

THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME *the* SIXTH.



LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON in the *Strand*.
MDCCXIV.

VOLUME *the* SIXTH,
CONTAINING,

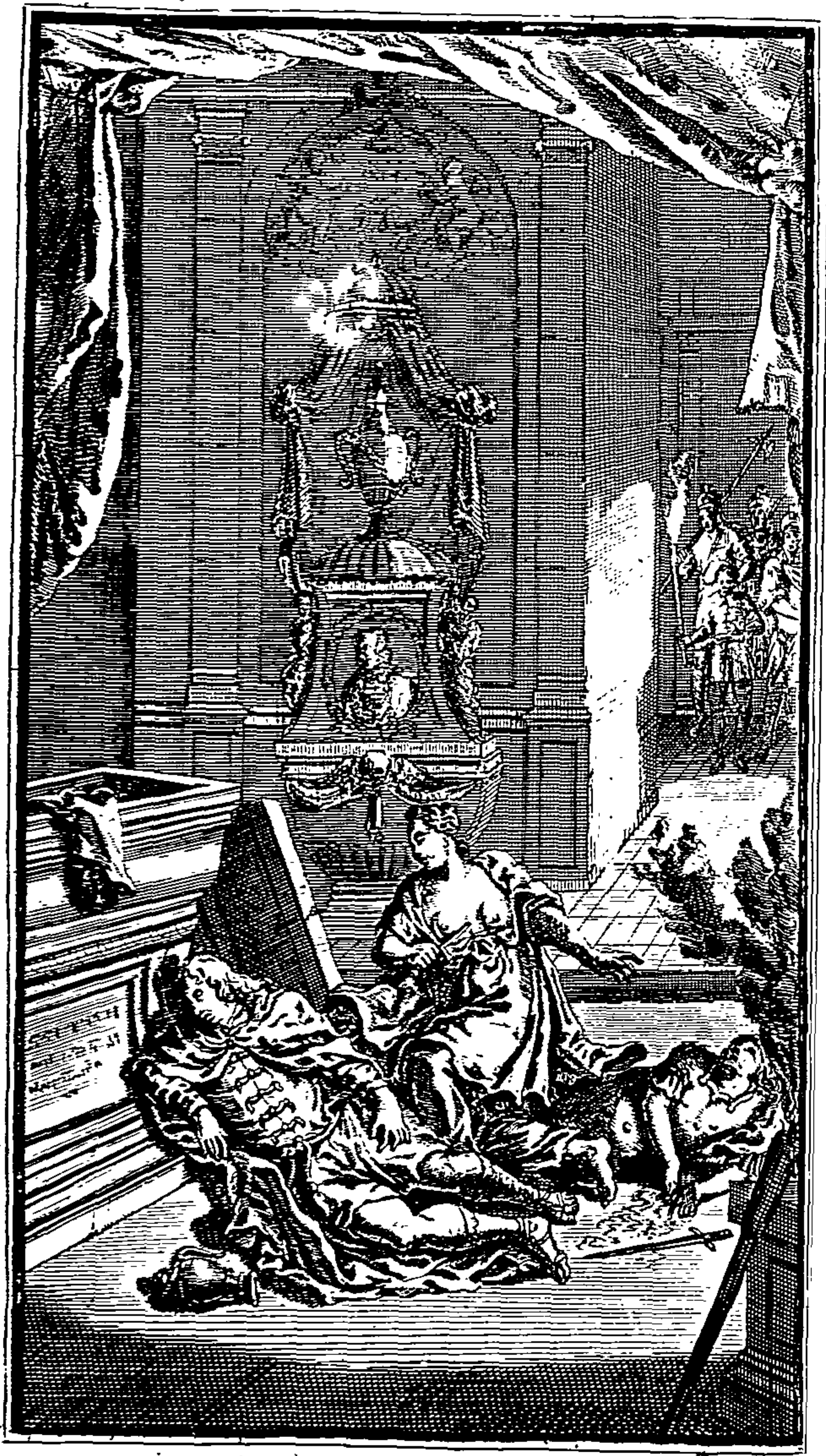
ROMEO *and* JULIET.

TIMON *of* ATHENS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

MACBETH.

HAMLET, Prince of *Denmark*.



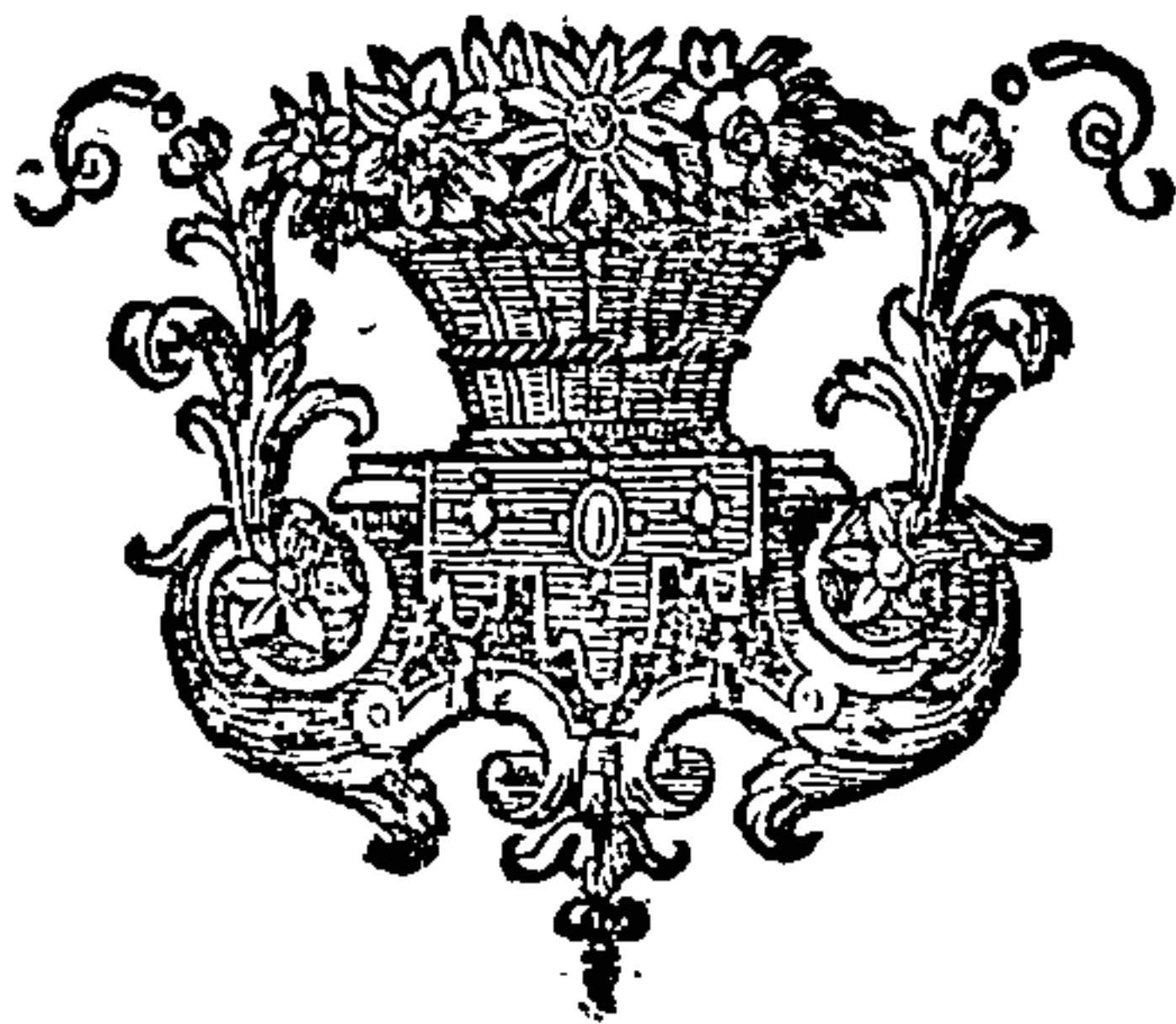
R O M E O

AND

J U L I E T.

A

T R A G E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ

E Scalus, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young Nobleman in Love with Juliet, and Kinsman to the Prince.*

Mountague, } *Two Lords of ancient Families, Enemies to each*
Capulet, } *other.*

Romeo, *Son to Mountague.*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Kinsman and Friend to Romeo.*

Tibalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence.

Friar John.

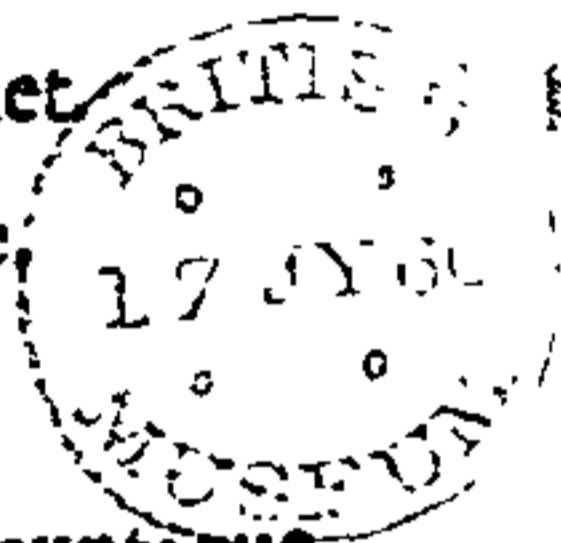
Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Page to Paris.

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet*
Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

Apothecary.



Lady Mountague. Wife to Mountague.

Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.

Juliet, Daughter to Capulet, in Love with Romeo.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women Relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the Fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.

R O M E O



R O M E O

A N D

J U L I E T.

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

S C E N E, *the Street in Verona.*

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers.

SAMPSON.



Gregory a my Word we'll not carry Coals.
Greg. No, for then we should be
Colliers.

Sam. I mean, if we be in Choler,
we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your
Neck out o'th' Collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

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

Sam. A Dog of the House of *Mountague* moves me.

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

Sam. A Dog of that House shall move me to stand:
I will take the Wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountague's*

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Greg. That shews thee weak, Slave, for the weakest goes the Wall.

Sam. True, and therefore Women, being the weakest Vessels, are ever thrust to the Wall: therefore I will push *Montague's* Men from the Wall, and thrust his Maids to the Wall.

Greg. The Quarrel is between our Masters, and us their Men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a Tyrant: when I have fought with the Men, I will be civil with the Maids, and cut off their Heads.

Greg. The Heads of the Maids?

Sam. Ay, the Heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads, Take it in what sense thou wilt.

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

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

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy Tool, here comes of the House of the *Mountagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked Weapen is out; quarrel, I will back thee;

Greg. How: turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee.

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

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

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

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

Sam. I do bite my Thumb, Sir.

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

Sam. Is the Law on our side, if I say ay?

Greg. No.

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

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam.

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

Abr. No better?

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my Master's Kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better.

Abr. You Lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be Men. *Gregory*, remember thy washing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, Fools, put up your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless Hinds? Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy Death.

Ben. I do but keep the Peace; put up thy Sword, Or manage it to part these Men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talk of Peace? I hate the word As I hate Hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:

Have at thee, Coward. [*Fight.*]

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.

Offic. Clubs, Bills, and Partisans! strike! beat them down, Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long Sword, ho?

Lu. Cap. A Crutch, a Crutch: Why call you for a Sword?

Cap. A Sword, I say: Old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague and Lady Mountague.

Moun. Thou Villain, *Capulet*——Hold me not, let me go.

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

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to Peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbour-stained Steel——
Will they not hear? What ho, you Men, you Beasts,
That quench the Fire of your pernicious Rage,
With purple Fountains issuing from your Veins:
On pain of Torture, from these bloody Hands
Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And hear the Sentence of your moved Prince.

Three civil Broils, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our Streets,
 And made *Verona's* antient Citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeching Ornaments,
 To wield old Partizans, in Hands as old,
 Cankred with Peace, to part your Cankred-hate;
 If ever you disturb our Streets again,
 Your Lives shall pay the Forfeit of the Peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away:
 You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
 And, *Mountague*, come you this Afternoon.
 To know our further Pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common Judgment-place:
 Once more, on pain of Death, all Men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

La Morn. Who set this ancient Quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, Nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the Servants of your Adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
 I drew to part them: In the instant came
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his Sword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd Defiance to my Ears,
 He swong about his Head; and cut the Winds,
 Who nothing hurt withal, kiss'd him in Scorn;
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

L. Morn. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to Day?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this Fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd Sun
 Peer'd forth the golden Window of the East,
 A troubled Mind drove me to walk abroad,
 Where underneath the Grove of Sycamour,
 That Westward rooteth from this City side,
 So early walking did I see your Son;
 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
 And stole into the Cover of the Wood;
 I measuring his Affections by my own,
 Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
 Being

Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my Humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a Morning hath he there been seen
With Tears augmenting the fresh Morning Dew,
Adding to Clouds, more Clouds, with his deep Sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering Sun,
Should, in the farthest East, begin to draw
The shady Curtains from *Aurora's* Bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy Son,
And private in his Chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his Windows, locks fair Day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial Night.
Black and portentous must this Humour prove,
Unless good Counsel may the Cause remove.

Ben. My Noble Uncle, do you know the Cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun. Both by my self, and many other Friends;
But he, his own Affections Counsellor,
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the Bud bit with an envious Worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet Leaves to the Air,
Or dedicate his Beauty to the fame.
Could we but learn from whence his Sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give Cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: so please you step aside,
I'll know his Grievance, or be much deny'd.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true Shrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [Exit.

Ben. Good Morrow, Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long.

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: What Sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having, makes them short.

Ben.

Ben. In Love?

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of Love?

Rom. Out of her Favour, where I am in Love.

Ben. Alas, that Love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

Rom. Alas, that Love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without Eyes, see path-ways to his will:
Where shall we dine?—O me!—what fray was here?—
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:

Here's much to do with Hate, but more with Love:
Why then, O brawling Love! O loving Hate!

O any thing of nothing first create:

O heavy Lightness, serious Vanity,

Mishapen Chaos of well-seeming Forms,

Feather of Lead, bright Smoke, cold Fire, sick Health;

Still-waking Sleep, that is not what it is:

This Love feel I, that feel no Love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good Heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good Heart's Oppression.

Rom. Why such is Love's Transgression.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my Breast;

Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest

With more of thine, this Love that thou hast shew'st.

