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. e' streets.

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Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1 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 whif 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 i'th' 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'ns, 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 rowled 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'y-
thee say on; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or
he sleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

2 Play. But who, oh who, had seen the ^f mobled
Queen?

Ham.

^f In the first folio edition, it is th' enobled Queen.

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the flames

With biffon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed 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 she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made & 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.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [Exit Polonius.]

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?

& *milch,*

7

Play.

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Flay. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elsinoor*.

Rof. Good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay so, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.
Oh what a rogue and peasant 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 suiting
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. ———
a 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-cross,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
'Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lye i'th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
i Yet I should take it ——— for it cannot be,

But

b Yet I,

*A dull and muddy metled rascal peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ———*

i 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 murdered,
 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 ^k stallion! — 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 tent 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, Rosin-
crosse, Guildenstern, and Lords.*

K I N G.



AND 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.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
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.

Guil. 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.

Pol.

^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 visage,
And pious action we do sugar 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 plastring 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

S C E N E 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 c^e proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 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 d^d awry

And

† *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.

And lose the name of action. ——— Soft you now,
[Seeing Oph.

The fair *Ophelia*? nymph, in thy oraisons
 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 lost,
 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 com-
 merce 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 vir-
 tue cannot so ^e inoculate our old stock, but we shall
 relish of it. ^f 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 ho-
 nest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it
were

^e evacuate in the first edition. ^f I did love you once.

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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.

Oph. Heav'nly powers! restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your *s* painting too, well enough: God has given you one *b* face, and you make your self another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, 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' expectancy 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 honey of his musick vows:
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like

s *prattling.*

b *face.*

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasie. Oh woe is me!
T'have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

S C E N E 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 conf'rence. 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.*



S C E N E IV.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. SPEAK the speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve 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 robustous periwig-pated 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 shews, 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 shew 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, tho' 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 christian, pagan, ⁱ or man, have so strutted

ⁱ or Norman.

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ted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature'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 necessary question of the play be then to be considered: That's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosincrosse, 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.*]

S C E N E 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 coap'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 hast, 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

262 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

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 comingled,
 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'n 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 censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.

If he steal ought the whilst this play is playing,
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrosse,
 Guildenstern, 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 dish: I
 eat the air, promise-cramin'd: you cannot feed ca-
 pons so.

King,

† Stithy, a smith's anvil.

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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 Caesar*, 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.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that? [*Exit.*]

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 legs.

Oph. What is, my lord? [*Exit.*]

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'ns! 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 *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Hautboys play. The dumb shew 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. Anon 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 mutes come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes 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.

Enter King and Queen, Players.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus'* car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and *Tellus'* orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have time twelve thirties 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 distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
And womens 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 kisses 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 unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget,
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:

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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 seasons 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 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. [Sleeps.]

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance 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?

Ham.

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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 withers 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 season, else no creature seeing:

Thou mixture rank, of midnight-weeds collected,

With *Hecate's* bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick, and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in his ears.

Ham. He poysons 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.

Maxent 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 provincial roses on my ^a rayed shooes, get me a fellowship in a ^b city of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know, oh *Damon* dear,
This realm dismantled 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 poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come some musick. Come the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy;
Why then belike 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 pajock. This alludes to a Fable, of the Birds chusing 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 wholsom 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 wholsom 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. 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 unmannerly.

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 sound 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 cannot play upon me: God bless you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a *Camel*?

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 business 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.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter King, Rosincrosse, 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.

Guild. 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

M 4

With

† *An Ouzle or Blackbird: it has been printed by mi-
stake a Weesel, which is not black.*

272 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

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 majesty
 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
 What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
 Fixt on the summit of the highest 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 boistrous ruin. Ne'er alone
 Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. 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 visage of offence?
 ' And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 ' To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
 ' Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up.
 ' My fault is past. But oh what form of prayer
 ' Can serve my turn; Forgive me my foul murder!
 ' That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 ' Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 ' 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 rests?
 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 struggling to be free
 Art more engag'd! help angels, make assay!
 Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well. [*The King kneels.*]

S C E N E 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 ^b hire and fallery, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad' blown; as ^c flush as *May*;
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n?

M 5

But

^b *base and silly.* *Ed. prim.* ^c *fresh.* 8

274 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

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 season'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' incestuous 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 physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.
 King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.

S C E N E X L

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. **H**E 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.

d bent,

e an idle

Queen,

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
budge:

You go not 'till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho.

Pol. What ho, help. [*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 sits a blister there; makes marriage-vows

276 *HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.*

As false as dicers oaths. Oh such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction 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 visage 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 presentment of two brothers:
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, 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-kissing 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 shame! 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,

And

^a 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 sty.

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 cutpurse 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 sits;
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' incorporal 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 those very hairs, as if they had life, start up, &c.* Start

278 · HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

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,
Lest 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 ev'n now out at the portal.

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation Ecstasie
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstasie?

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately 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 unction 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,
Infects 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, †courb, and wqoe, for leave to do it good.

Queen.

^a *mining*, edit. *prim.* † *courb*, to stoop or bend down.

Queen. Oh, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser 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 easie;
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;

[Pointing 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 bestow 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 kisses,
Or padding 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, *robore suffusus*, Skinner.

280. HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite 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 fang'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 set 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



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen.

K I N G.



Here's matter in these sighs; 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
Evn on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen.

282. HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*

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 it self 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 Rosincrosse 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.*

S C E N E II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed,——

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet!* lord *Hamlet!*

Ham. What noise? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh here they come.

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead
body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust; whereto '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 re-
plication should be made by the son of a King?.

Ros.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*, 283.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, 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 last swallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and sponge; you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. 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. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E 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 desp'rate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrosse.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded to know your
pleasure. *King.*

b. ape;

284 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

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 politike 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 progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heav'n, send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i'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 send 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.

Ham.

† added from the old edit.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 285

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 ^b congruing to that effect,

The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it *England!*

For like the hec tick 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.

S C E N E IV.

A CAMP.

Enter Fortinbras with an army.

For. GO, captain, from me, greet the *Danish* King,

Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*

Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march

Over his realm. You know the rendezvous.

If that his majesty would ought 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.*

Enter

† let or retard

^b conjuring

Enter Hamlet, Rosincrosse, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How ^c 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 ^d fold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Polacke* 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 th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b'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 unus'd. Now whether 't be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,

^c *propos'd*

^d *so*

(A

(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 gross as earth exhort me;
 Witnesses this army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Ev'n 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 fantasie 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.

S C E N E 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 strow

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 jealousy 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.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this song? [Singing.]

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark.

*He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia ———

Oph. Pray you mark.

White 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 ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd 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.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 289

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 cloaths, and dupt 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 do't, if they come to't,

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 ladies; good-night, good-night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you;

This is the poison 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,*

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers*? let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my lord.
 The ocean over-peering of his list
 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.

Laer. Where is the King? Sirs! stand you all with-

All. No, let's come in. [out.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you; keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me
 bastard,

Crys

Crys cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste and unsmich'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 incens'd? 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 ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repast 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,

292 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A Noise within.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Ophelia fantastically drest with straws and flowers.

Laer. Let her come in. How now? what noise is that?

O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt
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?
^a Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends 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 dove.*

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge, 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 false steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. 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.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it

^a Or, perhaps,
*Nature is fire in love, and where 'tis fire
It sends some precious incense of itself
After the thing it loves.*

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 293

it herb of grace a *Sundays*: you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daffie; 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.

Laer. 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 mone,
Gramercy on his soul.

And of all christian souls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit Ophelia.*]

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes,* I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wisest 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.

Laer. 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, with an attendant.

Hor. **W**HAT 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 our selves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, 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. Rosincrosse 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't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. NOW must your conscience my acquittance
feal,

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.

Laer. 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 unfinew'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 slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. 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.

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King. Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think

That we are made of stuff 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.

Mes. These to your Majesty : this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my lord, they say, I saw them not :
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them : leave us, all —
[*Exit Mes.*

*High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on
your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly eyes. When I shall, first asking you pardon there-
unto, recount th' 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 rul'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.

Laer. 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 talkt 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.

Laer. 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 I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond*,

King. The very same.

Laer. 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 masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence;
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed,

If one could match you. This report of his
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his envy,
 That he could nothing do, but wish 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 a like goodnes still;
 For goodnes growing to a pleurisie,
 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 sigh
 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 murder 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 remis,
 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
Requite 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 gall 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 that 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 tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. How now, sweet Queen?

S C E N E 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 a-slant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:
There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But

† *That is, not blunted, as foyles are. Or as one edition has it, embaited or envenomed.*

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But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them.
 There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
 Clambring to hang, an envious sliyer 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 indew'd
 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 fain 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. [Exit.]





ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

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 crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lyes the point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches. It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, she drown'd her self wittingly,

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman *Deever*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lyes 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.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pity 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.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the ship-wright, 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 ship-wright, 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 beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker. The houses he makes, last 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Toughan*, 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 easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But age with his stealing steps,
Hath clau'd me in his clutch:
And hath 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 sweet lord; how dost thou, good lord? this might be my lord such a one, that prais'd my lord such a ones horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why e'en so; and now my lady Worm's, chopless, 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 guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillits? 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 lye 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 ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham:

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 hast 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' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarces 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.

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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 abhorred 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 gambols? your 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. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. 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 stopping 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

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as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was burid, *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 *Cesar* 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,

S C E N E 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 warrant; her death was doubtful, And but that great command o'er-ſways the order, She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd 'Till the laſt trump. 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 prophane 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 miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,

When

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When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

I hop'd thou would'st have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe

Fall tentimes 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 skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. [*discovering himself.*] What is he, whose
griefs

Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*]

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. 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 splenative 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.

Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thy self?

Woo't drink up *Esill*, 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 *Ossa* 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 sit 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.*



S C E N E III.

A H A L L.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. S O 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 scarf'd about me, in the dark Gropp'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 unseal 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 bugbs and goblins in my life,) That on the supervise, 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,

They had begun the play. I fate me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it as our statists do,
A baseness 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 debatement further, 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 ordinaunt;
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, *Guildenstern* and *Rosintrosse* 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 pass, 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

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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 pourtraiture of his; I'll court his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tousing passion.

Her. Peace, who comes here?

S C E N E IV.

Enter Osrick.

Osr. 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 mess; 'tis a chough; but as I say, spacious
in the possession of dirt.

Osr. 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.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is
northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry, and hot for my
complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry, as
'twere, I cannot tell how: — My lord, his majesty
bid

* friendship

bid me signifie 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 assigns, 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 hangers '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?

314 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

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 dug before he suck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the same ^a breed that I know the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of vesty 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 sends 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 whensoever, 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 wouldst 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 ^b misgiving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham.

^a *bevy*, *vet. edit.*

^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?

S C E N E V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and lords, with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons 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 sore 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 brother.

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 reconciliation;

'Till by some elder masters of known honour

I have a voice, and president of peace

O 2

T●

^b mother.

316 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'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.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Iaertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Osrick*.

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.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well; these foils have all a
length? [*Prepares to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stools 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^a 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'ns, the heav'ns to earth.
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They play.*

Ham. One —————

Laer. No —————

Ham.

^a *Unix.*

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 317

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. 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 caroules 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.

[*aside.*]

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. [*Play.*]

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

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 sprindge,

Ofrick,

318 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. 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 villany! hoe! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out ———

Laer. 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, [*Stabs the King.*]

All. Treason, treason.

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, [*King dies.*]

Laer. 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.
I am 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 ?

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. 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 prophesie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th' occurrents 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.

320 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

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 commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Resincrosse* and *Guildenstern* are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Her. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment 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 † Nobles 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 same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a soldier ‡ to the stage;

For

† *In another edition infernal.*

‡ *noblest.*

‡ *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 shews much amiss.
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.

Æmilia, Wife to Jago.

Bianca, Curtezan, Mistress to Cassio.

*Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, and
Attendants.*

*SCENE for the First Act in Venice; dur-
ing the rest of the Play in Cyprus.*

The Story is taken from Cynthio's Novels.

OTHEL-



O T H E L L O,

The Moor of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

V E N I C E.

Enter Rodorigo and Jago.

R O D O R I G O.



Ever tell me, I take it much unkindly,^a
That thou, *Jago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst
know of this.

Jago. 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,

Jago. 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 bumbast circumstance,
Horribly stuf with epithets of war;

And

^a *Tush, 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 battel knows
 More than a spinster; but the bookish theorick,
 Wherein the tongued consuls can propose
 As masterly 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 bless 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, cashier'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 *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Jago*:
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heav'n 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 b seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

Jago. Call up her father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight.
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen.
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such c 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!

S C E N E II.

Enter Brabantio above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Jago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Jago.

^b am

* chances.

Jago. Zounds ! Sir, you're robb'd : for shame put
on your gown,
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire 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 *Rodorigo*.

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 courfers
for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What prophane 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.

Bra.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
 ‡ If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
 (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 lascivious Moor:
 If this be known to you, and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and sawcy 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 gross revolt,
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
 To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
 Of here and every where; straight satisfy 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 oppresses me already.
 Light, I say, light!

Jago. Farewel; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd (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,

To

‡ *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.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Brabantio in his night-gown, and servants
 with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
 And what's to come of my despised time,
 Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
 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, *Rodorigo*,
 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 most; get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of d' might:

On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

The STREET.

Enter Othello, Jago, and Attendants with torches.

Jago. **T**H O' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murther: I ° 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?

S C E N E

° take.

† i. e. without pulling off the bonnet.

S C E N E V.

Enter Cassio with torches.

Iago. 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 ?

Iago. By *Janus*, 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 gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers 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 ?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrac ;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom ?

Iago. Marry to ——— Come, captain, will you go ?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

S C E N E

S C E N E 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 sooty 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.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Senate house.

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights and attendants.

Duke. **T** 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 gallies.

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 diff'rence,) yet they all confirm
A Turkish Fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;

I do

I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve,
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies,

Duke. Now! — what's the business?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 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 dress'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 profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. 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 —

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem
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 Luccicos, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us, to him.
Post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

S C E N E VIII.

