

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

VOLUME *the* SEVENTH.



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PLAYS *contain'd in this Volume.*

ANTONY and **CLEOPATRA.**

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

MACBETH.

TROILUS and **CRESSIDA.**



ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Personæ.

M. ANTONY.

Octavius Cæsar.

Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Decretas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thidias,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrus,

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Friends and Followers of Antony.

Friends to Cæsar.

Friends to Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian,

Iras,

Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispers'd in several Parts of the Roman Empire.



ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

P. H I L O.



AY, but this dotage of our General
O'er-flows the measure; those his goodly
eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend,
now turn

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast; † reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look where they come!

Enter Antony, *and* Cleopatra, *her ladies in the train,*
Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him,
The tripple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

A 3

Cleo.

† reneges. renounces.

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Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a † bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good lord, from *Rome*.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it *Antony*.

Fulvia perchance is angry; or who knows, If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent His powerful mandate to you. Do this, or this; Take in that kingdom, and infranchise that; Perform't, or else we dama thee.

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and most like, You must not stay here longer, your dismission. Is come from *Cæsar*, therefore hear it, *Antony*. Where's *Fulvia*'s process? *Cæsar*'s? I'd say, both? Call in the messengers; as I'm *Ægypt*'s Queen, Thou blushest *Antony*, and that blood of thine Is *Cæsar*'s homager: so thy cheeks pay shame, When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The messengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch Of the rais'd empire fall; here is my space, Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing*. And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind (On pain of punishment) the world to ‡ weet We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her? I'll seem the fool I am not. *Antony* Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*, Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,

Let'

† bourn, bound or limit. ‡ to weet, to know.

Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: what sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whose every passion fully strives
To make it self in thee fair and admir'd.
No messenger but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt with their train.*]

Dem. Is *Cesar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm sorry,

That he approves the common liar *Fame*,
Who speaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a
Sooth-fayer.

Char. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the *Sooth-*
fayer that you prais'd to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew
this husband, which you say, must change his horns
with garlands.

Alex. *Soothfayer.*

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy, a little
I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly: wine enough,

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Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his ^a prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune. Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod of Jewry* may do homage. Find me, to marry me with *Octavius Caesar*, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names; Pr'ythee how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And foretold every wish, a million.

Char. Out fool, I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing *Nylus* presageth famine.

Iras. Go you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char.

^a *patience.*

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how --- give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I; where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend. Come, his fortune, his fortune. O let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore dear *Isis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush, here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden a Roman thought had struck him. *Enobarbus.*

A. 5

Eno.

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Ero. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your service, my lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us. [Exit.]

Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother *Lucius*?

Mes. Ay, but soon that war had end, and the time's state

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst *Cæsar*,
Whose better issue in the war of *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward; on
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in the tale lye death,
I hear as if he flatter'd.

Mes. *Labiæus* (this is stiff news)

Hath, with his *Parthian* force, extended *Asia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilst —

Ant. *Antony* thou wouldst say.

Mes. Oh, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral
tongue,

Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.

Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lye still, and our ill, told us,
Is as our earring; fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From *Sicyon* how the news? speak there.

Mes. The man from *Sicyon*, is there such an one?

Attend.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. II

Attend. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear;
These strong *Ægyptian* fetters I must break,
Or lose my self in dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger with a letter.

2 Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In *Sicyon*,
Her length of sickness with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.

There's a great spirit gone! thus I desir'd it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it self; she's good being gone,
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on,
I must from this *Ægyptian* Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now *Enobarbus*?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our women. We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them, if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die.
It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though
between them and a great cause, they should be e-
steem'd nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noise
of this dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times
upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle
in death, which commits some loving act upon her,
she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her passions are made of no-
thing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call
her

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her winds and waters, sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice: when it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailor of the earth (comforting him therein) that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you inced a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation, your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broach'd here in the state, cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your aboad.

Ant. No more ^b light answers: let our officers have notice what we purpose. I shall break the cause of our expedience to the Queen, at get her ^c leave to part. For not alone the death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches, do strongly speak t'us; but the letters too of many our contriving friends in *Rome* petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius* hath giv'n the dare to *Cesar*, and commands the empire of the sea. Our slipp'ry people, { Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,

'Till

^b like.

^c love.

'Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the great and all his dignities
 Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier; whose quality going on,
 The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
 Which like the † courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he do's.
 I did not send you. If you find him sad,
 Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method, to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
 nothing.

Cleo. Thou teache'st like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so, too far. I wish, forbear,
 In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm sick, and sullen:

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall,
 Ie.

† Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a
 horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature

[*Seeming to faint.*]

Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye there's some good news.

What says the marry'd woman? you may go;
Would she had never given you leave to come;
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? riotous madness!
To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you seek no colour for your going;
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then,
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes,
Bliss in our brows bent, none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest soldier of the world
Art turn'd the greater liar.

Ant. How now, lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in *Ægypt*.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of *Rome*.

Equality

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA 15

Equality of two domestick pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n.
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And Quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should salve my going,
Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read:
The garboyls she awak'd; at the last, best.
See when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shou'dst fill
With sorrowful water? now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices, by the fire
That quickens *Nilus'* d slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come,
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well,
So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable tryal.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee turn aside, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, let it look
Like perfect honour.

d smile

Ant.

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Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my sword——

Cleo. And target. Still he mends.

But this is not the best. Look pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word:

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it,
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it;
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you. On your sword:
Sit lawrell'd victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet.

Ant. Let us go: come,
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goest yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt*]



SCENE

S C E N E V.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus, and attendants.

Cæs. YOU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
 It is not *Cæsar's* natural voice, to hate
 One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
 This is the news; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revels; not more manly
 Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolomy*
 More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
 Or did vouchsafe to think that h' had partners.
 You shall find there a man, who is the abstract
 Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I must not think
 They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;
 His faults in him seem as the spots of heav'n,
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
 Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
 To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
 And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes
 him;
 As his composure must be rare indeed,
 Whom these things cannot blemish, yet must *Antony*
 No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
 Full surfeits, and the driness of his bones,
 Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours; 'tis to be chid:

As

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As we rate boys, who being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour,
 Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report.
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at sea,
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Cæsar*: to the ports
 The discontents repair, and mens reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less;
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he which is, was wish'd, until he were:
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love,
 Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to, and back, e lashing the varying tide
 To rot it self with motion.

Mes. *Cæsar*, I bring thee word,
Menebrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them, which they † ear and wound
 With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
 They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen: for *Pompey's* name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. *Antony*,
 Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
 Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more
 Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle

Which.

e lacking.

† Ear, or are, from aro, to plow.

Which beasts would cough at. Thy pallat then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge.
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*;
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,)
Was born so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*; time is it that we twain
Did shew our selves i'th' field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, *Cæsar*,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
'Tis my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel my lord,
What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,
I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, I knew it for my bond. Farewel.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian.*

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha — give me to drink *Mandradoras*.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.

Char.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou eunuch, *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
In ought an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That being unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Ægypt*. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not indeed, madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

Cleo. Oh *Charman*!

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
Oh happy horse to bear the weight of *Antony*!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of m n. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my serpent of old *Nile*,
For so he calls me; now I feed my self
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with *Phæbus*' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail.

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,

He

He kist the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear-must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friends, quoth he,

Say the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' ex-
treams

Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided disposition;

Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Ægypt* with his joy; but between both.

Oh heav'nly mingle! be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to *Antony*,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæsar* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Cæsar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis,
Say the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæsar* paragon again
My man of men.

Char.

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Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days!
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To say, as I said then. But come away,
Get me ink and paper,
He shall have every day several greetings, or I'll un-
people Ægypt. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates and Menas.

POMPEY.



If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are suitors to their
throne, decays

The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of our selves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cesar* gets mony where
He loses hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,

Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Antony*: but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan lip;
Let witchcraft join with beauty; lust with both,
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulness————

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt's* widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*,
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us

May

24 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our Gods will have't; it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.

Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.

R O M E.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. **G**OOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t'entreat your
captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him

To answer like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,

Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,

And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,

Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,

I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;

But pray you stir no embers up. Here comes

The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*——
Hark, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know; *Mecenas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble friends,

That

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
 A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard. When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murther in healing wounds. Then noble partners,
 The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
 Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest terms,
 Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well;
 Were we before our armies and to fight,
 I should do thus.

[Flourish]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sir.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so :
 Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laught at,
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I
 Should say my self offended, and with you
 Chiefly i'th' world. More laught at, that I should
 Once name you derogately: when to sound
 Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
 Might be to you in Ægypt: if you there
 Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
 Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
 By what did here befall. Your wife and brother
 Made wars upon me, and their contestation
 Was theam for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother
 never
 Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it,
 And have my learning from some true reporters
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
 Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach,
 Having alike your cause? of this my letters
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
 (As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
 It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise your self,
 By laying defects of Judgment to me: but
 You patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
 I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
 Very necessity of this thought, that I
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought
 Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars
 Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
 I would you had her spirit in such another;
 The third o'th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
 You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Ere. Would we had all such wives, that the men
 might go to wars with the women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboiles, *Cæsar*,
 Made out of her impatience, which not wanted,
 Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
 Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
 But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
 When rioting in *Alexandria* you
 Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
 Did a gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
 Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
 I told him of my self, which was as much
 As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife: if we contend,
 Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
 The article of your oath, which you shall never
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.

Ant.

a beg.

Ant. No; *Lepidus*, let him speak,
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on, *Cæsar*,
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd,

Ant. Neglected rather:
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made wars here;
For which my self, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may when you hear no more words of
Pompey return it again: you shall have time to wran-
gle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost for-
got.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to then: your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O'th' world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Ag. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia!* great *Mark Antony*
Is now a widower.

Ces. Say not so, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your proof were
Well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cesar*; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Ag. To hold you in perpetua lamity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cesar* speak?

Ces. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,)
To make this good?

Ces. The power of *Cesar*,
And his power to *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment; let me have thy hand
Further this act of grace: and from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs.

Ces. There's my hand:
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live

To joyn our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again.

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey,

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that defie him.

Lep. Time calls upon's:
Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lyes he?

Cæs. About the *Mount-Misenum.*

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing:

But by sea he is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together. Haste we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness.

And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not sickness should detain me.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manent *Enobarbus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecenas*, my
honourable friend *Agrippa*.

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are
so well digested: you stay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Eno. Ay Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

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Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast : and but twelve persons there. Is this true ?

Eno. This was but a flie by an eagle : we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed : or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you ;
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne
Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with 'em ; th' oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description ; she did lye
In her pavilion, colth of gold, of tissue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. Oh rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That b yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i'th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air ; which but for vacancy,

Had

b yarely. Yarely among sailors is used as nimbly.

Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian*!

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed,
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street.
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom e stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is † riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

Good *Enobarbus*, make your self my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Antony*, *Cæsar*, *Octavia* between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

B 4

Octa.

e steal, † riggish. ramping, wanton.

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Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule; good-night, dear lady.

Octa. Good-night, Sir.

Cæs. Good-night. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now firrah! do you wish your self in *Ægypt*?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor
you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my
tongue; but yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,
Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. *Cæsar's*. Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by
his side. Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps
thee, is noble, couragious, high, unmatchable, where
Cæsar's is not. But near him thy angel becomes a
fear, as being o'erpower'd; and therefore make space
enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee, no more, but when to
thee,

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose: and of that natural luck
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [Ex. Sooth.]
He shall to *Parthia*; be it art, or hap,

He

He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him,
 And in our sports my better cunning faints
 Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;
 His cocks do win the battel still of mine,
 When it is all to nought: and his quails ever
 Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
 I'th' east my pleasure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your commission's ready:
 Follow me and receive't, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your selves no farther: pray you hasten
 Your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony* will e'en but kiss *Octavia*,
 and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldiers dress,
 Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
 As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
 Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
 My purposes do draw me much about,
 You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas:

Cleo. GIVE me some musick: musick, moody food
 Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The musick, hea!

B 5

Enter

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come *Char-*
mian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian.*

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mard. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good-will is shew'd, tho't come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin fish; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, ah ha; you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time! ——— oh times! ———
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn
Ere the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword *Philippan*. Oh from *Italy*.

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam! madam! ———

Cleo. *Antony's* dead?

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, Madam, he is well.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 35

Cleo. Why there's more gold. But sirrah, mark
we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet if thou say, *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not d captive to him,
I'll see thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mes. *Cæsar*, and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, Madam ———

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it do's allay
The good precedence, fie upon *but yet*,
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*;
In state of health thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, Madam! no: I have made no such sport.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i'th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo.

• captain.

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Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee.

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mes. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?

[*Strikes him.*]

Hence horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wyre, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mes. Nay then I'll run:

What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep your self within your self,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt *Ægypt* into Nile; and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents. Call the slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than my self: since I my self
Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty

Cleo.

a kindle

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say yes.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee, dost thou hold there
still?

Mes. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, would thou didst:

So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes. Go get thee hence,
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married.

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married.

Mes. Take no offence, for I would not offend you;
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence,
The merchandises thou hast brought from *Rome*
Are all too dear for me:

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em.

[*Exit Mes.*]

Char. Good your highness patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian*----- 'tis no matter.

Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,

Let him for ever go----let him not, *Charmian*,

Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,

The other way's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring word, how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,

But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

The Coast of Italy, near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas at one door with drum and trumpet: At another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with soldiers marching.

Pom. YOUR hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet

That first we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent,
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? and what
Made thee all-honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the *Capitol*, but that they would
Have but one man, a man; and that is it
Hath made me rig my navy. At whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful *Rome*
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land indeed

Thou

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house.
But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present now you talk.)
The offers we have sent you——

Cas. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cas. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling; you must know
When *Cesar* and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I've gain'd by it.

Cas. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well I know not
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart a vassal,

Lep.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a matress.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [Exeunt. Manent *Eno.* and *Menas*.]

Men. Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made
this treaty.

You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think,

Men,

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA: 41

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-service; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No slander, they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Cesar's* sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cesar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesie so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very † strangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* dish again; then shall

† *estranger*.

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shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is. He married but his occasion here.

Mex. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Ero. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Ægypt*.

Mex. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Pompey's galley.

Musick plays: Enter two or three servants with a banquet.

1 Ser. **H**ERE they'll be, man: some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 Ser. *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1 Ser. They have made him drink alms drink.

2 Ser. As they pinch one another by the disposition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' drink.

1 Ser. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Ser. Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 Ser. To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter *Cæsar*, *Antony*, *Pompey*, *Lepidus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*, *Enobarbus*, *Menas*, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile

By

By certain scale, i' th' pyramid; they know
 By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
 Or foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* swells
 The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
 Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
 And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your serpent of *Ægypt* is bred now of your
 mud by the operation of your sun; so is your cro-
 codile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some wine! a health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be
 in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomy's* py-
 ramis is are very goodly things; without contradiction
 I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word.

[*Aside.*]

Pom. Say in mine ear what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
 And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me 'till anon.

[*Whispers.*]

This wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like it self, and it is as broad
 as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves
 with its own organs. It lives by that which nou-
 risheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transf-
 migrates.

Lep. What colour is it of!

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else
 he is a very epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away!

Do

44 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from the stool.

Pom. I think thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's
twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup:
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis villany,
In thee 't had been good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour it: repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 45

Ant. Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, *Menas*.

[*Pointing to Lepidus*.]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man! see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk; would it were all, that it might go on wheels.

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the vessels ho. Here is to *Cesar*.

Cas. I could well forbear it,
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cas. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast from all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor, shall we dance now the *Ægyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come let's all take hands,
'Till that the conquering wine hath steep't our sense
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take hands:

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick,
The while I'll place you, then the boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall beat as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

The S O N G.

*Come thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink cyne,*

& strange.

*In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd.
Cup us 'till the world go round,
Cup us 'till the world go round.*

Cæs. What would you more? *Pompey*, good-night.
Good brother

Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part,
You see we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Enobarbus*
Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words; good night,
Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shoar.

Ant. And shall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you^h hate my father's house.
But what, we're friends? come down into the boat,

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

Men. I'll not on shoar.

No, to my cabin — these drums!

These trumpets, flutes! what!

Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound
out. [Sound a flourish, with drums.

Eno. Hoo says a! there's my cap.

Men. Hoa, noble captain, come.

[*Exeunt.*

h have



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

A CAMP.

Enter Ventidius in Triumph, the dead body of Pacorus born before him, Roman soldiers and attendants.

VENTIDIUS.



NOW darting *Parthia* art thou struck, and now

Pleas'd fortune does of *Marcus Crassus*' death

Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body

Before our host; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,

Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Rom. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilst yet with *Parthian* blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spur through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly. So thy grand captain *Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,

I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.

Cesar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than person. *Sosius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his favour.

Who

48 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Who does i'th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
(The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast; *Ventidius*, that, without the which
A soldier and his sword grants scarce distinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony*,

Ven. I'll humbly signifie what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
That ne'er-yet beaten horse of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o'th' field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him. Pass along. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

R O M E.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. WHAT, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*,
he is gone,

The other three are sealing. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves *Cæsar*.

Agr. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony*!

Eno. *Cæsar*? why he's the *Jupiter* of men.

Agr. What's *Antony*, the God of *Jupiter*?