Doth add more Grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke made of the fume of Sighs,

Being purg'd, a Fire sparkling in Lovers Eyes,

Being vext, a Sea nourish'd with loving Tears;

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking Gail and a preserving Sweet:

Farewel, my Cox,

[Going]

Ben. Soft, I will go along.

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. But I have lost my self, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why no; but sadly tell me, who.

Rom.

Rom. A sick Man in good sadness makes his will —
O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill —
In sadness, Cousin, I do love a Woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good Marks-Man, and she's fair I love;

Ben. A right fair mark, fair Coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you miss, she'll not be hit
With *Cupid's* Arrow; she hath *Dian's* Wit:
And in strong proof of Chastity well arm'd;
From Love's weak Childish Bow, she lives uncharm'd.
She will not stay the Siege of loving Terms,
Nor bide th' Encounter of affailing Eyes,
Nor ope her Lap to Saint-seducing Gold:
O she is rich in Beauty, only poor,
That when she dies, with Beauty dies her store.

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

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For Beauty starv'd with her severity,
Cuts Beauty off from all Posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit Bliss by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that Vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

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

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine Eyes;
Examine other Beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more;
Those happy Masks that kiss fair Ladies Brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious Treasure of his Eye-sight lost.
Shew me a Mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her Beauty serve but as a Note,
Where I may read who past that passing fair.
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

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

Enter Capulet, Paris *and* Servant.

Cap. *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,

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For Men so old as we to keep the Peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
'And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:

But now, my Lord, what say you to my Suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My Child is yet a Stranger in the World,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen Years,
Let two more Summers wither in their Pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy Mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
Earth up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful Lady of my Earth:

But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her Heart,

My Will to her Consent is but a part,

If she agree, within her scope of choice

Lies my Consent, and fair according Voice:

This Night, I hold an old accustom'd Feast,

Whereto I have invited many a Guest,

Such as I love, and you among the store,

Once more, most welcome makes my number more:

At my poor House, look to behold this Night,

Earth-treading Stars that make dark Heaven light,

Such comfort as do lusty young Men feel,

When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel

Of limping Winter treads, even such delight

Among fresh Female buds shall you this Night

Inherit at my House; hear all, all see,

And like her most, whose Merit most shall be:

Which one more view, of many, mine being one,

May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.

Come go with me. Go, Sirrah, trudge about,

Through fair *Verona*, find those Persons out,

Whose Names are written there, and to them say,

My House and Welcome on their pleasure stay. [*Ex. Cap. Par.*]

Ser. Find them out whose Names are written here? It

is written, that the Shooe-maker should meddle with his

Yard, and the Tailor with his Last, the Filner with his

Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to

find those Persons whose Names are writ, and can never

find

find what Names the writing Person hath here writ, (I must to the Learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut Man, one Fire burns out another's Burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy and be help by backward turning,
One desperate Grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new Infection to the Eye,
And the rank Poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your Plantan Leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken Shin.

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

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad Man is:
Shut up in Prison, kept without my Food,
Whipt and Tormented; and——Good-e'en, good Fellow.

Ser. God gi' Good-e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own Fortune in my Misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without Book:
But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay Fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Signior Martino, and his Wife and Daughter: Count Anselm and his beauteous Sisters; the Lady Widow of Vitruvio, Signior Placentino, and his lovely Neices; Mercutio and his Brother Valentine; mine Uncle Capulet, his Wife and Daughters; my fair Neice Rosaline, Livio, Signior Valentio, and his Cousin Tibalt; Lucio, and the lovely Helena.
A fair Assembly; whither should they come?

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither? to Supper?

Ser. To our House.

Rom. Whose House?

Ser. My Master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the House of *Montagues*,

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agnes, I pray come and crush a Cup of Wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient Feast of *Capulets*,
Supps the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lovest;
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*:
Go thither, and with unattainted Eye,
Compare her Face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout Religion of mine Eye
Maintains such Falsehood, then turn Tears to Fire;
And these who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent Hereticks be burnt for Liars.
One fairer than my Love! the all-seeing Sun
Ne'er saw her Match, since first the World begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Her self pois'd with her self in either Eye:
But in those Chrystal Scales, let there be weigh'd,
Your Ladies love against some other Maid,
That I will shew you, shining at this Feast,
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

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

S C E N E II. *Capulet's House.*

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my Daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maiden-head, at twelve Years old, I bad her come; what Lamb. what Lady-bird, God forbid—
Where's this Girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your Mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your Will?

La. Cap. This is the matter—Nurse, give leave a while; we must talk in Secret, Nurse come back again, I have remembered me, thou' hear my Counsel: Thou knowest my Daughter's of a pretty Age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her Age unto an Hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my Teeth,
And yet to my Teeth be it spoken,
I have but four, she's not fourteen;
How long is it now to *Lammastide*?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd Days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all Days in the Year, come *Lammastide* at Night shall she be fourteen. *Susan* and she, God rest all Christian Souls, were of an Age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammastide* at Night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven Years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the Days in the Year, upon that Day; for I had then laid Worm-wood to my Dug, sitting in the Sun under the Dove-House Wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*---nay, I do bear a Brain. But as I said, when it did taste the Worm-wood on the Nipple of my Dug, and felt it bitter, pretty Fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the Dug-Shake, Quoth the Dove-house----'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven Years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th'Rood she could have run, and waddled all about; for even the Day before she broke her Brow, and then my Husband, God be with his Soul, a was a merry Man, took up the Child, yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more Wit, wilt thou not, *Juliet*? And by my Holy-dam, the pretty Wretch left Crying, and said, Ay; to see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant, and I should live a thousand Years, I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, *Juliet*, quoth he? and pretty Fool, it stinted, and said, Ay.

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

Nurse. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, Ay; and yet I warrant it had upon its Brow a bump as big as a young Cockrels Stone: A perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my Husband, fall'st upon thy Face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to Age; wilt thou not, *Juliet*? It stinted, and said, Ay.

Jul. And frint thee too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his Grace, thou wast the prettiest Babe that e'er I nurs't, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very Theam I came to talk of; tell me, Daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. 'Tis an hour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An hour, were not I thine only Nurse, I would say that thou hadst suck'd Wisdom from thy Teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of Marriage now; younger than you Here in *Verona*, Ladies of Esteem, Are made already Mothers. By my count, I was your Mother much upon these Years, That you are now a Maid; thus then in brief, The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his Love.

Nurse. A Man, young Lady, Lady, such a Man, as all the World — Why he's a Man of Wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* Summer hath not such a Flower.

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

La. Cap. What say you, can you love the Gentleman? This Night you shall behold him at our Feast, Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris's* Face, And find Delight writ there with Beauty's Pen; Examine every several Lineament, And see how one, another lends Content; And what obscur'd in this fair Volume lyes, Find written in the Margent of his Eyes. This precious Book of Love, this unbound Lover, To beautifie him, only lacks a Cover.

The Fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much Pride For fair without, the fair within to hide: That Book in manies Eyes doth share the Glory, That in Gold Clasps locks in the golden Story; So shall you share all that he doth possess, By having him, making your self no less.

Nurse. No less! nay bigger; Women grow by Men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move, But no more deep will I endart mine Eye,

Than

Than your Consent gives Strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Guests are come, Supper serv'd up, you call'd, my young Lady ask'd for, the Nurse curst in the Pantry, and every thing in extremity, I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. [Exit:

La.Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, Girl, seek happy Nights to happy Days.

[Exeunt,

Enter Ròmeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What, shall this Speech be spoke to our excuse? Or shall we on without Apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity, We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a Scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted Bow of Lath, Scaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.

But let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a Measure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling: Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me, you have dancing Shoes With nimble Soles, I have a Sole of Lead, So stakes me to the Ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupid's* Wings, And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore impierced with his Shaft, To soar with his light Feathers, and to bound: I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe; Under Love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it, should you burden Love, Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is Love a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boisterous, it pricks like Thorn.

Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with Love, Prick Love for pricking, and you Love beat down:

Give me a Case to put my Visage in,

A Visor for a Visor; what care I

What curious Eye doth quote Deformities,

Here

Here are the Beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every Man betake him to his Legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let Wantons, light of Heart,
Tickle the senseless Rushes with their Heels;
For I am proverb'd with a Grand-fire Phrase;
I'll be a Candle-lighter, and look on,
The Game was ne'er so fair, and I am Done.

Mer. Tut, Dun's the Mouse, the Constable's own word;
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the Mire;
Or, save your Reverence, Love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the Ears: Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, we delay;
We waste our Lights in vain, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Judgment fits
Five things in that, ere once in our fine Wits.

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

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a Dream to Night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That Dreamers often Lie.

Rom. In Bed asleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you:
She is the Fairies Mid-wife, and she comes in shape no bigger
than an Agat-stone on the Fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawn with a team of little Atomies, over Mens Noses as
they lye asleep: Her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners
Legs; the Cover, of the Wings of Grasshoppers; her
Trace of the smallest Spider's Web; her Collars of the
Moonshine's watry Beams; her Whip of Cricket's bone;
the Lash of film; her Waggoner a small gray-coated Gnat,
not half so big as a round little Worm, prickt from the lazy
Finger of a Woman. Her Chariot is an empty Hazel-
Nut, made by the Joyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out
of mind, the Fairies Coach-makers: And in this state she
gallops Night by Night, through Lovers Brains; and then
they dream of Love. On Countries Knees, that dream on
Curfies

Curfies ftrait: O'er Lawyers Fingers, who ftrait dream on Fees: O'er Ladies Lips, who ftrait on Kiffes dream, which oft the angry Mab with Blisters plagues, because their Breaths with Sweet-meats tainted are. Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a Courtier's Noſe, and then dreams he of ſmelling out a Suit: And ſometimes comes ſhe with a Tith-pigs Tail, tickling a Parſon's Noſe as he lies aſleep; then he dreams of another Benefice. Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a Soldier's Neck, and then dreams he of cutting Foreign Throats, of Breaches, Ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* Blades; of Healths five Fathom deep; and then anon drums in his Ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frightened, ſwears a Prayer or two, and ſleeps again. This is that very Mab that plats the Manes of Horſes in the Night, and bakes the Elf-locks in foul fluttish Hairs, which once intangled, much Misfortunes bodes.

This is the Hag, when Maids lye on their Backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them Women of good Carriage:

This is ſhe-----

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

Mer. True, I tak of Dreams;
Which are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain Phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the Air,
And more unconstant than the Wind; who wooes
Even now the frozen boſom of the North,
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the Dew-dropping South.

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

Rom. I fear too early; for my Mind miſgives,
Some conſequence ſtill hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful Date
With this Night's Revels, and expire the term
Of a deſpised Life cloſ'd in my Breſt,
By ſome vile Forfeit of untimely Death:
But he that hath the Steerage of my Courſe,

Direct

22 **ROMEO and JULIET.**

Direct my Suit: On, lusty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servants come forth with their Napkins.

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

2 *Ser.* When good Manners shall lye in one or two Mens
Hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the Joint-stools, remove the Court-
cup-board, look to the Plate: Good thou, save me a
piece of March-pane; and as thou lovest me, let the Por-
ter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthony*, and *Potpan*.

2 *Ser.* Ay, Boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and
fought for, in the great Chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too; chearly Boys;
Be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter all the Guests and Ladies to the Maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen;

Ladies that have their Tces

Unplagu'd with Corns, will walk about with you.

Ah me, my Mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to Dance? She that makes dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath Corns; Am I come near ye now?

Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day

That I have worn a Visor, and could tell

A whispering Tale in a fair Lady's Ear,

Such as would please: 'Tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone:

You are all welcome, Gentlemen; come, Musicians, play.

[*Musick plays, and they Dance.*]

A Hall, Hall; give room, and foot it, Girls:

More Light ye Knaves, and turn the Tables up;

And quench the Fire, the Room is grown too hot.

Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well:

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good Cousin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now since last your self and I

Were in a Mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r Lady, thirty Years.

1 *Cap.* What, Man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;
'Tis since the Nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecost, as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty Years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Son is Elder, Sir;
His Son is Thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Son was but a Ward two Years ago.

Rom. What Lady is that which doth enrich the Hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burn bright;
Her Beauty hangs upon the cheek of Night,
Like a rich Jewel in an *Æthiop's* Ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear!
So shews a Snowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As yonder Lady o'er her Fellows shows:
The Measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude Hand.
Did my Heart love 'till now? forswear it Sight;
For I ne'er saw true Beauty 'till this Night.

Tib. This by his Voice should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier, Boy: what dares the Slave
Come hither cover'd with an Antick Face,
To flear and scorn at our Solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my Kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a Sin.

Cap. Why, how now, Kinsman,
Wherefore storm you so?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our Foe:
A Villain that is hither come in spight,
'To scorn at our Solemnity this Night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is it?

Tib. 'Tis he, that Villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle Coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him.
To be a virtuous and well govern'd Youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the Town,

Here

Here in my House do him disparagement :
 Therefore be patient, take no Note of him,
 It is my Will, the which if thou respect,
 Shew a fair Prefence, and put off these Frowns,
 And ill befeeming fembulance of a Feast.

Tib. It fits, when fuch a Villain is a Guest.
 I'll not endure him.

Cap. He fhall be indur'd.
 What, Goodman-boy—— I fay he fhall. Go to——
 Am I the Master here, or you? Go to——
 You'll not endure him! God fhall mend my Soul,
 You'll make a Mutiny among the Guests:
 You will fet Cock-a-hoop? You'll be the Man?

Tib. Why, Uncle, 'tis a fhame.

Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a faucy Boy----'tis fo indeed-----
 This trick may chance to fcathe you; I know what,
 You muft contrary me?----marry 'tis time.
 Well faid, my Hearts; you are a Princox, go,
 Be quiet, or more light, for fhame;
 I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my Hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce with wilful Choler meeting,
 Makes my Flefh tremble in their different greeting.
 I will withdraw; but this Intrufion fhall,
 Now feeming fweet, convert to bitter Gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthieft Hand,
[To Juliet.

This holy Shrine, the gentle Sin is this,
 My Lips two blufhing Pilgrims ready ftand,
 To fmooth that rough touch with a tender Kifs.

Jul. Good Pilgrim.

You do wrong your Hand too much,
 Which mannerly Devotion fhews in this,
 For Saints have Hands——the Pilgrim's Hands do touch,
 And Palm to Palm, is holy Palmer's Kifs.

Rom. Have not Saints Lips, and holy Palmers too?

Jul. Ay, Pilgrim, Lips that they muft ufe in Prayer.