To them, enter *Brabantio*, *Othello*, *Cassio*, *Jago*,
Roderigo, and *Officers*.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior,
We lackt 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 sorrows,
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 withcraft 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 seems
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,

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 spite 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 test,
Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods

Of modern seeming do 'prefer against him.

I 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.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

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 battels, 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 most 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 sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history: ‡

Wherein

‡ This line is restored from the old edition. It is in
the rest ——— And portance in my travel's history.
Rymer in his criticism on this play has chang'd it to
Portents, instead of *Portance*.

Wherein of † antrées 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 swore 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.

† Antrées, Fr. Grottoes.

^b *Desarts* idle, in the former editions; doubtless a corruption from *wilde*.

‡ It was kisses in the later editions. But this is evidently the true reading: the lady had been forward indeed, to give him a world of kisses 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.

S C E N E 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,
 Which,

Which, like a grise, 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.

Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He bears 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 substi-
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 slubber the
gloss of your new fortunes, with this more stubborn
and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty 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 besort

P 3

As

^a gross.^b coach.

As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. 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 ^a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. 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 subdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my 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 business scant
When she is with me — No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid*, ^b foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
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,

Or

^a character.

^b feel.

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 hast 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.]

S C E N E 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!

P 4

Rod.

† added from the first edition.

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villanous! 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 my self for the love of a *Guinney*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. 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 steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a sect, or syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. 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 profest me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving, 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 countenance 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 errors 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 erring *Barbarian* and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make mony. A pox of drowning thy self, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather 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 against 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. Traverse, go, provide thy mony. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'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]

S C E N E XI.

Manet Jago.

Jago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I 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 —

But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if 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 ingendred — Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
[Exit.]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

*Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus, and
 Gentlemen.*

M O N T A N O.



W H A T from the cape can you discern at
 sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high-
 wrought flood;

I cannot 'twixt the ^a heavens and the
 main

Descry a sail.

Ment. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;

^b *hayen. ed. prim.*

A

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 morties ? 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 enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet
 Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd :
 It is impossible to bear it out.

S C E N E II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

³ *Gent.* News, ^c lords, our wars are done :
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
 That their designment 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 *Veronesso*, *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'ns 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.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the Moor: oh let the heav'ns
 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 fail, a fail, a fail!

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 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'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

S C E N E 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 † ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,)
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 conduct of the bold *Jago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A fennight's speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort ———

S C E N E 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.

Des. 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.

Des. O but I fear ——— how lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But hark, a sail!

Within.] A sail, a sail!

Exit.

† *qu. if enur'd.*

5.

Gent. They give this greeting to the cittadel :
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news :

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress;
[*To Emilia.*

Let it not gall your patience, good *Jago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Jago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas ! she has no speech.

Jago. In faith, too much ;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep ;
Marry before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. 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,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your huswifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. Oh fie upon thee, slanderer.

Jago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk* ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Jago. No, let me not.

Des. 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.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the har-
bour ———

Jago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise ;
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 she is delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. 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 blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish?

Jago. *She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.*

Des. 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.*

Des. 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 suiters following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)*

Des. To do what?

Jago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! do not

not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' 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.

Iago. [*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 † 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 kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good——well kiss'd and excellent curtesie——'tis so indeed——Yet again——your fingers to your lips? would they were clister-pipes for your sake. [*Trumpet.*

The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

S C E N E 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.

† or catch, *shackle.*

Des.

Des. 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 castle.
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 worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Jago and Rodorigo.

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 — list 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 she 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 tendernefs 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 salt and most hidden loose affection? a slippery and subtile 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 blefs'd condition.

Iago. Blefs'd figs end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blefs'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blefs'd pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesie.

Iago. 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, *Rodorigo!* 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.

• *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. Provoke 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 cittadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E 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 jealousy 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 ^e 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 practising 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]

S C E N E IX.

The STREET.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. **I**T 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 that honourable stop,
 Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas.

^e rank. ed. prim.

Cas. *Jago* hath direction what do do:
But notwithstanding with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. *Jago* 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 *Jago*.

Cas. Welcome, *Jago*; we must to the watch.

Jago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
o'th' clock. Our General cast 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.

Jago. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Jago. What an eye she has? methinks it sounds a
parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Jago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to
love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Jago. Well, happiness to their sheets: come, lieu-
tenant, 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 *Jago*: I have very poor
and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish
courtesie would invent some other custom of enter-
tainment.

Jago. 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 innovati-
on it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity,
and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Jago.

Jago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gal-
lants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Jago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes 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, *Roderigo*,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'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 fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now 'mongst 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.

S C E N E X.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouse al-
ready.

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

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*, ——— drink ho ——— 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 & sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant: and I'll do you justice.

Jago. Oh sweet *England*.

*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 lown:*

*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 saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

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 saved.

Jago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive

our

& swears not.

our sins ~~——~~ 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.

Cas. Why very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

S C E N E 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 *Cesar*, 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 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 Rodorigo.

Jago. How now, *Rodorigo* !
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,

Jago.

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.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal! ———

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave
into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me ———

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant? [*Staying him.*

I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll h knock you o'er the
mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. 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 masters! 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.

S C E N E 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 sence 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 selyes do that

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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 isle
 From her propriety. What is the matter?

Honest *Jago*, that looks dead with grieving,
 Speak: who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

Jago. 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?

Cas. 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, *Jago*, 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 assails 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

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 perswade my self, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my self 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 pursue;
 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 wish 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Manent Jago and Cassio.

Jago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Jago. Marry, heav'n forbid.

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have
lost my reputation! I have lost 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 sense
in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and
most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost
without deserving. You have lost 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.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to de-
ceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunk-

en,

ⁱ *offence* ed. prim.

en, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak, parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse tustian 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?

Cas. I know not.

Jago. Is't possible?

Cas. 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?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectness shews 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.

Cas. 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.

Cas. 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 devotement of

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*.

S C E N E 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 enfetter'd to her love That she may make, unmake, do what she list, 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 lust:
 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, *Rod'rigo*!

S C E N E XV.

Enter *Rodorigo*.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, 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:
 Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath 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 thy self a while. In troth '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 *Rodorigo*.

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
 Solliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
 Dull not device, by coldness and delay. [Exit.

Q 4

ACT

† en-mesh, a metaphor from taking birds in meshes.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

CASSIO.



MASTERS, 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 i'th' nose 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 sake 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.]

Cas. Dost thou hear me, mine honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, 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 *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir, if she will stir Iuther, I shall seem to notifie 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,
SCENE

S C E N E 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.]*

S C E N E III.

An Apartment.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. 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.

Cas. 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 politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it self 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 *Æmilia* 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 solicitor shall rather die,
 Than give thy cause away.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Othello and Jago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and here me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease.
 Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Jago. Hah? I like not that.

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 so guilty-like,
 Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?
 I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. 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. Went he hence now?

Des. 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 ^a mutt'ring 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 poize 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. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come straight.

Des.

^a *mamm'ring*.

Des. Emilia, come; be as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er 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?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest.

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 ec-
cho'st 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 purse 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.

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 me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're a 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 ^b thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminatè, and give thy worst of thoughts,
The worst of words.

Jago. Good, my lord, pardon me.
c Tho' 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 jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,) I intreat you then
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build your self a trouble

Out

a cold dilations.

b my.

c I am not bound.

Out of ^d 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?

Iago. 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,

Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts —————

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. 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!

Iago. 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 exultate and blown surmises,

Matching thy inference. '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

^d his.

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, *Iago*,
 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 jealousy.

Iago. 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 heav'n see the pranks
 They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
 Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. 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.

Iago. 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.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:
 I hope you will consider what is spoke
 Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd —
 I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago.

Jago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile a 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 she 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,
Whereto 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.*

Jago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

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.

a success.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. 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 unshunnable 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.

Des.

† *A metaphor taken from falconry. Jesses are the strings they hold a hawk by.*

Des. 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.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VII.

Manet Emilia.

Æmil. 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 reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Jago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Enter Jago.

Jago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Jago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha?

Jago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Jago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Jago. Hast stollen it from her?

Æmil. 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.

Æmil.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so earnest to have me filch 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.

S C E N E 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'st 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.

‡ *This line, restored from the first edition, compleats 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 fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove'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 g liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh monstrous 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.

Oth.

^f man's, in the first edition.

g lovest.

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 kifs 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 kifs, 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 shrewd 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 bosom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks tongues.

Jago. Yet be content.

Oth.

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 *Hellepont*:
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 rev'rence 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

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. DO you know, sirrah, where lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

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*?

Emil. 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.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

S C E N E X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh hardness to dissemble!
How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moist——this hand of yours requires
A sequester 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.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? ——

Des. No indeed, my lord.

Oth. 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

After

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.

Des. 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 silk,
 And it was dy'd in mummey, which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true!

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen't.

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'th' way?

Des. Bless us! ———

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what and if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. 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 mis-
 gives ———

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief ———

Des. A man that all his time
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
 Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief ———

Des. Insooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away.

[Exit Othello.]

S C E N E XI.

*Manent Desdemona and Emilia.**Emil.* 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.

Emil. '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 lo, 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 advocacy 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.

Jag. Is my lord angry ?

Emil. He went hence but now;

And

And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. 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
Pufft 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.

S C E N E XII.

Manent Desdemona, *Æmilia*, and *Cassio*.

Des. 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 bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. 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.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Ex. *Desdem.* and *Æmil.*

S C E N E XIII.

*Enter Bianca.**Bian.* 'Save you, friend *Cassio*.*Cas.* 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?
'Eightscore eight hours? and lover's absent hours,
'More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
'Oh weary reck'ning!*Cas.* 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.*Cas.* 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 mistress, some remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.*Bian.* Why, whose is it?*Cas.* 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?*Cas.* 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?*Cas.* Not that I love you not.*Bian*• *continue.*

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.

WILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Jago*?

Jago. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?

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 hypocrisie 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.

Oth. She is protectress 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,
Boarding to 'ill, — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I'ad seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did — I know not what he did —

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye ———

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? on her — what you will —

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with her! — that's
falsom: handkerchief — Confessions — Handker-
chief — * I tremble at it — Nature would not invest
her self in such shadowing without some instruction.
It is not words that shake me thus — pish — Noses, ears,
and lips — is't possible! — confess! — handker-
chief! — 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 guiltless meet reproach. What ho! my lord!
My lord, I say, *Othello*.

* *all.* * 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

SCENE II.

*Enter Cassio.*How now, *Cassio*?*Cas.* What's the matter?*Jago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsie;
This is the second fit; he had one yesterday.*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.*Jago.* 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.* Dost thou mock me?*Jago.* 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.*Jago.* There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.*Oth.* Did he confess it?*Jago.* Good Sir, be a man:
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lye in those improper 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.*Jago.* Stand you a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief
(A passion most a unfitting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away

R 5

And

* resulting,

And laid good 'scuses 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.

Cit. 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?
 [*Othello withdraws.*

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 dotes 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.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor *Cassio's* smiles, gestures and light behaviour
 Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. 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,
 [*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff,

Oth.

^b power.

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 unwhol-
some. 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 scar'd me? well.

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is
perswaded 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 eve-
ry 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, fo:
shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha ———

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my cham-
ber: 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 minxe's token, and I must take out the work? there, give it your hobby-horse: where-soever 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.

Manent 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?

Jago.

† *Fitchew*, a pole-cat.

Iago. 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 ! —

Iago. 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.

Iago. 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 !

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times :
And then of so gentle condition ! —

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago* — Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it.

Iago —

Iago. 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 !

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night, I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again : this night, *Iago*.

Iago. 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.

Iago. 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.

[Gives him a Letter.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. 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*?

Jago. Lives, Sir.

Des. 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?

Des. My lord.

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will —

Lod. He did not call; he's busie in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!

Des.

Des. 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 ———

Des. I will not stay t' offend you.

[*Going*]

Lod. Truly an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress.

Des. 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 Desd.*]

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 Monkeys!

[*Exit*]

S C E N E 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.

Jago. 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.

Lod. What, strike his wife !

Jago. 'Faith that was not so well ; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault ?

Jago. 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.

Lod. I'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

An Apartment.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. **Y**OU have seen nothing then ?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What ? did they never whisper ?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way ?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing ?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange !

Æmil. 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

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 villanous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I've seen her do't.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; look in my face.

Des. 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.]

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,

† But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come swear it; damn thy self; lest being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double damn'd; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?

With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona*, away, away, away —

Des. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If

† 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 sores 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 the 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 had'st 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 hush'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not bear't. What, committed? —

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. 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?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*——

S C E N E X.

Enter Æmilia.

You mistress,
That have the office opposite to *St. Peter*,
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.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Des. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.
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.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [Exit.

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

Enter Jago and Æmilia.

Jago. 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.

Jago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Jago*, 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, *Jago*?

Jago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink, Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Jago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

Jago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!

Æmil. 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.

Jago. Beshrew him for't; how comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain, Some busie and insinuating rogue, Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office, Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Jago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him.

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones. Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company? What place? what time? what form? what likely-hood? The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous 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,
Ev'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.

Des. 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 mass 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.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Jago. It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark how these instruments summon to supper!
The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*

S C E N E XII.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Red. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me. |
Jago.

Jago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost't me with some devise
Jago, and rather, as it seems to me now, keep't from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded 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 my self 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 my self fob'd in it.

Jago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my self 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,

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 compass?

Jago. Sir, there is especial commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Jago. Oh no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred 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 sups 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. [Exit.]

S C E N E 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.

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 bid 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 forsake 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 handsom man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice would have walk'd bare-foot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. 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 salt tears fell from her, and softned the stones;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee hye 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.

Des. 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,

Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. 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 gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither by this heav'nly light,

I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Des. 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.

Des. 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 joint-ring, 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.

Des. 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.

Des. 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 despite;
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 palats both for sweet and sower,
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.

Des. Good-night; good-night; heaven me such uses
send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Jago and Rodorigo.

J A G O.

HERE, 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.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Jago. Here, at thy hand; a be bold and take thy
sword.

Rod. 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.

Jago. I've rub'd this young gnat almost to the sense
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
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 *Cassio* 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 2

No;

a behold, and take thy stand.

No, he must die. Be it so, I hear him coming.

[*Exit Jago.*]

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 ho! murther, mur-
ther!