Eno. Speak you of *Cæsar*? oh! the non-pareil!

Agr.

Agr. Oh *Antony*, oh thou *Arabian* bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say, *Cæsar*, go no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; ho,
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder —

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle, so —
This is to horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of my self:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my farthest bond
Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortune of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be certain curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends:
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort; fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother.

50 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Ant. The *April's* in her eyes, it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, *Octavia*?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæsar* weep?

Ag. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a horse;
So is he being a man.

Ag. Why, *Enobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,
He cryed almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Eno. That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cæs. Adieu, be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way.

Cæs. Farewel, farewel.

[Kisses *Octavia*.

Ant. Farewel!

[Trumpets sound. Exeunt.



SCENE

SCENE III.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* head

I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:

Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious majesty.

Cleo. Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

Mes. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face:
And saw her led between her brother and

Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, Madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-tongu'd or
low?

Mes. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? oh *Isis*! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of tongue, and
dwarfish.

What majesty is in her gate? remember
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mes. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

52 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

She shews a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Not three in *Ægypt* can make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceive't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

Mes. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or
round?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For th' most part too,
They're foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?

Mes. Brown, Madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready,
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so; I repent me much,
That so I harried him. Methinks by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long.

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good

Charmian:

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you; Madam.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ATHENS.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. **N**AY, nay *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands
more.

Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his will, and read it
To publick ear, spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not.

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he o'er-look'd,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me;
When I shall pray, oh bless my lord and husband,
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bless my brother. Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extreams at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose my self; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But as you requested,
Your self shall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; make your soonest haste
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord,
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak.

C 3

Your

54 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Your reconciler : wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should folder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chuse your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend *Eros*?

Eros. There's strange news come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made war upon *Pompey*.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. *Cæsar* having made use of him in the wars
'gainst *Pompey*, presently denied him rivalry, would not
let him partake of the glory of the action; and not
resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly
wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his own appeal seizes him,
so the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then would thou hadst a pair of chaps no
more, and throw between them all the food thou hast,
they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him. Crys, fool *Lepidus*,
And threatens the throat of that his officer
That murder'd *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*; more *Domitius*,
My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be; bring me to
Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE

SCENE V.

ROME.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. **C**ontemning *Rome*, he has done all this, and
more,

In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:
I'th' market-place on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the feet sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I'th' common shew-place where they exercise,
His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings.
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who queasie with his insolence already
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate

Should be depos'd, and being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Ag. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone :
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with attendants.

Oct. Hail *Cæsar*, and my lord! hail, most dear *Cæsar*!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away.

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why hast thou stol'n upon me thus? you come
not

Like *Cæsar's* sister; the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have born men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea, and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.

Oct.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bochus the King of *Libya*, *Archilaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
King *Malichus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other.

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods
To do you justice, make his ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull
That noses it against us.

58 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Off. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. It is most certain: sister, welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A C T I U M.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I Will be even with thee; doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should
not we be there in person?

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we should serve with
horse and mares together, the horse were merely lost;
the mares would bear a soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*.
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That speak against us. A charge we bear i'th' war,
And as the president of my kingdom will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay I have done: here comes the emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,

4

He

He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battel at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress. In *Cæsar's* fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their ships are † yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up your self meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th' head of *Actium*
Beat th' approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter

† yare. light. nimble.

60 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord, he is descried,
Caesar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.
 Strange that his power should be so. *Canidius*,
 Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
 And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship.
 Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,
 Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
 This sword, and these my wounds? let th' *Ægyptians*
 And the *Pbœnicians* go a ducking: we
 Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
 And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Enob.*]

Sold. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
 Not in the power on't: so our leaders lead,
 And we are womens men.

Sold. You keep by land
 The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Justus*,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for sea:
 But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Caesar's*
 Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*
 His power went out in such distractions as
 Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one *Tarus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 61

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws
forth

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar with his army marching.

Cæs. Torus?

Tor. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not
battel

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroul: our fortune lyes
Upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o'th' hill,
In eye of *Cæsar's* battle, from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Canidius marching with his land-army one way over
the stage, and Torus the lieutenant of Cæsar the
other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of
a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.*

Eno. Naught; naught, all naught, I can behold no
longer;

† Th' *Antonias*, th' *Ægyptian* admiral,
With all their sixty flie, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddeses, all the whole synod of
them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater ‡ cantle of the world is lost.

With

† Th' *Antonias*, &c. (which Plutarch says was the
name of Cleopatra's ship.) ‡ cantle, a piece or lump.

62 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

With very ignorance, we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Your † ribauld nag of *Ægypt*,
(Whom leprosie o'ertake) i'th' midst o'th' fight,
(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;))
The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft;
The noble ruin of her magick, *Antony*,
Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour ne'er before
Did violate so it self.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then good-
night indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cæsar* will I render
My legions and my horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

SCENE

† ribauld, a *luxurious squanderer*,

SCENE VIII.

Enter Antony, with Eros and other attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is a sham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fie,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I've fled my self, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have my self resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treasure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon,
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leave themselves. To the sea-side straight-way:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now——
Nay, do so; for indeed I've lost command,
Therefore, I pray you——I'll see you by and by.
[Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down; oh *Juno!*

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras,

64 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA

Iras. Madam, oh good Emprefs.

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes my lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now---no matter---

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen---

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him,
He is unqualited with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: oh!

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving-----

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Ægypt*? see
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I've left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,
And thou should'st towe me after. O'er my spirit
The full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness, who
With half the bulk o'th' world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would

Obey

Obeſy it on all cauſe.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me.

We ſent our ſchoolmaſter, is he come back?

Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine

Within there, and our viands: fortune knows,

We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Cæſar's Camp.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thidias, with others.

Cæſ. LET him appear that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

Cæſ. Approach and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.

Cæſ. Be't ſo, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth
A private man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves

The

66 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

The circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This, if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cæs. Bring him through the bands:

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promise, [To *Thidias*.
And in our name, when she requires, add more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thidias*,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thid. *Cæsar*, I go.

Cæs. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thid. *Cæsar*, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. WHAT shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Think, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow you?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nickt his captainship at such a point,

When

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question, 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim,
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
note

Something particular; his coyn, ships, legions,
Maybe a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay^a comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me.

[*Exit Antony.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough: high-battel'd *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to th' shew
Against a sworder. I see mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptiness; *Cæsar* thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter:

^a *comparisons.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? see my women,
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square;
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Do's conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'th' story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæsar's* will.

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has,
Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar's*.

Thid. So.

Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cæsar* intreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Go on, right royal.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh!

[*Aside.*]

Thid. The scars upon your honour, therefore he
Do's pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.

Eno. To be sure of that,
I will ask *Antony*. Sir, thou'rt so leaky
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit* *Eno.*
Thid.]

Thid. Shall I say to *Cesar*,
 What you require of him; he partly begs
 To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
 That of his fortunes you would make a staff
 To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits,
 To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
 And put your self under his shrowd, the universal land-
 lord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kind messenger;
 Say to great *Cesar* this in disputation,
 I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
 To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
 Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath
 I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

Thid. 'Tis your noblest course:
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cesar's* father oft,
 When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

S C E N E X.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders.

[*Seeing Thidias kiss her hand.*]

What art thou fellow?

Thid. One that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd;

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there — ah you kite! now Gods
 and devils!

Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd ho!

Like

70 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Like boys unto a ^b mufs, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will? have you no ears?
I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him: were twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them
So sawcy with the hand of she here, (what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*?) ---- whip him, fellows----
Till like a boy you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. *Mark Antony* ----

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd
Bring him again, this jack of *Cæsar's* shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord ----

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
Oh misery on't, the wise Gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*, besides what hotter hours
Unregistred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,

^b a scambie.

And

And say, God quit you, be familiar with
 My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
 And plighter of high hearts! ---- O that I were
 Upon the hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
 The horned herd, for I have savage cause.
 And to proclaim it civilly, were like
 A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
 For being † yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a pardon?

Serv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipp'd, for following him. Henceforth
 The white hand of a lady, feaver thee,
 Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Cæsar*,
 Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say,
 He makes me angry with him. For he seems
 Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
 And at this time most easie 'tis to do't:
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abyss of hell. If he raillike
 My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
 Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [*Exit Thid.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
 And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
 With one that tres his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

† *dextrous.*

Cleo.

72 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Ah dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison't in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life; the next *Cesario* smite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
By the discattering of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I'm satisfied:

Cesar sets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood,
I and my sword will earn my chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But since my lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on my
Queen,

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make death love me: for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe. [Exeunt.

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frightened out of fear, and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas with his
army. Cæsar reading a letter.*

CÆSAR.



He calls me boy, and chides as he had
power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My mes-
senger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to
personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time
Laugh at this challenge.

Mec. *Cæsar* must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for it self.

Cæs. Let our best heads know,
That to-morrow the last of battels
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,

74 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Enough to fetch him in. See it be done,
And feast the army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony*!
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius*.
Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. W'oo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you've serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*, that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me

As

As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away, but like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't.

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? look, they weep.
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall; my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sence;
I speak t' you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good-night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: what news?

2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour, good-night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, Sir, good-night.

[They meet with other Soldiers.]

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 *Sold.* And you, good-night, good-night.

[They place themselves in every corner of the stage.]

76 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

2 *Sold.* Here we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

1 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of the hautboys is under the stage.*]

2 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i'th' air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

It sings well, do's it not?

2 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace I say: what should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk, let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do?

2 *Sold.* How now, masters? [Speak together.]

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,
Let's see how 'twill give off.

Omnes. Content: 'tis strange. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. *Eros*, mine armour, *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck: *Eros*, come, mine armour,
Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on;
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony*.

What's this for? ah, let be, let be, thou art
The armourer of my heart; false, false; this this,
Sooth-law I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now,
Seest thou, my good fellow. Go put on thy defences.

Ero. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To do't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this than thou; dispatch. O love!
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation; thou should'st see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier:

Good-morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair; good-morrow General.

All. Good-morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lad.

This morning like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come give me that,——this way——well said.
Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable,
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment, I'll leave thee,
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

Char. Please you to retire to your chamber?

78 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Lead me :
He goes forth gallantly : That he and *Cæsar* might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then *Antony* — but now — well on. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros.

Eros. The gods make this a happy day to *Antony*.

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once pre-
vail'd

To make me fight at land.

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Eros. Who ?

One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
He shall not hear thee, or from *Cæsar's* camp
Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold. Sir, he is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him,
I will subscribe gentle adieus, and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men ! dispatch my *Eros*. [Exeunt.



SCENE

S C E N E V.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. GO forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight :
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive ;
Make it so known.

Agr. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near ;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt.*]

Eno. *Alexas* doth revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony* ; there did perswade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
And leave his master *Antony*. For this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him : *Canidius* and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust : I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse my self so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. *Enobarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

D 4

Sold.

80 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: best you see safe the bringer
Out of the host: I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't my self. Your Emperor
Continues still a *Jove*. [Exit.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. Oh *Antony*,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold. This bows my heart;
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!——no, I will go seek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul't best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Before the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. *Drums and Trumpets.* Enter *Agrippa*.

Agr. **R**etire, we have engag'd our selves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.]

Alarum. Enter *Antony*, and *Scarus* wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed;
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes, I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares behind,
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt*]

Alarum. *Enter Antony again in a march, Scarus
with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Guests; to-morrow
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've shewn yourselves all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand,

[*To Scarus,*

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great faiery I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords,
Oh infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare, uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We've beat them to their beds. What girl, though
gray

82 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
ha'we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;
Kiss it my warrior: he hath fought to-day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbunkled
Like holy *Phæbus'* car. Give me thy hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march,
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carowfes to the next day's fate
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Century, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. IF we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' court of guard; the
night

Is shivny, and they say, we shall embattel
By th' second hour i'th' morn.

1 Watch. This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. Oh bear me witness night!

2 Watch. What man is this?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Eno.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus*?

3 Watch. Peace; hark further.

Eno. Oh sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Antony*! oh *Antony*!

[Dies.]

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cesar*.

2 Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death has caught him,

[Drums afar off.]

Hark how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:
Let us bear him to th' court of guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet.

[Exeunt.]



SCENE

SCENE VIII.

*Between the two Camps.**Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their army.*

Ant. THEIR preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our foot
Upon the hills adjoyning to the city
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exit.]

Enter Cæsar, and his army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which as I take't we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exit.]
[Alarm afar off as at a sea-fight.]

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all,
I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra's* sails their nests. The augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [Exit.]



SCENE

SCENE IX.

ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Antony.

Ant. ALL is lost!

A This foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me?
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
 Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly, begone.
 Oh sun, thy up-rise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
 Do we shake hands — all come to this! — the hearts
 That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do dis-candy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming *Cesar*: and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
 Oh this false soul of *Ægypt*! this a gay charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home:
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right gipsie, hath at fast and loose
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
 What *Eros, Eros!*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! avant.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cesar's* triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians*;
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex. Most monster-like be shewn

For

^{a grave.}

For poor'st diminutives, for dolts; and let
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
[Exit Cleopatra.]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!
 The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge *Licas* on the horns o'th' moon,
 And with those hands that graspt the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the young *Roman* boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under his plot: she dies for't. *Eros* ho! [Exit.]

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh he is more mad
 Than *Telamon* for his shield, the boar of *Thessaly*
 Was never so imboist.

Char. To th' monument,
 There lock your self, and send him word you're dead:
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slain my self,
 Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, *Mardian*,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To th' monu-
 ment. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E X.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. 'Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,
 ' A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 ' A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 ' A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 ' With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 ' And mock our eyes with air. Thou'st seen these signs,
' They

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dissimn's, and makes it indistinct

As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I'm *Antony*,

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

I made these wars for *Ægypt*; and the Queen,

Whose heart I thought I had, (for she had mine)

Which whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't

A million more, now lost! she, *Eros*, has

Packt cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph —————

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us

Our selves to end our selves. Oh the vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled

With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, sawcy eunuch, peace, she hath betray'd me,
And she shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,

And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake

Was *Antony!* most noble *Antony!*

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of *Antony*; it was divided

Between her heart and lips; she rendred life,

Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly; go. Oh, pluck off,

[*Exit Mardian.*

The

88 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides,
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! apace, *Eros*, apace,
No more a soldier——bruised peices go,
[Unarming himself.

You have been nobly born; from me a while,
[Exit *Eros*.

I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lye down and stray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
It self with strength; seal then and all is done.
Eros!——I come, my Queen——*Eros!*——stay for me,
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her *Æneas* shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter *Eros*.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune's* back
With ships, made cities; condemn my self, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
Than she which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
I'm conqueror of my self. Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that on my command thou then
Wouldst kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou strik'it not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'it.
Put colour in my cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me:
Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant.

Ant. Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
Thy master thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate *Cæsar* drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd,
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bad thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.

[Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emp'ror. Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man, and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why there then ——— [Eros kills himself.]
Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of *Antony's* death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than my self!
Thou teachest me, oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then, and *Eros*,

Thy

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Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.

I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead? —

The guard — how! — oh dispatch me.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Dercetas and guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends:

○ make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is falln.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Not I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? draw thy sword, and
give me

sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her monument. She had a prophesy-
ing fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage

Would

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. 91

Would not be purg'd, she sent word she was dead.
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What ho! the emperor's guard. The guard,
what ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XII.

A magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look

92 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Look out o'th' other side your monument,
His guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony born by the guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand
The varying shore o'th' world. O *Antony!*
Help *Charmian*, help *Iras*, help; help, friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*, but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
Dear my lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken; not th'imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women, we must draw thee up——
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed; how heavy weighs my
lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* power,
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever fools. * Oh come, come, come----

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*
And welcome, welcome. Die where thou hast liv'd,
Quicken with kissing, had my lips that power,

Thus

Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false hufwife, fortune, break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety----oh----

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me,

None about *Cæsar* trust: but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd. The greatest Prince o'th' world,
The noblest once; and now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going,
I can no more ----- { *Antony dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of men ----- woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a stye? O see, my women!
The crown o'th' earth doth melt----my lord! ----
Oh wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visiting moon. { *She faints.*

Char. Oh quietness, lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam-----

Iras. Royal *Ægypt*! Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

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' *Cleo.* No more but a meer woman, and com-
' manded

' By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my scepter at th' injurious Gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had stoll'n our jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What, what good cheer? why how now, *Char-*
mian?

My noble girls? — ah, women, women! look;
Our lamp is spent, it's out --- good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high *Roman* fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend,
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt bearing off Antony's body.*]



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Menas.

CÆSAR.



O to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

*Enter Dercetas with the sword
of Antony.*

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*,
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, oh *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of *Antony*
Is not a single doom; in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead; *Cæsar*,
Not by a publick minister of justice,

Nor

Nor by a hired knife: but that self-hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage which the heart did lend it
Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you, sad friends:
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tiding
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Men. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal in him.

Dol. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Men. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O *Antony*!
I've follow'd thee to this --- but we do launce
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor,
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our stars
Unreconcilable, should have divided
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter season ———
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?]