Rom. O then, dear Saint, let Lips do what Hands do,
 They pray (grant thou) left Faith turn to Defpair.

Jul.

Jul. Saints do not move,
Though grant for Prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my Prayers effect do take:
Thus from my Lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my Lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my Lips! O trespass sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by th' Book.

Nur. Madam, your Mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

Nur. Marry, Batchelor,
Her Mother is the Lady of the House,
And a good Lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her Daughter that you talk withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the Chincke.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear Account! My Life is my Foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish Banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest Gentlemen, good Night:
More Torches here——come on, then let's to Bed,
Ah, Sirrah, by my Fay it waxes late.
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, Nurse.

What is yond' Gentleman?

Nur. The Son and Heir of old *Tyberio*.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of Door?

Nur. Marry, that I think to be young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his Name. If he be Married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding Bed.

Nur. His Name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only Son of our great Enemy.

Jul. My only Love sprung from my only Hate!
Too early seen, unknown, and known too late;

Prodigious birth of Love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed Enemy.

Nur. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A Rhime I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nur. Anon, anon:

Come, let's away, the Strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Chorus.

NOW old Desire doth in his Death-bed lye,
And young Affection gapes to be his Heir:
That fair, for which Love groan'd fore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of Looks:
But to his Foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal Love's sweet bait from fearful Hooks.
Being held a Foe, he may not have access
To breath such Vows as Lovers use to swear;
And she as much in Love, her means much less,
To meet her new Beloved any where:
But Passion lends them Power, Time Means to meet,
Tempting Extremities with extream sweet.

S C E N E II. *The Street*

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my Heart is here?
Turn back, dull Earth, and find my Center out. [*Exit.*]

Enter Benvolio with Mercurio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cousin *Romeo*, *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wise,

And on my Life hath stoln him home to Bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this Orchard Wall.
Call, good *Mercutio*.

Mer.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Romeo, Humours, Madman, Passion, Lover,
 Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh,
 Speak but one time, and I am satisfied.
 Cry me but Ay me! couple but Love and Day,
 Speak to my Gossip *Venus* one fair Word,
 One Nick-name for her pur-blind Son and her,
 Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
 When King *Cophetua* lov'd the Beggar-maid.
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
 The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright Eyes,
 By her high Fore-head, and her Scarlet Lip,
 By her fine Foot, streight Leg, and quivering Thigh,
 And the Demeasns that there adjacent lye,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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

Mer. This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him
 To raise a Spirit in his Mistress's Circle,
 Of some strange Nature, letting it there stand
 'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were some spight.

My Invocation is fair and honest, and in his Mistress's Name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these Trees,
 To be comforted with the humorous Night:
 Blind is his Love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the Mark,
 Now will he sit under a Medlar-tree,
 And wish his Mistress were that kind of Fruit,
 Which Maids call Medlars when they laugh alone:
 O, *Romeo*, that she were, O that she were
 An Open — or thou a Poprin Pear;
Romeo good Night, I'll to my Truckle-bed,
 This Field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain to seek him here,
 That means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Garden.**Enter Romeo.*

Rom. He jests at Scars that never felt a Wound—
But soft, what Light thro' yonder Window breaks?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sun:

[Juliet appears above at a Window.]

Arise, fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,
Who is already sick and pale with Grief,
That thou, her Maid, art far more fair than she,
Be not her Maid since she is envious.
Her vestal Livery is but sick and green,
And none but Fools do wear it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Love---O that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her Eye discourses, I will answer it—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest Stars of all the Heav'n,
Having some Business, do intreat her Eyes
To twinkle in their Spheres 'till they return.
What if her Eyes were there, they in her Head,
The brightness of her Check would shame those Stars,
As Day-light doth a Lamp; her Eye in Heav'n,
Would through the airy Region stream so bright,
That Birds would sing, and think it were not Night:
See how she leans her Cheek upon her Hand!
O that I were a Glove upon that Hand,
That I might touch that Cheek.

Jul. Ah me!*Rom.* She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this Night, being o'er my Head,
As is a winged Messenger from Heav'n,
Unto the white upturned wondring Eyes,
Of Mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*—wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy Father, and refuse thy Name:

Or

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my Love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy Name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy self, though not a *Montague*.
What's *Montague*? it is not Hand, nor Foot,
Nor Arm, nor Face-----O be some other Name
Belonging to a Man.

What's in a Name? that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet.

So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that Title; *Romeo*, doff thy Name,
And for that Name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my self.

Rom. I take thee at thy Word:
Call me but Love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What Man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in Night,
So stumblest on my Counsel?

Rom. By a Name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My Name, dear Saint, is hateful to my self,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would tear the Word.

Jul. My Ears have yet not drunk a hundred Words
Of thy Tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither, fair Maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard Walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place Death, considering who thou art,
If any of my Kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With Love's light Wings did I o'er-perch these
Walls,

For stony Limits cannot hold Love out,
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt:
Therefore thy Kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack there lies more peril in thine Eye,
Than twenty of their Swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their Enmity.

Jul. I would not for the World they saw thee here.

Rom. I have Night's Cloak to hide me from their Eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My Life were better ended by their Hate,
Than Death prorogued, wanting of thy Love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me Counsel and I lent him Eyes:
I am no Pilot. yet wert thou as far
As that vast Shore, wash'd with the farthest Sea,
I should adventure for such Merchandise.

Jul. Thou knowest the mask of Night is on my Face,
Else would a Maiden Blush bepaint my Cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to Night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell Complements:
Dost thou Love? O, I know thou wilt say, Ay,
And I will take thy Word—but yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at Lovers Perjuries
They say *Jove* laughs; oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou cost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: But else not for the World.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'Haviour light:
But trust me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more Coining to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true Love's Passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light Love,
Which the dark Night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moon I vow,
That tips with Silver all these Fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O swear not by the Moon, th'unconstant Moon,
That monthly changes in her circled Orb,

Lest that thy Love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Ful. Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my Heart's dear love —

Ful. Well, do not swear — although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this Contract to Night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the Lightning which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good Night,
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meet:
Good Night, good Night — as sweet Repose and Rest,
Come to thy Heart, as that within my Breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Ful. What satisfaction canst thou have to Night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy Love's faithful Vow of mine.

Ful. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it?
For what purpose, Love?

Ful. But to be frank, and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My Bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some Noise within; dear Love adieu:

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good Nurse — Sweet *Montague* be true:
Stay but a little. I will come again.

[*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed Night, I am afraid,
Being in Night, all this is but a Dream,
Too flatt'ring sweet to be substantial:

Re-enter Juliet above.

Ful. Three Words, dear *Romeo*,
And good Night indeed:
If that thy bent of Love be Honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to Morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the Rite,
And all my Fortunes at thy Foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my Lord, throughout the World.

[*Within*: Madam:

I come, anon---but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee----

[*Within*: Madam.

By and by, I come----

To cease thy Strife, and leave me to my Grief.
To Morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my Soul.

Jul. A thousand times good Night.

[*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love, as School-boys from their Books,
But Love from Love, towards School with heavy Looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a Falkner's Voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again---
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the Cave where Eccho lyes,
And make her airy Tongue more hoarse---Then with
The repetition of my *Romeo*----

Rom. It is my Soul that calls upon my Name.
How silver-sweet sound Lovers Tongues by Night,
Like softest Musick to attending Ears.

Jul. *Romeo.*

Rom. My Sweet.

Jul. What a Clock to Morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of Nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty Years 'till then,
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy Company.

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

Jul. 'Tis almost Morning, I would have thee gone.
And yet no further than a wanton's Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his Hand,

Like

Like a poor Prisoner in his twisted Gyves,
And with a silken thread plucks it again,
So loving jealous of his Liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Ful. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good Night, good Night.

Rom. Parting is such sweet Sorrow,
That I shall say Good Night 'till it be Morrow.

Ful. Sleep dwell upon thine Eyes, Peace in thy Breast,
Would I were Sleep and Peace, so sweet to Rest. [Exit.

Rom. The grey-ey'd Morn smiles on the frowning Night,
Check'ring the Eastern Clouds with streaks of Light,
And Darkness fleckell'd like a Drunkard reels,
From forth Days path-way, made by Titan's Wheels.
Hence will I to my Ghostly Friar's close Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

S C E N E IV. *A Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a Basket.

Fri. Now ere the Sun advance his burning Eye,
The Day to chear, and Night's dank Dew to dry,
I must up-fill this Olier Cage of ours,
With baleful Weeds, and precious juiced Flowers.
The Earth that's Nature's Mother, is her Tomb,
What is her burying Grave, that is her Womb;
And from her Womb Children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural Bosom find:
Many for many Virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful Grace, that lies
In Plants, Herbs, Stones, and their true Qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the Earth doth live,
But to the Earth some special good doth give.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true Birth, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue it self turns Vice, being misapplied,
And Vice sometime by Action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant Kind of this weak Flower,
Poison hath residence, and Medicine Power:
For this being smelt, with that part chears each part;
Being tasted, slays all Senses, with the Heart.
Two such opposed Kinds encamp them still,
In Man, as well as Herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the Canker Death eats up that Plant.

Rom. Good-morrow, Father.

Fri. *Benedicite.*

What early Tongue so sweet salutes mine Ear?
Young Son it argues a distemper'd Head,
So soon to bid Good-morrow to thy Bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old Man's Eye;
And where Care lodgeth, Sleep will never lye;
But where unbruised Youth, with unstuff'd Brain,
Deth couch his Limbs, there golden Sleep doth reign;
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rouz'd with some Distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *ROMEO* hath not been in Bed to Night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter Rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon Sin; wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my Ghostly Father? No.

I have forgot that Name, and that Name's Woe.

Fri. That's my good Son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again;

I have been feasting with mine Enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our Remedies
Within thy help and holy Physick lies;
I bear no hatred, Blessed Man, for lo
My Intercession likewise steads my Foe.

Fri. Be plain, good Son, rest homely in thy drift;
Ridling Confession finds but ridling Shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my Heart's dear Love is set
On the fair Daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine

By holy Marriage; when and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of Vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to Day.

Fri. Holy Saint *Francis*, what a Change is here?
Is *Rosaline*, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young Mens Love then lyes
Not truly in their Hearts, but in their Eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of Brine
Hath wash't thy fallow Cheeks for *Rosaline*?
How much salt Water thrown away in waste,
To season Love, that of it doth not taste?
The Sun not yet thy Sighs from Heaven clears,
Thy old Groans yet ring in my ancient Ears;
Lo here upon thy Cheek the Stain doth sit,
Of an old Tear that is not wash't off yet.

If ere thou wast thy self, and these Woes thine,
Thou and these Woes were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this Sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no Strength in Men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me erst for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Love.

Fri. Not in a Grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I love now
Doth Grace for Grace, and Love for Love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. Oh she knew well,
Thy Love did read by Rote, that could not spell;
But come young Waverer, come go with me,
In one respect I'll thy Assistant be:
For this Alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your Household-rancour to pure Love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE V. *The Street,**Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

Mer. Where the Devil should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to Night?

Ben. Not to his Father's, I spoke with his Man.

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

Ben. *Tybalt*, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his Father's House.

Mer. A Challenge on my Life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any Man that can write, may answer a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will answer the Letter's Master how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead, stabb'd with a white Wench's black Eye, run through the Ear with a Love-song, the very Pin of his Heart cleft with the blind Bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a Man to Encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Courageous Captain of Compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minnum, one, two, and the third in your Bosom; the very Butcher of a silk Button, a Duellist, a Duellist; a Gentleman of the very first House of the first and second Cause; Ah the immortal Passado, the Punto reverso, the Hay----

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting Phantasies, these new turners of Accent — Jesu, a very good blade, — a very tall Man — a very good Whore. — Why is not this a lamentable thing, Granfire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange Flies, these Fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new Form that they cannot sit at ease on the old Bench. O their Bones, their Bones.

Enter

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Herring. O Flesh, Flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the Numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchen-wench; marry she had a better Love to berime her: *Dido* a Dowdy, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* Hildings and Harlots: *Thisby* a gray Eye or so, but not to the Purpose: Sign:z. *Romeo Bonjour*, there's a *French* Salutation to your *French* stop; you gave us the Counterfeit fairly last Night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what Counterfeit did I give you?

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

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my Business was great, and in such a Case as mine, a Man may strain Curtsie.

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

Rom. Meaning to Curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous Exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very Pink of Courtesie.

Rom. Pink for Flower,

Mer. Right.

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

Mer. Sure Wit——follow me this Jest, now, tell thou hast worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the Jest may remain after the wearing, sole-singular.

Rom. O single-sole'd Jest.

Solely singular, for the singleness.

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

Rom. Swits and Spurs,

Swits and Spurs, or I'll cry a Match.

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

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

Mer.

Mer. I will bite thee by the Ear for that Jest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy Wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp Sawce.

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

Mer. O here's a Wit of Cheverel, that stretches from an
Inch narrow, to an Ell broad.

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

Mer. Why is not this better, than groaning for Love?
Now thou art sociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou
what thou art, by Art, as well as by Nature; for this
driveling Love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up
and down to hide his Bauble in a Hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my Tale against the Hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy Tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short,
for I was come to the whole depth of my Tale, and meant
indeed to occupy the Argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her Man.

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

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nur. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nur. My Fan, *Peter*.

Mer. Good *Peter*, to hide her Face;
For her Fan's the fairer Face.

Nur. God ye good-morrow, Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den, fair Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it good-den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy Hand of the
Dyal is now upon the prick of Noon.

Nur. Out upon you; what a Man are you?

Rom. One, Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himself to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said: for himself to mar, quotha?
Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the
young *Romeo*.

Rom.

Rom. I can tell you: But young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that Name, for fault of a wor'e.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?

Yery well took, I'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he, Sir,

I desire some Confidence with you.

Ben. She will invite him to some Supper.

Mer. A Baud, a Baud, a Baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare, Sir, unless a Hare Sir, in a Lenten Pye; that is something Stale and Hoar ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoar, and an old Hare hoar, is very good Meat in *Lent*.

But a Hare that is hoar, is too much for a Score, when it hears ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your Father's: We'll to Dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient Lady:

Farewel Lady, Lady, Lady. [*Ex. Mercutio, Benvolio.*]

Nur. I pray you, Sir, what saucy Merchant was this that was so full of his Roguery?

Rom. A Gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a Minute, than he will stand to in a Month.