S C E N E II.

Enter Othello above at a Window.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*, *Jago* 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 *Jago*, 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.*]

S C E N E 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.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Jago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out murder?

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?

Gra. 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 spoil'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!

[*Jago stabs him.*]

Rod. Oh damn'd *Jago*! oh inhuman dog!

Jago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be these bloody thieves!

How silent is this town? ho, murder! murder!

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 *Cassio* hurt by villains.

Gra. *Cassio*?

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.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Bianca.**Bian.* What is the matter here? 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?*Cas.* 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
Rodorigo? no: Yes sure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*.*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.* *Rodorigo*?*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?*Cas.* 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 gashness of her eye? [*To Bianca.*

Nay,

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.

S C E N E 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 supt to-night.

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supt 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* drest.
Come mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia, run to the cittadel,

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.*]

S C E N E VI.

*A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep
in her bed.*

Enter Othello, with a light, and a sword.

Oth. I T is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
 Nor scar 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'st 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;

[*Kissing her.*]

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 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 —

Des. Who's there, *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona*?

Des. 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.

Des. 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.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth.

Oth. Hum.

Des. 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.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ft.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip ?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame ;
These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so : what's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ft *Cassio*.

Des. No by my life and soul : send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. 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.

Des. Oh heav'n have mercy on me.

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too. I never did
Offend you in my life ; never lov'd *Cassio*,
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 dost stone my heart,
And mak'it me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;
I never gave it him ; send for him hither,

Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee —

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des. Oh, my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. Oh banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But half an hour* — but while I say one
prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*Attempts to smother her.*]

S C E N E VII.

Æmilia at the door.

Æmil. My lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord, my
lord!

Oth. What noise 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.

* *Des.* But half an hour —

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth.

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? were'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' afrighted 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 foul murders
 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.

Des. 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 ho! help! oh lady speak again,
 Sweet *Desdemona*! oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. 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 rash 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 sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
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; do'st understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Jago*.

Æmil.

^b iteration. ‡ This speech and the following are
newly added in this edition.

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 most 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'st done a deed ———
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives — Help! help ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

S C E N E 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 murders 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 *Cassio*? did you say with *Cassio*?

Jago. With *Cassio*, mistress; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to
My mistress lies here murder'd in her bed. * [speak,

* ——— murder'd in her bed.

All. Oh heav'ns forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth.

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 neice; 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 desp'rate 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 recognizance 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 wise 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.*]

S C E N E 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 boad, lady?

Hark,

c north.

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
 And die in musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow* —
 Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
 So come my soul to blifs, 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 † *Ebro'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 perforce 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 it self 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 controul 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 sail.
 Do you go back dismay'd? '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-starr'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 sight;

Blow

† *In the first edition it is Icebroke'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!

S C E N E X.

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, 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 tow'ards 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,
Faln in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. 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 ensnar'd 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 befall'n,
Which as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Rodrigo*,

And

And here another, one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

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
Rodrigo 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 confest 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 *Rodorigo'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 forsake 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 extream; 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 kist thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
 Killing my self, to die upon a kifs. [Dies.]

Cas. 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 inforce 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 it self, 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.

I N D E X

I N D E X

OF THE

CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS,

SPEECHES *and* DESCRIPTIONS

· I N ·

SHAKESPEAR.



S E C T. I.

C H A R A C T E R S

O F

H I S T O R I C A L P E R S O N S.

A.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>ARTHUR</i> , a hopeful young Prince, unfortunate. Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>			
<i>Alcibiades</i> , banish'd for interceding for his Friend. Vol. 6.	<i>Timon.</i>	3	6	
- - - visits <i>Timon</i> with two Misses. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	4	
- - - exhorted to Cruelty by him, and the Women to Lust. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	4	
- - - conquers <i>Athens.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	5	
<i>Antony, Mark</i> , his Conference with <i>Brutus</i> after <i>Cesar</i> was murther'd. Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	3	3	
- - - his Reflections on it, when alone.			4	
- - - speaks <i>Cesar's</i> Funeral Oration,			6	

Antony,

I N D E X.

Antony, Mark, his Eloquence prais'd by <i>Cassius</i> . Vol. 6.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
- - - his Valour degenerates into Fondness for <i>Cleopatra</i> . Vol. 7.	<i>Jul. Caesar.</i>	5	2	
- - - resolves to leave her.			4	
- - - his former Bravery describ'd by <i>Octavius Caesar</i> .	<i>Ant. and Cleop</i>	1	1	
- - - <i>Pompey's</i> wish that he may live on in love and luxury.		2	1	
- - - quarrels with <i>Octavius</i> , which ends in a Marriage with <i>Octavia</i> .			2	
- - - his Genius inferior to <i>Octavius's</i> .			4	<i>Sooth. Ant.</i>
- - - complains of <i>Octavius's</i> ill-treatment to <i>Octavia</i> .		3	4	
- - - beaten at <i>Actium</i> , and despairs after it.			6. 7	
- - - sends to <i>Octavius</i> to treat, and is refus'd.			8	
- - - grows jealous of <i>Cleopatra</i> .			10	
- - - beats <i>Caesar</i> by Land, and meets the Queen in Rapture.		4	6	
- - - his Fleet revolting he quarrels again with <i>Cleopatra</i> .			9	
- - - being told she is dead he falls on his Sword.			10	
- - - carried to <i>Cleopatra</i> he dies in her Arms.			12	
- - - <i>Octavius</i> and his Generals lament and praise him.		5	1	
- - - and <i>Cleopatra</i> .			2	

I N D E X.

Ajax his Character.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cres.</i>	I	3	<i>Ser.</i>
B.				
Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>	2	5	<i>Cit.</i>
Vol. 5.	<i>I Hen. 6.</i>	3	8	
<i>vid. Winchester.</i>				
Vol. 5.	<i>Richard 3.</i>			
in Henry 8th's Reign, rash, choleric.				
Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	I	2	
<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	I	5	
<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	I. 2.	
<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	I	7	<i>King.</i>
<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	5	<i>Cham.</i>
<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	2	<i>Suf.</i>
<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	I	<i>2 Gent.</i>
Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	I	3	
<i>ibid.</i>		I	3	
<i>ibid.</i>			7	<i>Casce</i>
<i>ibid.</i>		2	I	
<i>ibid.</i>			2	
<i>ibid.</i>			3	
<i>ibid.</i>		5	5	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Brutus</i> quarrels with <i>Cassius</i> .	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	4	2. 3.	
- - - relates the Death of <i>Pertia</i> .			4	
- - - sees <i>Cesar's</i> Ghost.			7	
- - - takes his last farewell of <i>Cassius</i> .		5	3	
- - - resolves to die, and kills himself.			8	
- - - prais'd by <i>Anthony</i> .				
<i>Banquo</i> , his Character (for the rest, <i>vid. Macbeth.</i>)				
Vol. 7.	<i>Macbeth.</i>	3	2	<i>Mac.</i>
C.				
<i>Constance</i> , a Mother passionately fond. Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>			
<i>Cade</i> , <i>John</i> , a bold crafty Rebel. Vol. 5.	2 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	3	5	<i>York.</i>
<i>Clifford</i> , bold and revengeful. <i>ibid.</i>	3 <i>Hen. 6.</i>			
<i>Cesar</i> , <i>Julius</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	3	1	<i>Prince.</i>
<i>Catharine</i> , Q. to <i>Henry 8.</i>				
Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	2	3	<i>Norf.</i>
- - - pitied by <i>Anne Bullen</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	5	
- - - Her Speech to the King before her Divorce. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	6	
- - - prais'd by the King. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	7	
- - - recommends her Daughter and Servants to him. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	2	
<i>Cromwell</i> , <i>Thomas</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	1	3 <i>Gent.</i>
<i>Cranmer's</i> Character by <i>Gardiner</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	1	
- - - by <i>Cromwel</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	5	
- - - by the King. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	6	
- - - his Speech over <i>Princess Elizabeth</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	8	

Coriolanus

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Coriolanus</i> , brave, proud, a Contemner of the Populace. Vol. 6.	<i>Coriolanus</i> .			
- - - chides his Soldiers when repuls'd: <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	I	8	<i>Lar.</i>
- - - his Character.				
- - - his Entry into Rome after a Victory.		2	4	<i>Brut. Mes.</i>
- - - his Actions summ'd up by <i>Cominius</i> .			6	<i>Com.</i>
- - - approv'd by the Tribunes, he rails at the Populace.		3	I	
- - - banish'd.			6	
- - - applies to, and is kindly receiv'd by <i>Aufidius</i> .		4	4	
- - - not to be diverted by his Friends from invading Rome.		5	I	
- - - yields to his Mother's intreaties.		5	3	
- - - slain by the envy and treachery of <i>Aufidius</i> .			6	
<i>Cesar, Julius</i> , suspicious of <i>Cassius</i> . Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	I	4	<i>Ces.</i>
- - - refuseth the Crown that was offer'd.			5	<i>Ces.</i>
- - - addicted to superstition, and lov'd flattery.		2	2	<i>Ces. Dec.</i>
- - - dissuaded by <i>Calphurnia</i> from going to the Senate.			4	
- - - his Contempt of Death.				<i>Ces.</i>
- - - firm against those who wrong him.		3	I	<i>Ces.</i>
- - - Assassinated.				
- - - his Ghost appears to <i>Brutus</i> .		4	7	
<i>Cassius</i> , confers with <i>Brutus</i> against <i>Cesar</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	I	3	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Persons.
<i>Cassius</i> , his Character.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	I	4	<i>Cas.</i>
- - - resolves to kill himself if <i>Cesar</i> is made King.			7	
- - - his Quarrel with <i>Bruce</i> .		4	2. 3	
- - - ill Omens stagger him tho' an Epicurean.		5	3	
- - - presages he should die on his Birth-day.			4	
- - - kills himself.				
- - - mourn'd and prais'd by <i>Titinius</i> , <i>Messala</i> and <i>Bruce</i> .			5. 6	
<i>Cesar's</i> Character. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	I	5	<i>Cas.</i>
<i>Cleopatra</i> , the power of her Beauty over <i>Antony</i> .	<i>Ant. and Cleo.</i>	I	I	<i>Ant.</i>
Vol. 7.		2	3	<i>Eno.</i>
- - - tenderly passionate.		I	3	
- - - her Character of <i>Antony</i> when he had left her.			6	
- - - her sailing down the <i>Cydus</i> describ'd.			3	
[for the rest <i>vid. Antony</i> .				
- - - her Lamentation over the dead Body of <i>Antony</i> .		4	12	
- - - resolves to die.		5	2	
- - - visited by <i>Octavius</i> .			3	
- - - affronted by her Treasurer <i>Selenus</i> .				
- - - kills her self with an Aspick.			6	
D.				
<i>Dowglas</i> , Vol. 4.	<i>I Hen. 4.</i>	4	I	<i>Hot.</i>
<i>Duncan</i> , K. of Scotland murder'd. <i>vid. Macbeth.</i>				

I N D E X.

E.

E.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
E <i>EDWARD</i> the Black Prince. Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	2	3	<i>York.</i>
<i>Eleanor</i> Wife of D. <i>Humphrey</i> , Ambitious and given to superstition. Vol. 5.	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>	1	4	
- - - walks in Procession for Penance, and is banish'd. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>	2	7	
<i>Edward 4th</i> , amorous, brave, successful. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>3 Hen. 6.</i>			
- - - his two Sons. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	2	5	
- - - murther'd. <i>ibid.</i>		3	1	
<i>Edward P. of Wales</i> , Son to <i>Henry 6.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	4	3	
<i>Q. Elizabeth</i> , prophetically describ'd by <i>Cranmer</i> . Vol. 6.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	1	2	
- - - Complimented by the Title of the Vestal Queen. Vol. 1.	<i>Henry 8.</i>	5	8	
<i>Enobarbus</i> , a brave Roman Captain. Vol. 7.	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	2	2	<i>Ob.</i>
- - - dies with grief for deserting <i>Antony</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Ant. and Cleop.</i>			
	<i>ibid.</i>	4	7	

F.

F <i>Faulconbridge</i> , boastful, brave and enterprizing. Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>			
<i>Fulvia's</i> Death and Character. Vol. 7.	<i>Ant. and Cleop.</i>	1	3	<i>Ant.</i>

G.

G <i>Glendower</i> . Vol. 4.	<i>1 Hen. 4.</i>	3	1	
- - - describ'd by <i>Hotspur</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	2	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Gloucester, Humphrey D. of,</i> gives up his white Staff. Vol. 5.	2 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	2	5	
- - - sees his Dutcheſs's Proceſſion for Penance. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	7	
- - - Accus'd to the King by the Queen and others. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	1	
- - - Arrested for High Treason, he defends him- self. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	2	
- - - murder'd by strang- ling. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	6	<i>War.</i>
<i>Gardiner, Bp. of Wincheſter,</i> flattering and cruel. Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	5	6	<i>King.</i>
H.				
H ENRY 5th, whilſt Prince. Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	5	6	<i>Boling.</i>
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	3	4	<i>K. Hen.</i>
<i>Hotſpur. (vid. Percy) H. 5th</i> in Armour. Vol. 4.	<i>ibid.</i>	4	2	<i>Ver.</i>
<i>Henry 4th</i> deſcrib'd by <i>Hot-</i> <i>ſpur.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	5	
- - - his Son Prince <i>Henry.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	4	<i>Ver.</i>
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	2 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	4	8	<i>K. Hen.</i>
<i>Henry 5th.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Henry 5.</i>	1	1	<i>Cant.</i>
- - - item. Vol. 5.	1 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	1	1	
<i>Henry 6th, meek, religious,</i> unfortunate. <i>ibid.</i>	1, 2, 3. <i>Hen. 6.</i>			
<i>Henry 8th, vid. Q. Catha-</i> <i>rine, Anne Bullen.</i>				
I.				
J OH N, King, diſſem- bling, cruel, irreso- lute, unfortunate. Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>			
<i>Joan, the Maid of Orleans.</i> Vol. 5.	1 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	1	5, &c.	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Joan of Orleans</i> raiseth Friends.	Vol. 5. <i>1 Hen. 6.</i>	5	3	
- - - taken Prisoner.	<i>ibid.</i>	5	3	
- - - Condemn'd to be burn'd.	<i>ibid.</i>	5	6	
<i>James I. King</i> , prophetically describ'd by <i>Cranmer</i> .	Vol. 6. <i>Hen. 8.</i>	5	8	
<i>Julio Romano</i> , his Character.	Vol. 3. <i>Wint. Tale.</i>	5	5	3 Gent.