Enter an Egyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my mistress
Confin'd in all she has (her monument)

Of

Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her self
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart,
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot live
To be ungentle.

Ægypt. May the Gods preserve thee. [Exit.]

Cæs. Come hither *Proculeius*, go and say
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit *Proculeius*.]

Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along; where's *Dolabella*,
To second *Proculeius*?

All. *Dolabella*!

Cæs. Let him alone; for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The Monument.

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and
Seleucus.*

Cleo. MY desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,

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A minister of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change,
Which sleeps, and never pallats more the dung,
(The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsar's*.)

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:

You're falln into a princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqu'ror that will pray, in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his fortunes vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.

Have comfort, for I know your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

Pro. Guard her 'till *Cæsar* come.

Iras.

Bras. Royal Queen.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

Do not your self such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What of death too, that rids our dogs of lan-
guish?

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of your self: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?

Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Not once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varlotry
Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt*
Be gentle grave unto me: rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring: rather make
My country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains.

Pro. You do extend

'These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,

What thou hast done my master *Cæsar* knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella,*

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It shall content me best; be gentle to her:
To *Cesar* I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit *Proculeius*.

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams,
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye ———

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little o'th' earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature ----

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and islands
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra* ----

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff
To vye strange forms with fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Antony* were nature's piece, 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loss is as your self, great; and you bear it
As answ'ring to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.
Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.
Dol. Though he be honourable ———

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

All. Make way there-----*Cæsar.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt*?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. [*Cleo. kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you rise, rise, *Ægypt.*

Cleo. Sir, the Gods
Will have it thus, my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our intents,
(Which tow'rds you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty by taking

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Antony's course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you relie. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we

Your scuteheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me of all, *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. This is the brief of mony, plate, and jewels
I am possess of — 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted ----- where's *Seleucus*?

Sel. Here Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus.*

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See *Cæsar*! Oh behold,
How pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd. What, goest thou back? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog,
O rarely base?

Cæs. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæsar*,
That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,

Immo:

Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal, and say
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
 Their mediation, must I be unfolded
 By one that I have bred? the Gods! it smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee go hence,
 Or I shall shew the cynders of my spirits
 Through th' ashes of my chance: wert thou a man,
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be't known, that we the greatest are mis-
 thought

For things that others do; and when we fall,
 We answer others merits, in our names
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
 Put me i'th' roll of conquest, still be't yours;
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
 Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear
 Queen,

For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Your self shall give us counsel: feed, and sleep.
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord.

Cæs. Not so: adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

S C E N E V.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
 That I should not be noble to my self.
 But hark thee, *Charmian*.

Iras. Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
 I've spoke already, and it is provided,

E. 4

Go.

Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. *Dolabella.*

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cesar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will be send before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. *Dolabella,*

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good Queen, I must attend on *Cesar*. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an *Ægyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasie aprons, rules, and hammers shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: sawcy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-a-tune. The quick comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness
I'th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for I'm sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. Now *Charmian*,

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best artires. I am again for *Cidnus*
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go ----
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou'ast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day---bring our crown, and all.
[*A noise within.*

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence,
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guardsman.*

May do a noble deed? he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a basket.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. ' Truly I have him: but I would not be
' the party should desire you to touch him, for his
' biting is immortal: those that do die of it, do sel-
' dom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. ' Very many, men and women too. I
' heard of one of them no longer than yesterday, a
' very honest woman, but something given to lie, as
' a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty.
' How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt!

' truly, she makes a very good report o'th' worm;
 ' but he that will believe all that they say, shall never
 ' be saved by half that they do: but this is most fal-
 ' lible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. ' I wish you all joy of the worm.'

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. ' You must think this, look you, that the
 ' worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. ' Look you, the worm is not to be trusted;
 ' but in the keeping of wise people; for indeed there
 ' is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. ' Very good: give it nothing I pray you,
 ' for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. ' You must not think I am so simple, but
 ' I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I
 ' know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the
 ' devil drefs her not. But truly, these same whore-son
 ' devils do the Gods great harm in their women: for
 ' in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. ' Yes forsooth, I wish you joy o'th' worm.'

[Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
 Immortal longings in me. Now no more
 The juice of *Ægypt's* grape shall moist this lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick——methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rowse himself
 To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
 The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men
 T'excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
 Now to that name my courage prove my title.
 I am fire, and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So————have you done?

Come

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewel.

Have I the aspick in my lips? dost fall? [Applying the asp.
[To *Iras*.]

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras dies.]

Char. Dissolve thick cloud and rain, that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base————
If she first meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate [To the serpent,
Of life, at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. Oh couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* as,
Unpolicied.

Char. Oh eastern star!

Cleo. 'Peace, peace!
'Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
'That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
O *Antony*! nay I will take thee too.
What should I stay———— [Dies.]

Char. In this wild world? so fare thee well:
Now boast thee death, in thy possession lyes
A last unparallel'd. Downy windows close,
And golden *Phæbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! your crown's awry,
I'll mend it, and then play————

Enter the Guard rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent.— [Charmian applys the asp.]
Char.

Char. Too slow a messenger.
Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach ho!
All's not well. *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call him!

1 Guard. What work is here, *Charmian*? is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah soldiers! _____ [*Charmian dies.*]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead!

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thy self art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at last,
She levell'd at our purpose, and being royal
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then!

1 Gent. Oh *Cæsar*!

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress, tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol.

Dol. Here on her breast
There is a vent of blood and something blown,
The like is on her arm.

Guard. This is an aspick's trail,
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' aspick leaves upon the caves of Nyle.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easie ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument;
She shall be buried by her *Antony*.
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral,
And then to *Rome*: come, *Dolabella*, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt Omnes*]





T I T U S

ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.*

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

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

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

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

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

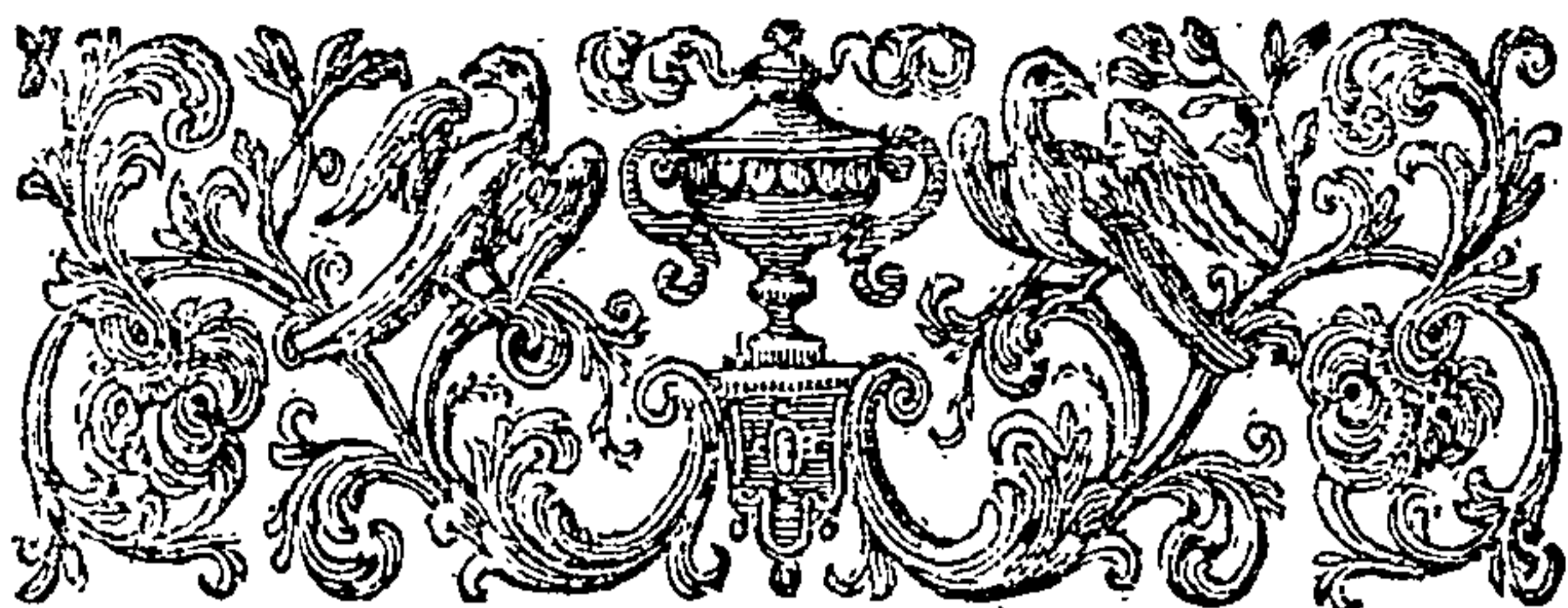
Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Rome, and the Country near it,*



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Bassianus and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.

SATURNINUS.

NOBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms.
And countrymen and loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am the first-born son of him that last
Wore the imperial diadem of *Rome* :
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

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

But

114 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery!

Know that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,

In election for the *Roman* empery,

Chosen *Andronicus*, sur-named *Pius*,

For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.

A nobler man, a braver warrior,

Lives not this day within our city walls.

He by the Senate is accited home,

From weary wars against the barbarous *Goths*,

That with his sons (a terror to our foes)

Hath yoak'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.

Ten years are spent since first he undertook

This cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms

Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons

In coffins from the field.

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,

Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,

Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.

Let us intreat, by honour of his name,

Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,

And in the Capitol and Senate's right,

Whom you pretend to honour and adore,

That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;

Dismiss your followers, and as suiters should,

Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my thoughts.

Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie

In thy uprightness and integrity:

And so I love and honour thee and thine;

Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,

And her (to whom our thoughts are humbled all)

Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich Ornament,

That I will here dismiss my loving friends;

And

And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my self, my person and the cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-house.*]

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

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

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Loe, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,

Stand

Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.

Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,

Behold the poor remains alive and dead!

These that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;

These that I bring unto their latest home,

With burial among their ancestors.

Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword:

Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,

Why suffer'st thou thy sons unburied yet,

To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?

Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,

And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:

O sacred receptacle of my joys,

Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,

How many sons of mine hast thou in store,

That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,

Ad manes Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,

Before this earthly prison of their bones:

That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,

The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay *Roman* brethren, gracious conqueror,

Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,

A mother's tears in passion for her son:

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,

O think my sons to be as dear to me.

Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,

To beautifie thy triumphs, and return

Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yolk?

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,

For valiant doings in their country's cause?

O! if to fight for King and common-weal

Were piety in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.

Wilt

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient your self, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice;
 To this your son is markt, and die he must,
 T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

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

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius
 with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.

Alarbus go to rest, and we survive

To tremble under *Titus*' threatening looks.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal,

The self-same Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in his tent,

May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,

(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)

To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt,

And intrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,

And with loud larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
 Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
 Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
 No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
 In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

S C E N E III.

Enter Lavinia.

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

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
 The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!

Lavinia, live, out-live thy father's days;
 And fame's eternal date for virtue's praise.

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

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

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

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

Tit.

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

Mar. *Titus*, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. *Romans*, do me right.

Patricians draw your swords, and sheath them not
 'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipt to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the peoples hearts.

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

Tit. Content thee prince, I will restore to thee
 The peoples hearts, and wean them from themselves.

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

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages,
 Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Mar. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
 And gratulate his safe return to *Rome*,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
 That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
 Lord *Saturnine*; whose virtues will, I hope,

Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,
 And ripen justice in this common-weal.
 Then if you will elect by my advice,
 Crown him, and say, long live our Emperor.

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
 Patricians and Plebeians, we create
 Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor;
 And say, long live our Emperor *Saturnine*.

[*A long flourish 'till they come down.*]

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

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
 And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
 Presents well worthy *Rome's* imperial lord.
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

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

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor,
 To him that for your honour and your state
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue [*To Tamora.*]
 That I would chuse, were I to chuse a-new:
 Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
 Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
 Thou

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesie.

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

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

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my lord?

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

[The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.]

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

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

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

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

[Exit *Bassianus* with *Lavinia*.]

S C E N E IV.

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

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

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What villain, boy,
Barr'st me my way in *Rome*? [He kills him.]

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help.

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

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine.
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Ant. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock;
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in *Rome* to make a stale of
But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree these deeds, with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora* Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the stately *Phæbe* 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Emperess of *Rome*.

Speak, Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the *Roman* Gods,
(Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for *Hymeneus* stands,)

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

Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to *Rome* I swear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; lords accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and
Marcus.

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

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no: no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

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

Tit. Traitors away, he rests not in this tomb;
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome's* servitors
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

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

[*Titus's sons speak.*]

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?

[*Titus's son speaks.*]

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

Tit. What; would you bury him in my despight?

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

Tit. *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.

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

Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.

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

[*The brother and the sons kneel;*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise ———

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

[*They put him in the tomb.*

Luc. There lye thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy
friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*They all kneel, and say;*

No man shed tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome*?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but I know it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius with the Moor at one door. At the other door Bassianus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very short with us,
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble Gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be control'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,
That hath exprest himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How have I lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;
And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam, be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
I should be author to dishonour you:
But, on mine honour dare I undertake,
For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then at my suit look graciously on him,
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sower looks afflict his gentle heart. —
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last, [*Aside.*]
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take *Titus*' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous sin,
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And rase their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life:
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet Emperor, — come *Andronicus*—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise, my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her; my lord,
These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*;
And let it be my honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince *Bassianus*, I have past
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords; and you *Lavinia*,

By my advice all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his high-
ness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tending our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor we must all be
friends.

The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet-heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,

I do remit these young men's hainous faults.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,

I would not part a batchelor from the priest.

Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, *Lavinia,* and your friends;

This day shall be a love-day, *Tamora.*

Tit To-morrow, and it please your majesty,

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *Bon-jour.*

Sat. Be it so, *Titus,* and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

R O M E.

Enter Aaron alone.

A A R O N



O W climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning
flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening
reach;

As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistring coach,
And over-looks the highest peering hills:

So *Tamora*,

Upon her wit doth early honour wait,
And virtæ stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then *Aaron* arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Emperess.
To wait upon, said I? to wanton with
This Queen, this Goddess, this *Semiramis*;
This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
And see his shipwrack, and his common-weal's.
Holla, what storm is this?

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passion for *Lavinia's* love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the
peace,

Dem. Why boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why now, lords?

So near the Emp'ror's palace dare you draw?
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns,
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of *Rome*.
For shame put up.

Dem. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward! thou thundrest with thy tongue;
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why lords-----and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware---and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some better
choice,

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why are ye mad! or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this devise.

Chi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love;

Aar. To atchieve her---how!

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What man? more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive we know:
Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to
court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What,

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye ---- and are you such fools
To † square for this? would it offend you then --

Chi. Faith, not me;

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me; *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus'* love;
A speedier course than lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square your selves,
But to your wishes heighth advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:

There

† square; signifies to quarrel. vid. *Midf. night's dream*.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport: madam, now ye shall see
Our *Roman* hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose sweet gold for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

* *Tam.* My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
' The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
' The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,
' The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
' And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
' Under their sweet shade, *Aaron*, let us sit,
' And whilst the babling eccho mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
And after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,

We

We may each wreathed in the other's arms,
 (Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber,
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
 What signifies my deadly standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder when she doth unrowl
 To do some fatal execution?

No, Madam, these are no venereal signs;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus*;
 His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day,
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.
 Seest thou this letter, take it up I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal plotted scrowl;
 Now question me no more, we are espied,
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dread not yet their lives destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* comes;
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? *Rome's* royal Emperefs!
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?
 Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam.

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private steps:
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was *Acteon*'s, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day,
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cymmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being interrupted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For fauciness. I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious
mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

* *Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale you see it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misselto.
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,

Unless

Unless the nighty owl, or fatal raven,
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it,
 Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here,
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me foul adulterers,
 Lascivious *Goth*, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs Bas.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.

Lav. I come, *Semiramis*, nay barbarous *Tamora*,
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness;
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure;
 Come mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LAV.

Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face —

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word —

Dem. Listen, fair Madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O do not teach her wrath, she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou intreat her, shew a woman pity.

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove my self
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark;
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my father's sake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee)
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me
go.

LAV.

Mar. O brother with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit Aaron.]

S C E N E VII.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. ' Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
' A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
' Which like a taper in some monument,
' Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
' And shews the ragged intrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother help me with thy fainting hand
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus*' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of

Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus*' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter the Emperor and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me, I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north-side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?

Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*he giveth Saturninus a letter.*]

Saturninus reads the letter.

*And if we miss to meet him handsomly,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,*

Thou

Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
 Among the nettles at the elder-tree
 Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
 Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
 Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.'

Sat. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?
 This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
 Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
 That should have murther'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
 Have here bereft my brother of his life. [To Titus,
 Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,
 There let them bide until we have devis'd
 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous
 thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
 I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
 That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
 (Accursed, if the faults be prov'd in them ———)

Sat. If it be prov'd? you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter, Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.
 For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
 They shall be ready at your highness' will,
 To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me:
 Some bring the murder'd body, some the murtherers.
 Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
 For by my soul, were there worse end than death,
 That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King;
 Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk with them.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravish'd.