Nur. And a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, and a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks: And if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy Knave, I am none of his Flirt-gils; I am none of his Skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every Knave to use me at his pleasure. [*To her Man.*]

Pet. I saw no Man use you at his Pleasure: If I had, my Weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another Man, if I see occasion in a good Quarrel, and the Law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers---Scurvy Knave! Pray you, Sir, a Word:
And

And as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to my self: But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into Fool's Paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of Behaviour, as they say, for the Gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady and Mistress, I protest unto thee —

Nur. Good Heart, and I'faith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful Woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse? Thou dost not mark me?

Nur. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to Shrift, this afternoon; And there she shall at Friar *Lawrence's* Cell, [ternoon; Be shriv'd and married: Here is for thy pains.

Nur. No, truly Sir, not a Penny.

Rom. Go to, I say you shall.

Nur. This Afternoon, Sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay thou, good Nurse, behind the Abby-wall, Within this Hour my Man shall be with thee, And bring thee Cords made like a tackled S:air, Which to the high top-gallant of my Joy, Must be my Convoy in the secret Night. Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy Pains: Farewel, commend me to thy Mistress.

Nur. Now God in Heav'n bless thee: Hark you, Sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear Nurse?

Nur. Is your Man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep Counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my Man's as true as Steel.

Nur. Well, Sir, my Mistress is the sweetest Lady; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing-----O, there is a Noble Man in Town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay Knife aboard; but she, good Soul, had as lieve see a Toad, a very Toad, as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer Man; but I'll war-
rant

rant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any Clout in the verfal World. Doth not Rosemary and Romeo begin both with a Letter?

Rom. Ay Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

Nur. Ah mocker! that's the Dog's name. R. is for the no, I know it begins with no other Letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.--- [Exit Romeo.

Nur. A thousand times. Peter? |

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before, and apace. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI. Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The Clock struck Nine, when I did send the Nurse:
In half an Hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him---That's not so---

Oh she is Lame: Love's Heralds should be Thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the Sun-beams,

Driving back Shadows over lowring Hills.

Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the Wind-swift *Cupid* Wings,

Now is the Sun upon the highmost Hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve---

Ay three long Hours---and yet she is not come;

Had she Affections and warm Youthful Blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a Ball,

My Words would bandy her to my sweet Love,

And his to me;

But old Folks, many feign as they were Dead,

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as Lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what News?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy Man away.

Nur. Peter, stay at the Gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse---

O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Tho' News be sad, yet tell them merrily,

If good, thou sham'st the Musick of sweet News,
By playing it to me with so fower a Face.

Nur. I am a weary, give me leave a while;
Fy, how my Bones ake, what a Jaunt have I had?

Ful. I would thou hadst my Bones, and I thy News:
Nay come, I pray thee speak---Good Nurse speak.

Nur. Jesu! what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see how I am out of Breath?

Ful. How art thou out of Breath, when thou hast Breath
To say to me, that thou art out of Breath?

The Excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy News good or bad? Answer to that,
Say either, and I'll stay the Circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a simple Choice; you know
not how to chuse a Man: *Romeo!* no not he, though his
Face be better than any Man's, yet his Legs excel all Mens,
and for a Hand and a Foot, and a Baw-dy, tho' they be not
to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not
the Flower of Courtesie, but I warrant him as gentle a
Lamb---Go thy ways Wench, serve God: What, have
you dined at home?

Ful. No, no---But all this did I know before:
What says he of our Marriage? What of that?

Nur. Lord how my Head akes! what a Head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My Back a t'other side --- O, my Back, my Back:
Beswore your Heart, for sending me about,
To catch my Death with jaunting up and down.

Ful. I'faith I am sorry that thou art so ill,
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what says my Love?

Nur. Your Love says like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsom,
And I warrant a virtuous----where is your Mother?

Ful. Where is my Mother? Why she is within,
Where should she be? How odly thou reply'st!

Your Love says like an honest Gentleman:
Where is my Mother? ---

Nur. O God's Lady dear,
Are you so hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking Bones?
Hence-forward, do your Messages your self.

Ful. Here's such a coil; come, what says *Romeo*?

Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to Day?

Ful. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to Friar *Lawrence's* Cell,
There stays a Husband to make you a Wife.
Now comes the wanton Blood up in your Cheeks,
They'll be in Scarlet straight at any News:
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
To fetch a Ladder, by the which your Love
Must climb a Bird's Nest soon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your Delight,
But you shall bear the Burthen soon at Night.
Go, I'll to Dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Ful. Hie to high Fortune; honest Nurse farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII. *The Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the Heav'ns upon this holy Act,
That after Hours with Sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, Amen; but come what Sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of Joy,
That one short Minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our Hands with holy Words,
Then Love-devouring Death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent Delights have violent Ends,
And in their triumph die like Fire and Powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest Honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the Appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long Love doth so,
Too swift arrives, as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. O so light a foot

Will

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting Flint;
 A Lover may bestride the Gossamour,
 That idles in the wanton Summer Air,
 And yet not fall, so light is Vanity.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daughter for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his Thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy Joy
 Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blason it, then sweeten with thy Breath
 This Neighbour Air, and let rich Musick's Tongue
 Unfold the imagin'd Happiness, that both
 Receive in either, by this dear Encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in Matter than in Words,
 Brags of his Substance, not of Ornament:
 They are but Beggars that can count their Worth,
 But my true Love is grown to such excess,
 I cannot sum up some half of my Wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
 Work,

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,

'Till holy Church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.

Ben. I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,
 The Day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
 And if we meet, we shall not scape a Brawl;
 For now these hot Days is the mad Blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those Fellows, that when he
 enters the confines of a Tavern, claps me his Sword upon
 the Table, and says, God send me no need of thee: And by
 the Operation of a second Cup, draws him on the Drawer,
 when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer.

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a Man that hath a Hair more, or a Hair less in his Beard than thou hast: Thou wilt quarrel with a Man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel Eyes; what Eye, but such an Eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy Head is as full of quarrels, as an Egg is full of Meat, and yet thy Head hath been beaten as addle as an Egg for quarrelling: Thou hast quarrell'd with a Man for Coughing in the Street, because he hath wakened thy Dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Didst thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new Shoes with old Ribband? And yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any Man should buy the Fee-simple of my Life for an Hour and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

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

Mer. By my Heel I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, Good-den, a Word with one of you.

Mer. And but one Word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a Word and a Blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, and you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

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

Mer. Consort! What, dost thou make us Minstrels! And thou make Minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but Discords: Here's my Fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Come, Consort. [*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Ben.

46 ROMEO and JULIET.

Ber. We talk here in the publick haunt of Men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your Grievances,
Or else depart; here all Eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens Eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no Man's Pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my Man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your Livery:
Marry go before to Field, he'll be your Follower,
Your Worship in that sense may call him Man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; Thou art a Villain.

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining Rage
To such a Greeting:

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the Injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw:

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But lov'd thee better than thou canst devise;
Till thou shalt know the reason of my Love.
And so good *Capulet*, which Name I tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile Submission!

Allastucatho carries it away,

Tybalt, You, Rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your
nice Lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as
you shall use me, hereafter dry beat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the
Ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your Ears ere it
be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.

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

Mer. Come, Sir, your Passado. [Mer. and Tyb. fight.

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio* — beat down their Weapons-----
Gentlemen----for shame forbear this Outrage-----

Tybalt-----*Mercutio*-----the Prince expressly hath

Forbidden

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* Streets.

Hold *Tybalt* — good *Mercutio*.

[Exit *Tybalt*.

Mer. I am hurt —

A Plague of both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a Scratch, a Scratch; marry 'tis enough.
Where is my Page? Go, Villain, fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage, Man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a Well, nor so wide as a Church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: Ask for me to Morrow, and you shall find me a Grave-Man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this World: A Plague of both your Houses. What? a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a Man to Death; a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villain, that fights by the Book of Arithmetick? Why the Devil came you between us? I was hurt under your Arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some House, *Benvolio*,

Or I shall faint; a Plague o'both your Houses,

They have made Worms meat of me,

I have it, and soundly too — your Houses. [Ex. *Mer.* *Ben.*

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near Allie,
My very Friend, hath got his mortal Hurt
In my behalf, my Reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* Slander; *Tybalt*, that an Hour
Hath been my Coulin: O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my Temper s.d. ned Valour's Steel.

Enter *Benvolio*.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant Spirit hath aspir'd the Clouds,
Which untimely here did scorn the Earth.

Rom. This Day's black Fate, on more Days does depend,
This but begins the Woe, others must end.

Enter *Tybalt*.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. He gone in Triumph, and *Mercutio* slain?
Away to Heav'n respective Lenity,
And Fire and Fury be my Conduct now:

Now?

Now, *Tybalt*, take the Villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* Soul
Is but a little way above our Heads,
Staying for thine to keep him Company:
Either thou or I, or both must go with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched Boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that. [*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. *Romeo*. away, be gone:

The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain-----

Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee Death,
If thou art taken: Hence. be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortune's Fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?

Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Up Sir, go with me:

I charge thee in the Prince's Name obey.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile Beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal Braul:
There lies the Man slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy Kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. *Tybalt* my Cousin! O my Brother's Child,
O Prince, O Cousin, Husband, O the Blood is spill'd
Of my dear Kinsman-----Prince, as thou art true,
For Blood of ours, shed Blood of *Mountague*.
O Cousin, Cousin.

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here Slain, whom *Romeo's* Hand did Slay:
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the Quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high Displeasure: All this uttered,
With gentle Breath, calm Look, Knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take Truce with the unruly Spleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to Peace, but that he tilts

With

With piercing Steel at bold *Mercutio's* Breast,
 Who all as hot, turns deadly Point to Point,
 And with a martial Scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold Death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to *Tybalt*, whose Dexterity
 Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
 Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter than his Tongue,
 His able Arm beats down their fatal Points,
 And twixt them rushes, underneath whose Arm,
 An envious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the Life
 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
 But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
 Who had but newly entertain'd Revenge,
 And to't they go like Lightning, for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain;
 And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to Fly:
 This is the Truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a Kinsman to the *Mountagues*,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one Life.
 I beg for Justice, which thou Prince must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*. *Romeo* must not Live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
 Who now the Price of his dear Blood doth owe.

La. Cap. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio's* Friend,
 His Fault concludes but what the Law should end,
 The Life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that Offence,
 Immediately we do Exile him hence:
 I have an Interest in your Hearts Proceeding,
 My Blood for your rude Brawls doth lye a Bleeding,
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a Fine,
 That you shall all Repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to Pleading and Excuses,
 Nor Tears, nor Prayers shall purchase our abuses,
 Therefore use none; let *Romeo* hence in haste,
 Else when he is found, that Hour is his last.
 Bear hence this Body, and attend our Will:
 Mercy but Murthers, pardoning those that Kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment in Capulet's House.**Enter Juliet alone.*

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed Steeds,
 Toward *Phœbus* lodging; such a Waggoner
 As *Phæton* would whip you to the West,
 And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
 Spread thy close Curtain, Love-performing Night,
 That run-aways Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
 Leap to these Arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their Amorous Rites,
 By their own Beauties: Or if Love be blind,
 It best agrees with Night; Come civil Night,
 Thou sober-suted Matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning Match,
 Plaid for a pair of stainless Maidenheads,
 Hood my unmann'd Blood baiting in my Cheeks,
 With thy black Mantle, 'till strange Love grown bold,
 Thinks true Love acted simple Modesty:
 Come Night, come *Romeo*, come thou Day in Night,
 For thou wilt lye upon the Wings of Night,
 Whiter than new Snow on a Raven's back:
 Come gentle Night, come loving black-brow'd Night,
 Give me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die
 Take him and cut him out in little Stars,
 And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,
 That all the World will be in love with Night,
 And pay no Worship to the Garish Sun.
 O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
 But not possess'd it, and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this Day,
 As is the Night before some Festival,
 To an impatient Child that hath new Robes,
 And may not wear them. O here comes my Nurse!

Enter Nurse with Cords.

And she brings News, and every Tongue that speaks
 But *Romeo's* Name, speaks Heav'nly Eloquence;

Now

Now Nurse, what News? What hast thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. Ay, ay, the Cords.

Ful. Ay me, what News?
Why dost thou wring thy Hands?

Nur. A welady he's dead, he's dead,
We are undone, Lady, we are undone—
Alack the Day he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Ful. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Thoug Heav'n cannot. O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*

Ful. What Devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This Torture should be roar'd in dismal Hell.
Hath *Romeo* slain himself? Say thou but Ay;
And that bare Vowel Ay, shall poison more
Than the Death-darting Eye of Cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an Ay,
Or those Eyes short that makes the answer Ay,
If he be slain say Ay, or if not, No.
Brief Sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nur. I saw the Wound, I say it with mine Eyes;
God save the Mark, here on his manly Breast.
A piteous Coarse, a bloody piteous Coarse;
Pale, pale as Ashes, all bedawb'd in Blood,
All in gore Blood, I swooned at the sight.

Ful. O break, my Heart—
Poor Bankrupt break at once;
To prison Eyes, ne'er look on Liberty,
Vile Earth to Earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy Bier.

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee Dead.

Ful. What Storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cousin, and my dearer Lord?
The dreadful Trumpet sound the general Doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nur. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished,

Ful. O God!
Did Romeo's Hand shed Tybalt's Blood?

Nur. It did, it did alas the day! it did.

Ful. O Serpent Heart, bid with a flowring Face,
Did ever Dragon keep so fair a Cave?

Beautiful Tyrant, Fiend Angelical,
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Welsh-ravering Lamb,

Despised Substance of Divinest Show:

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.

A damned Saint, an honourable Villain:

O Nature! what hadst thou to do in Hell,

When thou didst bower the Spirit of a Fiend

In mortal Paradise of such sweet Flesh?

Was ever Book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Palace.

Nur. There's no Trust, no Faith, no Honesty in Men,
All Perjur'd; all Forsworn; all Naught; all Dissemblers;

Ah, where's my Man? Give me some *Aqua vita* —

These Grievs, these Woes, these Sorrows make me old!

Shame come to Romeo.

Ful. Blister'd be thy Tongue

For such a Wish, he was not born to shame,

Upon his Brow Shame is ashamed to sit:

For 'tis a Throne where Honour may be Crown'd,

Sole Monarch of the universal Earth.

O what a Beast was I to chide him so?

Nur. Will you speak well of him

That kill'd your Cousin?

Ful. Shall I speak ill of him that is my Husband?

Ah poor my Lord, what Tongue shall smooth thy Name,

When I thy three Hours Wife have mangled it!