L.

LEAR, King, choleric, fickle, mad, miserable.

	Vol. 3. <i>K. Lear.</i>			
<i>Lepidus's Character</i> by <i>Anthony</i> .	Vol. 6. <i>Jul. Caesar.</i>	4	1	
- - - by <i>Pompey</i> .	Vol. 7. <i>Ant. and Cleop.</i>	2	1	

M.

M Ortimer.	Vol. 4. <i>1 Hen. 4.</i>	1	4	
<i>Margaret</i> , Henry 6th's Queen, enrag'd with her own miseries, exults at others.	Vol. 5. <i>Richard 3.</i>			
<i>Moor</i> , Sir Thomas.	Vol. 6. <i>Hen. 8.</i>	3	6	<i>Wol.</i>
<i>Menenius Agrippa</i> , his Fable of the Belly and Limbs.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>Coriol.</i>	1	2	
- - - his Character by himself.	<i>ibid.</i>	2	1	<i>Mess.</i>
- - - his Character of <i>Coriolanus</i> .	<i>ibid.</i>	3	4	
<i>Macbeth</i> , his bravery in <i>Battel</i> .	Vol. 7. <i>Macbeth.</i>	1	1	
- - - hath his Greatness foretold by <i>Witches</i> .			4	
- - - the conflict of his Mind when he first intended to kill the King.			5. 6.	
- - - his Temper describ'd by his Lady,			7	

Macbeth.

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Macbeth's</i> , Lady, resolves on murdering the King, and encourages <i>Macbeth</i> . Vol. 7.	<i>Macbeth</i> .		7	
- - - he staggers in his Resolution, and is confirm'd again by his Wife.			9. 10	
- - - his Soliloquy before he kills the King, and horror after.		2	2. 3	
- - - meditates <i>Banquo's</i> Death, and employs murderers.		3	2	
- - - <i>Banquo's</i> Ghost appears to him.			5	
- - - consults the <i>Witches</i> again.		4	2	
- - - his Character by <i>Malcolm</i> .			4	
- - - distracted with horror.		5	2	
- - - despairs, on hearing the <i>English</i> advance against him.			3	
- - - told of his Lady's Death.			5	
- - - slain by <i>Macduff</i> .			7. 8	
N.				
<i>Northumberland's</i> grief for <i>Hotspur</i> . Vol. 4.	2 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	1	3	<i>North.</i>
O.				
<i>Orpheus's</i> Musick. Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	3	1	<i>Song.</i>
- - - item. Vol. 1.	2 <i>Gent. Ver.</i>	3	5	<i>Pro.</i>
<i>Octavius Cesar</i> , his interview with <i>Brutus</i> and <i>Cassius</i> . Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	5	2.	
[for the rest vid. <i>Antony</i> and <i>Cleopatra</i> .				

I N D E X.

P.	Play.	A&t.	Scene.	Person.
P ercy, Harry Hotspur. Vol. 4.	1 Hen. 4.	1	1	K. Hen.
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	4	K. Hen.
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	1	P. Hen.
- - - his Death. <i>ibid.</i>	2 Hen. 4.	1	3	Mort.
- - - Character, by Lady Percy. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	6	
Portia, a Roman Lady of an heroic Spirit. <i>vid. BRU-TUS.</i>				
R.				
R ichard the Second, his ill Conduct. Vol. 4.	Richard 2.	2	1	Gaunt.
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	2	Gaunt.
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	4	
- - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	1 Hen. 4.	3	4	K. Hen.
Richard I. his Character. <i>ibid.</i>	K. John.	1	4	Bast.
Richard 2. ambitious, brave, dissembling, cruel, unfortunate. Vol. 5.	}	3 Hen. 6.		
		and Rich. 3.		
- - - his Birth prodigious. <i>ibid.</i>	3 Hen. 6.	5	7	K. Hen.
- - - his Person and Manners describ'd by Q. Margaret. <i>ibid.</i>	Richard 3.	1	4	
- - - describ'd by his Mother, the D. of York. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	5	Dutch.
S.				
S alisbury's Death and Character. Vol. 5.	1 Hen. 6.	1	9	Tals
Suffolk, proud, false, enterprizing. <i>ibid.</i>	2 Hen. 6.			
- - - his Death. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	1	

I N D E X.

T.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
T Albot, when Prisoner in France. Vol. 5.	1 Hen. 6.	1	9	Tal.
- - - slain with his Son. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	7	
Tirrel, James. <i>ibid.</i>	Richard 3.	4	2	Page.
Timon of Athens, beggar'd by Flatterers. Vol. 6.	Timon.	1	5	} Apem. } Flav.
- - - idem. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	1	
- - - his last entertainment for the Parasites. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	7	
- - - retires, and shakes off humanity.		4	1	
- - - digging for Roots finds Gold.			3	
- - - visited by Alcibiades, excites him to cruelty.			4	
- - - pinch'd with Hunger, his reflections on the Earth.			5	
- - - compares himself with <i>Aperzantus</i> .			6	
- - - he gives Gold and encouragement to the Thieves.			7	
- - - visited by his honest Steward.		5	1	
- - - by the Poet and Painter.			2	
- - - by the Senators, entreating him to command against <i>Alcibiades</i> .			3	
- - - his Death and Epitaph.		5	5	
V.				
V olumnia, a Mother of an heroic Spirit. Vol. 6.	Coriol.	1	6	

I N D E X.

	Play:	Act.	Scene.	Person
<i>Volumnia</i> instructs <i>Coriolanus</i> to address the People. Vol. 6.	<i>Coriol.</i>	3	5	
- - - diverts him from destroying <i>Rome</i> .		5	3	
<i>Valeria's</i> Chastity prais'd by her Husband. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	3	
W.				
<i>Winchester</i> , Cardinal <i>Beaufort's</i> Character. Vol. 5.	1 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	3	1	<i>Gloss.</i>
- - - his Death. <i>ibid.</i>	2 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	3	9, 10	
<i>Warwick</i> , brave but inconstant. <i>ibid.</i>	2, 3 <i>Hen. 6.</i>			
<i>Wolfey</i> , Cardinal, his Character by <i>Norfolk</i> , &c. Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	1	1, 2	
- - - his Power over the King. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	3	<i>Norf.</i>
- - - upbraided by <i>Q. Catharine</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	6	
- - - his reflection on his fall. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	6	
- - - his Death related and mix'd Character. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	2	<i>Grif. Kath.</i>
Y.				
<i>York</i> , Archbishop of. Vol. 4.	2 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	1	3	<i>Mort.</i>
<i>York</i> , D. of, enterprizing, valiant, unfortunate. Vol. 5.	2, 3 <i>Hen. 6.</i>			

I N D E X.

S E C T. II.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
INDEX of Manners, Passions, and their external Effects.				
<i>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.</i>				
A.				
A LLY, a perfidious one, in <i>Burgundy</i> . Vol. 5.	<i>1 Hen. 6.</i>	3	8	
A mbition. Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	3	6	<i>Wol.</i>
- - - cover'd with specious Humility. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	2	1	<i>Brut.</i>
- - - jealous of a successful Friend. Vol. 7.	<i>Ant. and Cleop.</i>	3	1	<i>Ven.</i>
A mbitious Woman in <i>Eleonor</i> . Vol. 5.	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>	1	4	
A nger, in the D. of <i>Buckingham</i> . Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	1	2	
- - - its external Effects painted. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	4	<i>Wol.</i>
A ffliction. Vol. 1.	<i>Temp.</i>	5	1	<i>Ari.</i>
A dmirations. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	3	<i>Pre.</i>
A theistical harden'd Villain. <i>vid. Barnardine.</i>				
A varice and Cruelty. <i>vid. Shylock</i> . Vol. 2. <i>Mer. of Ven.</i>				
B.				
B ishop, true to his Sovereign, <i>Carlisle</i> . Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>			
- - - a Rebel, <i>Tork</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>			
B oasters, the <i>Dauphin</i> , &c. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	3	9.10	

Boaster,

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Boasters, the Bastard.				
Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>			
- - - describ'd.	<i>ibid.</i>	2	5	
C.				
C ourtier (a bold plain-dealing)				
<i>Gaunt.</i> Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>			
- - - - - <i>Kent.</i> Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>			
- - - - an accomplish'd one, <i>vid. Buckingham.</i>				
<i>Hen. 8.</i> Vol. 6.				
Courtship, <i>Glocester's</i> to Lady <i>Anne.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	1	2	<i>Gle.</i>
- - - - honourable in-join'd by a Father.	<i>Temp.</i>	4	1. 2	<i>Prof.</i>
Vol. 1.	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	1	1	<i>Ege.</i>
- - - - describ'd. <i>ibid.</i>				
- - - - a beautiful Scene betwixt <i>Romeo</i> and <i>Juliet.</i>				
Vol. 8.	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>	2	3	
Councillor, an honest one, <i>vid. Gonzalo.</i>				
Child, the Duty it owes a Father.	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	1	1	<i>The.</i>
Vol. 1.				
Country Squire, in <i>Slender.</i>				
<i>ibid.</i>	<i>M.W. of Winds.</i>			
Chastity scandaliz'd, beautifully painted in <i>Hero.</i>				
Vol. 2.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>	4	1. 2	
Chastity. <i>vid. Valeria.</i>				
Courage in old Men.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>	5	1	<i>Lcon. Ant.</i>
Vol. 2.				
Courage.	<i>Tam. of the &c.</i>	1	6	<i>Pet.</i>
Vol. 3.				
- - - different Notions of it in a Senator, and a General.	<i>Timon.</i>	3	6	<i>1 Sen. Alc.</i>
Vol. 6.				
Care, in a Merchant.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	1	1	<i>Sal. Sol.</i>
Vol. 2.				
Constancy.	<i>Ant. and Cleop.</i>	5	5	<i>Cleop.</i>
Vol. 7.				
D.				
D aughters, undutiful, in <i>Goneril</i> and <i>Regan.</i>				
Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>			

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
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Despair, in the Agonies of Death. Cardinal <i>Beauford</i> . Vol. 5.	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>	3	9. 10	
- - - of Pardon. Vol. 3.	<i>Wint. Tale.</i>	3	5	<i>Paul</i>
E.				
ENVY. Vol. 6.	<i>Henry 8.</i>	3	5	<i>Wol.</i>
F.				
FEAR, arising from an expected Evil. Vol. 4.	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>	1	3	<i>North.</i>
Father, an unnatural, in <i>Tork.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 2.</i>	5		
Father's passion on the ill Conduct of a Daughter. Vol. 2.	} <i>M. A. about Nothing.</i>	4	1. 2	<i>Leon.</i>
- - - fondness for his Child. Vol. 3.		} <i>ibid.</i>	5	1
<i>French Quack's</i> <i>Airs</i> , in <i>Dr. Cass.</i> Vol. 1.	<i>M.W. of Windsf.</i>			
Fury. Vol. 7.	<i>Ant. and Cleop.</i>	3	10	<i>Ene.</i>
G.				
GRAVITY affected, to be thought Wise. Vol. 2.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	1	1	<i>Gra.</i>
Grief. Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	1	3	<i>Dutch.</i>
- - - its Nature to multiply afflictions. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	5	<i>Bushy.</i>
- - - beautifully describ'd in <i>Cordelia</i> . Vol. 3.	<i>King Lear.</i>	4	3	<i>Gent.</i>
- - - at parting of Lovers, <i>Q. Marg. and Suffolk.</i> Vol. 5.	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>	3	8. 9	
- - - a Mother's for her Son murder'd. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>3 Hen. 6.</i>	5	6	<i>Queen.</i>
- - - wrought to Rage in <i>Q. Margaret.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	1	4	

Grief,

I N D E X.

M.	Play.	A&.	Scene.	Person.
M Adness, real in <i>Lear</i> , counterfeit in <i>Edgar</i> .	<i>K. Lear</i> .			
Vol. 3.				
Melancholy.	<i>Com. of Er.</i>	5	2	<i>Abb.</i>
Vol. 2.				
- - - - several kinds of it.	<i>As you like it.</i>	4	1	<i>Faques.</i>
<i>ibid.</i>				
Mother, lamenting her Sons.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	2	2	<i>Dutch.</i>
Vol. 5.				
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	4	4	<i>Queen.</i>
<i>ibid.</i>				
Murderer, in <i>Exton</i> .	<i>Richard 2.</i>	5	12	
Vol. 4.				
P.				
P Edantry, in <i>Sir Hugh Evans</i> .	<i>M.W. of Windsf.</i>			
Vol. 1.				
- - - - in <i>Armado</i> , <i>Ho- lofernes</i> , <i>Nathaniel</i> .	<i>Love's Lab. lost.</i>			
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Princes, young and valiant, <i>P. Henry</i> and <i>Lancaster</i> .	<i>1 and 2 Hen. 4.</i>			
Vol. 4.				
Prophets, in <i>Jean of Or- leans</i> .	<i>1 Hen. 6.</i>	1	5, &c.	
Vol. 5.				
Pride.	<i>Tro. and Cresf.</i>	3	7	<i>Ulys.</i>
Vol. 7.				
R.				
R AGE, arising from Grief, <i>Northumber- land</i> .				
Vol. 4.				
- - - arising in a Father from the undutifulness of his Children.	<i>K. Lear.</i>			
Vol. 3.				
- - - in a Son for the murder of his Father, in <i>Richard</i> .	<i>3 Hen. 6.</i>	2	1	
Vol. 5.				
Rebel, crafty and timo- rous. <i>Northumberland</i> .	<i>1 and 2 Hen. 4.</i>			
Vol. 4.				
- - - crafty and reso- lute. <i>Westmorland</i> , <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>			
<i>ibid.</i>				

Rebel,

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Grief, a Father's (an Old General) for his Sons and Daughter. Vol. 7.	<i>Tit. Andro.</i>	3	1. 2.	<i>Tit.</i>
- - - a virtuous Wife's, wrong'd by her Husband. Vol. 8.	<i>Cymbel.</i>	3	4	<i>Imog.</i>
- - - a Husband's on the murder of his Wife and Children. Vol. 7.	<i>Macbeth.</i>	4	6	<i>Macd.</i>
- - - a Valiant Father's for the Death of a brave Son. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	8	<i>Sej.</i>

H.