Dem. So now go tell (and if thy tongue can speak) Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so, And (if thy stumps will let thee) play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scrowle.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash; And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. If 'twere my case, I should go hang my self.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away so fast? Cousin, a word, where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me;

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep.

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in?

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love! why dost not speak to me?

' Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

' Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

' Doth rise and fall between thy rosie lips,

' Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowered thee,

And lest thou shou'dst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

(*As*

(As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,)
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan's* face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud. —————
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
 Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
 But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
 That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.
 ' Oh had the monster seen those lilly hands
 ' Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute,
 ' And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 ' He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 ' Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
 ' Which that sweet tongue hath made;
 ' He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,
 ' As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.
 Come, let us go; and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. [Exeunt.]



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

TITUS.



HEAR me, grave fathers, noble Tribunes
 stay,
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was
 spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely
 slept:
 For all my blood in *Rome's* great quar-
 rel shed,

For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[*Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.*
 For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
 My sons sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exit.*
 That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,
 Than youthful *April* shall with all her showers;
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still,
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons blood.

Enter

Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.

Oh reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead —
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you —

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me: or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is as soft wax, Tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderness of tygers?

Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?

But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her;
Speak my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's fight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nilus* it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide her self, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecurring wound.

Tit. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:

' For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
 ' Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 ' Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 ' Expecting ever when some envious surge
 ' Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
 And here my brother weeping at my woes.

But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul —

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have maddened me. What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
 Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look *Marcus*, ah son *Lucius* look on her:
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew,
 Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
 husband.

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed,
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
 How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
 With miery slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? let us that have our tongues
 Plot some devise of further misery,
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father cease your tears, for at your grief
 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear neice, good *Titus* dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wot
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark, I understand her signs,
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee.
 His napkin with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
 As far from help as limbo is from blifs.

S C E N E III.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the Emperor
 Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self, old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you chop off your hand,
 And send it to the King; he for the same
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle *Aaron*!
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
 With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand,
 Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,
 Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
 My youth can better spare my blood than you,
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battel-ax,
 Writing destruction on the enemies castle?
 Oh none of both but are of high desert:
 My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death,
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these
 Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
 Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax. [*Exeunt.*

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both;
 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
 And never whilst I live deceive men so.

But I'll deceive you in another sort,
 And that you'll say ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch:
 Good *Aaron*, give his majesty my hand:
 Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
 From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:
 More hath it merited; that let it have.
 As for my sons, say, I account of them
 As jewels purchas'd at an easie price,
 And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
 Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:
 Their heads I mean. — Oh, how this villany [*Aside.*

Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
 Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
~~Mar.~~ will have his soul black like his face. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Tit. O hear! — I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth,
 If any Power pities wretched tears,
 To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
 Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these two extreams.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
 Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I bind my woes.
 When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threatning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 I am the sea, hark how her sighs do blow;
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them;
 Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
 For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,

And

And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;
 Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt:
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
 These miseries are more than may be born!
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now farewell flattery, die *Andronicus*,
 Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
 Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
 Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes;
 Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
 hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed;
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears;
 Then which way shall I find *Revenge's* cave?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them,
 Come let me see what task I have to do —

You heavy people circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made, come, brother, take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth;
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there,
 And if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [Exit]

S C E N E X.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Farewel *Andronicus*, my noble father,
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
 Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
 Farewel *Lavinia*, my noble sister,
 O would thou wert as thou tofore hast been,
 But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
 Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
 Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [Exit *Lucius*.]



S C E N E

† SCENE VI.

A Banquet.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

Tit. SO, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us,
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy neice and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
And when my heart, all mad with misery;
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.

Thou map of wo, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
Wound it with a sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I;
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theme, no talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.

G 5

Fie;

† This scene is not in the old edition. a singing.

Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
 Come, let's fall to, and gentle girl eat this.
 Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what she says,
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
 Speechless complaint — O I will learn thy thought,
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire leave these bitter deep laments,
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace tender sapling, thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
 What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart,
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
 A deed of death done on the innocent
 Becomes not *Titus*' brother; get thee gone,
 I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But? — how if that fly had a father and
 mother?

' How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 ' And buz lamenting doings in the air?
 ' Poor harmless fly,
 ' That with his pretty buzzing melody,
 ' Came here to make us merry,
 ' And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
 Like to the Empress' Moor, therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed;
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
 Flattering my self, as if it were the *Moor*
 Come hither purposely to poison me.
 There's for thy self, and that's for *Tamora*:
 Yet still I think we are not brought so low,
 But that between us we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a cole-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.
 Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
 I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
 Come, boy, and go with me, thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him;
 and the boy flies from her, with his books un-
 der his arm. Enter Titus, and Marcus.*

B O Y.



HELP, grandfire, help; my aunt *Lavinia*
 Follows me every where, I know not
 why.

Good uncle *Marcus*, see how swift she
 comes:

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you
 mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome* she did.

Mar. What means my niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:
See *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she have thee go with her,
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and *Tully's* oratory:
Can'st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzie do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth,
Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
Causeless perhaps; but pardon me, sweet aunt,
And, madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius*, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'n's
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or else to heav'n she heaves them, for revenge.

Tit. *Lucius*, what book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses*,
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
Helper: what would she find? *Lavinia*, shall I read?
 This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,
 And treats of *Iereus*' treason and his rape;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see, note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd; sweet girl;
 Ravish'd and wrong'd, as *Philomela* was,
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
 See, see; —————

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
 (O had we never never hunted there)
 Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
 By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
 Unless the Gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
 friends,

What *Roman* lord it was durst do the deed;
 Or slunk not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
 That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece* bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet neice; brother, sit down by
 me.

Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
 Inspire me, that I may this treason find.
 My lord, look here; look here *Lavinia*.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
 with his feet and mouth.

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,
 This after me, when I have writ my name,
 Without the help of any hand at all.
 Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
 Write thou, good neice, and here display at least,
 What God will have discover'd for revenge;
 Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,
 That we may know the traitors, and the truth.

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
 with her stumps, and writes.

Tit. Oh do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum,

Statrum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the lustful sons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams,
My lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel sweet boy, the *Roman Hector's* hope,
And swear with me, as with the woeful peer
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* swear for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous *Goths*,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league;
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by; the angry northern-wind
Will blow these sands like *Sybil's* leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you!

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yolk of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy, thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, and if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armory.
Lucius I'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy.

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so, I'll teach thee another course,
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court,
 Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heav'ns, can you hear a good man groan
 And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasie,
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
 Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd shield,
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge,
 Revenge the heav'ns for old *Andronicus*.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and
 at another door young Lucius and another, with a
 bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius*, here's the son of *Lucius*,
 He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
 father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your honours from *Andronicus*,
 And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
 For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you,
 My grandfire well advis'd hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armory,
 To gratifie your honourable youth,
 The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say:
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
 You may be armed and appointed well.
 And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here, a scrole, and written round a-
 bout?

Let's

Let's see.

Integer vita scelerisque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay just, a verse in *Horace* — right, you have
it —

Now what a thing it is to be an ass?

Here's no sound jest, th' old man hath found their
guilt,

And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:

But were our witty Empress well a-foot,

She would applaud *Andronicus'* conceit:

But let her rest in her unrest a-while.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to *Rome* strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good before the palace-gate

To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand *Roman* dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils, the Gods have given us
over. [Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for joy th' Emp'ror hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?



S C E N E.

SCENE III.

Enter Nurse with a Black-a-moor child.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or wo betide thee evermore.

Aar. Why what a caterwalling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome*'s disgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest.
What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why then she is the devil's dam: a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone----
Wo to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-spring of so foul a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. *Aaron* it must, the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse,

Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my cymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatenng band of *Typhon's* brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands;
What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,
Ye white lime'd walls, ye alehouse painted signs,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the Empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, my self;
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, old lad I am thine own.
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchis'd and come to light:

Nay,

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may be all safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why so, brave lords, when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms:
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and my self——
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and your self——
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said— [*He kills her.*]
Week, week; so cries a pig prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron*? wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'r's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, ye see I have given her physick,
And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
 Her self and hers are highly bound to thee: [*Exeunt.*]

Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as swift as swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
 And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come kinsmen, this is the way.
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery.
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astraea reliquit --- be you remember'd, *Marcus* ---
 She's gone, she's fled --- Sirs, take you to your tools,
 You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
 And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the sea,
 Yet there's as little justice as at land ---
 No *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you must do it,
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth:
 Then when you come to *Pluto's* region,
 I pray you deliver this petition,
 Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;
 And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,

Shaken

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.

Ah Rome! ---- Well, well, I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the peoples suffrages
 On him, that thus doth-tyrannize o'er me.
 Go get you gone, and pray-be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd,
 This w-cked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,
 And kinsmen then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly-us concerns,
 By day and night t'attend him carefully:
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
 Take-wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters,
 What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
 If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
 Marry for Justice she is so employ'd,
 He thinks with *Jove* in heav'n, or somewhere else;
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of *Acheron* by th' heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of th' *Cyclops* size,
 But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back,
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
 And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heav'n, and move the Gods,
 To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:
 Come to this gear, you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jovem, that's for you---- here *ad Apollinem*----

Ad Martem, that's for my self;

Here boy, to *Pallas*---- here to *Mercury*-----

To

To *Saturn* and to *Cœlus* ---- not to *Saturnine* ----
 You were as good to shoot against the wind.
 To it, boy, *Marcus* ---- loose when I bid:
 Of my word I have written to effect,
 There's not a God left unfollicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court,
 We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh well said, *Lucius*:
 Good boy in *Virgo's* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon:
 Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
 See, see, thou'lt shot off one of *Taurus's* horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord, when *Publius*
 shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
 That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
 And who should find them but the Empress' villain:
 She laugh'd, and told the *Mar* he should not chuse
 But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes. God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come.
 Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
 Shall I have justice, what says *Jupiter*!

Clow. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says that he
 hath taken them down again, for the man must not be
 hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
 I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there.
 God forbid I should be so bold to press into heav'n in
 my young days. Why I am going with my pigeons
 to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl
 betwixt my uncle and one of the Imperial's men.

Mar

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clow. Nay, truly Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the Emperor. By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold---mean while here's mony for thy charges. Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it. Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration, For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant, And when thou hast given it the Emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me
[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
(However the disturbers of our peace,

Buz

Buz in the peoples ears) there nought hath past,
 But even with law against the willful sons
 Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
 His sorrows have so over-whelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frensie, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
 See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
 This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:
 Sweet scrouls to fly about the streets of *Rome*.
 What's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
 A goodly humour, is it not my lords?
 As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
 In *Saturninus*' health, whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
 Th' affects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best,
 For these contempts — W'hy thus it shall become
 High-witted *Tamora* to glose withal:
 But *Titus* I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood on't: if *Aaron* now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*]

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Cl. Yea forsooth, an your Mistership be Imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Cl. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-
 e'en,

I brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*He reads the letter.*]

Sat.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [Exit.

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be born? as if his traiterous sons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy self should govern Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause;
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus:
Who threats in course of his revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius General of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach,
'Tis he the common people love so much,
My self hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody;
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
 Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
 I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged-ear
 With golden promises, that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 Go thou before as our ambassador, [*To Æmilius,*
 Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably;
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
 And temper him with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
 And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully and plead to him. [*Exe.*



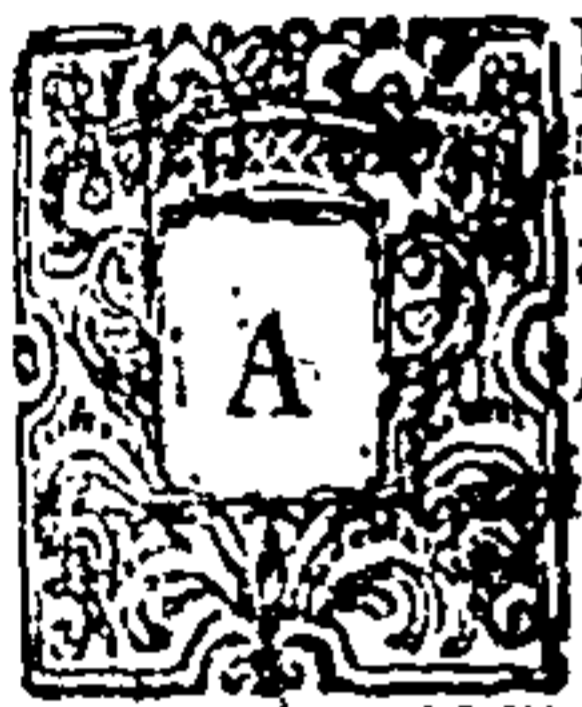


ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.

LUCIUS.



Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signifie what hate they bear their
Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our sight they are:
Therefore, great lords, be as your ti-
tles witness,

Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any † scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st:
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Omn. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a lusty *Goth*?

SCENE II.

Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I straid
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,

H 2

And

† scathe. *harm.*

And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
 Upon the wasted building, suddenly
 I heard a child cry underneath a wall,
 I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
 The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
 Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam,
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a cole-black calf;
 Peace, villain, peace, (even thus he rates the babe)
 For I must bear thee to a trusty *Goth*,
 Who when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate devil
 That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? what deaf? no! not a word?
 A halter, soldiers hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.
 First hang the child that he may see it sprawl,
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder.

Aar. *Lucius*, save the child,
 And bear it from me to the Emperess;
 If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all.

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. And if it please thee? why assure thee, *Lucius*,
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
 For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God,
 That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
 Yet for I know thou art religious,
 And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe:
 Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
 An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
 And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
 To that I'll urge him; — therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same God, what God soe'er it be
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, nourish and bring him up,
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon,
 'Twas her two sons that murder'd *Bassianus*,
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
 And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc. Oh barb'rous beastly villains like thy self!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head;
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confed'rate with the Queen and her two sons.
 And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't?
 I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
 And when I had it, drew my self apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extream laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When for his hand he had his two sons heads,
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
 And when I told the Empress of this sport,
 She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, can'st thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these hainous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet I think
 Few come within the compass of my curse)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
 As kill a man, or else devise his death,
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear my self,
 Set deadly enmity between two friends,
 Make poor mens cattle break their necks,
 Set fire on barns, and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends doors,
 Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot,
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carv'd in *Roman* letters,
 Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

Tut,

Tit, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. —————

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. **T**HUS in these strange and sad habiliments
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs;
Knock at the study, where they say he keeps,

To ruminatē strange plots of dire revenge;
 Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears above.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
 Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
 That so my sad decrees may fly away,
 And all my study be to no effect?
 You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
 See here in bloody lines I have set down;
 And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talk,
 Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
 Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou wouldst talk with
 me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
 Witness this wretched stump,
 Witness the crimson lines,
 Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,
 Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora*:
 Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora*;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
 I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
 Confer with me of murder and of death;
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
 No vast obscurity or misty vale,
 Where bloody Murder or detested Rape
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam.

Tam. I am ; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee :
Lo by thy side where Rape and Murder stands ;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes :
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel
Trot like a servile foot-man all day long ;
Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me ;

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rapine and Murder ; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
And you the Empress ! but we worldly men
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes :
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy,
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius*, his son :
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or at the least make them his enemies :
See here he comes, and I must play my theme.

SCENE IV.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted; had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are: what shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,
Good Murder stab him, he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine stab him, he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do,
But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;

And

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What says *Andronicus* to this device?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls:
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths*;
Bid him repair to me; and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go, tell my lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of curfed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know thou dost, and sweet Revenge farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine*.

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye these two?

Pub. The Empress' sons.

I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Tit.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valensine*, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

[*Exit Titus.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear, we are the Emprefs' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that ye bind them fast.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia
with a Bason.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd:
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains! — for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad —
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,

And

And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
 And bid that strumpet, your-unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than *Progne* I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,
 Receive the blood; and when that they are dead
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd:
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaur's* feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst the mother comes. [*Exc.*]

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my father's mind
 That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil,
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings;
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong,
 I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper eases in my ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave,

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*]

The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a sun?

Mar. Rome's Emperor, and nephew, break the parley;

These quarrels must be quietly debated:

The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. *Marcus*, we will. [Hautboys.

A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord, welcome dread Queen,

Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. And if your highness knew my heart, you were,
My lord the Emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
 For me, most wretched, to perform the like:
 Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
 And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[He kills her.]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me
 blind.

I am as woful as *Virginus* was,
 And have a thousand times more cause than he
 To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your high-
 nefs feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
 And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that pye,
 Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
 Eating the flesh that she her self hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[He stabs the Empress.]

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[He stabs Titus.]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Lucius stabs the Emperor.]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
 By uprore sever'd, like a flight of fowl,
 Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
 Oh let me teach you how to knit again
 This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
 These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome her self be base unto her self,
 And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsie to,
 Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
 Do shameful execution on her self.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave

Grave witnesses of true experience,
 Cannot induce you to attend my words,
 Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
[To Lucius.]