But wherefore Villain didst thou kill my Cousin?

That Villain Cousin would have kill'd my Husband:

Back foolish Tears, back to your native Spring;

Your Tributary drops belong to Woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to Joy:

My Husband lives that *Tybalt* would have slain,
 And *Tybalt* dead that would have kill'd my Husband;
 All this is Comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was worser than *Tybalt's* Death
 That murdered me; I would forget it fain,
 But oh it presses to my Memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to Sinners Minds;
Tybalt is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
 That Banished, that one word Banished,
 Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or if lower Woe delights in Fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other Griefs,
 Why followed not, when she said *Tybalt's* dead,
 Thy Father or thy Mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern Lamentation might have mov'd.
 But with a Rea-ward following *Tybalt's* death,
Romeo is banished — to speak that word,
 Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
 All slain, all dead: *Romeo* is banished:
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death, no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my Father, and my Mother, Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* Coarse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. [Sipent,

Jul. Wash they his wounds with Tears? mine shall be
 When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* Banishment.

Take up those Cords, poor Ropes you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I, for *Romeo* is Exil'd:

He made you for an Highway to my Bed,
 But I a Maid, die Maiden-widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, I'll to my Wedding-bed,
 And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
 To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
 Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at Night;
 I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
 And bid him come, to take his last Farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Monastery.**Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

Fri. Romeo, come forth, come forth, thou fearful Man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy Parts;
And thou art wedded to Calamity.

Rom. Father, what News?
What is the Prince's Doom?
What Sorrow craves admittance at my Hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear Son in such sower Company.
I bring thee Tydings of the Prince's Doom.

Rom. What, lest than Dooms-day, is the Prince's Doom?

Fri. A gentle Judgment vanish'd from his Lips,
Not Body's Death, but Body's Banishment.

Rom. Ha, Banishment! Be merciful, say Death;
For Exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than Death: Do not say Banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the World is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no World without *Verona* Walls;
But Purgatory, Torture, Hell it self:
Hence banished, is banish'd from the World,
And World's Exile is Death. Then banished
Is Death mis-term'd, calling Death Banished.
Thou cut'st my Head off with a Golden Ax,
And smil'st upon the stroak that murders me.

Fri. O deadly Sin! O rude Unthankfulness!
Thy Fault our Law calls Death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that black word Death to Banishment.
That is dear Mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture, and not Mercy: Heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in Heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validity,
More honourable State, more Courtship lives

In Carrion Flies, than *Romeo*: They may seize
 On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* Hand,
 And steal immortal Blessings from her Lips,
 Who even in pure and vestal Modesty
 Still blush, and thinking their own Kisses sin.
 This may Flies do, when I from this must fly,
 And say'st thou yet, that Exile is not Death?
 But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

Hadst thou no Poison mixt, no sharp-ground Knife,
 No sudden mean of Death, tho' ne'er so mean,
 But banished to kill me? Banished?

O Friar, the Damned use that Word in Hell;
 Howlings attend it, how hast thou the Heart,
 Being a Divine, a Ghostly Confessor,
 A Sin-Absolver, and my Friend profess,
 To mangle me with that word Banished?

Fri. Fond Mad-man, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of Banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee Armour to keep off that Word,
 Adversity's sweet Milk, Philosophy,
 To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? Hang up Philosophy,
 Unless Philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
 Displant a Town, reverse a Prince's Doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O then I see that mad Men have no Ears.

Rom. How shou'd they,
 When wise Men have no Eyes?

Fri. Let me despair with thee of thy Estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
 Wert thou as young as *Juliet* my Love,
 An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy Hair,
 And fall upon the Ground as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade Grave.

[Throwing himself on the Ground.

Fri. Arise, one knocks;
 Good *Romeo* hide thy self.

[Knocks within.]

Rom. Not I,
Unless the breath of Heart-sick Groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of Eyes. [Knock.

Fri. Hark, how they knock.
Who's there?—*Romeo*, arise,
Thou wilt be taken—stay a while---stand up; [Knock.
Run to my Study—By and by—God's Will;
What Simpleness is this—I come, I come. [Knock.
Who knocks so hard?

Whence come you? what's your Will?

Nur. [Within.] Let me come in,
And you shall know my Errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. O holy Friar, O tell me holy Friar,
Where is my Lady's Lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There, on the Ground,
With his own Tears made drunk.

Nur. O he is even in my Mistress's Case,
Just in her Case, O woful Sympathy!
Precious Predicament, even so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring.
Stand up, stand up, stand an you be a Man,
For *Juliet's* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deep an Oh!—

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah Sir! Ah Sir!—Death's the end of All.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? How is't with her?
Doth not she think me an old Murtherer,
Now have I stain'd the Child-hood of our Joy
With Blood, removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?

Nur. O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her Bed, and then starts up,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that Name
Shot from the deadly level of a Gun

Did

Did murder her, as that Names cursed Hand
Murder'd her Kinsman. O tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my Name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate Hand:
Art thou a Man? Thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy Tears are Womanish, thy wild Acts do note
The unreasonable fury of a Beast.
Unseemly Woman, in a seeming Man,
And ill be seeming Beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? Wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy Life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thy self?
Why rail'st thou on thy Birth? the Heav'n and Earth?
Since Birth, and Heav'n and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once. which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit;
Who like an Usurer abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit:
Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digressing from the Valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love sworn but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Mis-shapen in the Conduct of them both,
Like Powder in a skill-less Soldier's Flask,
Is set a fire by thine own Ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine own Defence.
What, rouse thee, Man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there art thou happy too.
The Law that threaten'd Death became thy Friend;
And turn'd it to Exile; there art thou happy,
A pack of Blessings light upon thy Back,
Happiness courts thee in her best Array,

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But like a mis-hav'd and a sullen Wench,
 Thou puttest up thy Fortune and thy Love;
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go get thee to thy Love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But look thou stay not 'till the Watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*,
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your Friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more Joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in Lamentation.
 Go before, Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the House to Bed,
 Which heavy Sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have staid here all Night,
 To hear good Counsel: Oh, what Learning is!
 My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nur. Here, Sir, a Ring she bid me give you, Sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my Comfort is reviv'd by this.

Fri. Go hence.

Good Night, and here stands all your State:
 Either be gone before the Watch be set,
 Or by the break of Day disguis'd, from hence,
 Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your Man,
 And he shall signifie from time to time,
 Every good hap to you that chances here:
 Give me thy Hand, 'tis late, farewell. Good Night!

Rom. But that a Joy, past Joy, calls out on me,
 It were a Grief, so brief to part with thee:
 Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have faln out, Sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our Daughter:

Look.

Look you, she lov'd her Kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
 And so did I——Well, we were born to die.
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to Night:
 I promise you, but for your Company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of Woe afford no time to Woo:
 Madam, good Night, commend me to your Daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to Morrow;
 To Night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my Child's Love: I think she will be rul'd
 In all respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to Bed,
 Acquaint her here of my Son *Paris*' Love,
 And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next——
 But soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too soon;
 A *Thursday* let it be: A *Thursday* tell her
 She shall be married to this Noble Earl:
 Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
 We'll keep no great a-do——a Friend or two——
 For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our Kinsman, if we revel much:
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen Friends,
 And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

Par. My Lord,
 I would that *Thursday* were to Morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone——a *Thursday* be it then:
 Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to Bed. [*To Lady Capulet.*
 Prepare her, Wife, against this Wedding-day.
 Farewel, my Lord——Light to my Chamber, ho!
 'Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by.
 Good Night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *The Garden.*

Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a Window; a Ladder of Ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone?

It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine Ear;
Nighly she sings on yond Pomgranate Tree:
Believe me Love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,
No Nightingale. Look, Love, what envious Streaks
Do lace the severing Clouds in yonder East:
Night's Candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
Stands tiptoe on the misty Mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

Jul. Yon Light is not Day-light, I know it, I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this Night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Therefore stay, yet thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to Death,
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the Morning's Eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* Brow,
Nor that is not the Lark whose Notes do beat
The vau'ry Heav'ns so high above our Heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go:
Come Death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.
How is't, my Sou!? let's talk, it is not Day.

Jul. It is it is, hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the Lark that sings so out of Tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and displeasing Sharps.
Some say the Lark makes sweet Division;
This doth not so: For she divideth us.
Some say, the Lark and loathed Toad chang'd Eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd Voices too:
Since, arm from arm. that Voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunts-up to the Day.
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom.

Rom. More light and light, more dark and dark our Woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Ful. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your Chamber:
The Day is broke, be wary, look about.

Ful. Then Window let Day in, and let Life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell, one Kiss, and I'll descend.

Ful. Art thou gone so? Love! Lord! ah Husband! Friend!
I must hear from thee every Day in the Hour,

[Romeo comes down by the Ladder into the Garden.

For in a Minute there are many Days.

O by this count I shall be much in Years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewel:

I will omit no opportunity,

That may convey my Greetings, Love, to thee.

Ful. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these Woes shall serve
For sweet Discourses, in our time to come.

Ful. O God! I have an ill Divining Soul,
Methinks I see thee now, thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a Tomb:

Either my Eye-sight fails; or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, Love, in mine Eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our Blood. Adieu, adieu. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Ful. Oh Fortune, Fortune, all Men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for Faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho Daughter, are you up?

Ful. Who is't that calls? is it my Lady Mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd Cause procures her hither?

La. Cap.

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La. Cap. Why how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your Cousin's Death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his Grave with Tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore have done, some Grief shews much of Love,
But much of Grief shews still some want of Wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep, for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the Friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss.

I cannot chuse but ever weep the Friend.

La. Cap. Well! Girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villain, Madam?

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

Jul. Villain and he be many Miles asunder:
God pardon him, I do with all my Heart,
And yet no Man like he doth grieve my Heart.

La. Cap. That is because the Traitor lives.

Jul. Ay, Madam, from the reach of these my Hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cousin's Death.

La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear thou not;
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banish'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd Dram,
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfied.

With *Romeo*, 'till I behold him — Dead
Is my poor Heart, so for a Kinsman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a Man
To bear a Poison, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O how my Heart abhors:
To hear him nam'd. and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my Cousin *Tybalt*,
Upon his Body that hath slaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a Man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings Girl.

Jul.

Ful. And Joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful Father, Child;
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sortèd out a sudden day of Joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Ful. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my Child, early next *Thursday* morn,
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman,
The Count of *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful Bride.

Ful. Now by *St. Peter's* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyful Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe.
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. These are News indeed.

La. Cap. Here comes your Father, tell him so your self,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the Earth doth drizzle Dew;
But for the Sunset of my Brother's Son,
It rains down-right.

How now? a Conduit, Girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring in one little Body?
Thy Counterfeit's a Bark, a Sea, a Wind;
For still thy Eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebb and flow with Tears, the Bark thy Body.
Sailing in this salt Flood, the Winds thy Sighs,
Who raging with the Tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden Calm will over-set
Thy tempest-tossed Body. How now, Wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our Decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir;
But she will none, she gives you thanks:
I would the Fool were married to her Grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, Wife!
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

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Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; But thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for Hate, that is meant Love.

Cap. How now?

How now? chopt Logick? what is this?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds;
But settle your fine Joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter's* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a Hurdle thither.
Out you Green-sickness Carrion, out you Baggage,
Out you Tallow-face.

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what are you mad?

Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my Knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young Baggage, disobedient Wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a *Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the Face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.
My Fingers itch, Wife: we scarce thought us blest,
That God had lent us but this only Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a Curse in having her:
Out on her, Hilding.

Nur. God in Heav'n blefs her:

You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my Lady Wisdom? hold your Tongue,
Good Prudence, smatter with your Gossip, go.

Nur. I speak no Treason,
O God-ye good-den——
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace you mumbling Fool;
Utter your Gravity o'er a Gossip's Bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's Bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, and play;

Alone,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd, and having now provided
 A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
 Of fair Demeans, Youthful, and nobly Allied,
 Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable Parts,
 Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a Man:
 And then to have a wretched puling Fool,
 A whining Mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
 To answer I'll not wed, I cannot Love,
 I am too young. I pray you pardon me.
 But, and you will not wed. I'll pardon you——
 Graze where you will, you shall not House with me:
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near, lay Hand on Heart, advise;
 And you be mine, I'll give you to my Friend:
 And you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the Streets,
 For, by my Soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine, shall never do thee good:
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.

Jul. Is there no Pity sitting in the Clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my Grief?
 O sweet my Mother, cast me not away,
 Delay this Marriage for a Month, a Week,
 Or if you do not, make the bridal Bed
 In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lyes.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit,

Jul. O God!

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented?
 My Husband is on Earth, my Faith in Heav'n,
 How shall that Faith return again to Earth,
 Unless that Husband send it me from Heav'n,
 By leaving Earth? Comfort me, counsel me.
 Alack, alack, that Heav'n should practise Stratagems
 Upon so soft a Subject as my self.
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy;
 Some comfort, Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is:

Romeo is banish'd, and all the World to nothing
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
 Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the Count:
 Oh he's a lovely Gentleman;
Romeo's a Dish-clout to him; an Eagle, Madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an Eye
 As *Paris* hath: beshrew my very Heart,
 I think you are happy in this second Match,
 For it excels your first: Or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy Heart?

Nur. And from my Soul too,
 Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen:

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much;
 Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
 Having displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
 To make Confession, and to be absolved.

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

Jul. Ancient Damnation! O most wicked Fiend!
 Is it more Sin to wish me thus forsworn,
 Or to dispraise my Lord with that same Tongue
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
 So many thousand times? Go, Counsellor,
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:
 I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
 If all else fail, my self have power to die. [Exeunt.]

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

S C E N E *the Monastery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

Fri. **O**N *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will have it so,
 And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri.

Fri. You say you do not know the Lady's Mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalts*'s Death,
And therefore have I little talk of Love,
For *Venus* smiles not in a House of Tears:
Now, Sir, her Father counts it dangerous
That she should give her Sorrow so much sway;
And, in his Wisdom, hastes our Marriage,
To stop the Inundation of her Tears,
Which too much minded by her self alone,
May be put from her by Society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd;
Look, Sir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my Wife.

Ful. That may be, Sir, when I may be a Wife.

Par. That may be, must be, Love, on *Thursday* next.

Ful. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain Text.

Par. Come you to make Confession to this Father?

Ful. To answer that, I should confes to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Ful. I will confes to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Ful. If I do so, it will be of more Price,

Being spoke behind your Back, than to your Face.