HOPE. Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	2	6	<i>Queen.</i>
Hope. Vol. 5.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	5	2	<i>Rich.</i>
Hostess, <i>Quickly.</i> Vol. 4.	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>			
Highway-man, <i>Gadshill.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>1 Hen. 4.</i>			
Horror, its outward effects. Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	3	3	<i>Nero</i>
- - - rais'd in the Characters of <i>Aaron, Tamora,</i> and <i>Saturninus.</i> Vol. 7.	<i>Titus Andro.</i>			

I.

JUSTICES, Country, <i>Shallow,</i> and <i>Silence.</i> Vol. 4.	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>			
Inconstancy. Vol. 1.	<i>2 Gent. Ver.</i>	5	4	<i>Pro.</i>
Jealousy, in <i>Ford.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>M.W. of Windsf.</i>			
- - - the rise and growth of it character'd in <i>Leontes.</i> Vol. 3.	<i>Wint. Tale.</i>			
- - - Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cresf.</i>	5	3. 4. 5	
- - - in <i>Posthumius.</i> Vol. 8.	<i>Cymbel.</i>	2	6. 7	
- - - the motives, growth, and fatal effects of it admirably shew'd in <i>Othello.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Othello.</i>			

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Joy, excess produceth Tears. Vol. 2.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>	1	1	<i>Leon.</i>
Ingratitude, in <i>Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius.</i> Vol. 6.	<i>Timon.</i>	2		
K.				
K ING, of rash ill Conduct, <i>Richard 2.</i> Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>			
- - - wise and valiant, <i>Henry 4. ibid.</i>	<i>1 & 2 Hen. 4.</i>			
- - - weak, choleric, miserable, <i>Lear. ibid.</i>	<i>Lear.</i>			
- - - meek, religious, unfortunate, in <i>Henry 6.</i> Vol. 5.	<i>1, 2, 3. Hen. 6.</i>			
- - - amorous, brave, successful, in <i>Edward 4.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>3 Hen. 6.</i>			
- - - bold, crafty, cruel, dissembling, in <i>Richard 3.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid. Richard 3.</i>			
- - - brave, religious, fortunate, in <i>Henry 7.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>			
L.				
L OVE, express'd by a Soldier. Vol. 4.	<i>Henry 5.</i>	5	4	<i>K. Hen.</i>
- - - virtuous. Vol. 5.	<i>3 Hen. 6.</i>	3	5	<i>War.</i>
- - - protested by <i>Richard 3.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	4	5	
- - - the first motions express'd by <i>Hen. 8. vid.</i> <i>Anne Bullen.</i>				
- - - by <i>Miranda</i> and <i>Ferdinand.</i> Vol. 1.	<i>Tempest.</i>	1	6	
- - - the Crosses of it. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	1	2	<i>Lys. Her.</i>
- - - Appointment pro- tested. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	2	<i>Her.</i>

Love,

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Clown.	Vol. 3.	<i>Twelfth Night.</i>		
<i>Cloten, Insolence and Folly.</i>	Vol. 8.	<i>Cymbeline.</i>		
<i>Claudius, Blood, Incest, and Usurpation.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hamlet.</i>		
<i>Cressida, a Miss.</i>	Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cres.</i>		
D.				
D esdemona, Beauty and Innocence sacrific'd to Jealousy.	Vol. 8.	<i>Othello.</i>		
<i>Desdemona's Character.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	6	<i>Bra.</i>
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	1	8	<i>idem.</i>
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	2	3	<i>Cas.</i>
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	2	9	<i>id. and Iago.</i>
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	2	13	<i>Iago.</i>
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	2	14	<i>idem.</i>
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	4	5	<i>Oth.</i>
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	5	7	<i>idem.</i>
E.				
E dmond, a crafty, false, enterprizing Villain.	Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>		
<i>Egeus, a cruel morose Father.</i>	Vol. 1.	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>		
F.				
F alstaff, Sir John, resolves on an intrigue with Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Page.	Vol. 1.	<i>M. W. of Winds.</i>		
- - - his Billet Doux.		1	7	
- - - settles an Assignment with Mrs. Quickly.		2	1	
- - - his Discovery of it to Ford, disguis'd like Brooks.		2	8	
		2	9	

Falstaff.

I N D E X.

Falstaff, his first address to Mrs. Ford.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
- - - surpris'd, and escapes in a Basket.	<i>M.W. of Windsf.</i>	3	8	
- - - his Account of his being thrown into the <i>Thames</i> .		3	9	
- - - another Assignation with Mrs. <i>Quickly</i> .		3	15	
- - - makes a full relation to <i>Ford</i> of his former disappointment.		3	16	
- - - meets with Mrs. <i>Ford</i> , and is again surpriz'd.		3	17	
- - - escapes undiscover'd in the disguise of an Old Woman.		4	2	
- - - his Soliloquy on this Occasion.		4	5	
- - - a Third Meeting settled with Mrs. <i>Quickly</i> .		4	9	
- - - he relates to <i>Ford</i> his late disappointment.		4	11	
- - - he meets Mrs. <i>Ford</i> in <i>Windsor Park</i> .		4	12	
- - - surpriz'd, and seiz'd by Mr. <i>Ford</i> .		5	3	
- - - his course of Life describ'd by P. <i>Henry</i> .		5	5	
Vol. 4.	I <i>Hen. 4.</i>	1	2	
- - - he conceals a Robbery with the Prince.		1	2	
- - - his Horse taken from him in the Adventure.		2	3	
- - - insults the Prince to conceal his own Cowardise.		2	9	
- - - personates the King to chide Prince <i>Henry</i> .		2	11	
- - - the Tavern Bill found in his Pocket.		2	12	

Falstaff,

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Rebel, brave and indiscreet. <i>Hotspur</i> . Vol. 4.	1 and 2 <i>Hen. 4.</i>			
Revenge, implacable. Vol. 2.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	4	{ 1 2	<i>Ant.</i> <i>Gra.</i>
S.				
Superstition, in <i>Glen-dower</i> . Vol. 4.	1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>			
Sister, tenderly affectionate. <i>vid. Isabel.</i>				
V.				
Villain, false, crafty, bold describ'd in <i>Edmund</i> . Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>			
- - - the murderers of <i>Clarence</i> . Vol. 5.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	1	6	
Virtuous severity of Mind. Vol. 1.	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	1	8	<i>Lucio.</i>
W.				
WIFE, lamenting her Husband. Vol. 5.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	2	2	<i>Queen's</i>
- - - a good one. <i>vid. Catharine, Q. to Hen. 8.</i>				
- - - complaining of the unkindness of her Husband. Vol. 2.	<i>Com. of Er.</i>	2	3. 5	<i>Adr.</i>
- - - the ill effects of her Jealousy. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	2	<i>Abb.</i>
- - - complaining of being forsaken by her Husband. Vol. 7.	<i>Macbeth.</i>	4	3	<i>L. Macd.</i>
Womankind, their Nature. Vol. 1.	2 <i>Gent. Ver.</i>	3	2	<i>Val.</i>
- - - - item. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	2	11	<i>Isab.</i>

I N D E X.

S E C T. III.

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to them.

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surping Brother. Vol. 1.

Angelo, a severe new Go-
vernour. *ibid.*

Adriana, a peevish jealous
Wife. Vol. 2.

Antonio, a Friend. *ibid.*

Adam, a grateful old Ser-
vant. *ibid.*

Sir Andrew Ague-check, a
foolish Cowardly Knt.

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Vol. 6.

B.

BArbardo, an Atheist-
ical harden'd Wretch.

Vol. 1.

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tirical Wits. Vol. 2.

Bellarins, fortitude in dis-
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CAliban, a Savage Man.

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As you like it.

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Timon.

Meas. for Meas. 4

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M. A. abt. North.

Cymbeline.

Temp.

1 4, &c.

ibid.

4 3

As you like it.

Clown.

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
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- - - his Quarrels with the Hostess.		3	5. 6.	
- - - his description of his new-rai'd Company.		4		
- - - his description of Honour.		5	2	
- - - his Behaviour in the Battle at <i>Shrewsbury</i> .		5	7. 9.	
- - - wounds <i>Percy</i> after he was dead, and assumes the Merit of killing him.			10. 11	
- - - he rails at his Page, the Prince and the Mercer.	2 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	1	4	
- - - reprimanded by the Chief Justice.		1	5	
- - - arrested by Mrs. <i>Quickly</i> .		2	1	
- - - pleads before the Chief Justice.		2	2	
- - - pacifies Mrs. <i>Quickly</i> , and borrows more Money.		2	3	
- - - his Letter to the Prince.		2	5	
- - - treats <i>Dol Tear-sheet</i> .		2	8. 9.	
- - - revenges her quarrel on <i>Pistol</i> .		2	10	
- - - surpriz'd with her by the Prince whilst he was railing at him.		2	10	
- - - inlists Soldiers before Justice <i>Shallow</i> .		3	5	
- - - his Character of the Justice.		3	5	
- - - takes <i>Colevile</i> Prisoner.		4	6	

Falstaff,

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Falstaff</i> , his Encomium on the virtues of Sack.				
Vol. 4.	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>	4	7	
- - - his Character of Justice <i>Shallow</i> and his Family.		5	1	
- - - receives News of <i>Henry 4th</i> his Death.		5	5	
- - - presents himself to <i>Henry 5.</i>		5	7	
- - - reprimanded by the King, and order'd to the <i>Fleet.</i>		5	9	
- - - an account of his Sickness.	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	1	4	<i>Host</i>
- - - of his Death.		2	3	
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Friar.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>			

G.

G <i>Adfill</i> , a Highwayman.	Vol. 4. <i>1 Hen. 4.</i>	2	2	
<i>Gower</i> , a good Officer.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>Hen. 5.</i>			
<i>Gonzalo</i> , an honest Councillor.	Vol. 1. <i>Tempest.</i>			
<i>Guiderius</i> , and <i>Arviragus</i> , native Royalty exerting itself in a low savage life.	Vol. 3. <i>Cymbeline.</i>			
Grave-digger.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>Hamlet.</i>			

H.

H <i>Ermi</i> a, constant in Love.	Vol. 1. <i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>			
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Her.

I N D E X.

Hero, Innocence scandaliz'd.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Vol. 2.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>			
<i>Hermione</i> , wrong'd Innocence.	Vol. 3. <i>Winter Tale.</i>			
<i>Hamlet</i> , an accomplish'd young Prince unfortunate.	Vol. 8. <i>Hamlet.</i>			
- - - his Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage with his Uncle.		I	3	
- - - sees and converses with his Father's Ghost.		I	7. 8.	
- - - addresses himself to <i>Ophelia</i> as a distracted Person.		2	2	
- - - converses with <i>Polonius</i> .		2	5	
- - - with <i>Rosincross</i> and <i>Guildestern</i> .		2	6	
- - - his Soliloquy about his own delay to revenge his Father's murder.		2	8	
- - - his Soliloquy whilst he meditated self-murder, interrupted by <i>Ophelia</i> .		3	2	
- - - his Character by <i>Ophelia</i> .		3	2	
- - - his Advice to the Players about pronunciation and action.		3	4	
- - - professeth his Friendship to <i>Horatio</i> , with a detestation of flattery.		3	5	
- - - discovers the King's guilt by the Play.		3	7	
- - - banters the Messengers the K. and Q. sent to him.		3	8	
- - - debates with himself whether he shou'd kill the King at his Prayers.		3	9	

I N D E X.

Description	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Hamlet</i> , upbraids the Queen with her guilt, when the Ghost appears again to him. Vol. 8.	<i>Hamlet.</i>	3	11	
- - - examin'd by the King: banter's him, and is order'd to go to <i>England</i> .		4	3	
- - - blames his own inactivity.		4	4	
- - - converseth with the Grave-maker, and moralizeth on the Sculls.		5	1	
- - - fights with <i>Laertes</i> in the Grave.		5	2	
- - - relates to <i>Horatio</i> the King's Order to have him put to Death in <i>England</i> .		5	3	
- - - banter's a Fop who brought a Challenge from <i>Laertes</i> , and accepts it.		5	4	
- - - asks <i>Laertes</i> pardon before they fight for his former rashness.		5	5	
- - - kills <i>Laertes</i> , the King, and dies himself.		5	5. 6.	
<i>Horatio</i> , a fine Character of Friendship. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5		
I.				
I RIS, or the Rainbow. Vol. 1.	<i>Tempest.</i>	4	3	
<i>Jura</i> , the Blessings of Marriage. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	3	
<i>Isabel</i> , a Sister tenderly affectionate. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>			
<i>Don Juan</i> , an envious melancholly Villain. Vol. 2.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>			
<i>Jaques</i> , a melancholly Satyrical Character. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>As you like it.</i>			

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Imogen</i> , distress in a beautiful Innocent Wife. Vol. 8.	<i>Cymbeline.</i>			
<i>Juliet</i> , beautiful, constant, and unfortunate in Love. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>			
<i>Jago</i> , a consummate Villain. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Othello.</i>			
K.				
<i>Katharine</i> , a Shrew. Vol. 3.	<i>Tam. of the Sh.</i>			
L.				
<i>Lance</i> , a Clown. Vol. 1.	<i>2 Gent. Ver.</i>			
<i>Lucio</i> , a half-witted Rake. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>			
<i>Leonato</i> , a brave old Man, and a tender Father. Vol. 2.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>			
<i>Leontes</i> , extremely Jealous. Vol. 3.	<i>Wint. Tale.</i>			
<i>Lavinia</i> , beautiful, innocent, and greatly unfortunate. Vol. 7.	<i>Titus Andr.</i>			
<i>Laertes</i> , the Duties of a Son and a Brother. Vol. 8.	<i>Hamlet.</i>			
M.				
<i>Miranda</i> , beautiful and innocent. Vol. 1.	<i>Temp.</i>			
<i>Morochius</i> (a Moor) his Person and Manners. Vol. 2.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	2	1	<i>Mer.</i>
<i>Malvolio</i> , a fantastical Steward. Vol. 3.	<i>Twelfth Night.</i>			
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O.	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Orlando</i> , a younger Brother neglected by the Elder. Vol. 2.	<i>As you like it.</i>			
<i>Opelia</i> , Beauty and Innocence distracted with Calamities. Vol. 8.	<i>Hamlet.</i>			
<i>Othello</i> , his Service of importance to the State own'd by <i>Jago</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Othello.</i>	I	2	
- - - owns himself of Royal Descent, and Love the sole motive of his marrying <i>Desdemona</i> .		I	4	
- - - seiz'd and insulted by her Father.		I	6	
- - - accus'd by him before the Duke, he relates the whole progress of his Amour.		I	8	
- - - describ'd by <i>Jago</i> , of a temper easy and credulous.		I	II	
- - - his meeting at <i>Cyprus</i> with <i>Desdemona</i> .		2	6	
- - - <i>Jago</i> begins to work him up to Jealousy.		3	5	
- - - his Soliloquy after it.		3	6	
- - - his Jealousy confirm'd, a beautiful Scene.		3	8	
- - - asks <i>Desdemona</i> for the Handkerchief, tells the virtues of it.		3	II	
- - - his passion work'd up by <i>Jago</i> till he falls in a trance.		4	I	
- - - listens to <i>Cassio's</i> discourse with <i>Jago</i> .		4	3	
- - - wrought up to Fury, he resolves to murder <i>Desdemona</i> and <i>Cassio</i> .		4	5	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Othello</i> , strikes <i>Desdemona</i> . Vol. 8.	<i>Othello</i> .	4	6	
- - - examines her and <i>Amilia</i> .		4	8. 9.	
- - - kills <i>Desdemona</i> .		5	6	
- - - his bitter remorse after.		5	9	
- - - he kills himself.		5	10	

P.