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
 To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,
 The story of that baleful burning night,
 When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's* *Troy*:
 Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
 My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief.
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance; even in the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then noble auditory, be it known to you,
 That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
 Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother;
 And they it were that ravished our sister:
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand, that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies into the grave.
 Lastly, my self unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies,
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But soft, methinks I do digress too much,

Citing

Citing my worthless praise: oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak: behold this child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in *Titus*' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had *Titus* to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you *Romans*?
Have we done ought amiss? shew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house:
Speak, *Romans*, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor: for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome*'s royal Emperor;
Go, go into old *Titus*' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius all hail! *Rome*'s gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks gentle *Romans*: may I govern so,
To heal *Rome*'s harm, and drive away her woe.
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but uncle draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:
Oh take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy

Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers; thy grandfire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! ev'n with all my heart;
Would I were dead, so you did live again—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping—
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

S C E N E V I I .

Enter Romans with Aaron.

Rom. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give sence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and furnish him:
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aar. O why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb;
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repeat the evil I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And

And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument:
As for that hainous tygress *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
And being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes,*





THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MACBETH.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, }
Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth, }
Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*

Lenox, }
Macduff, }
Rosse, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Seyward, *General of the English Forces.*

Young Seyward *his Son.*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

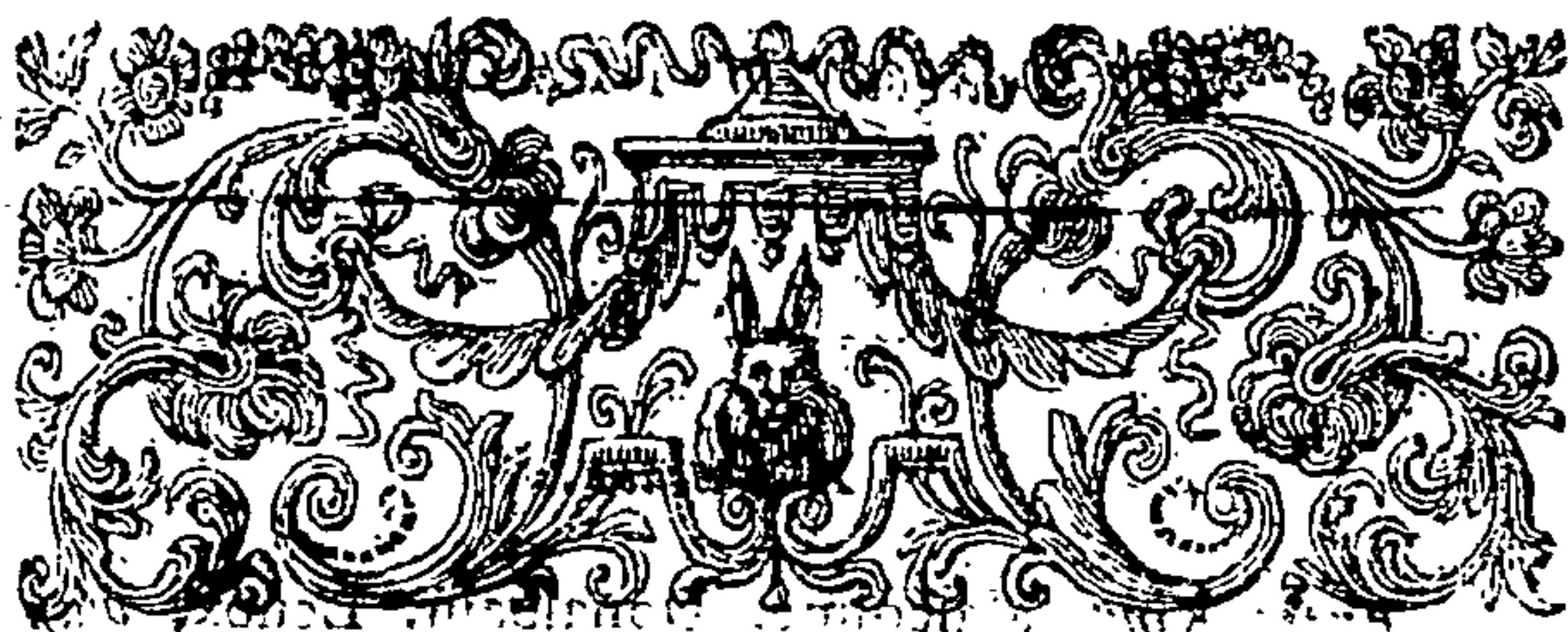
Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE *in the End of the fourth act 'tyes
in England, through the rest of the Play in
Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's castle.*

*Suppos'd to be true history; taken from Hector
Boetius, and other Scottish cronickers.*



MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

WITCH.



WITCH. WHEN shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*

1 *Witch.* I come, I come,
Grimalkin?

2 *Witch.* *Paddocke* calls ---- anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Palace.

Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. **W**HAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood;
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art: the merciless *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd,
And fortune on his damned quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandisht steel
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his passage,
'Till he had fac'd the slave,
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun ^a gives his reflection,
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders ^b break;
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,

Compell'd

^a *gins.*

^b *breaking.*

Compell'd these skipping *Kernes* to trust their heels,
But the *Norweyan* lord surveying vantage,
With furbisht arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes,
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,
So they redoubled stroaks upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell ———

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help ———

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes?
So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona's* bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness.

Rosse. Now *Sweno*, *Norway's* King, craves composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,

'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes-kill-isle
Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

King. No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHERE hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,
quoth I,

† Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o'th' *Tiger*:
I ut in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do --- I'll do --- and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other,
And the very c points they blow,
All the quarters that they know,
I'th' ship-man's card-----
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;

† *aroint*, or *avaunt*, be gone.

Wear
c ports.

Wearv sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other attendants.

Macb. So fount and fair a day I have not seen,

Ban. How far is't call'd to *d Foris*---- What are these?
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?
That look not like inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That man may question? you seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips, ——— You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane of Glamis!*

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane of Cawdor!*

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that shalt be *King* here-
after.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things?

d Foris.

Things that do sound so fair? I'th' name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the Witches,
 Which outwardly ye shew? my noble partner
 You greet with present grace, and great prediction
 Of noble having, and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
 Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none;
 All-hail! *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;
 By † *Sinel's* death I know I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
 But how of *Cawdor*? the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
 A prosp'rous gentleman; and to be *King*,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,
 No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetick greeting?— speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish,

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
 And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal,
 Melted, as breath into the wind-----
 Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten of the insane root
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words; who's here?

† *The father of Macbeth.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which would be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy self didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post on post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence.
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane of Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not:
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. *Glamis*, and *Thane of Cawdor*! [Aside.
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.
[To Angus.
Do

I 3

e as tale

Can post with post —————

Do you not hope your children shall be Kings?

[To Banquo.]

When those that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word I pray you. [To Rosse and Angus.]

[Aside.]

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good— If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane of Cawdor*.
If good; why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that Function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance
may crown me
Without my stir. [Aside.]

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was
wrought

With

With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them —— let us tow'rd the King;
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
[To Banquo.
(The interim having weigh'd it,) let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

A Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox,
and attendants.

King. I S execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Are not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careles trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wind of recompence is slow,

To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it self. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The prince of *Cumberland*: which honour must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deservers. — Hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my self the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach,
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The prince of *Cumberland*! --- that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside*,
For in my way it lyes. Stars hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears when it is done, to see. [*Exit*.
King.

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me, let us after him
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. **T**HEY met me in the day of success; and I
have learn'd by the perfectest report, they
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I
burnt in desire to question them further, they made them-
selves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood
rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King,
who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which title be-
fore these wayward sisters saluted me, and referr'd me
to the coming on of time, with hail King that shalt be.
This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest
partner of greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues
of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is pro-
mis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor* — and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature,
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, "thus thou must do if thou have it;
" And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
" Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,

And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysic aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mes. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming,
 One of my fellows had the speed of him;
 Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,
 He brings great news. ' The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Mes.*

• That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
 • Under my battlements. Come all you spirits
 • That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 • And fill me from the crown to th' toe, top-full
 • Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
 • Stop up th'access and passage to remorse,
 • That no compunctious visitings of nature
 • Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 • Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
 • And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers!
 • Where-ever in your sightless substances
 • You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night!
 • And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of hell,
 • That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 • Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark
 • To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ign'rant present time, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb.

Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exit*]

SCENE II.

The Castle Gate.

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donal-
bain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, An-
gus, and Attendants.*

King. THIS castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd masonry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor † coigne of vantage, but this bird

Hath

† or, corner, Fr.

Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometimes our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you should bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
{In every point twice done, and then done double,}
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
We court him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host, we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

S C E N E IX.

An Apartment.

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with dishes and service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. I F it were done, when 'tis done; then 'twere well

It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success; that but this blow
† Might be the Be-all and the End-all ——— *Here,*
Here only on this bank and school of time,
We'd jump the life to come ——— But in these cases
We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
† To plague th' Inventor: Even-handed Justice
Returns the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
(Strong both against the deed) Then, as his host,
Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife my self. Besides this *Duncan*.
Hath born his faculty so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking off,
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,

That

† † *The first of these lines (which in the old edition is totally different from all the others) and the latter (which is quite omitted in all the others) entirely restore this very obscure passage to sense, as will appear upon comparison.*

That tears shall drown the wind. — I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent; but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,
 And falls on th' other —————

S C E N E X.

Enter Lady.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business;
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which should be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you drest your self? hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? from this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,
 As thou art in desire? wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem?
 Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
 Like the poor cat i'th' adage.

Macb. Prithee, peace:
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then,
 That made you break this enterprize to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And (to be more than what you were) you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
 Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:
 They've made themselves, and that their fitness now

Do's unmake you. I have giv'n suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.—
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash't the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail? —————

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corp'ral agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

BANQUO.



O W goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,

Their candles are all out. ——— Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful pow'rs!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Give me my sword: who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,
And sent great largess to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By th' name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weyward sisters:
To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you should cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you. [*Exit Banquo.*]

* S C E N E II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw —————

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest ————— I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon, † gouts of blood
Which was not so before. — There's no such thing —

It is the bloody business which informs
This to mine eyes — Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and wither'd Murder,

(Alarum'd

† gouttes, or drops, Fr.

(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquin's* ravishing ^a strides, tow'rd's his design
 Moves like a ghost — Thou ^b sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it ---- whilst I threat, he lives ----*

[A Bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

* S C E N E III.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath
 made me bold :

What hath quencht them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark!
 peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night --- he is about it ---
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their
 possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho? —————

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
 And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed
 Confounds us --- bark! ---- I laid their daggers ready,
 He

^a *sides.*

^b *four, perhaps, sure.*

* ————— he lives,

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, &c.

He could not miss 'em: — Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't — My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed — didst not thou hear a
noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! ——— who lies i'th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbaine.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cry'd murther,

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us, and Amen the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murther sleep. The innocent Sleep,*
The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady.

* ——— innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of *or*.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore *Caudo*
Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of child-hood,
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [Starting
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes,
Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather *
Make the green ocean red —————

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white, I hear a knocking [Knock.
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;

A

* ————— will rather

Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady. &c.

A little water clears us of this deed.
How easie is it then? your constancy
Hath left you unattended — hark, more knocking!

[*Knock.*

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
my self.

Wake *Duncan* with this knocking: would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.**

S C E N E

* ——— would thou could'st!

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub*? here's a farmer, that hang'd himself in th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, here's an *English* taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* hose: come in taylor, here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the porter.

Enter

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Macduff, Lenox and Porter.**Macd.* Is thy master stirring ?*Macd.* Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes,*Len.* Good morrow, noble Sir.*Enter Macbeth.**Macb.* Good morrow both.*Macd.* Is the King stirring, worthy Thane ?*Macb.* Not yet.*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him,
I've almost slipt the hour.*Macb.**Enter Macduff, and Lenox.**Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lye so late ?*Port.* Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second
cock :

And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially pro-
voke ?*Port.* Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it pro-
vokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.
Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivoca-
tor with lechery ; it makes him and it mars him ; it
sets him on, and it takes him off ; it perswades him,
and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not
stand to ; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep,
and giving him the lie, leaves him.*Macd.* I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.*Port.* That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me ; but
I requited him for his lie, and I think, being too strong
for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I
made a shift to cast him.

S C E N E, &c.

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Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you :
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, † physicks pain ;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the King hence to-day ?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly ; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down. And, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time :

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night,
Some say the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !

Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee ----

Macb. and Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece,
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'th' building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ? -----

Len. Mean you his majesty ? -----

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak your selves : awake ! awake ! -----

[Exit Macbeth and Lenox.]

Macd. Ring the alarm-bell---murder ! and treason !---
Banquo, and *Donalbain* ! *Malcolme* ! awake !
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death it self ---- up, up, and see

The

† heals or cures pain.

The great doom's image! *Malcolme! Banquo!*
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
 To countenance this horror. Ring the bell ———

S C E N E V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business
 That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak.

Macd. Gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
 The repetition in a woman's ear
 Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo*, our royal master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
 What, in our house? ———

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thy self,
 And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality;
 All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,

So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them ———

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and fu-
rious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.

The expedition of my violent love

Out-run the pauser, reason. Here lay *Duncan*;

His silver skin lac'd with his c goary blood,

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murtherers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! ——— [*Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,

Where our fate hid within an augre-hole,

May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on

The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady; [*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure; let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight

Of treas'nous malice,

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

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And

c golden.

And meet i'th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easie. I'll to *England.*

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in mens siniles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals it self when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Rosse, with an old Man.

Old Man. **T**Hreescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've
seen

Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last,
A faulcon tousing in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncan's* horses, a thing most strange and
certain!
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man,

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;

Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two sons,
Are stoln away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;

Thriftless ambition! that will raven upon
Thine own life's means. Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill*,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see, things well done there;
adieu.

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.



THOU hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weyward women promis'd; and
I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: yet it
was said

It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that my self should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? but hush, no more.

Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lennox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd

Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [Exit Banquo.]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time
'Till seven at night, to make society
The sweeter welcome: we will keep our self
'Till supper time alone: till then, God be with you.
[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.]

S C E N E II.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us ---- To be thus, is no-
thing. [Exit ser.]

But to be safely thus: our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he,

Whose being I do fear : and under him,
 My genius is rebuk'd ; as it is said
Antony's was by *Cæsar*. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bad them speak to him ; then prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
 Thence to be wretch'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
 For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind ?
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd ?
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them ? and mine eternal jewel
 Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
 To make them Kings ? the seed of *Banquo* Kings ?
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,
 And champion me to th' utterance ! — who's there ?

Enter servant, and two murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there 'till we call.

[*Exit servant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my speeches ? know
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self ; this I made good to you
 In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you :
 How you were born in hand, how cross ; the instru-
 ments,

Who wrought with them : and all things else that might
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, thus did *Banquo*.

Mur. True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so ; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go ? are you so gossell'd,

To

To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clipt
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put the business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am †reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall

K 4

Whom

† *careless.*

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Whom I my self struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives ———

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour,
at most,

I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time,
The moment on't, (for't must be done to night,
And something from the palace:) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night. [Exit]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Exit

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on; things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have † scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it---
She'll close, and be her self; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer, -
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,

(Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasie. ——— *Duncan* is in his grave;
After life's fittul fever, he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing

Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so I pray be you;
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.

Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours

In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces
Vizards t'our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* lives.

Lady. But in them, nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecat's* summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

K 5

A

† *scotch*, to slash, hack, or cut.

A deed of dreadful note,

Lady. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 'Till thou applaud the deed : come sealing night,
 Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
 Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to th' rooky wood :
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
 Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
 Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still ;
 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
 So pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

A Park, the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* **B**UT who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not to mistrust, since he delivers
 Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
 Now spurs the ^alated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give us light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then it is he : the rest
 That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are i'th' court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,
 (So all men do,) from hence to th' palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Exit

^a *lated*.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

Ban. Oh, treachery!

Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. Oh flave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [Exit.]

* S C E N E V.

A Room of State in the Castle.

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. YOU know your own degrees, sit down:
And first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome. [They sit.]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th' midst;

Be

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Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round — There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murderer aside at the door,*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, I did that for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's
good,

That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I 'had else been
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* safe? —

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature,

Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown serpent lyes: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear our selves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is ^b cold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

M. b. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit?

Macb.

^b *sol.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting.]

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here my good lord.
What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

[To *Macb.* *aside.*

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady. Proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; [aside.
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it self! —
Why do you make such faces? when all's done
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee see there!
Behold! look! loe! how say you?

[Pointing to the Ghost.]

Why, what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. *[The Ghost vanishes.]*

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden
time,

Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die
And there an end; but now they rise again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I forgot ———

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full—
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo* whom we miss,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! let the earth
hide thee: *[The Ghost rises again.]*

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrceanian* tyger,

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I'd inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence horrible shadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence! Why so, — be gone —

[*The Ghost vanishes.*

I am a man again: pray you sit still. [*The Lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting

With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder? you make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and
worse,

Question enrages him: at once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady. Good-night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, they say blood will have
blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augures that understood relations have
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff*' denies his
person,

At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send:

There

I'd inhibit.