Par. Poor Soul, thy Face is much abus'd with Tears.

Ful. The Tears have got small Victory by that:

For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than Tears, with that report.

Ful. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,

And what I speak, I speak it to my Face.

Par. Thy Face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Ful. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father, now,

Or shall I come to you at evening Mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive Daughter, now.

My Lord, I must intreat the time alone.

68 *ROMEO and JULIET.*

Par. God shield, I should disturb Devotion:

Juliet, on *Thursday* early will I rowze ye,
'Till then adieu, and keep this holy Kiss. [*Exit Paris.*]

Ful. O shut the Door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy Grief,
It strains me past the compass of my Wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

Ful. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy Wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my Resolution wise,
And with this Knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my Heart and *Romeo's*, thou our Hands,
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,
Shall be the Label to another Deed,
Or my true Heart, with treacherous Revolt,
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experienc'd Time,
Give me some present Counsel, or behold
'Twixt my Extrems and me, this bloody Knife
Shall play the Umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the Commission of thy Years and Art
Could to no Issue of true Honour bring:
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of Remedy.

Fri. Hold, Daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an Execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou hast the Strength of Will to slay thy self,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like Death to chide away this shame,
That cop'it with Death himself, to 'scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Ful. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in thievish Ways, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: Chain me with roaring Bears,

Or hide me nightly in a charnel House,
 O'er covered quite with dead Mens rattling Bones,
 With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Skulls:
 Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
 And hide me with a dead Man in his Grave,
 Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd Wife to my sweet Love.

Fri. Hold then. Go home, be merry, give consent,
 To marry *Paris*. *Wednesday* is to-Morrow;
 To-Morrow Night look that thou lye alone,
 Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
 Take thou this Viol being then in Bed,
 And this distilling Liquor drink thou off.
 When presently, through all thy Veins, shall run
 A cold and drowsie Humcur: For no Pulse
 Shall keep his Native Progress, but surcease:
 No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
 The Roses in thy Lips and Cheeks shall fade
 To mealy Ashes, the Eyes Windows fall
 Like Death, when he shuts up the Day of Life;
 Each part depriv'd of supple Government,
 Shall stiff and stark, and cold appear like Death,
 And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk Death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty Hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleasant Sleep.
 Now when the Bridegroom in the Morning comes
 To rowse thee from thy Bed, there art thou Dead:
 Then as the manner of our Country is,
 In thy best Robes uncover'd on the Bier,
 Be born to Burial in thy Kindreds Grave:
 Thou shalt be born to that same antient Vault,
 Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our Drift,
 And hither shall he come; and that very Night
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*.
 And this shall free thee from this present Shame.
 If no unconstant Toy nor Womanish fear,
 Abate thy Valour in the acting it.

Jul.

Ful. Give me, give me, O tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve, I'll send a Friar with speed
To *Mantua*, with my Letters to thy Lord.

Ful. Love give me Strength, and Strength shall help afford,
Farewel, dear Father.

S C E N E II. Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three Servants.

Cap. So many Guests invite as here are writ:
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can
lick their Fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill Cook that cannot lick his own
Fingers: Therefore he that cannot lick his Fingers, goes
not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. We shall be much unfurnish'd for
this time: What, is my Daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

Nur. Ay forsooth.

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

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from Shrift, with merry look,

Cap. How now, my Headstrong?
Where have you been gadding?

Ful. Where I have learnt me to repent the Sin,
Of disobedient Opposition,
To you and your behests; and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
To beg your Pardon: Pardon I beseech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Count, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this Knot knit up to-Morrow Morning,

Ful. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becoming Love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of Modesty.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand up,
This is as't should be, let me see the County:

Ay

Ay marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend Holy Friar,
All our whole City is much bound to him.

Ful. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To help me sort such needful Ornaments,
As you think fit to furnish me to-Morrow?

La. Cap. No not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go Nurse, go with her;
We'll to Church to-Morrow? [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our Provision;
'Tis now near Night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, Wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to Bed to Night, let me alone:
I'll play the Huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth; well I will walk my self
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to Morrow. My Heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exunt Capulet and Lady Cap.*]

S C E N E III. *Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Ful. Ay, those Attires are best; but, gentle Nurse,
I pray thee leave me to my self to Night:
For I have need of many Orisons,
To move the Heav'ns to smile upon my State,
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of Sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What are you busie, ho? Need you my help?

Ful. No, Madam, we have cull'd such Necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-Morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this Night sit up with you;
For I am sure you have your Hands full all,
In this so sudden Business.

La. Cap. Good Night,
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt.*
Ful.]

Ful. Farewel;
 God knows, when we shall meet again.
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my Veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of Fire:
 I'll call them back again to comfort me.
 Nurse — what should she do here?
 My dismal Scene I needs must act alone:
 Come Vial — what if this Mixture do not work at all?
 Shall I be married to-Morrow Morning?
 No, no, this shall forbid it; lye thou there.

[*Pointing to a Dagger.*

What if it be a Poison, which the Friar
 Subtily hath ministred, to have me dead,
 Lest in this Marriage he should be dishonour'd,
 Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
 I fear it is, and yet methinks it should not,
 For he hath still been tried a Holy Man.
 How, if when I am laid into the Tomb,
 I wake before the time, that *Romeo*
 Come to redeem me? There's a fearful Point!
 Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,
 To whose foul Mouth no healthsome Air breaths in,
 And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
 Or if I live, it is not very like,
 The horrible Conceit of Death and Night,
 Together with the Terror of the place,
 As in a Vault, an ancient Receptacle,
 Where, for these many hundred Years, the Bones
 Of all my buried Ancestors are packt;
 Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in Earth,
 Lies festring in his Shrowd; where, as they say,
 At some Hours in the Night, Spirits resort-----
 Alack, alack! is it not like that I
 So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
 And shrieks like Mandrakes torn out of the Earth,
 That living Mortals, hearing them, run mad-----
 Or if I walk, shall I not be distraught,
 Invicined with all these hideous Fears,
 And madly play with my Fore-fathers Joints,
 And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his Shroud?

And

And in this Rage, with some great Kinsman's Bone,
As with a Club, dash out my desperate Brains?
O look! methinks I see my Cousin's Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did spit his Body
Upon his Rapier's Point: Stay, *Tybalt* stay!
Romeo! Romeo! Romeo! here's drink---I drink to thee. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold,
Take these Keys and fetch more Spices, Nurse.

Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastry;

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cock hath crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a Clock:
Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for cost.

Nur. Go, you Cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to morrow
For this Night's Watching.

Cap. No not a whit, I have watch'd ere now
All Night for a less Cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a Mouse-hunt, in your time,
But I will watch you, from such watching, now.

[*Ex. Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood——
Now, Fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with Spits, and Logs, and Baskets.

Ser. Things for the Cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste, Sirrah, fetch drier Logs,
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a Head, Sir, that will find out Logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Mafs and well said, a merry Horson, ha!
Thou shalt be Logger-head——good Faith, 'tis Day.

[*Play Musick.*]

The County will be here with Musick straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.

Nur. O lamentable Day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my Tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O Son. the Night before the Wedding-day,
Hath Death lain with thy Wife: See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, Deflower'd now by him:
Death is my Son-in-Law, Death is my Heir,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all, Life, living, all is Death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this Morning's Face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful Day,
Most miserable Hour, that time e'er saw
In lasting Labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving Child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nur. O wo! O woful, woful, woful Day!
Most lamentable Day! most woful Day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold,
O Day! O Day! O Day! O hateful Day!
Never was seen so black a Day as this:
O woful Day! O woful Day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown—
O Love! O Life! not Life, but Love in Death.

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd—
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! my Soul, and not my Child!
Dead art thou—alack my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my Joys are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame—Confusions? Care lives not
In these Confusions. Heav'n and your self
Had part in this fair Maid, now Heav'n hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid:
 Your part in her, you could not keep from Death,
 But Heav'n keeps his part in eternal Life:
 The most you sought was her Promotion,
 For 'twas your Heav'n that she should be advanc'd;
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
 Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n it self?
 O in this love, you love your Child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well.
 She's not well Married that lives married long,
 But she's best Married that dyes married young.
 Dry up your Tears, and flick your Rosemary
 On this fair Coarse, and as the Custom is,
 All in her best Array, bear her to Church:
 For tho' fond Nature bids us all lament,
 Yet Nature's Tears are Reason's Merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained Festival,
 Turn from their Office to black Funeral:
 Our Instruments, to melancholly Bells;
 Our Wedding Chear, to a sad burial Feast;
 Our solemn Hymns, to sullen Dirges change;
 Our Bridal Flowers, serve for a buried Coarse:
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and Madam, go with him,
 And go, Sir *Paris*, every one prepare
 To follow this fair Coarse unto her Grave.
 The Heav'ns do lowre upon you for some ill:
 Move them no more, by crossing their high Will. [*Exeunt*]

Miss. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honest good Fellows: Ah, put up, put up,
 For well you know this is a pitiful Case.

Miss. Ay, by my Troth, the Case may be amended.

Enter Peter,

Pet. Musicians: Oh Musicians,
 Heart's ease, Heart's ease;
 Oh, and you will have me live, play Heart's ease.

Miss. Why Heart's ease?

Pet. O Musicians,
 Because my Heart it self plays, my Heart is full.

Miss. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet.

Pet. You will not then?

Mis. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mis. What will you give us?

Pet. No Mony on my Faith, but the Gleek:
I will give you the Ministrel.

Mis. Then I will give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets, I'll Re you, I'll Fa you, do you Note me.

Mis. And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.

2 *Mis.* Pray you put up your Dagger,
And put out your Wit.

Then have at you with my Wit.

Pet. I will dry-beat you with an Iron Wit,
And put up my Iron Dagger.

Answer me like Men:

When griping Griefs the Heart doth wound

Then Musick with her Silver sound-----

Why Silver sound? Why Musick with her Silver sound?

What say you, *Simon Catling*?

Mis. Marry, Sir, because Silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pratest? what say you, *Hugh Rebeck*?

2 *Mis.* I say Silver sound, because Musicians sound for Sil-

Pet. Pratest too? what say you, *James Sound-Post*? [ver.

3 *Mis.* Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you, it is Musick with her Silver sound,

Because Musicians have no Gold for founding:

Then Musick with her Silver sound, with speedy help
doth lend redress. [Exit.

Mis. What a pestilent Knave is this same?

2 *Mis.* Hang him, *Fack*, come, we'll in here, tarry for
the Mourners, and stay Dinner. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Mantua.**Enter* Romeo.

Rom. IF I may trust the flattering truth of Sleep,
 My Dreams presage some joyful News at hand:
 My Bosom's Lord sits lightly in his Throne,
 And all this winged, unaccustom'd Spirit,
 Lifts me above the Ground with chearful Thoughts.
 I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
 (Strange Dream! that gives a dead Man leave to think)
 And breath'd such Life with Kisses in my Lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is Love it self possess't,
 When but Love's Shadows are so rich in Joy?

Enter Romeo's Man.

News from *Verona* — How now *Balthazar*?
 Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Friar?
 How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
 How doth my Lady *Juliet*? That I ask again,
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
 Her Body sleeps in *Capulet's* Monument,
 And her immortal part with Angels lives:
 I saw her laid low in her Kindred's Vault,
 And presently took Post to tell it you:
 O pardon me for bringing these ill News,
 Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? —

Then I deny you Stars.

Thou knowest my Lodging, get me Ink and Paper,
 And hire Post-Horses. I will hence to Night.

Man. I do beseech you, Sir, have patience:
 Your Looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some Misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:

Hast

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Friar?

Man. No, good my Lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone.

And hire those Horses, I'll be with thee straight. [*Exit Man.*]

Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to Night;

Let's see for means — O Mischief thou art swift

To enter in the Thought of desperate Men:

I do remember an Apothecary,

And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted

In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,

Culling of Simples; Meager were his Looks,

Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones:

And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,

An Alligator stuf't, and other Skins

Of ill-shap'd Fishes, and about his Shelves

A beggarly Account of empty Boxes;

Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and musty Seeds,

Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses

Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.

Noting this Penury, to my self I said,

And if a Man did need a Poison now,

Whose sale is present Death in *Mantua*,

Here lives a Caitiff Wretch would sell it him.

O this same Thought did but fore-run my Need,

And this same needy Man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the House,

Being holy-day, the Beggar's Shop is shut.

What ho! Apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither Man, I see that thou art poor,

Hold, there is forty Ducats, let me have

A Dram of Poison, such soon-speeding Geer,

As will disperse it self thro' all the Veins,

That the Life-weary taker may fall Dead,

And that the Trunk may be discharg'd of Breath,

As violently, as hasty Powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fatal Cannon's Womb.

Ap. Such Mortal Drugs I have, but *MANTUA'S* Law

Is Death to any he that utters them.

80 *ROMEO and JULIET.*

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of Wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy Cheeks,
Need and Oppression stareth in thine Eyes,
Contempt and Beggary hang on thy Back:
The World is not thy Friend, nor the World's Law;
The World affords no Law to make thee Rich,
Then be not Poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My Poverty, but not my Will consents.

Rom. I pay thy Poverty, and not thy Will.

Ap. Put this in any Liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the Strength
Of twenty Men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy Gold, worse Poison to Mens Souls;
Doing more Murder in this loathsom World,
Than these poor Compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee Poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel, buy Food, and get thy self in Flesh.
Come Cordial, and not Poison, go with me
To *Juliet's* Grave, for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *The Monastery at Verona.*

Enter Friar John to Friar Lawrence.

John. Holy *Franciscan* Friar! Brother! ho!

Law. This same should be the Voice of Friar *John.*
Welcome from *Mantua*, what says *Romeo*?
Or if his Mind be writ, give me his Letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot Brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in this City visiting the Sick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Town,
Suspecting that we both were in a House
Where the infectious Pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the Doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

John. I could not send it; here it is again,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of Infection.

Law.

Law. Unhappy Fortune! by my Brotherhood,
The Letter was not nice, but full of Charge,
Of dear Import, and the neglecting it
May do much Danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it streight
Unto my Cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

Law. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within this three Hours will fair *Juliet* wake,
She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these Accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my Cell 'till *Romeo* come,
Poor living Coarse, clos'd in a dead Man's Tomb. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *A Church-yard, in it, a noble
Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter Paris and his Page, with a Light.