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<i>Protheus</i> , false to his Friend and Mistress. <i>ibid.</i>	2 <i>Gent. Ver.</i>			
<i>Parolles</i> , a lying cowardly Captain. Vol. 3.	<i>All's well, &c.</i>			
<i>Pandarus</i> , a He-Bawd. Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cres.</i>			

Q.

<i>Quickly</i> , a Bawd. V. 1. } Vol. 4. }	<i>M.W. of Winds.</i> } <i>1 and 2 Hen. 4.</i> }			
<i>Queen</i> , ambition, cruelty, and falshood. Vol. 8.	<i>Cymbeline</i> .			

R.

<i>Rosalind</i> , beautiful and witty. Vol. 2.	<i>As you like it.</i>			
<i>Romeo</i> , passionately tender, and unfortunate in Love. Vol. 8.	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>			

S.

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<i>Titus Andronicus</i> , a brave Soldier and unfortunate Father. Vol. 7.	<i>Titus Andro.</i>			
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B.

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Death, the desire of lov'd objects heighten'd by it.	Vol. 2.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>	4	2	Friar.
- - - a necessary end, and shou'd not be fear'd.	Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Caesar.</i>	2	4	<i>Cas.</i>
Delights, violent, not last- ing.	Vol. 8.	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>	2	7	<i>Fri.</i>
Drunkenness, an unmanly vice.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Othello.</i>	2	13	
E.					
E clipses, their influence.	Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>	1	7	<i>Glo.</i>
F.					
F action, how to be car- ried on.	Vol. 4.	<i>I Hen. 4.</i>	4	1	<i>Wor.</i>
- - - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	1	<i>K. Hen.</i>
Favourites of Princes, wretched.	Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	3	6	<i>Wol.</i>
Friendship, none observ'd in Love.	Vol. 2.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>	2	3	<i>Claud.</i>
Fruition more languid than Expectation.	Vol. 2.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	2	7	<i>Sal. Gra.</i>
Fortune.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	2	<i>Ant.</i>
Friendship grounded on In- terest chang'd with For- tune.	Vol. 6.	<i>Timon.</i>	4	2	<i>I Ser.</i>
Fly, reflections on the kil- ling one.	Vol. 7.	<i>Titus Andro.</i>	3	6	<i>Tit.</i>
G.					
G OOD to be drawn out of Evil.	Vol. 4.	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	4	2	<i>K. Hen.</i>
Great Men, their Favours uncertain.	Vol. 5.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	3	5	<i>Hast.</i>
Greatness, subject to Cen- sure,	Vol. 1.	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	4	3	<i>Duke.</i>

Gold,

I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Gold, its power over Man.	Vol. 6.	<i>Timon.</i>	4	3	<i>Tim.</i>
- - - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	6	<i>idem.</i>
- - - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	2	<i>idem.</i>
Greatness meets with Contempt when it declines.	Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cresf.</i>	3	7	<i>Achil.</i>
Gold, its power.	Vol. 8.	<i>Cymbeline.</i>	2	4	<i>Clot.</i>
- - - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>	5	1	<i>Rom.</i>
Grief, immoderate discom- mended.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hamlet.</i>	1	2	<i>King.</i>
H.					
H onour, Man's greatest Treasure.	Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	1	2	<i>Mowbray.</i>
Holy War.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>1 Hen. 4.</i>	1	1	<i>K. Hen.</i>
Honour.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	4	<i>Hot.</i>
- - - describ'd.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	2	<i>Fal.</i>
- - - new-made describ'd.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>K. John.</i>	1	3	<i>Bast.</i>
- - - ought to be confer'd on Merit only.	Vol. 2.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	2	10	<i>Ar.</i>
- - - due to personal Vir- tue, not to Birth.	Vol. 3.	<i>All's well.</i>	2	6	<i>King.</i>
- - - continued acts neces- sary to preserve its lustre.	Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cresf.</i>	3	7	<i>Ulys.</i>
Hypocrisy.	Vol. 8.	<i>Hamlet.</i>	3	1	<i>Pol.</i>
I.					
I ngratitude.	Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>	1	15	<i>Lear.</i>
Innocence.	Vol. 5.	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>	3	7	<i>K. Hen.</i>
Imagination, strong in Lo- vers, Poets, and Mad- men.	Vol. 1.	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	5	1	<i>Thes.</i>
K.					
K ings, their Right di- vine.	Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	3	2	<i>K. Richard.</i>
- - - their Miseries.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Henry 5.</i>	4	5	<i>K. Hen.</i>
					Kings,

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Kings, their Miseries.				
Vol. 5.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	1	5	<i>Brak.</i>
- - - - - item. Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	2	5	<i>Anne.</i>
King-killing, detested.				
Vol. 3.	<i>Wint. Tale.</i>	1	3	<i>Cam.</i>
L.				
LIFE.				
Vol. 4.	<i>1 Hen. 4.</i>	5	9	<i>Hot.</i>
- - - the Necessaries				
of it are few. Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>	2	11	<i>Lear.</i>
- - - unpleasant. Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>	3	6	<i>Lewis.</i>
- - - the vicissitudes of				
it. Vol. 6.	<i>Henry 8.</i>	3	6	<i>Wol.</i>
- - - moral reflections				
on the vanity of it.				
Vol. 1.	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	3	1	<i>Duke.</i>
- - - item. Vol. 2.	<i>As you like it.</i>	2	9	<i>Jaques.</i>
Libels against the State.				
Vol. 7.	<i>Tit. Andro.</i>	4	5	<i>Tam.</i>
Life, the shortness and va-				
nity of it. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Macbeth.</i>	5	5	<i>Mac.</i>
M.				
MAN.				
Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>	3	6	<i>K. Lear.</i>
Marriage. Vol. 5.	<i>1 Hen. 6.</i>	5	8	<i>Suff.</i>
Mercy in Governors prais'd.				
Vol. 1.	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	2	7	<i>Isab.</i>
Magistrate, the Duty of				
one. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	8	<i>Duke.</i>
Musick, different effects of				
it. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	1	<i>idem.</i>
Man's superiority over Wo-				
man. Vol. 2.	<i>Com. of Er.</i>	2	1	<i>Lisc.</i>
Mediocrity, the happiest				
state. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	1	2	<i>Ner.</i>
Mercy. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	2	<i>Por.</i>
Musick, finely prais'd. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	1	<i>Lor.</i>
Marriage, alters the tem-				
per of both Sexes. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>As you like it.</i>	4	2	<i>Rosa.</i>
Mind, not Dress, adorns				
the Body. Vol. 3.	<i>Tam. of the St.</i>	4	6	<i>Pet.</i>
				<i>Melancholy,</i>

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Melancholy the parent of Error. Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	5	5	<i>Mes.</i>
Man, the dignity of his Nature. Vol. 8.	<i>Hamlet.</i>	2	6	<i>Ham.</i>
O.				
Oaths, illegal, not Obligatory. Vol. 5.	3 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	1	4	<i>Rich.</i>
- - - to Princes, little valu'd by their People. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	1	<i>K. Hen.</i>
Ornament, a specious delusion. Vol. 2.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	3	2	<i>Bass.</i>
Opportunity, to be seiz'd on in all affairs. Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	4	5	<i>Brut.</i>
P.				
Power, impotence of humane. Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	1	5	<i>Gaunt.</i>
Poetry, <i>Hotspur's</i> contempt of it. <i>ibid.</i>	1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	3	1	<i>Hot.</i>
Pardons of Popes ridicul'd. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>K. John.</i>	3	2	<i>K. John.</i>
Poetry, prevalent with Women. Vol. 1.	2 <i>Gent. Ver.</i>	3	5	<i>Pro.</i>
Power, abuse of it. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	2	7	<i>Isab.</i>
Patience. Vol. 2.	<i>Com. of Errors.</i>	2	1	<i>Adr.</i>
- - - the Theory of it rarely practicable. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>	5	1	<i>Leon.</i>
Populace, factious and fickle. Vol. 6.	<i>Coriol.</i>	1	2	<i>Mar.</i>
Providence directs our Actions. Vol. 8.	<i>Hamlet.</i>	5	3. 4	<i>Ham.</i>
Preferment gain'd by Favour not Merit. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Othello.</i>	1	1	<i>Cas.</i>
Patience. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	15	<i>Jago.</i>
R.				
Religion, of great use in Rebellion, Vol. 4.	2 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	1	3	<i>Mort.</i>

I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Reputation.	Vol. 8.	<i>Othello.</i>	2	13	<i>Jago.</i>
- - - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	5	<i>idem.</i>
S.					
Speech, haughty, discom- mended.	Vol. 4.	1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	3	2	<i>Wor.</i>
Slander sticks long.	Vol. 2.	<i>Com. of Er.</i>	3	1	<i>Bal.</i>
Speculation more easy than Practice.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	1	2	<i>Ner.</i>
Season, necessary to give every thing its perfecti- on.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	1	<i>Por.</i>
Study, disprais'd.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Love's Lab. lost.</i>	1	1	<i>Biron.</i>
Solitude, preferr'd to a Court Life.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>As you like it.</i>	2	1	<i>Duke Sen.</i>
Satire, not to descend to particular Persons.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	7	<i>Jaques.</i>
Solitude, a fine Descripti- on of it.	Vol. 8.	<i>Cymbel.</i>	3	3	<i>Bel.</i>
Slander unavoidable.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	3	<i>Pis.</i>
T.					
Thoughts, ineffectual to moderate afflictions.	Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	1	6	<i>Boling.</i>
Thought.	<i>ibid.</i>	1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	5	9	<i>Hot.</i>
Travel, advantage of it.	Vol. 1.	2 <i>Gent. Ver.</i>	1	} 4	<i>Val.</i>
- - - a Father's advice to his Son before going.	Vol. 8.	<i>Hamlet.</i>	1		6
V.					
Virtue, to be employ'd for the Publick.	Vol. 1.	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	1	2	<i>Duke.</i>
- - - conspicuous, ex- pos'd to Envy.	Vol. 2.	<i>As you like it.</i>	2	3	<i>Adam.</i>
Virtue and Vices chequer Man's Life.	Vol. 3.	<i>All's well, &c.</i>	4	3	1 <i>Lord.</i>

Vicious

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person ^s
Vicious Persons infatuated by Heav'n. Vol. 7.	<i>Ant. and Cleop.</i>	3	10	<i>Ant.</i>
W.				
Words give ease to Grief. Vol. 5.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	4	4	<i>Queen</i>
World, the Vanity and Dis- solution of it. Vol. 1.	<i>Temp.</i>	4	4	<i>Pro.</i>
- - - - - beau- tifully painted at large. Vol. 2.	<i>As you like it.</i>	2	9	<i>Faques</i>
Wives, the Duty they owe to their Husbands. Vol. 3.	<i>Tam. of the Sh.</i>	5	11	<i>Kath.</i>
- - - advice how to chuse. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>All's well, &c.</i>	2	5	<i>Duke</i>

S E C T. V. S P E E C H E S.

A TABLE of the most
considerable in *Shake-
spear.*

E X H O R T A T O R Y.