There is not one of them, but in his house
 I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
 (Betimes I will) unto the weyward sisters.
 More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know
 By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good;
 All causes shall give way, I am in blood
 Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
 Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-
 abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:

We're yet but young indeed.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Wit. **W**H Y how now, *Hecat'*, you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you
 are?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
 To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
 In riddles and affairs of death?
 And I the mistress of your charms,
 The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of our art?
 And which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a weyward son,
 Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now; get you gone,
 And at the pit of *Acheron*

Meet

Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his destiny;
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for th' air: this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magick sights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion,
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [Musick and a Song.]
Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit see
Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.
[Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.]
Wit. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
again. [Exe.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. MY former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth* — marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbaine*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not straight

In

In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep:
 Was that not nobly done? ay, wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny't. So that I say
 He has born all things well, and I do think
 That had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,
 (As and't please heav'n he shall not,) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father: so should *Fleance*.
 But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The sons of *Duncan*,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Live in the *English* court, and are receiv'd
 Of the most pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
 Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
 To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*;
 That by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratifie the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasp'rated their King, that he
 Prepares for some attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a care, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of *England*, and unfold
 His message ere he come! that a swift blessing

May

May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my pray'rs with him. [Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three witches.

1 WITCH.



THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.*]

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

5 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening salt sea-shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew:
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains
And every one shall share i'th' gains.
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray.
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret black and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How e'er you come to know it) answer me.

' Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
' Against the churches; though the yesty waves
' Confound and swallow navigation up;
' Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
' Though castles topple on their warders heads;
' Though palaces and pyramids do slope
' Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
' Of nature's † germins tumble all together,
' Even 'till destruction sicken: answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters?

Macb. Call em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: grease that's sweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame:

All. Come high or low:

Thy self and office deftly show. [Thunder.

Apparition of an armed head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power —————

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Mac-
duff! —————

Beware

† or kindred.

Beware the *Thane of Fife* — dismiss me — enough.
[Descends]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks,
 Thou'st harp'd my fear aright But one word more —

Witch. He will not be commanded; here's another
 More potent than the first. [Thunder.]

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!*

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
 The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
 Shall harm *Macbeth*. [Descends.]

Macb. Then live *Macduff*: what need I fear of thee?
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live,
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lyes;
 And sleep in spite of thunder. [Thunder.]

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand rises.

What is this,
 That rises like the issue of a King,
 And wears upon his baby-brow the round
 And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill
 Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunsinane's* high hill
 Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
 Rebellious dead, rise never till the wood
 Of *Birnam* rise; and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can

Can tell so much) shall *Banquo's* issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron sinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you: let me know.
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hoboyes.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and
Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown do's fear mine eye-balls. And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound-brow) is like the first —
A third, is like the former ——— filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this? --- A fourth? --- Start eye!
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom? ----
Another yet? — A seventh! I'll see no more ———
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.

Horrible sight! nay now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights,
I'll charm the air to give a sound

While you perform your antique round:

That this great King may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick.*

[*The witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? gone? — Let this per-
nicious hour

Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.

Come in, without there?

Enter

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weyward sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and
done:

The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o'th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more fights. Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. **W**HAT had he done, to make him fly
the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. Dearest cousin,
I pray you school your self; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'th' time. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, and so do they,

L. Macd. Poor bird!

Thou'dst never fear the net, nor line,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i'faith

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee poor monkey: but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you fair dame, I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which

Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I'ad done no harm? — what are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place so un sanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What you egg? [Stabbing him.
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He 'as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, pray you. [Exit crying Murther.

S C E N E IV.

The King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. **L**ET us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men,
Bestride our downfall birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance;

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treach'rous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and children?
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy
wrongs,

His title is † appear'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yolk,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,

When

† *Appear'd*, a law term for confirm'd.

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know †
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In ill, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of each sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold: the time you may so hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough, there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

L 3

Mal.

† This conference of Malcolm with Macduff is taken
out of the chronicles of Scotland.

Mal. With this, there grows
 In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
 A stanchless avarice, that were I King
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house,
 And my more-having would be as a sawce
 To make me hunger more; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and royal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
 The sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath † foysons to fill up your will
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
 Bounty, preserv'ance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
 I have no relish of them, but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!* —————

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?

No not to live. Oh nation miserable!
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurst,
 And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
 Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
 Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh fare thee well,

These

These evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. Oh my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my self to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon my self,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time brokè my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon my self. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike men
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

S C E N E V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth,
I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure; their malady convinces
The great assay of art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heav'n given his hand,
They presently amend.

[*Exit.*]
Mal.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A most miraculous work in this good King,
Which often since my here-remain in *England*
I've seen him do. How he solicits heav'n
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden a stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My country man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers.

Rosse. Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Rosse. ' Alas poor country,
' Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
' Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
' But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
' Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the
 air
' Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
' A modern ecstasie: the dead-man's knell
' Is there scarce-ask'd, for whom? and good mens
 lives
' Expire before the flowers in their caps,
' Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh relation! too nice, and yet too true.

Mal.

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave
'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward* and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What? concern they
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n!

What man, ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too! —————

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be
found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd
too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? what, all? *

Mal. ^b Endure it like a man.

Macd. I shall;

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on
And would not take their part? sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heav'n!
Cut short all intermission: front to front,

Bring

* ————— oh hell-kite! what, all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Endure it, &c,

^b *dispute.*

Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my self,
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Then heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.



HAVE two nights watch'd with you,
but can perceive no truth in your re-
port. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the
field, I have seen her rise from her bed,
throw her night-gown upon her, un-
lock her closet, take forth paper, fold
it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-
ing. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking,
and other actual performances, what (at any time)
have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no wit-
ness to confirm my speech.

Enter

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look how she rubs her hands,

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out I say ---- one; two; why then 'tis time to do't ---- hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ---- yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* had a wife; where is she now? what, will these hands ne'er be clean? ----- no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heav'n knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well ----

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale ----- I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.
Good God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her; so good-night.
My mind she's as † mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Field with a Wood at distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, *and* Soldiers

Ment. **T**HE *English* power is near, led on by *Mal-*
colm,

His uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenues burn in them: for their dear causes
‡ Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath.

† conquer'd or subdu'd.

‡ This line omitted in all but the first edition in folio.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Seyward's* son,
And many unruff'd youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunsinane* he strongly fortifies;
Some say he's mad: others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel.

His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
It self, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds:
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [Exeunt.]



SCENE

S C E N E III.

D U N S I N A N E.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. B R I N G me no more reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunfinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it:
' Fear not *Macbeth*; no man that's born of woman
' Shall e'er have power upon thee. --- Fly false *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *English* epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon:
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Ser. There are ten thousand ———

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linnen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, wheyface?

Ser. The *English* force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence ---- *Seyton*! ----- I'm sick
at heart,

When I behold ---- *Seyton*, I say! ---- this push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf:

' And that which should accompany old age,
' As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
' I must not look to have: but in their stead,
' Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
' Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported;

Macb. I'll fight; 'till from my bones my flesh is hackt,
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on :

Send out more horses, skirre the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour,
How do's your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :

' Canst thou not minister to minds diseas'd,
' Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
' Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
' And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
' Cleanse the full bosome of that perilous stuff
' Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it ---
Come, put my armour on, give me my staff.

Seyton, send out --- Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me ---

Come, Sir, dispatch --- If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say. ———

What rubarb, fenna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these *English* hence ? hear'st thou of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me ;

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

'Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunsinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunsinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. COUSIN, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Eirnam*.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discov'ry
Ere in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunsinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. ^a Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious foldiership.

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue, strokes must arbitrate.
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

^a *Set our best censures Before the* —————

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

D U N S I N A N E.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.

Macb. H A N G out our banners on the outward walls,

The cry is still, *they come*: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:

Were they not † forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them darest, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouze, and stir
As life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors,
Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word,
' To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
' Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
' To the last syllable of recorded time;
' And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
' The way to ^b study death. Out, out, brief candle!
' Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
' That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
' And then is heard no more! It is a tale
' Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
' Signifying nothing!

Enter

† for *re-inforc'd*.

^b *dusty death.*

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [Striking him.]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
'Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much ———
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till *Birnam* wood
"Do come to *Dunsinane*," and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunsinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
' I 'gin to be a weary of the sun,
' And wish the state o'th' world were now undone.
' Ring the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,
' At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Before Dunsinane.

*Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their
Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. **N**O W near enough: your leavy screens
throw down,
And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall

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Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battel. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Seyw. Fare you well:
Let us but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all
breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the corse. What's he
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Yo. Seyw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Seyw. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter
name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Seyw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Seyw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant, with my
sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Seyward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman;
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face,
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,

My

My wife and childrens-ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: Or thou *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be—
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarum*;

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Seyw. This way, my lord, the castle's gently ren-
der'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do,

Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the castle. [Exeunt. *Alarum*;

S C E N E VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words,
My voice is in my sword! thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. *Alarum*.

Macb. Thou lovest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant air

With

With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,
 And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
 Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
 Untimely rip'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
 And be these jugling fiends no more believ'd,
 That palter with us in a double sense;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward.
 And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
 We'll have thee, as our rarer-monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
 ' Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield
 To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunfinane*,
 And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born;
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on *Macduff*,
 And damn'd be he, that first cries hold, enough.

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

S C E N E VIII.

*Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,
 Malcolme, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Seyw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
 He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,

The

The which no sooner had his prow's confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then is he dead?

Rosse. Ay; and brought off the field: your cause of
sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Seyw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Seyw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more;
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
So God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where
stands

Th' usurper's cursed head; the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! { *Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;

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(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of heaven
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*]

• GRACE.





Il Contrasto, ad.

157 p. 255

T R O I L U S

A N D

C R E S S I D A.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lyes the scene: from Isles of Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures,
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps, and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come —————

And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions. Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and * Timbria, * Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenoridan, with massy staples
And corresposive and fulfilling bolts,
† Sperre up the sons of Troy.

Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. Hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument;
To tell you (fair beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence,
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

* Corrupt, from Thymbrian, Ilian, Seean, &c. the
names of the six gates of Troy.

† Sperre, Teut. to shut up.

Dramatis Personæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,

} TROJANS.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites,
Calchas,

} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to Menelaus, in Love with Paris.*

Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*

Cressida, *Daughter to Calchas, in love with Troilus.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, *Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

The Story originally written by an old Lombard Author, and since by Chaucer.



+ *Troilus and Cressida.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

TROY.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.



ALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again,
Why should I war without the walls of
Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.

M 3

But

† Before this Play of *Troilus and Cressida* printed in 1609 is a Bookseller's preface, showing that first impression to have been before the Play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakespear's knowledge from a copy that had fallen into the Bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our Author's plays: But on the contrary, it may be judg'd from the fore-mention'd Preface that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) seems to confirm my opinion.

‘ But I am weaker than a woman’s tear,
 ‘ Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
 ‘ Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 ‘ And skill-less as unpractis’d infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I’ll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ah, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the leav’ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav’ning: but here’s yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her self, what Goddess e’er she be,
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do:

At *Priam’s* royal table I do sit;

And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts, —

So traitor! --- when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look’d yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart
 As wedged with a sigh would rive in twain,

Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch’d in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than *Helen’s* — well, go to, there were no more comparison between the women. But for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not (as they term it) praise her — but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday,

yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but——

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*——
 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lye intrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In *Cressid's* love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart;
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice,
 Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!——
 (In whose comparison, all whites are ink
 Writing their own reproach) to whose soft seizure
 The cignet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me;
 As true thou tell'st me; when I say I love her:
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as *Helen*; an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus* —————

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*
[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours, peace rude sounds,

Fools on both sides. *Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword:

But *Pandarus* — O Gods! how do you plague me!

I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandarus*;

And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,

As she is stubborn, chaste, against all sute.

Tell me, *Apelle*, for thy *Daphne's* love,

What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:

Her bed is *India*, there she lyes, a pearl;

Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,¹

Our self the merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

S C E N E II.

[*Alarum.*]

Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now prince *Troilus*? wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence:

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Troi. Better at home, if would I might, were may —
But to the sport abroad — are you bound thither?

Æne.

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Cressida and a Servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Ser. Queen *Heckuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the fight. *Hector*, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness light,
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Ser. The noise goes thus; There is among the
Greeks,
A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good, and what of him?

Ser. They say he is a very man *per se*, and stands
alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man in-
to whom nature hath so crouded humours, that his
valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with dis-
cretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath
not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint, but he car-
ries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause,
and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of
every thing, but every thing so out of joint, that he

is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no use; or put blind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man (that makes me smile) make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*: what do you talk of? † how do you, cousin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre.

† Good morrow Alexander is added in all the Editions very absurdly, Paris not being on the Stage.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*, there's no comparison.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say, as I say, for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas poor *Troilus*! I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself, would he were himself; well, the gods are above, time must friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would my heart were in her body — no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't, you shall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own,

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece; *Helen* her self swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis I must confess) not brown neither —

Cre. No but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his.

he:

he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass window; and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then — but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan.

Pan. But there was such laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught that her eye run o'er.

Cre. With milstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the white hair that *Helen* spied on *Troilus's* chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that: two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is the father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter*, quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris*, my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaff, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing Yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you an 'twere a man born in *April*. [Sound a retreat.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, as 'twere a nettle against *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field, shall we stand up here and see them as they pass towards *Ilium*? good neice do, sweet neice *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely, I'll tell you them all by
8 their

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their names, as they pass by, but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th' foundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus*? I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector*! look how he looks? there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good, look you what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there? there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said he came

home hurt to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha? would I could see Troilus now, you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is: that's Helenus — I think he went not forth to-day; that's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no — yes, he'll fight indifferent well — I marvel where Troilus is? hark, do you not hear the people cry Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, neice — hem — brave Troilus; the prince of chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave Troilus: look well upon him, neice, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen to change would give a one eye to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre.

is a many.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well — why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecie, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these; and at all these wards I lye, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, † there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle —

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pan.*
Words,

† These necessary words added from the first quarto edition.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
 He offers in another's enterprize:
 But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see,
 Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be.
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing,
 Things won are done, the soul's joy lyes in doing:
 That she belov'd knows nought that knows not this;
 Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got, so sweet, as when desire did sue:
 Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
 That though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. PRINCES;
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your
 cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That after sev'n years siege, yet *Troy* walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
 Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought

That

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works?
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a ^b broad and powerful fan
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter by it self,
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy goodly seat,
 Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of noble bulk?
 But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like *Persæus'* horse: Where's then the sawcy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd Greatness? or to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
 Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune. For in her ray and brightness
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies get under shade; the thing of courage,
 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
^c Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss.

^b loud.

^c retires.

Ulyss. *Agamemnon,*

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up: hear what *Ulysses* speaks.

Besides th' applause and approbation

The which, most mighty, for thy place and sway,

[To Aga.]

And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretch-out life,

[To Nest.]

I give to both your speeches, which were such

As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again

As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in silver)

Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree

On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians* ears

To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both

(Thou great, and wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Aga. Speak, prince of *Ithaca*: we less expect

That matter needless, of importless burthen

Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,

We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,

And the great *Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected;

And look how many *Grecian* tents do stand

Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions:

When that the general is not like the hive,

To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,

Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

The heaven's themselves, the planets, and this center,

Observe *degree*, priority and place,

Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office and custom, in all line of order:

And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*

In noble eminence enthron'd and sphear'd

Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye

Corrects

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Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts like the command'ment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture? when *degree* is shaken,
 (Which is the ladder to all high designs)
 The enterprize is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogeniture, and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
 (But by degree) stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
 In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength would be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son would strike his father dead:
 • Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong
 • (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 • Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
 • Then every thing includes it self in power,
 • Power into will, will into appetite,
 • And appetite (an universal wolf,
 • So doubly seconded with will and power)
 • Must make perforce an universal prey,
 • And last eat up itself. Great *Agamemnon!*
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:
 And this neglection of degree is it,
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he by the next;
 That next by him beneath: so every step,

Exampled

Example'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.

And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy tople's deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, (whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd:
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
Cries — excellent — 'tis *Agamemnon* just —
Now play me *Nestor* — hum, and stroke thy beard
As he, being drest to some oration.

That's done ————— as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* still cries, excellent!

'Tis *Nestor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm:

And

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
 And with a palsie fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet — at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, “O! — enough *Patroclus* —
 Or, “give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
 “In pleasure of my spleen.” And in this fashion
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
 (Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a d pace,
 As broad *Achilles*; keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle; and sets *Thersites*
 (A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How hard soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war,
 Fore-stall our prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: ‘the still and mental parts,
 ‘That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 ‘When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
 ‘Of their observant toil, the enemies weight,
 ‘Why this hath not a finger’s dignity;
 ‘They call this bed-work, mapp’ry, closet-war:
 ‘So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 ‘For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 ‘They place before his hand that made the engine;
 ‘Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 ‘By reason guide his execution.

Nest.

d place.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
Makes many *Thetis'* sons. [Tucket sounds.]

Aga. What trumpet? look *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and *Jove's* accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he that's prais'd himself bring the praise forth
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir; you of *Troy*, call you your self *Æneas*?

Æne.

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. And 'I from *Troy* come not to whisper him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on that attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet blow loud:
Send thy brass voice thro' all these lazy tents,
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[The trumpets sound.]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown, he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his best to do it)
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet, call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth

The

The splinter of a lance; even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love;
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, I'm he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*; one that was a man
When *Hector*'s grandfire suckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* host
One nobleman that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my †vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth is flood;
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid such scarcity of youth.