Par. Give me thy Torch, Boy; hence, and stand aloof;
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yond' young Trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy Ear close to the hollow Ground;
So shall no foot upon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of Graves,
But thou shalt hear it: Whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those Flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*]

Par. Sweet Flower, with Flowers thy bridal Bed I strew:
O Woe, thy Canopy is Dust and Stones.
Which with sweet Water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with Tears distill'd by Moons;
The Obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy Grave and weep.

[*The Boy whistles.*]

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,——
What cursed Foot wanders this way to Night,
To cross my Obsequies, and true Loves Right?

What with a Torch? Muffle me, Night, a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter with a Light.

Rom. Give me that Mattock, and the wrenching Iron;
Hold, take this Letter, early in the Morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father.
Give me the Light; upon thy Life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my Course.
Why I descend into this Bed of Death,
Is partly to behold my Lady's Face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead Finger,
A precious Ring, a Ring that I must use
In dear Employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou, Jealous, dost return to Pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By Heaven I will tear thee Joint by Joint,
And strew this hungry Church-yard with thy Limbs;
The Time and my Intentions are savage wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. I will be gone Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me Friendship: Take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good Fellow.

Pet. For all this same, I'll hide me here-about,
His Looks I fear, and his Intentions I doubt. [Exit.]

Rom. Thou detestable Maw, thou Womb of Death,
Gorg'd with the dearest Morsel of the Earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Jaws to open,

[Breaking open the Monument.]

And in despite, I'll cram thee with more Food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*
That murdered my Love's Cousin; with which Grief,
It is supposed the Fair Creature died,
And here is come to do some Villanous Shame
To the dead Bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhollowed Toil, vile *Mountague*:
Can Vengeance be pursu'd further than Death?
Condemned Villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou must Die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither —
 Good gentle Youth, tempt not a desperate Man,
 Fly hence and leave me, think upon those gone,
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, Youth,
 Pull not another Sin upon my Head,
 By urging me to Fury. O be gone,
 By Heav'n I love thee better than my self;
 For I come hither arm'd against my self:
 Stay not, be gone; Live, and hereafter say,
 A mad Man's Mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defie thy Commiseration,
 And apprehend thee for a Fellow here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee Boy:
 [They Fight, Paris falls.]

Pag. O Lord they Fight, I will go call the Watch.

Par. O I am slain; if thou be Merciful,
 Open the Tomb, lay me with *Juliet*.

Rom. In Faith I will: Let me peruse this Face —
Mercutio's Kinsman! Noble County *Paris*!
 What said my Man, when my betossed Soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think
 He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.
 Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*;
 To think it was so? O give me thy Hand,
 One writ with me in four Misfortune's Book,
 I'll bury thee in a Triumphant Grave.
 A Grave? O no a Lanthorn, slaughter'd Youth:
 For here lyes *Juliet*, and her Beauty makes
 This Vault a Feasting Presence full of Light.
 Death, lye thou there, by a dead Man interr'd.
 How oft when Men are at the Point of Death,
 Have they been Merry? Which their Keepers call
 A Lightning before Death? O how may I
 Call this a Lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
 Death that hath suckt the Honey of thy Breath,
 Hath had no Power yet upon thy Beauty:
 Thou art not Conquer'd, Beauty's Ensign yet
 Is Crimson in thy Lips, and in thy Cheeks,
 And Death's pale Flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt,

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Tybalt. ly'ft thou there in thy bloody Sheet?
 O what more Favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that Hand that cut thy Youth in twain,
 To funder his that was thy Enemy?
 Forgive me, Coufin. Ah dear *Juliet*,
 Why art thou yet fo fair? I will believe,
 Shall I believe, that unſubſtantial Death is Amorous?
 And that the lean abhorred Monster, keeps
 Thee here in Dark, to be his Paramour?
 For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
 And never from this Palſce of dim Night
 Depart again: Come lye thou in my Arms,
 Here's to thy Health, where-e'er thou tumbleſt in,
 A true Apothecary!
 Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiſs I die,
 Depart again; here, here will I remain,
 With Worms that are thy Chamber-Maids; O here
 Will I ſet up my Everlaſting Reſt;
 And ſhake the Yoke of inauſpicious Stars
 From this World's wearied Fleſh. Eyes look your laſt,
 Arms take your laſt Embrace; and Lips, O you
 The Doors of Breath, ſeal with a Righteous Kiſs
 A dateleſs Bargain to engroſſing Death:
 Come bitter Conduct, come unfavoury Guide,
 Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing Rocks thy Sea-ſick weary Bark:
 Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary!
 Thy Drugs are quick. Thus with a Kiſs I die.

Enter Friar Lawrence with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed, how oft to Night
 Have my old Feet ſtumbled at Graves? Who's there?

Pet. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well,

Fri. Blifs be upon you. Tell me, good my Friend,
 What Torch is yond, that vainly lends his Light
 To Grubs and eyeleſs Sculls? As I diſcern,
 It burneth in the *Capulets* Monument.

Pet. It doth ſo, Holy Sir,
 And there's my Maſter, one that you Love.

Fri. Who is it?

Pet. *Romeo.*

Fri.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Pet. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Pet. I dare not, Sir.

My Master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with Death,
If I did stay to look on his Intent.

Fri. Stay, then I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Pet. As I did sleep under this young Tree here,
I dreamt my Master and another fought,
And that my Master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo!*

Alack, alack, what Blood is this which stains
The stony Entrance of this Sepulchre?
What mean these Masterless and Goary Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of Peace?

Romeo! oh pale! Who else? What *Paris* too?
And steep'd in Blood? Ah what an unkind Hour
Is guilty of this lamentable Chance?

The Lady stirs.

Ful. O comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be;
And there I am; where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise, Lady, come from that Nest
Of Death, Contagion, and unnatural Sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our Intent; come, come away,
Thy Husband in thy Bosom there lyes Dead,
And *Paris* too-- --Come, I'll dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of Holy Nuns:

Say not to question, for the Watch is coming,
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay.

[*Exit.*]

Ful. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? A Cup clos'd in my true Love's Hand?
Poison I see hath been his timeless End.

O Churl, drink all, and left no Friendly drop,
To help me after? I will Kiss thy Lips,
Haply some Poison yet doth Hang on them,
To make me sic with a Restorative.

Thy

Thy Lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?

Then I'll be brief. O happy Dagger,

'Tis in thy Sheath, there rust and let me die. [*Kills her self.*]

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burn.

Watch. The Ground is bloody.
Search about the Church-yard,
Go some of you, who e'er you find attach.
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two Days buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raise up the *Mountagues*, some others search —
We see the Ground whereon these Woes do lye;
But the true Ground of all these pitieous Woes
We cannot without Circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch with Romeo's Man.

2 Watch. Here's *Romeo's* Man,
We found him in the Church-yard.

1 Watch Hold him in safety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Friar and a third Watchman.

3 Watch. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps:
We took this Mattock and this Spade from him,
As he was coming from this Church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great Suspicion, stay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our Person from our Morning's Rest?

Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. O the People in the Street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all run
With open out-cry toward our Monument.

Prince. What Fear is this which startles in your Ears?

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

Prince.

Prince. Search,
Seek, and know how this foul Murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* Man,
With Instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead Mens Tombs.

Cap. O Heav'n!
O Wife, look how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mista'en, for loe his House
Is empty on the back of *Mountague*,
And is mis-sheathed in my Daughter's Bosom.

La. Cap. O me, this sight of Death is as a Bell,
That warns my old Age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy Son and Heir now early down.

Moun. Alas, my Liege, my Wife is dead to Night,
Grief of my Son's Exile hath stop'd her Breath:
What further Wo conspires against my Age?

Pri. Look, and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou untaught, what Manners is in this,
To press before thy Father to a Grave?

Pri. Seal up the mouth of Out-rage for a while,
'Till we can clear these Ambiguities,
And know their Spring, their Head, their true Descent;
And then will I be General of your Woes,
And lead you even to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let Mischance be Slave to Patience.
Bring forth the Parties of Suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the Time and Place
Doth make against me, of this direful Murther:
And here I stand both to Impeach and Purge
My self Condemned, and my self Excus'd.

Pri. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of Breath
Is not so long as is a tedious Tale.

Romeo, there dead, was Husband to that *Juliet*;
And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful Wife:
I Married them; and their stoln Marriage Day
Was *Tybalt's* Dooms-day, whose untimely Death

Banish'd

Banish'd the new-made Bridegroom from this City;
 For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
 You, to remove that Siege of Grief from her,
 Betroth'd, and would have Married her perforce
 To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
 And, with wild Looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second Marriage,
 Or in my Cell there would she kill her self.
 Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my Art)
 A sleeping Potion, which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of Death. Mean time I write to *Romeo*,
 That he should hither come, as this dire Night,
 To help to take her from her borrowed Grave,
 Being the time the Potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my Letter, *Friar John*,
 Was fraid by Accident. and yesternight
 Return'd my Letter back; then all alone,
 At the prefixed Hour of her awaking,
 Came I to take her from her Kindreds Vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my Cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came (some Minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
 She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,
 And bear this Work of Heav'n with Patience:
 But then a Noise did scare me from the Tomb,
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did Violence on her self.
 All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is privy:
 If ought in this miscarried by my fault,
 Let my old Life be sacrific'd, some Hour before the time,
 Unto the Rigour of severest Law.

Pri. We still have known thee for an Holy Man.
 Where's *Romeo's* Man? What can he say to this?

Peter. I brought my Master News of *Juliet's* Death,
 And then in Post he came from *Mantua*
 To this same Place, to this same Monument.
 This Letter he early bid me give his Father,

And

And threatned me with Death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Pri. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your Master in this Place?

Page. He came with Flowers to strew his Lady's Grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tomb,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Pri. This Letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their Course of Love, the tidings of her Death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a Poison
Of a poor 'Pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this Vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet, Mountague*,
See what a Scourge is laid upon your Hate,
That Heav'n finds means to kill your Joys with Love;
And I, for winking at your Discords too,
Have lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, give me thy Hand,
This is my Daughter's Jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That while *Verona* by that Name is known,
There shall no Figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lye,
Poor Sacrifices of our Enmity.

Pri. A gloomy Peace this Morning with it brings,
The Sun for Sorrow will not shew his Head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

For never was a Story of more Wo,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

PROLOGUE

TWO Households, both alike in Dignity,
(In fair Verona, where we lay our Scene)
From ancient Grudge, break to new Mutiny,
Where Civil Blood makes Civil Hands unclean:
From forth the fatal Loins of these two Foes,
A pair of Star-cross'd Lovers take their Life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous Overthrows,
Do, with their Death, bury their Parents Strife.
The fearful Passage of their Death-mark'd Love,
And the Continuance of their Parents Rage,
Which but their Childrens End nought could remove,
Is now the two Hours Traffick of our Stage.
The which, if you with patient Ears attend,
What here shall miss, our Toil shall strive to mend.





v. 6: p. 21

T I M O N

OF

A T H E N S.

A

T R A G E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMON, *A Noble Athenian.*

Lucius, } *Two flattering Lords.*
Lucullus, }

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,

Lucilius,

Servilius,

Caphis,

Varro,

Philo,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

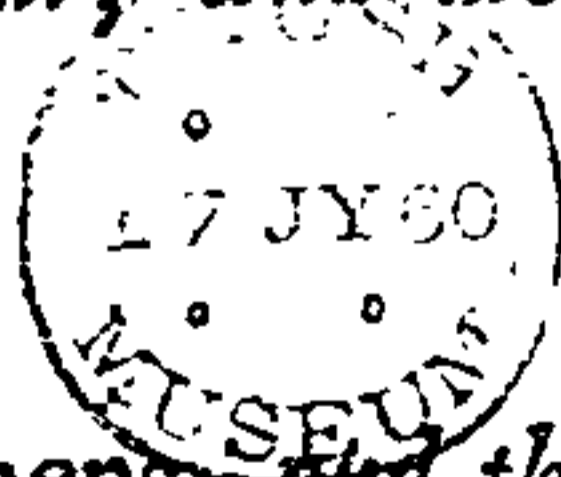
Cupid and Maskers.

Phrynia,

Timandra,

} *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers Servants and Attendants.



S.CENE Athens, *and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON



T I M O N

O F

A T H E N S.

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

S C E N E *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and
Mercer, at several Doors.*

P O E T.



GOOD Day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad ye are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how
goes the World?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular Rarity? What so
strange,

Which manifold record not matches: See
Magick of Bountie, all these Spirits, thy Power
Hath conjur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pain.

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Pain. I know them both. th' other's a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Few. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable Man, breath'd as it were,
To an untirable and continue Goodness:
He passes-----

Few. I have a Jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, Sir?

Few. If he will touch the Estimate, but for that-----

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,
It stains the Glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the Good.

Mer. 'Tis a good Form.

Few. And rich; here is a Water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, Sir, in some Work, some Dedication
to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing flipt idly from me.

Our Poesie is as a Gown, which uses
From whence 'tis nourisht: The fire i'th' Flint
Shews not 'till it be struck: Our gentle Flame
Provokes it self, and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A Picture, Sir:-----When comes your Boock forth?

Poet. Upon the Heels of my Presentment, Sir.
Let's see your Piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this Grace
Speaks his own standing; what a mental Power
This Eye shoots forth? How big Imagination
Moves in this Lip; to th' dumbness of the Gesture,
One might interpret,

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the Life:
Here is a touch-----Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors Nature, artificial Strife
Lives in these touches livelier than Life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed!

Poet.

Poet. The Senators of *Athens*, happy Men.

Pain. Look, more.

Poet. You see this confluence, this great Flood of Visiters,
I have, in this rough Work, shap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath World doth embrace and hug
With amplest Entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves it self
In a wide Sea of Wax, no levell'd Malice
Infects one Comma in the Course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all Conditions how all Minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of grave and austere Quality, tender down
Their Services to Lord *Timon*: His large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and property's to his Love and Tendance
All sorts of Hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself, even he drops down
The Knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon's* Nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant Hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o'th' Mount
Is rank'd with all Deserts, all kind of Natures,
That labour on the bosom of this Sphere,
To propagate their States; amongst them all,
Whose Eyes are on this Sovereign Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timon's* Frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory Hand wafts to her,
Whose present Grace, to present Slaves and Servants
Translates his Rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks
With one Man beckn'd from the rest below,
Bowing his Head against the steepy Mount,

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To climb his Happiness, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Poet. Nay, Sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his Fellows but of late,
Some better than his Value; on the moment
Follow his Strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial Whisperings in his Ear;
Make sacred even his Stirrop, and through him
Drink the free Air.