Bishop of <i>Carlisle's</i> in De- fence of K. <i>Richard.</i> Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	4	2	
<i>Henry the Fourth's</i> to the Prince before he dy'd. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>	4	11	
<i>Henry Fifth's</i> to the Chief Justice. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	3	
<i>Canterbury's</i> to excite <i>Hen- ry Fifth</i> to begin a War. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	1	2	
<i>Henry Fifth's</i> to his Sol- diers. <i>ibid.</i>		3	2	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Henry Fifth's to Westmorland. Vol. 4.	Henry 5.	4	8	
K. John's to Hubert to kill Arthur. <i>ibid.</i>	K. John.	3	5	
Bastard's to King John to fight the French. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	1	
Jean of Orleans's to Burgundy to forsake the K. of England's Interest. V. 5.	1 Hen. 6.	3	8	
Clifford's to K. Henry, to stir him up to Revenge. <i>ibid.</i>	3 Hen. 6.	2	3	
Q. Margaret to her Soldiers. <i>ibid.</i>		5	5. 6.	
Richmond to his Soldiers, before the Battle of Bosworth. <i>ibid.</i>	Richard 3.	5	5	
Richard the Third's, on the same Occasion. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	6	
VITUPERATIVE.				
B olingbroke to Bushy on his Injuries receiv'd. Vol. 4.	Richard 2.	3	1	
Gloucester's to K. Richard. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	2	
Tork's to Bolingbroke, on Rebellion. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	8	
K. Henry to his Son. <i>ibid.</i>	1 Hen. 4.	3	4	
Warcester's to Henry Fourth. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	1	
Arch-Bishop of York's, on the inconstancy of the populace. <i>ibid.</i>	2 Hen. 4.	1	6	
Westmorland's to the Arch-Bish. on taking Arms. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	2	
Lancaster's, on the same Subject. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	4	
K. Henry Fourth on Avarice. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	11	
- - - item to Prince Henry when he had taken the Crown. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	11	

K. Henry

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
K. Henry Fifth to Falstaff.	2 Hen. 4.	5	8	
Vol. 4.				
- - - - - to Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, on their Conspiracy.	<i>ibid.</i> Hen. 5.	2	2	
The Constable's and Grand- pree's against the English.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	4	7	
K. Lear's against Women.	K. Lear.	4	7	
Vol. 3.				
- - - - - abuse of Power.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	4	7	
Bastard Faulconbridge's a- gainst the French.	K. John.	5	4	
Vol. 4.				
Talbot's to his Men retreat- ing.	1 Hen. 6.	1	10	
Vol. 5.				
Suffolk's against D. Hum- phrey.	<i>ibid.</i> 2 Hen. 6.	3	3	
K. Henry's to Suffolk, on D. Humphrey's Death.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	3	6	
Q. Margaret's answer.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	3	6	
- - - - - to York when taken Prisoner, and his Reply.	<i>ibid.</i> 3 Hen. 6.	1	6	
Edward, and Clarence to Q. Margaret.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	2	4	
K. Henry's to Gloucester be- fore he kill'd him.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	5	7	
Q. Margaret's to Edward the Fourth's Queen, and the D. of York.	<i>ibid.</i> Richard 3.	4	4	
Q. Catharine's to the two Cardinals.	Vol. 6. Hen. 8.	3	1	
Timon's to his false Friends.	<i>ibid.</i> Timon.	3	7	

EXECRATIVE.

Richard the Second, to
England on his Arri-
val.

Vol. 4. Richard 2.

3 2

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
King <i>Lear</i> , against his Daughters. Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>	} 1 2	15	
<i>Suffolk</i> on his Banishment. Vol. 5.	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>		10. 11.	
Lady <i>Ann</i> against <i>Richard</i> the Third. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	1	2	
<i>Q. Margaret's</i> against him, &c. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	4	
<i>Timon's</i> , on the <i>Athenians</i> . Vol. 6.	<i>Timon.</i>	4	1	
- - - on Mankind. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	3	
<i>Coriolanus</i> , on the People of <i>Rome</i> who banish'd him. Vol. 6.	<i>Coriol.</i>	3	6	
DELIBERATIVE.				
K. <i>Richard</i> in Prison. Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	5	10	
Prince <i>Harry's</i> on resolving to leave his debauch'd way of Life. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>1 Hen. 4.</i>	1	3	
Lord <i>Bardolph's</i> , on fighting with superior Forces. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>	1	6	
<i>Burgundy's</i> for Peace. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	5	3	
The Citizen's for a Marriage betwixt the <i>Dauphin</i> and <i>Blanch.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>K. John.</i>	2	5	
<i>Agamemnon's</i> , <i>Nestor's</i> , <i>Ulysses's</i> , on <i>Achilles's</i> desertion. Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cres.</i>	1	5	
NARRATIVE.				
H <i>Ostpur's</i> to the King about delivering Prisoners. Vol. 4.	<i>1 Hen. 4.</i>	1	4	
The Chief Justice's Defence to <i>K. Hen. 5.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>	5	3	
<i>Exeter's</i> , of the Deaths of <i>Tork</i> and <i>Suffolk.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	4	12	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
D. of York's, of a Battle.	Vol. 5. 3 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	1	6	
Richard's, of the Duke of York's fighting.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	2	1	
Clarence's Dream of drowning.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>Richard 3.</i>	1	5	
Norfolk's description of the interview betwixt the K. of England and France.	Vol 6. <i>Hen. 8.</i>	1	1	
K. Henry Eighth's on his Divorce.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	2	7	
Antonio's Account of a Ghost appearing to him.	Vol. 3. <i>Winter Tale.</i>	3	6	
P A T H E T I C.				
R ichard II, on the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings.	Vol. 4. <i>Richard 2.</i>	3	4	
- - - on the same, renouncing Greatness in Despair.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	3	6	
At his renouncing the Crown.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	4	3	
Lady Percy's to Hotspur.	<i>ibid.</i> 1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	2	6	
- - - - - to Northumberland.	<i>ibid.</i> 2 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	2	6	
K. Henry Fourth, on the vicissitude of humane Affairs.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	3	2	
P. Henry's Defence of himself.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	4	11	
K. Lear's in the Storm.	Vol. 3. <i>K, Lear.</i>	3	2. 3. 5	
- - - - - to Cordelia.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	4	10.	
- - - - - to her, dying.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	5	10	
Constance's to Salisbury.	Vol. 4. <i>K, John.</i>	2	7	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
<i>Constance's</i> her Speeches on the loss of <i>Arthur</i> . Vol. 4.	<i>K. John</i> .	3	5	
<i>Salisbury's</i> on taking Arms against his King. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	2	
<i>Suffolk's</i> to <i>Margaret</i> , in love with his Prisoner. Vol. 5.	<i>1 Hen. 6.</i>	5	4	
<i>Henry Sixth's</i> on D. <i>Humphrey's</i> disgrace. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>	3	3	
<i>Suffolk</i> , and <i>Q. Margaret</i> , parting. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	8. 9.	
<i>Edward Fourth</i> on the Murther of <i>Clarence</i> . <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	2	1	
D. of <i>Buckingham's</i> after Condemnation. Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	2	2	
<i>Q. Catharine's</i> , before her Divorce. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	6	
Cardinal <i>Wolsey's</i> to <i>Cromwel.</i> <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	6	
<i>Q. Catharine's</i> , recommending her Daughter to the King. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	2	
<i>Helena's</i> , on her Husband's flying from her to the War. Vol. 3.	<i>Al's well, &c.</i>	3	4	
<i>Hermione's</i> defence when impeached of Adultery. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Wint. Tale.</i>	3	2	
<i>M. Antony's</i> on <i>Cesar's</i> Murther. Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	3	3. 4.	
- - - his Funeral Oration over the Body. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	6	
SOLILOQUIES.				
K. <i>Henry the Fourth</i> , on want of sleep. Vol. 4.	<i>2 Hen. 4.</i>	3	1	
<i>Pr. Henry</i> , on the Troubles attending Greatness. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	10	
<i>Henry Fifth</i> , on the Miseries of Kings. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	4	5	

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
On new-made Honour, by the <i>Bastard</i> . Vol. 4.	<i>K. John,</i>	1	3	
On Self-interest, by the same. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	6	
D. of York's on the surren- der of <i>Anjou</i> to the <i>French</i> . Vol. 5.	<i>2 Hen. 6.</i>	1	3	
- - - - on his design to seize the Throne for himself. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	5	
Young <i>Clifford</i> on the Death of his Father. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	5	
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- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i> <i>Cymbeline.</i>	4	5	<i>Arv.</i>
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- - - item.	Vol. 1.	<i>2 Gent. Ver.</i>	2	1	<i>Jaques.</i>
- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	7	<i>Speed.</i>
- - - constant.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	10	<i>Val.</i>
- - - banish'd.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	3	<i>Jul.</i>
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Messen-

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- - - - - item.	ibid.	K. John.	2	7	Const.
- - - - - with good News.	ibid.	2 Hen. 4.	4	9	K. Hen.
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A Miserable Mother in Constance.	Vol. 4.	K. John.	3	5	K. Phil.
- - - - - Edward the Fourth's Widow.	ibid.	Richard 3.	4	4	Queen.
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N.

News-tellers.	Vol. 4.	K. John.	4	4	Hub.
A Nun.	Vol. 1.	Mids. N. Dr.	1	1	The.

O.

OLD Man oppress'd with cares.	Vol. 2.	Com. of Errors.	5	6	Agon.
- - - - - vigorous, from temperance in Youth.	ibid.	As you like it.	2	3	Adam.
Old Man in the extremity of decay.	ibid.	ibid.	2	9	Jaques.
Old Men subject to ingratitude.	Vol. 6.	Timon.	2	5	Tim.

P.

Post-Messenger.	Vol. 4.	2 Hen. 4.	1	2	Trav.
- - - - - see the same describ'd.	Vol. 3.	K. Lear.	2	8	Kent.
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Swimmer.	Vol. 6. <i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	1	3	<i>Cas.</i>
Soldier.	Vol. 2. <i>As you like it.</i>	2	9	<i>Jagues.</i>
School-boy.	<i>ibid.</i>	2	9	<i>idem.</i>
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T.				
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W.				
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- - - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	3	1	<i>Hero.</i>
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				Woman

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- - - fantastical.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	10	<i>idem.</i>
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	Peace.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	4	<i>idem.</i>
	- - - after Civil War.	<i>ibid.</i>	1 Hen. 4.	1	1	K. Hen.
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	- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	2 Hen. 4.	4	9	Cl. and Gl.
	- - - - item.	Vol. 6.	Jul. Cesar.	1	6	Casc.
	Peace.	Vol. 5.	Richard 3.	1	1	Rich.
	- - - betwixt York and Lancaster.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	7	Richm.
	Play, a bad one describ'd.	Vol. 1.	Mids. N. Dr.	5	1	Philost.
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	- - - - item.	Vol. 8.	Hamlet.	1	1	Horat.
	Poison.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	9	Laer.
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R	Umour.	Vol. 4.	2 Hen. 4.	in	the	Induction.
	- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	2	War.
	Roses, Red and White, the Badges of two Parties.	Vol. 5.	1 Hen. 6.	2	5	
	S.					
A	Song (Welsh)	Vol. 4.	1 Hen. 4.	3	3	Mort. & Gle.
	Sleep.	<i>ibid.</i>	2 Hen. 4.	3	1	K. Hen.
	Signs of change in Government.	Vol. 5.	Richard 3.	2	4	3 Cit.
	Sleep.	Vol. 1.	Mids. N. Dr.	3	9	Ob.

I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
A Stream beautifully describ'd.	<i>ibid.</i>	2 <i>Gent. Ver.</i>	2	10	<i>Jul.</i>
Sleep, sound.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>	4	6	<i>Claud.</i>
Stag, in the Chase. Vol. 2.		<i>As you like it.</i>	2	1	1 <i>Lord.</i>
Snake.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	6.	<i>Oli.</i>
Sound sleep.	Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	2	2	<i>Brut.</i>
Storm at Sea.	Vol. 8.	<i>Othello.</i>	2	1	
T.					
Time, the seeming inequality of its Motion. Vol. 2.		<i>As you like it.</i>	3	8	<i>Rosa.</i>
V.					
Vision, of good Spirits.	Vol. 6.	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	4	2	
Virginity.	Vol. 2	<i>All's well, &c.</i>	1	3	<i>Par.</i>
A Victory long disputed	Vol. 7.	<i>Macbeth.</i>	1	1	
- - - and pursuit of the conquer'd.	Vol. 8.	<i>Cymbeline.</i>	5	2	<i>Post.</i>
W.					
WAR, the prognosticks of it.	Vol. 4	<i>Richard 2.</i>	2	11	<i>Captain.</i>
- - - preparation for.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	2	1	<i>Chorus.</i>
- - - ill effects of.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	3	<i>Burg.</i>
- - - item.	Vol. 5.	2 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	5	5	<i>T. Cliff.</i>
A Wreck.	Vol. 1.	<i>Tempest.</i>	1	} 2 3	<i>Mer.</i>
- - - - item.	Vol. 2.	<i>Com. of Er.</i>	1		1
- - - - describ'd by a Clown.	Vol. 3.	<i>Wint. Tale.</i>	3	7	
White Hand.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	7	<i>Ele.</i>
Wonder proceeding from sudden joy.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	5	3 <i>Gent. &c.</i>
White Hand.	Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cres.</i>	1	1	<i>Tro.</i>

I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Persons.
IV. Descriptions of Times and Seasons.					
Y E A R, unfruitful and sickly.	Vol. 1.	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	2	2	Queen.
Spring.	Vol. 2.	<i>Love's Lab. lost.</i>	5	10	Song.
Winter.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>As you like it.</i>	2	1	Duke Seno
- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Love's Lab. lost.</i>	5	10	Song.
Day-break.	Vol. 4.	1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	3	3	Glend.
- - - - item.	Vol. 5.	1 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	2	3	Bed.
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Richard 3.</i>	5	3	Stan.
- - - - item.	Vol. 1.	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	3	9	Puck.
- - - - item.	Vol. 2.	<i>M. A. abt. Noth.</i>	5	8	Pedro.
- - - - item.	Vol. 7.	<i>Tro. and Cres.</i>	4	2	Tro.
- - - - item.	Vol. 8.	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>	3	7	
- - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hamlet.</i>	1	1	Hor.
Morning.	Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	3	2	Richard.
A low'ring Morning.	<i>ibid.</i>	1 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	5	1	K. and P. H.
- - - - - Clear.					
	Vol. 5.	3 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	2	1	Rich.
Morning.	Vol. 1.	<i>Tempest.</i>	5	3	Pro.
- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	3	9	Ob.
A pleasant Morning.	Vol. 7.	<i>Titus Andro.</i>	2	4	Tam.
- - - - - item.	Vol. 8.	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>	2	4	Eri.
Sun-rising.	Vol. 7.	<i>Titus Andron</i>	2	1	Asr.
- - - - - item.	Vol. 8.	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>	1	2	Ben. Mowen.
Evening, a fair one.	Vol. 5.	<i>Richard 3.</i>	5	3	Rich.
Twilight.	Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>	5	6	Melum.
- - - item.	Vol. 7.	<i>Mackbeth.</i>	3	4	1 Mur.
Night, in a Camp.	Vol. 4.	<i>Hen. 5.</i>	4	1	Chorus.
- - - stormy.	Vol. 3.	<i>K. Lear.</i>	3	1. 2	Gent. Kent.
Midnight.	Vol. 4.	<i>K. John.</i>	3	5	K. John.
- - - - - item.	Vol. 5.	2 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	1	8	Boling.
- - - - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	4	1	Capt.
Night.	Vol. 1.	<i>Mids. N. Dr.</i>	3	8	Her.
- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	5	3	Puck.
- - - a beautiful description of a Moonlight.					
	Vol. 2.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	5	1	Lov. Por.
- - - tempestuous.	Vol. 6.	<i>Jul. Cesar.</i>	1	6	Casc.
- - - item.	Vol. 7.	<i>Mackbeth.</i>	2	4	Len.
				6	Old M. & R.
					Night.