Ulys. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our pavillion shall I lead you first:

Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:

Your self shall feast with us before you go,

And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Manent Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. *Nestor.*

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulys. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulys. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride

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N

That

* mold. † An armour for the arm, Avant-bras.

That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil
 To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulys. This challenge that the valiant *Hector* sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up,
 And in the publication make no strain:
 But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
 As banks of *Libya*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
 'Tis dry enough,) will with great speed of judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
 Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose

That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
 If not *Achilles*? though a sportful combat,
 Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
 For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
 With their fin'st palate: trust to me, *Ulysses*,
 Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
 In this wild action. For the success,
 Although particular, shall give a scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general:
 And in such indexes although small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant-mass
 Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
 He that meets *Hector* issues from our choice;
 And choice being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
 What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part!
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves;
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulys. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Heñtor*.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think perchance they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not then consent
That ever *Heñtor* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Heñtor*,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape *Heñtor* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lott'ry,
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Heñtor*: 'mong our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

Nest. *Ulysses*, now I relish thy advice,
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him streight;
Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must † tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [Exe.

N 2

A C T

† Tarre, an old english word signifying to provoke or
urge on. See *K. John*, act 4. sc. 1. — like a dog,
snatch at his master that doth tar him on.



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Therites.

A J A X.



HERSITES.

Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had
biles — full, all over generally.

[Talking to himself.]

Ajax. Therites.

Ther. And those biles did run —
say so — did not the general run, were
not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from
him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
feel then. *[Strikes him.]*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mun-
grel beef-witted lord.

Ajax. Speak then, you f' unsalted leaven, speak, I
will beat thee into handsomness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness;
but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than
thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike,
canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jades tricks.

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doest thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st
me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax.

Whinid'st

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Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress *Thersites*.

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf.

Ther. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whorson cur.

[Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch.

Ther. Ay, do, thou sodden-witted lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Asinigo* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass, thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou.

Ajax. You dog.

Ther. You scurvy lord.

Ajax. You cur.

[Beating him.]

Thir. Mars his ideot! do rudeness, do camel, do, do.

S C E N E II.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters, his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. I say, this *Ajax* —

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool.

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenure of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Thers. Ev'n so — a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have

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have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains, he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, (whose wit was mouldy ere their Grandfires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to—

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.
[Exit.]

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host,

That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach, such a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis trash, farewell.

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwise
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it.
[Exeunt.]



S C E N E III.

Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. **A**fter so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says *Nester* from the *Greeks*:
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else
(As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war)
Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular; yet
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand † dismes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
(So great is our dread father) in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waste, most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive

† dismes *tenths*.

As fears and reasons? fie for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, tho' your bite so sharp at reasons,
You're empty of them. Should not our father *Priam*
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons.
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.

Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds

A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,

† And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,

† Or like a star dis-orb'd. — Nay if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have g hare-hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make h livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hecl. Brother, she is not worth
What she doth cost the holding.

Troi. What's ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hecl. But Value dwells not in particular will,
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the gods;
And the will dotes, that is † inclinable
To what infectiously it self affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
(Two trading pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment.) How may I avoid
(Although my will distaste what is elected)

N 5

The

† These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions.

g hard h lovers

‡ Old edition, not so well, has it attributive

The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
 When we have spoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks*:
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And for an old aunt whom the *Greeks* held captive,
 He brought a *Grecian* queen whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes ⁱ pale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants —
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go*;)
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands
 And cry'd, inestimable;) why d'you **NOW**
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
 That we have stoln what we do fear to keep!
 But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stoln,
 Who in *their* country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cassandra with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*!

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

i sails

§.

Cd.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come:

Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practise your eyes with tears,

Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilion* stand:

Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.

Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;

Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let *Helen* go. [Exit]

Hect. Now, youth *Troilus*, do not the high strains
Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because *Cassandra's* mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons,

And *Jove* forbid there should be done amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen,

To fight for and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

As well my undertakings, as your counsels:

But I attest the gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,

To stand the push and enmity of those

This quarrel would excite? yet I protest,

Were I alone to pass the difficulties,

And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights;
 You have the honey still, but these the gall,
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my self,
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion? can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When *Helen* is defended: none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 When *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hest. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well:
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have gloss'd, but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom I graver sages think
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be render'd to their owners; now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,

And

I Aristotle thought

And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* king,
 (As it is known she is) these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why there you touch'd the life of our designs:
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
 She is a theam of honour and renown,
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
 For I presume, brave *Hector* would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 This I presume will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E

S C E N E V.

*The Grecian Camp.**Enter Therites solus.*

HOW now, *Therites*? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the king of gods; and *Mercury* lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance it self knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that methinks is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil *Envy* say Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles*!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therites*? Good *Therites* come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'st not have slip'd out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee. Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if she that lays thee

thee

thee out says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion——why hast thou not served thy self up to my table, so many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy lord, *Thersites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy self?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You rascal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man. Proceed, *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Thersites* is a fool, and, as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a fool to serve such a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator, it suffices me thou art.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here? —

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body: come in with me, *Thersites.* [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject, and war and lechery confound all.

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here. He sent our messengers, and we lay by our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so, lest perchance he think we dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [Exit.

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his tent, He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man, but by my head 'tis pride; but why, why? — let him shew us the cause. A word, my lord.

[To Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulys. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Thersites*?

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulys. No, you see he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Nest. All the better, their fraction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong counsel that a fool could disunite.

Ulys.

Ulys. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him ?

Ulys. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesie ;
His legs are for necessity, not ^k flexure.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure,
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call on him ; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health and your digestion-sake ;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus* ;
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outflie our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him ; yet his virtues
(Not virtuously on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss ;
And like fair fruit in an unwholesom dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him, you shall not sin
If you do say we think him over-proud,
In self-assumption greater than in note
Of judgment : say, men worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And under-goe in an observing kind
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
^l His course and times, his ebbs and flows ; as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price so much,

We'll

^k flight. ^l His pettish lines.

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We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report.

Bring action hither, this can't go to war:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,

Before a sleeping gyant; tell him so.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [*Exit,*

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,

We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think he thinks
himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as va-
liant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and
altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth
pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues
the fairer; he that is proud, eats up himself. Pride
is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chroni-
cle, and whatever praises it self but in the deed, de-
vours the deed in the praise.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-
gending of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulys. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,

Un-

Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyf. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only
He makes important: he's possess'd with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd ^m worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters ⁿ down himself; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyf. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud-lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminatè himself? shall he be worship'd,
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will assubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*;
That were to 'enlard his ^o pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* go to him.

Nest. O this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause?

Ajax. If I go to him — with my armed fist
I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his
pride; let me go to him.

Ulyf.

^m *wrath*. ⁿ 'gainst it self. ^o fat, already, pride.

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Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paultry insolent fellow —

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Ag. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o'my mind —

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he's not yet through warm.

Nest. Force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulys. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Di. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm. Here is a man — but 'tis before his face — I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog! that palters thus with us — Would he were a *Troian*!

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now —

Ulys. If he were proud.

Di. Or covetous of praise.

Ulys. Ay, or surly born.

Di. Or strange, or self-affected.

Ulys. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,

And

And give him half; and for thy vigor,
 Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yields
 To finewy *Ajax*; I'll not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*
 Instructed by the Antiquary times;
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:
 But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days
 As green as *Ajax*, and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulys. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
 Keeps thicket; please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to *Troy*; to-morrow, friends,
 We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast:
 And here's a lord (come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flow'r,) *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* sleep;
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
 deep. [*Exeunt*.

Light boats may sail swift, tho' great bulks draw
 deep.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

TROY.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [*Musick within.*]

PANDARUS.



FRIEND! you! pray you a word: do not you follow the young lord *Paris*?

Ser. Ay Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him; I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The lord be praised.

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace? not so, friend: honour and lordship are my titles:

What musick is this?

Ser. I do partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase indeed;

SCENE II.

Enter Paris and Helen.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company: fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them, especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and by my life you shall make it whole again, you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady; no.

Helen. O, Sir ———

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear Queen; my lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen.

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out, we'll hear you sing certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me; but, marry thus, my lord, my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother *Troilus* —

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet lord.

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to —
Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, I'faith —

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sower offence. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no —

Pan. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus* —

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord.

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life with my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why should you say *Cressida*? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy —

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*.

Pan.

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Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out may make them three?

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may ———

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:

For O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore:

These lovers cry, oh oh they dye:

Yet, that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn, oh oh, to ha ha he:

So dying love lives still.

O ho a while, but ha ha ha;

O ho groans out for ha ha ha — hey ho.

Helen. In love i'faith to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why they are vipers, is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor,* and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-

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day, but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Command me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam's* hall, To greet the warriors. *Helen* I must woo you To help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of *Greekish* sinews: you shall do more Than all the island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,

Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, over-shines our self.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's Man.

Par. **N**OW, where's thy master? at my cousin *Cressida's*?

Ser. No Sir, he stays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her door

Like

Like a strange soul upon the *Stygian* banks
 Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
 And give me swift transportance to those fields,
 Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
 Propos'd for the deserver! Gentle *Pandarus*,
 From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her
 straight. [Exit *Pandarus*.

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirles me round.
 Th'imaginary relish is so sweet,
 That it enchants my sense; what will it be
 When that the watry palates taste indeed
 Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
 Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle, potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my rude powers;
 I fear it much, and I do fear besides
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
 As doth a battel when they charge on heaps
 The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight;
 you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
 fetches her wind so short, as if she were fraid with a
 sprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettiest villain, she
 fetches her breath as short as a new ta'en sparrow.
 [Exit *Pandarus*.

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
 My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse,
 And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage at unawares encountring
 The eye of majesty.



S C E N E IV.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Par. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward we'll put you i'th' files: Why do you not speak to her? Come draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The faulcon has the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what, billing again? here's in witness whereof the parties interchangeably —— come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pan.*]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre. Wisht, my lord! the gods grant —— O my lord.

Troi. What should they grant; what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troi. O let my lady apprehend no fear, in all *Cupid's* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistrefs to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*; as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

S C E N E V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd,
O 3
they

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they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — pardon me —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant:
I love you now, but not till now, so much
But I might master it — in faith I lie —
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too head-strong for their mother; see we fools,
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to our selves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my self a man:
Or that the women had mens privilege
Of speaking first Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent; see, & see, your silence
(Cunning in dumbness) from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel, Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence,
[Kissing.]

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed; — O heav'ns, what I done! —
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow-
morning —

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi.

& your silence

Coming in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My soul of counsel from me. —

Troi. You cannot shun your self.

Cre. Let me go try:

I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that it self will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,
Or else you love not: To be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays.
Oh that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!

' True swains in love shall in the world to come
' Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhimes,
' Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
' Want similies: truth tired with iteration,
' As true as steel, as ^r planets to the moon,
' As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
' As ir'on to adamant, as earth to th' center:
' Yet after all comparisons of truth,
' (As truth's authentick author to be cited)
' As true as *Troilus*, shall crown up the verse
' And sanctifie the numbers.

O 4

Cre.

^r *plantage.*

Cre. Prophet may you be!

' If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 ' When time is old and hath forgot it self,
 ' When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
 ' And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 ' And mighty states characterless are grated
 ' To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 ' From false to false, among false maids in love,
 ' Upbraid my falsehood; when they've said as false
 ' As air, as water, wind, as sandy earth;
 ' As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
 ' Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
 ' Yea let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 ' As false as *Cressid*. —————

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's; if ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name: call them all *Pandars*; let all constant men be *Troilus's*, all false women *Cressida's*, and all brokers between *Pandars*: say Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
 And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
 Bed, chamber, *Pandar*, to provide this geer. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor,
 Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. **N**OW, Princes, for the service I have done you,
 Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To

To call for recompence : appear it to you
 That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
 I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my self,
 From certain and possess'd conveniencies,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestred from all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature.
 And here to do you service am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many registred in promise,
 Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
 Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
 Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange,
 Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting this manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince o'th' blood, a son of *Priam*,
 In change of him. Let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
 And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calchas* shall have
 What he requests of us. Good *Diomedes*,
 Furnish you fairly for this enterchange;
 Withall, bring word if *Hector* will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
 Which I am proud to bear. [Exit]

SCENE VII.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, in their tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his tent,
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last, 'tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him?
If so, I have decision medicinable
To use between our strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glass
To shew it self, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says *Achilles*? would he ought with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, ought with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to
bend, To

To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*,
 To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
 To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with fortune
 Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall: for men, like butter-flies,
 Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
 That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
 Which when they fall (as being slipp'ry standers)
 The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
 Doth one pluck down another, and together
 Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks, who do methinks find out
 Something in me not worth that rich beholding
 As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulysses*.

I'll interrupt his reading. — Now *Ulysses*?

Ulyf. Now, *Thetis*' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyf. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having or without, or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*.

The beauty that is born here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends it self
 † To others eyes: nor doth the eye it self
 † (That most pure spirit of sense) behold it self

Not

† These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto.

Not going from it self, but eyes oppos'd
 Salute each other with each other's form.
 For speculation turns not to it self,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see its self; this is not strange.

Ulys. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but the author's drift;
 Who in his circumstance expressly proves
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Tho' in and of him there is much consisting)
 'Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
 'Till he behold them formed in th' applause
 Where they're extended; which like an arch re-
 verberates

The voice again, or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
 And apprehended here immediately

The unknown *Ajax* —

Heav'n's! what a man is there? a very horse,
 'He knows not his own nature: What things are
 Most abject in regard, and dear in use?

What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth? now shall we see to-morrow
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him:

Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'n's, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the ideots in her eyes:

How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness!

To see these *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
 They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
 And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe,
 They pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,

Neither

= *That has he knows not what nature, what things
 are, &c.*

Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What, are my deeds forgot?

‘ *Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
‘ Wherein he puts alms for oblivion:
‘ (A great-siz’d monster of ingratitude)
‘ Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour’d
‘ As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
‘ As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:
‘ To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
‘ Like rusty Mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path.
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; and there you lye
Like to a gallant horse fall’n in first rank,
For pavement to the abject, near o’er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Tho’ less than yours in past, must o’er-top yours.
‘ For time is like a fashionable host,
‘ That slightly shakes his parting guest by th’ hand;
‘ But with his arms out-stretch’d, as he would fly,
‘ Grasps in the comer; Welcome ever smiles,
‘ And Farewel goes out sighing. O let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
Tho’ they are made and moulded of things past;*
The present eye praises the present object.

* — things past

And go to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o’er-dusted:
The present eye, &c.

Then

Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
 That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry 'went once for thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulys. 'Gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
 With one of *Priam's* daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulys. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* gold;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep;
 Keeps place with thought; and almost like the gods
 Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles:
 There is a mystery (with which relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath of pen can give expressure to.
 All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
 To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
 But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
 When fame shall in his island sound her trump;
 And all the *Greekish* girls shall tripping sing,
 Great *Hector's* sister did *Achilles* win;
 But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down ^u *Hector*.
 Farewel, my lord — I, as your lover, speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

' went out on thee.

^u him.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you
 A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of act. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 ' Oh rouse your self; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
 ' Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold,
 ' And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 ' Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*! —————

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
 Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
 Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus*:
 I'll send the fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
 T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the combat,
 To see us here: I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great *Hector* in the weeds of peace,
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Ev'n to my full of view. — A labour sav'd!

S C E N E IX.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for
 himself,

Achil.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, if 'twou'd out; and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, good morrow *Ajax*. And he replies, thanks *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion, a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Ther. Who I? — why he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus* — tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd captain, general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Patr. *Jove* blefs great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum —

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

Ther.

Ther. Hum ———

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon!* ———

Patr. Ay, my lord,

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus; what musick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But I am sure none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shall bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd, And I my self see not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it; I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exe.*



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

T R O Y.

Enter at one door Æneas with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes with Torches.

P A R I S.



EE ho, who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince *Paris*, nought but heav'n-
ly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good-morrow, lord
Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas, take his hand;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how *Diomedes* a whole week, by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and th'other *Diomedes* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face back — In human gentleness,

Wel-

Welcome to *Troy* — now by *Anchises'* life,
 Welcome indeed — by *Venus'* hand I swear,
 No man alive can love in such a sort,
 The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize. *Jove*, let *Æneas* live
 (If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
 A thousand compleat courses of the sun :
 But in mine emulous honour let him die,
 With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting;
 The noblest, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
 What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know
 not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas, to bring this
Greek

To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him
 (For the enfree'd *Antenor*) the fair *Cressid*.
 Let's have your company; or, if you please,
 Haste thee before. I constantly do think
 (Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge).
 My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality whereof; I fear
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
 Than *Cressid* born from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
 The bitter disposition of the time
 Will have it so. On, lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all. [Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomedes*; tell me true,
 Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
 Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?
 My self, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her that doth seek her,

(Not

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(Not making any scruple of her foilure,
 With such a hell of pain, and world of charge.
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more,
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, *Paris*,
 For ev'ry false drop in her baudy veins
 A *Grecian's* life hath sunk; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A *Troian* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
 She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
 As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomedé*, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 But we in silence hold this virtue well;
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
 Here lyes our way. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your self; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down:
 He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not —

To bed, to bed — sleep seal those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day,

Wak'd

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Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays

Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee tarry — you men will never tarry —
O foolish *Cressida* — I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.