I N D E X.

		Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Night.	Vol. 7.	<i>Macbeth.</i>	3	3	<i>Mac.</i>
- - - item.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Tro. and Cres.</i>	5	14	<i>Achil.</i>
- - - item.	Vol. 8.	<i>Rom. and Jul.</i>	3	4	<i>Jul.</i>
Midnight.	<i>ibid.</i>	<i>Hamlet.</i>	3	8	<i>Ham.</i>

S E C T. VII.

INDEX of some Simi- lies and Allusions.

A.

A uthority, compared to a Farmer's Dog. Vol. 3.	<i>King Lear.</i>	4	7	<i>Lear.</i>
Anger, to a high-mettled Horse. Vol. 6	<i>Hen. 8.</i>	1	2	<i>Nor.</i>
- - - to boiling Water. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	2	<i>idem.</i>
Ambition, to the Dream of a Shadow. Vol. 8.	<i>Hamlet.</i>	2	6	<i>Guild.</i>

B.

A Doubtful Battle, to a Swan swimming a- gainst a Stream. Vol. 5.	3 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	1	6	<i>York.</i>
- - - - - to a Cloudy Morning and a Stormy Sea. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	2	6	<i>K. Hen.</i>
Beautiful Maid, to a Siren. Vol. 2.	<i>Com. of Er.</i>	3	2	<i>S. Ant.</i>

C.

C ourage compar'd to a Falcon. Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	1	4	<i>Beling.</i>
- - - - - to a Captive set free. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	4	<i>Mowbray.</i>
Contention, to a Horse broke loose. <i>ibid.</i>	2 <i>Hen. 4.</i>	1	1	<i>North.</i>

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Consideration, to an Angel. Vol. 4.	Hen. 5.	1	1	Cant.
Catharine, Queen, to a Lily. Vol. 6.	Hen. 8.	3	1	Queen.
A Crowd dispers'd, to wild Geese. Vol. 1.	Midf. N. Dr.	3	4	Puck.
Courtship, the degrees of it compar'd to Dances. Vol. 2.	M. A. abt. Noth.	2	1	Beat.

D.

Dissimulation to a Snake. Vol. 5.	2 Hen. 6.	3	3	Q. Mary.
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E.

England to an Eagle, Scotland to a Weazel. Vol. 4.	Hen. 5.	1	2	Ely.
Q. Elizabeth, to the Maiden Phoenix. Vol. 6.	Hen. 8.	5	8	Cran.

F.

Father (good) of a bad Son, to the clear Spring of a muddy stream. V. 4.	Richard 2.	5	7	Boling.
Favourites, to a new-trimm'd Vessel, and their Enviars to ravenous Fishes. Vol. 6.	Hen. 8.	1	4	Wol.
- - - to Honey-suckles excluding the Sun. Vol. 2.	M. A. abt. Noth.	3	1	Hero.

G.

Garden, compar'd to Government, in disorder. Vol. 4.	Richard 2.	3	7	
Government, to Bees. <i>ibid.</i>	Hen. 5.	1	2	Cant.
Glory, to a circle in the Water. Vol. 5.	1 Hen. 6.	1	6	Pucel.

Gene-

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
General, an Old, to a Winter Lion. Vol. 5.	2 Hen. 6.	5	7	York.
H.				
Henry Prince comparing himself to the Sun in Clouds. Vol. 4.	1 Hen. 4.	1	3	P. Hen.
- - - to rich Oar in a dark Soil. <i>ibid.</i>				
- - - to Mars. <i>ibid.</i>	Hen. 5. Prolog.			
- - - to a Strawberry growing among Weeds. <i>ibid.</i>	Henry 5.	1	1	Ely.
Heart, a penitent one, to a ripe Mulberry. Vol. 6.	Ceriel.	3	5	Vol.
I.				
Insurrection to a Storm. Vol. 4.	2 Hen. 4.	2	11	Pr. Hen.
- - - - - to Bees. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	6	War.
K. James I. to a Cedar. Vol. 6.	Hen. 8.	5	8	Cran.
K.				
King Richard, compar'd to a falling Star and the setting Sun. Vol. 4.	Richard 2.	2	11	Salis.
King's return to his Country compar'd to a Mother's meeting her Child. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	2	K. Rich.
L.				
LOVE, compar'd to a canker in a Bud. V. 1.	2 Gent. Ver.	1	1	Pro. Val.
- - - to April Weather. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	4	Pro.
- - - to a waxen Image. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	1	7	<i>idem.</i>
				Lover,

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Lover, to a <i>Camelion</i> . V. 1.	2 <i>Gent. Ver.</i>	2	1	<i>Speed.</i>
Love compar'd to a Figure on Ice. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	5	<i>Duke.</i>
Lover successful, to a Conqueror. Vol. 2.	<i>Mer. of Ven.</i>	3	2	<i>Bass.</i>
- - - his thoughts, to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	2	<i>idem.</i>
M.				
Mind, in doubt, compar'd to the Tide.	Vol. 4.	2	6	<i>North.</i>
Maids, to Flies. <i>ibid.</i>	2 <i>Hen. 4.</i> <i>Henry 5.</i>	5	5	<i>Burg.</i>
O.				
Opportunity, to the Tide.	Vol. 6.	4	5	<i>Brut.</i>
P.				
Promises, to the Garden of Adonis. Vol. 5.	1 <i>Hen. 6.</i>	1	11	<i>Dan.</i>
R.				
Rebels, returning to Allegiance, compar'd to a Flood. Vol. 4.	<i>R. John.</i>	5	6	<i>Sal.</i>
Reason returning, to the Morning. Vol. 1.	<i>Tempest.</i>	5	3	<i>Pro.</i>
S.				
SUN rising in a cloudy Sky, to King Richard in discontent. Vol. 4.	<i>Richard 2.</i>	3	6	<i>Boling.</i>
Sun rising after a dark Night, to the Restoration of a lawful King. <i>ibid.</i>	<i>ibid.</i>	3	2	<i>K. Rich.</i>

I N D E X.

	Play.	Act.	Scene.	Person.
Spies, to linn'd-twigs.	Vol. 5. 2 Hen. 6.	1	5	Suf.
Soldiers, to Bees.	Vol. 7. Tit. Andro.	5	1	Geth.
T.				
T reason compar'd to a FOX.	Vol. 4. 1 Hen. 4.	5	3	Wor.
Tears, to Dew on a Lilly.	Vol. 7. Tit. Andro.	3	2	Tit.
W.				
W orship E. of, in Re- bellion, compar'd to a Meteor.	Vol. 4. 1 Hen. 4.	3	4	R. Hen.
Warwick's Death, to the fall of a Cedar.	Vol. 5. 3 Hen. 6.	5	3	War.
Walsley, Cardinal, to a fal- ling Star.	Vol. 8. Hen. 8.	3	4	
Wanderer, to a drop of Water in the Ocean.	Vol. 2. Com. of Er.	1	3	Anti.
World, compar'd to a Stage.	Vol. 2. As you like it.	5	9	JAGUET.
Widow, to a Turtle.	Vol. 5. Hist. Tale.	5	7	PAR.
Y.				
D of York fighting, to a Lion among a herd of Neat.	Vol. 5. 2 Hen. 6.	3	1	Rick.



VARIOUS



VARIOUS READINGS

OR

CONJECTURES,

ON

PASSAGES

IN

SHAKESPEAR.

Since the Publication of our first Edition, there having been some attempts upon Shakespear publish'd 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 Lovers of this Author) We have inserted, in this Impression, as many of 'em as are judg'd of any the least advantage to the Poet; the whole amounting to about twenty five Words.

But to the end every Reader may judge for himself, we have annexed a compleat List 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

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 rectify'd; if not, I cou'd wish as accurate an One as Mr. Th. had been at that trouble, which I desired Mr. Tonson to solicit 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 gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly. L. T. calls this Reading (*gilded* 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 5. Sc. 2. pag. 132. l. 15. for *mural*, he would have it *mure* all.

MERCHANT of VENICE.] Act 1. Sc. 2. p. 149. l. 35. for *Colt* he supposes *Dolt*. Act 4. Sc. 2. p. 199. Not on thy Soul! — but on thy Soul, harsh Jew, Thou sharpen'st thy revenge — He restores a *Pun* to this passage, Not on thy Sole, but on thy Soul, harsh Jew — page 202. l. 15. for *Truth* he reads *Ruth*.

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 chuses to read no subscription. Act 4. Sc. 1. p. 420. l. 3. Our mean secures us — (i. e. our mean Estate) he would alter arbitrarily, Our means (i. e. riches) ensnare us. Act 5. Sc. 10. p. 453. l. 8. 'Twas no man else — he prefers the two negatives, Nor no man else.

KING JOHN.] Act 3. Sc. 2. p. 38. for *In likeness of a new untrimmed Bride*, read, *berrimmed Bride*. End of the first Act of K. John. He thinks this Act ends wrong.

G U E S S E S, &c.

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-eyers*, 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 *Falstaffe'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* (rectè.) THIRD PART, p. 209. l. 34. *Would not have stain'd the Roses just 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*, — ~~dele~~ *Flourish*. (rectè.)

IN HENRY VIII.] Act 2. Sc. 5. for *chiverel*, read *sheveril*.

VARIOUS READINGS,

TIMON OF ATHENS.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 104. l. ult. — mean *Eyes have seen The foot above the head* (i. e. ordinary, common observation has seen the Vicissitude of humane Grandeur) He would correct it, “*Men's eyes* — Act 2. Sc. 1. l. ult. — *And have the Dates in. Come, read, And have the Dates in compt.* (rectè.)

CORIOLANUS.] Act 1. Sc. 7. *Thou wert a soldier even to Calvus' wish, &c.* he clearly proves from a passage in *Plutarch*, that *Shakespear* writ *Cato* in this place. A terrible Anachronism, which might have layn hid, but for this Restorer.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.] Act 1. Sc. 5. p. 18. l. 18. *Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to and back, lashing the varying tyde* — he corrects to, *lacking the varying tyde.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.] Act 3. Sc. ult. p. 154. l. 32. — *How would he hang his wings And buzz lamenting doings in the air!* He has somewhere seen it read, *Dronings*; the right reading seems to be *lament-ed doings* (i. e.) complain of lamentable cruelties.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 271. l. 10. Instead of the Note of Admiration in all the Editions, *O that! her hand!* he would have it, *How white her hand!* l. 5. instead of, *How many fathoms deep they iye intrench'd,* he would have *indrench'd.* Sc. 3. p. 273. l. 12. *Before the Sun rose he was harness 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. l. 26. for *And* read *But*; l. 28. *Unlike young Men, whom Aristotle thought.* This is said by *Hector*, and Mr. Row alter'd it, *whom graver sages thought*, so that he is mistaken in saying no Edition had it so, but acts the part of a Restorer in vindicating the Anachronisme to *Shakespear.*

G U E S S E S, &c.

CYMBELINE.] Act 3. Sc. 4. p. 54. *Dis-edg'd by her whom now thou tirest on* (Metaph. from Hawking) he would have it, *Dis-seig'd*.

HAMLET.] Act 1. Sc. 1. p. 308. l. 27. for *illumine* the Restorer reads *illumine*. p. 311. for *strike it with my partizan*, he would have *strike* at it. The first spoils a Verse, the second mends one. Sc. 2. p. 313. l. 16. for *colleagu'd* as it is in all the Editions, he conjectures *collogued*. 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 Rezel, &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

VARIOUS READINGS,

as printed so many Years after *Shakespear's* Death, he chose to follow the Editions in his life-time, one of 1605. and one of 1611. mention'd (as Mr. T.---- might have seen) in his Catalogue of Editions. In these lines he alters *Mole* to *Mold*, *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* horridly to *shake our disposition*, he reads *so* horribly. — Sc. 8. p. 227. l. 31. *And for the day confin'd to 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 guesses shou'd be---*may swoop to my Revenge*. P. 229. l. 24. instead of *unhouzzel'd*, *unanointed*, *un-anell'd*. He reads, *unhousel'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 wou'd have, *whirling Words*.

Act 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 *Sullies*, (or Spots) Subst. Sc. 4. p. 239. l. 12. *Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual fee*; it has been alter'd (from the Year 1637.) to ---- *Gives him Threescore 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 pity; 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 *facti-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 Corrector esteems to be very fine ones; and is at a loss how to reconcile what *Hamlet* says of that Play,
“ That

G U E S S E S, &c.

“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’ns, The Rack stand still.* He does not know there is any such word in *English*, as the *Rack* of the *Clouds*; so supposes 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 siz’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 guesses *rais’d Shoes*. l. 14. A very very *Peacock*, he is desirous should be *Meacock*, or *Paddock*, or *Puttock*, or any thing but *Peacock*. P. 271. l. 3. It is *black* like an *Ouzle*, another Reading, It is *back’d* like a *Weezel*. Sc. 9. l. 2. *To let his madness rage*,----- r. *To let his madness range.* Ibid. *To keep those 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 horrid time*, he reads conjecturally *a more horrid 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, *Enseamed 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.

VARIOUS READINGS, &c.

Come *Gertrude*, 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 miss 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, *conjur'ing* to that effect. Sc. 9. p. 296. l. 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 Onyx shall be throw*----- An *Union* is the other Reading: Mr. *Pope* prefers the former, Mr. *T*-----the latter. Sc. 6. p. 320. l. 2. *Oh proud Death? What feast is tow'rd in thine eternal Cell?* Another reading has it *infernal*.

OTHELLO.] Act 4. Sc. 1. p. 392. l. 11. *Convinced or supplied them*, he alters to----- *Convinc'd or suppled them*. Act 1. Sc. 8. p. 338. l. ult.----- *And sold to slavery, 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 *Shakespeare* himself alter'd it so after the first; which if the Remarker had ever seen, he would have found the Play was not published at all till after the Author's Death. (See *Walkley'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.

F I N I S.