Pan. *within*] What's all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him; now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life —

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you maid; where's my cousin *Cressid*?

Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do — and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come come, beshrew your heart; you'll ne'er
be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor wretch; a poor *Chipochia*,
hast not slept to-night? would he not (a naughty
man) let it sleep? a bugbear take him. [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you? — would he were
knock'd o'th' head — who's that at door? —
good uncle, go and see. — My lord, come you
again into my chamber: — you smile and mock me,
as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha —

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.

How earnestly they knock — pray you come in.

[*Knock.*
I

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I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? how now? what's the matter?

S C E N E III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas*? by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what should he do here?

Æne. Who — nay, then: — come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so harsh: there it at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us, and to him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general state of *Troy*. They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Æneas*)

We

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We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Ænc. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of x neighbour *Pandar*

Have not more gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter *Pandarus and Cressida.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost: the devil take *Antenor*; the young prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor*; I would they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah! —

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above.

Cre. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee get thee in; would thou hadst ne'er been born: I knew thou would'st be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor*.

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father. I know no touch of Consanguinity:

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus*. O you gods divine!

Make *Cressid*'s name the very crown of falshood,
If ever she leave *Troilus*. Time and death,

Do to this body what extreams you can;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is, as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing

x nature.

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Drawing all to it. I'll go in and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with fobs, and break my heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,
and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,
And would, as I shall pity, I could help.
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than that
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying y dross.

y dross.

Enter

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, — a sweet duck. —

Cre. O Troilus, Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace too:

Oh heart, (as the goodly saying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again;

Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strange a purity;
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juffles roughly by.
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoynure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Each other bought, must poorly sell our selves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious Time, now with a robber's haste,
Crans his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.

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As many farewels as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu;
And scants us with a single familh'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas within.] My lord, is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd. Some say, the Genius so
Cries, come, to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root.

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy. When shall we see again?
Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart —

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us: —
I speak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! be true again?

Troi. Hear while I speak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of subtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gift of nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person—
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre.

Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!

Troi. Die I a villain then:

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I can't sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas within] Nay, good my lord.

Troi. Come kifs, and let us part.

Paris within.] Brother *Troilus*.

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair, and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

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Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilium*.

Diom. Lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal of my petition towards thee
By praising her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Diom. Oh be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*.
Let me be priviledg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my list: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour——no.

Troi. Come to the port——I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This brave shalt oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand——and as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, *Hector's* trumpet!

Æne. How have we spent this morning?
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus'* fault. Come, come to field with
him.

Diom. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on *Hector's* heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.

Aga. **H**ERE art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th'appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purse;
Now crack thy lungs, and sp'it thy brazen pipe:
Blow villain, 'till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon*:
Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:
Thou blow'st for *Hector*.

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Enter Diomedes and Cressida.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomedes* with *Calchas'* daughter?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on his toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the lady *Cressida*?

Dio. Ev'n she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, sweet lady.*

Dio.

* ——— sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin,
So much for *Nestor*.

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Dio. Lady, a word ——— I'll bring you to your father ——— [Diomedes leads out Cressida.]

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
† And parted thus, you and your argument.

Ulys. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was *Meneias*' kifs ——— this mine ———
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kifs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kifs, Sir: lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,
The kifs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kifs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'th'head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his horn:
May I, sweet lady, beg a kifs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cre. Why beg then.

Ulys. Why then, for *Venus*' sake give me a kifs:
When *Heien* is a maid again, and his ———

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kifs of you.

Nest. A woman of quick sense!

Dio. Lady, a word ——— &c.

Ulys.

† This line only in the quarto edition of 1607.

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her :

‘ There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lip :
 ‘ Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out
 ‘ At every joint, and motive of her body :
 ‘ Oh these Encounterers ! So glib of tongue,
 ‘ They give a coasting welcome ere it comes ;
 ‘ And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts,
 ‘ To every ticklish reader : set them down
 ‘ For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 ‘ And daughters of the game.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus,
and Attendants.

All. The Trojans trumpet !

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail all the state of Greece ! what shall be done
 To him that victory commands ? do you purpose,
 A victor shall be known ? will you, the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other, or shall be divided
 By any voice, or order of the field ?

Hector bad ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it ?

Æne. He cares not ; he’ll obey conditions.

Achil. ’Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
 The knight oppos’d.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
 What is your name ?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore *Achilles* ; but whate’er, know this ;
 In the extremity of great and little
 Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector* ;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing ; weigh him well ;
 And that which looks like pride, is courtesie.
 This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*’s blood,
 In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home ;
 Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battel then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Ag. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Æneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath. The combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Uly. They are oppos'd already.

Ag. What *Trojan* is that same that looks so heavy?

Uly. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus says *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private soul,
Did in great *Ilioz* thus translate him to me. [*Alarum*]

S C E N E IX.

Hector and Ajax fight.

Ag. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Ag. His blows are well dispos'd; there *Ajax*.
[*Trumpets cease.*]

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax,

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son ;
 A cousin-german to great *Priam's* seed :
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain ;
 Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* so
 That thou could'st say, this hand is *Grecian* all,
 And this is *Trojan* ; the sinews of this leg
 All *Greek*, and this all *Troy* ; my mother's blood
 Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my fire's : by *Jove* multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* member,
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, *Ajax* :
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus —
 Cousin, all honour to thee.

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector* !

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,
 On whose bright crest, Fame with her loud'st O yes,
 Cries, this is he, could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it :

The issue is embracement : *Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success ;
 (As feld I have the chance) I would desire
 My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wish, and great *Achilles*
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me :

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And signifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy all arms, as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy,
† But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hec. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no less to you.
[To *Troi.*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hec. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble *Menelaus*.

Hec. O — you my lord — by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mock not, that I affect th'untraded oath;
Your *quandam* wife swears still by *Venus*' glove.
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

Hec. O pardon — I offend.

• *Nest.* I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft
• Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
• Through ranks of *Greekish* youth; and I have seen thee,
• As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
• Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
• When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i'th' air,
• Not letting it decline on the declin'd:

• That

† *The six following lines are not in the old edition.*

‘ That I have said unto my standers-by,
 ‘ Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder dealing life.
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem’d thee in,
 Like an *Olympian* wrestling. Thus I’ve seen :
 But this thy countenance, still lock’d in steel,
 I never saw ’till now. I knew thy grandfire,
 And once fought with him ; he was a soldier good,
 But by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. ’Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk’d hand in hand with time :
 Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in con-
 tention,

As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. By this white beard I’d fight with thee to-morrow.
 Well, welcome, welcome ; I have seen the time —

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord *Ulysses*, well.
 Ah, Sir, there’s many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
 Since first I saw your self and *Diomed*
 In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
 My prophesie is but half his journey yet ;
 For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
 Yond towers, whose wanton tops do bus the clouds,
 Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
 There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
 The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
 A drop of *Grecian* blood ; the end crowns all,
 And that old common arbitrator, time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
 Most gentle, and most va’iant *Hector*, welcome ;

After

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After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, lord *Ulysses*, thou:
Now *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns.

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again.
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that stythied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea o'er and o'er.
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips,
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone
Till accident or purpose bring you to't.

You

You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The *Grecian's* cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of *Greece* go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector's* leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him
To tast your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great soldier may his welcome know. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E X.

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulyf. At *Menelaus's* tent, most princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyf. You shall command me, Sir:
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*; had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth.
But still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *before Achilles's tent in the Grecian Camp.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

ACHILLES.



'LL heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes *Iherfites*.

Enter Therfites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?

Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from *Troy*.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity; and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles's* male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, †raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impostume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'th palme,

† *What follows is added out of the first edition.*

palme, incurable bone-ake, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy thou, what meanst thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleigh'd silk: thou green farce-net flap for a fore-eye; thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

Patr. Out gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battel:

Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,

A token from her daughter, my fair love,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it,

Fall *Greeks*, fail fame; honour, or go, or stay,

My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.

Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my tent,

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, *Patroclus*.

[*Exit.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice a forced with wit turn him to? to an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass; to be a dog, a mule,

* forced

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mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not to be the lowse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. —

Hey-day, spirits and fires!

S C E N E II.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomedes, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Uly. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome princes all.

Aga. So, now fair prince of *Troy*, I bid good-night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good-night to the *Greek's* general.

Men. Good-night, my lord.

Hect. Good-night, sweet lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught — sweet quoth a — sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good-night, and welcome, both at once, to those that go and tarry.

Aga. Good-night.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarryes, you too *Diomedes* Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Die. I cannot, lord, I have important business, The tide whereof is now; good-night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Uly. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas's* tent: I'll keep you company. [To *Troilus*.]

Trsi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good-night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent, [Exit *Ther*,]

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Ther. That same *Diomedes*'s a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon, when *Diomedes* keeps his word. I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uses the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after — Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Calchas's tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. **W**HAT are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomedes*; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, after them Therites.

Ulysses. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressid.

Troilus. *Cressid* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now my sweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Troilus. Yea, so familiar?

Ulysses. She will sing to any man at first sight.

Therites. And any man may sing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio.

a find her, if he can take her life.

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Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. List.

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery ———

Dio. Nay then.

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworn —

Cre. In faith I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good-night.

Troi. Hold, patience ———

Ulys. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomedes*?

Dio. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge it self
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you ———

Ulys. Good my lord go off:

You fly to great distraction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee stay.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you stay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so good-night,

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulys. Why, how now, lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian ——— why *Greek* ———

Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.

Cre.

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Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. She stroaks his cheek.

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and
potato finger tickles these together! fry, lechery, fry.

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith I will come; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*]

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet lord,
I will not be my self, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.

Cre. Here *Diomede*, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My lord.

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well:—
He lov'd me:—O false wench:— Give't me again,

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O all you gods— O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy master now lyes thinking in his bed

Of

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Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:
As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomedes*: 'faith you shall not,

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.

But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all *Diana's* waiting-women vonder,
And by her self, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not —
I will not keep my word,

Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou never shalt mock *Diomedes* again.

Cre. You shall not go; — one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come: — O *Jove*! — do, come: — I
shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell 'till then. [Exit.

Cre. Good-night: I pr'ythee come.

Troilus, farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see —
Ah poor our sex; this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.

What

What error leads, must err: O then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more;
Unless she say, my min'd is now turn'd whore.

Ulyf. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyf. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul,
Of every syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert that test of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Ulyf. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troi. She was not sure.

Ulyf. Most sure she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyf. Nor mine, my lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!

Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks, apt without a theme
For depravation, to square all the sex
By *Cressid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulyf. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our
mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is *Diomedes*' *Cressida*?

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods delight,
If there be rule in unity it self,
This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That

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That cause sets up with and against thy self!
 • By-fold authority! where reason can revolt
 Without perdition, loss assume all reason
 Without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*.
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
 Divides far wider than the sky and earth,
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point as subtle
 As slight *Arachne's* broken woof, to enter.
 Instance, O instance! strong as *Plato's* gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heav'n it self,
 The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd,
 And with another knot five-finger-tied:
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasie reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;
 In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
 Inflam'd with *Venus* — ne'er did young man fancy
 With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul —
 Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressid* love,
 So much by weight hate I her *Diomed*.
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
 Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which ship-men do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty d sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys.

• By soul authority.

d finger.

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Ulys. O contain your self:
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince; my courteous lord adieu;
Farewel, revolted fair: and, *Diomedes*,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head.

Ulys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue *Diomedes*, I
would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence
of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an al-
mond, than he for a commodious drab: lechery, let-
chery, still wars and lechery, nothing else holds
fashion. A burning devil take them! [Exit

S C E N E VI.

T R O Y.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. **W**HEN was my lord so much ungently tem-
per'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

Ant. My dreams will sure prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:

COR-

Confort with me in loud and dear petition ;
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence ; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of fally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother,

Hect. Be gone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just ; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;
But vows to every purpose must not hold :
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate ;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man ; mean'st thou to fight to-day

And. Cassandra, call my father to perswade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No faith, young *Troilus* ; doff thy harness, youth :
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry :

Let go thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you ;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that ? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools-play, by Heaven, *Hector.*

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie.

Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckning with fiery truncheon my retire,
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam* hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. *Hector* come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my self
Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,

Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal Priam.

Cas. O, Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Ex. Androm.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector*:

Look how thou diest; look how thy eyes turn pale!
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth!
Behold distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector's* dead! O *Hector*!

Troi. Away.

Cas. Farewel: yet, soft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'st thy self and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the gods with safety stand about
thee. [*Alarum.*]

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomedes*, believe
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorson ptifick, a whorson rascally ptifick
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this
girl, and what one thing and what another, that I
shall leave you one o'these days; and I have a rheum
in

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in mine eyes too, and such an ach in my bones, that unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart.

Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*]
Go wind to wind, there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you —

Troi. Hence, brothel, lacquy! ignominy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

The field between Troy and the Camp.

[*Alarum*]

Enter Therites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that dissembling abominable varlet, *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young knave's sleeve of *Troy*, there in his helm: I would fain see them meet, that, that same young *Trojan* ass that loves the whore there, might send that *Greekish* whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errant. O'th' t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese *Nestor*, and that same dog-fox *Ulysses*, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, against that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day. Whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus,

Soft — here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river *Styx*.

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I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall *Retire* :
I do not fly, but advantagious care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude ;
Have at thee! [*They go off fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian* : now for thy whore,
Trojan : now the sleeve, now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

S C E N E X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*! art thou for *Hector's*
match?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no : I am a rascal; a scurvy railing
knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee — live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but
a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I think they have
swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mi-
racle — yet in a sort, lechery eats it self: I'll seek
them. [*Exit.*]

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go go, my servant, take thou *Troilus's* horse,
Present the fair steed to my lady *Cressid* :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty :
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew : the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon* : bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* prisoner,
And stands *Colossus*-wise, waving his beam
Upon the pushed coarces of the kings,

Epi-

Epistropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
 Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful ^b *Sagittary*
 Appals our numbers: haste we, *Diomedes*,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*,
 And bid the snail'd-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
 There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
 Now here he fights on *Galathea* his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon he's there a-foot;
 And there they fly or dye, like scaled shoals
 Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath;
 Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Oh, courage, courage, princes; great *Achilles*
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowsie blood,
 Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
 That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,
 Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastick execution:
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck in very spite of cunning
 Bad him win all.

^b *Tencher*.

S C E N E XII.

*Enter Ajax.**Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus. [Exit.]*Dio.* Ay, there, there.*Nest.* So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.]*Enter Achilles.**Achil.* Where is this Hector?Come, come, thou boy-killer, shew me thy face:
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.*Hector,* where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exit.]*Re-enter Ajax.**Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head.*Re-enter Diomedes.**Dio.* Troilus, I say, where's Troilus?*Ajax.* What wouldst thou?*Dio.* I would correct him.*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my
office,

Ere that correction: Troilus, I say, what Troilus?

*Enter Troilus.**Troi.* Oh traitor Diomedes! turn thy false face, thou
traitor,

And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone: stand Diomedes.*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not look upon.*Troi.* Come both you cogging Greeks, have at you
both. [Exeunt fighting.]*Enter Hector.**Hect.* Yea, Troilus? O well fought! my youngest
brother.*Enter*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee, *Hector.*

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesie, proud Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again:
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus,

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en *Aeneas*; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I say;
I †reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly
mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it; wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep your selves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me; sirs, and my proceeding eye:
It is decreed — *Hector* the great must dye. [*Exeunt.*

† Or, care not.

SCENE

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Therfites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now my double-hen'd & sparrow; loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho. [*Ex. Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A bastard son of *Priam's*.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee coward. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hector. Most putrified core! so fair without: —
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Rest sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look *Hector*, now the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the sun,
To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

[*They fall upon Hector and kill him.*

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.

So,

& *Spartan in the old edition.*

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So, *Iliou*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.

On *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain. [Exeunt,

Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth;

And, stickler-like, the armies separate;*

Come, tye his body to my horse's tail:

Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [Exeunt,

[Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Menelaus*, *Nestor*, *Diomedes*,
and the rest, marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. *Achilles!* *Achilles!* *Hector's* slain! *Achilles!*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles*.

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be:

Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray *Achilles* see us at our tent.

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [Exe.

SCENE XV.

Enter *Aeneas*, *Paris*, *Antenor* and *Deiphobus*.

Aene. Stand ho, yet are we masters of the field,
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter *Troilus*.

Troi. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector!* — the gods forbid!

Troi.

* — the armies separate;

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

Come, tye &c.

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Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field,
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed;
Sit gods upon your thrones, and smile at *Troy*.
I say at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a scritch-owl ay be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and say there; *Hector's* dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to stone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd
coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates,
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy*! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, brothel, lacky; ignominy, shame

[*Strikes him.*

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones! Oh
world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd:
Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at
work, and how ill requited? why should our endea-
vour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd?
what

what verse for it? what instance for it? — let me see —

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
 But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths—
 As many as be here of *Pandar's* hall,
 Your eyes half out, weep out at *Pandar's* fall;
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
 It should be now; but that my fear is this,
 † Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss;
 'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases,
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.]

† *The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.*

The End of the Seventh Volume.