Pain. Ay marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of Mood
Spurns down her late beloved; all his Dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the Mountain's Top,
Even on their Knees and Hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining Foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune,
More pregnantly than Words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord *Timon*, that mean Eyes have seen
The Foot above the Head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon addressing himself
courteously to every Suiter.*

Tim. Imprisoned is he, say you? *[To a Messenger.]*

Mes. Ay, my good Lord. five Talents is his Debt,
His means most short, his Creditors most straight:
Your honourable Letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his Comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius!* well——
I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A Gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the Debt, and free him.

Mes. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his Ransom,
And being Enfranchized, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes.

Mef. All Happiness to your Honour.

[*Exit.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

O. Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good Father.

O. Ath. Thou hast a Servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

O. Ath. Most Noble *Timon*, call the Man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius*.

Enter Lucilius

Luc. Here, at your Lordship's Service.

O. Ath. This Fellow here, Lord *Timon*, this thy Creature
By Night frequents my House. I am a Man
That from my first have been inclin'd to Thrift,
And my Estate deserves an Heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: What further?

O. Ath. One only Daughter have I, no Kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In Qualities of the best. This Man of thine
Attempts her Love: I pray thee, Noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her Resort;
My self have spoke in vain,

Tim. The Man is honest.

O. Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in it self,
It must not bear my Daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

O. Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent Passions do instruct us,
What levity's in Youth.

Tim. Love you the Maid?

Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

O. Ath. If in her Marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine Heir from forth the Beggars of the World,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal Husband?

O. Ath. Three Talents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his Fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a Bond in Men. Give him thy Daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll Counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

O. Ath. Most noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My Hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my Promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: never may
That State or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. [Exit.

Peet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the natural Man:
For since Dishonour trafficks with Man's Nature,
He is but Out-side: The Pensil'd Figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: Wait Attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman; Give me your Hand,
We must needs dine together: Sir, your Jewel
Hath suffered under Praise.

Jew. What my Lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer variety of Commendations,
If I should Pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would clew me quire.

Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: But you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are priz'd so by their Masters. Believe't, dear Lord,
You would prize the Jewel by the wearing it,

Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter

Enter Apemantus.

Mer. No, my good Lord, he speaks the common Tongue,
Which all Men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid?

Few. We'll bear with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus*.

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timon's* Dog, and these *Knaves* honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them *Knaves*, thou know'st
them not?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians*?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Few. You know me, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy Name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* Brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be Death by the Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus*?

Apem. The best, for the Innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that Painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the Painter, and
yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a Dog.

Apem. Thy Mother's of my Generation; What's she,
if I be a Dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

Apem. No, I eat not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thoud'it anger Ladies.

Apem. O, they eat Lords,
So they come by great Bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it.
Take it for thy Labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewel, *Apemantus*?

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Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost
a Man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.
How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest:
Look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a
worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for
thy Labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o'th'
Flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with
my Heart.

Tim. What, thy self?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry Wit to be a Lord.
Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse,
All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us;
You must needs dine with me: Go not you hence
'Till I have thank't you; and when dinner's done
Shew me this piece. I am Joyful of your fights.

Exit

TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Apem. So, so, their Aches contract, and starve your supple Joints: That there should be small Love amongst these sweet Knaves, and all this Courtesie. The strain of Man's bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my Longing, and I feed Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
E'er we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different Pleasures. Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou that still omit'st it.

Lucull. Thou art going to Lord *Timon's* Feast.

Apem. Ay, to see Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Lucull. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a Fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucull. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thy self, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy self.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy Requests to thy Friend.

Lucull. Away unpeaceable Dog,
O I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a Dog, the heels o'th' Ass.

Luc. He's opposite to humanity.
Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord *Timon's* Bounty? He outgoes
The very Heart of Kindness.

Lucull. He pours it out; *Plutus*, the God of Gold;
Is but his Steward: No meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it self; no Gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return, exceeding
All use of Quittance.

Luc. The noblest Mind he carries,
That ever govern'd Man.

Lucull. Long may he live in Fortunes: Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you Company. [Exeunt.]

Hautboys Playing, Loud Musick. A great Banquet serv'd in; and then enter Lord Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly like himself.

Ven. Most honoured Timon,

It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Father's Age,
And call him to long Peace:

He is gone happy, and has left me rich.

Then as in grateful Virtue I am bound

To your free Heart, I do return those Talents,

Doubled with Thanks and Service, from whose help
I deriv'd Liberty.

Tim. O by no means,

Honest Ventidius: You mistake my Love,

I gave it freely ever, and there's none

Can truly say he gives, if he receives:

If our Betters play at that Game, we must not dare

To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A Noble Spirit.

Tim. Nay, my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first

To set a Gloss on faint Deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:

But where there is true Friendship there needs none.

Pray, sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,

Than my Fortunes to me.

[They sit down.]

Luc. My Lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? Hang'd it? Have you not?

Tim. O Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No. You shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of Doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a Churle; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a Man, 'tis much to blame:

They say, my Lords, *Ira furor brevis est,*

But yond Man is ever Angry.

Go, let him have a Table by himself:

For he does neither affect Company,

Nor

Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, *Timon*:
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome, I my self would have no Power---prethee let my Meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me: For I should ne'er flatter thee. O you Gods! What a number of Men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me to see so many dip their Meat in one Man's Blood, and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder Men dare trust themselves with Men.

Methinks they should invite them without Knives,
Good for their Meat, and safer for their Lives.

There's much Example for't, the Fellow that sits next him now, parts Bread with him, pledges the Breath of him in a divided Draught, is the readiest Man to kill him. 'T has been proved. If I were a huge Man, I should fear to drink at Meals,

Least they should spy my Wind-pipes dangerous Notes:
Great Men should drink with harness on their Throats.

Tim. My Lord in Heart; and let the Health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.

Apem. Flow this way!-----A brave Fellow! he keeps his Tides well; those Healthswill make thee and thy State look ill, *Timon*.

Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner,
Honest Water, which ne'er left Man i' th' Mire:
This and my Food are equal, there's no odds;
Feasts are too Proud to give Thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf;
I pray for no Man but my self;
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust Man on his Oath or Bond:
Or a Harlot for her Weeping,
Or a Dog that seems a Sleeping,
Or a Keeper with my Freedom,
Or my Friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't:
Rich Men Sin, and I eat Root.

Much good dich thy good Heart, *Apemantus.*

Tim. Captain,
Alcibiades, your Heart's in the Field now.

Alc. My Heart is ever at your Service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a Breakfast of Enemies, than a Dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no Meat like 'em. I could wish my Friend at such a Feast.

Apem. Would all these Flatterers were thine Enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

Luc. Might we but have the Happiness, my Lord, that you would once use our Hearts, whereby we might express some part of our Zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt, my good Friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you: How had you been my Friends else? Why have you that charitable Title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my Heart? I have told more of you to my self, than you can with Modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods, think I, what need we have any Friends, if we should never have need of 'em? They were the most needless Creatures living. should we ne'er have use for them: And would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in Cases, that keep their Sounds to themselves. Why I have often wish'd my self poorer, that I might come nearer to you: We are born to do Benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the Riches of our Friends? O what a precious Comfort 'tis to have so many like Brothers commanding one another's Fortunes! O Joy, e'en made away e'er't can be born; mine Eyes cannot hold Water, methinks: To forget their Faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like Conception in our Eyes,
 And at that instant like a Babe sprung up.

Apem.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that Babe a Bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that Trump? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you, my Lord, there are certain Ladies Most desirous of Admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their Wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, Which bears that Office to signifie their Pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with a Mask of Ladies.

Cu. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all that of his Bounties taste: The five best Senses acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to Gratulate thy plenteous Bosom. There taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy Table rise: They only now come but to feast thine Eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance. Musick make their welcome,

Luc. You see, my Lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday!

What a sweep of Vanity comes this way!

They Dance, they are mad Women.

Like Madnes is the Glory of this Life,

As this Pomp shews to a little Oyl and Root.

We make our selves Fools, to disport our selves,

And spend our flatteries, to drink those Men,

Upon whose Age we void it up again,

With poisonous Spight and Envy.

Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their Graves

Of their Friends Gift?

I should fear, those that dance before me now,

Would one Day stamp upon me: 'T has been done,

Men shut their Doors against a setting Sun.

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The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to shew their Loves, each single out an Amazon, and all Dance, Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the Harps, and cease.

Tim. You have done our Pleasures,
Much Grace, fair Ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our Entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You have added worth unto't, and lively Lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own Device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle Banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tim. Flavius:

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

There is no crossing him in's humour,
Else I should tell him——well——i' faith I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, and he could:
'Tis pity Bounty has not Eyes behind.
That Man might ne'er be wretched for his Mind.

Luc. Where be our Men?

Ser. Here, my Lord, in readiness.

Lucul. Our Horses.

Tim. O my good Friends!

I have one word to say to you: Look you, my good Lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this Jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my Lord.

Luc. I am so far already in your Gifts.

All. So are we all.

[*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! Why then another time I'll hear thee. I prithee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your Honour, Lord *Lucius*, Out of his free Love, hath presented to you Four Milk-white Horses trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: Let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What News?

3 Serv. Please you, my Lord, that honourable Gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your Company to-morrow, to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be received, not without fair Reward.

Flav. What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great Gifts, and all out of an empty Coffer: Nor will he know his Purse, or yield me this, To shew him what a Beggar his Heart is; Being of no Power to make his Wishes good, His Promises fly so beyond his State, That what he speaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word: He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't; His Land's put to their Books. Well, would I were Gently put out of Office, e'er I were forc'd: Happier is he that has no Friend to feed, Than such that do e'en Enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my Lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do your selves much wrong, You bate too much of your own Merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our Love.

1 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord.

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3 Lord. O ha's the very Soul of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know no Man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh my Friends affection with my own; I'll tell you true, I'll call to you.

All Lords. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several Visitations So kind to Heart, 'tis not enough to give, Methinks I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends, And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades, Thou art a Soldier, therefore seldom rich, It comes in Charity to thee; for all thy living Is 'mongst the dead; and all the Lands thou hast Lye in a Pitch Field.

Alc. I desire Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are so vertuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Lights.

3 Lord. The best of Happiness, Honour and Fortunes, Keep with you, Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

[Exeunt Lords.]

Apem. What a coil's here, Serving of becks and jutting out of bums? I doubt whether their Legs be worth the Sums That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of Dregs: Methinks false Hearts should never have sound Legs: Thus honest Fools lay out their wealth on Court'ties.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst Sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thy self in Paper shortly. What need these Feasts, Pomps, and Vain-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better Mulick. [Exit.]

Azem. So——Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then: I'll lock thy Heav'n from thee:
Oh that Mens Ears should be
To Counsel deaf, but not to Flattery. [Exit.]

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

S C E N E *A publick Place in the City.*

Enter a Senator.

AND late five thousand: To *Varro* and to *Isidore*
He owes nine thousand, besides my former Sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging Waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steal but a Beggar's Dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dog coins Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he; why give my Horse to *Timon*;
Ask nothing; give it him, it foals me straight
An able Horse. No Porter at his Gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his State in safety. *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your Pleasure?

Sen. Get on your Cloak, and haste you to Lord *Timon*;
Importune him for my Monies, be not ceast
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, with ——
Commend me to your Master——and the Cap
Plays in the right Hand----thus: but tell him, Sirrah,
My uses cry to me; I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates

Have

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Have smit my Credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my Back, to heal his Finger,
 Immediate are my Needs, and my Relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone,
 Put on a most importunate Aspect,
 A Visage of demand: For I do fear
 When every Feather sticks in his own Wing,
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
 Which flashes now a Phoenix: Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?

Take the Bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in. Come.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Timon's Hall.

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop, so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no account
 How things go from him, nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue: Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done? — he will not hear, 'till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from Hunting:
 Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good Evening, *Varro*; what, you come for Money?

Var. Is't not your Business too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Isidore*?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord,

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So soon as Dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My

TIMON of ATHENS. III

My Alcibiades. With me, what's your will?

[They Present their Bills.

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens here: My Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off,
To the Succession of new Days, this Month:
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble Parts, you'll suit,
In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prithee but repair to me next Morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.—

Tim. Contain thy self, good Friend.

Var. One Varro's Servant, my good Lord.—

Isid. From Isidore, he humbly prays your speedy pay-
ment —

Cap. If you did know, my Lord, my Master's wants-----

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six Weeks, and
past —

Isid. Your Steward puts me off, my Lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath: [To the Lords.

I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on, [Exe. Lords.
I'll wait upon you instantly. Come hither, pray you.
How goes the World that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of Debt, broken Bonds,
And the Detention of long since due Debts,
Against my Honour?

Fla. Please you, Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this Business:
Your Importunacy cease, 'till after Dinner,
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my Friends; see them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw near. [Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus,
let's have some sport with 'em. Var.

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Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, Dog.

Var. How dost, Fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy Shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy self. Come away.

Isid. There's the Fool hangs on your Back already!

Apem. No, thou standst single, thou art not on him yet!

Cap. Where's the Fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the Question. Poor Rogues and Usurers Men, Bawds between Gold and Want.

All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your selves, Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool:

How does your Mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on Water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at *Corinth*.

Apem. Good! Gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Master's Page.

Page. Why how now, Captain? What do you in this wise company?

How dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Would I had a Rod in my Mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prethee, *Apemantus*, read me the Supercription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little Learning die then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alciades*. Go, thou wast born a Bastard, and thou'lt die a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast welpt a Dog, and thou shalt famish, a Dog's death.

Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit
Apem,

Apem. Ev'n so thou out-run'st Grace.

Fool, I will go with you to Lord *Timon's*.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* stay at home.

You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I----

As good a trick as ever Hangman serv'd Thief.

Fool. Are you three Usurers Men?

All. Ay; Fool.

Fool. I think no Usurer but has a Fool to his Servant:

My Mistress is one, and I am her Fool; when Men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my Master's House merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whore-master, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a Whore-master, Fool?

Fool. A Fool in good Cloaths, and something like thee: 'Tis a Spirit; sometime't appears like a Lord, sometimes like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two Stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all Shapes that Man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this Spirit, walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise Man;

As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow Lover, elder Brother, And Woman; sometime the Philosopher.

Fla. Pray you walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, e'er this time, Had you not fully laid my State before me?

That

That I might so have rated my Expence,
As I had leave of means.

Fla. You would not hear me:
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some fingle Vantages you took,
When my Indisposition put you back:
And that unaptnefs made you Minister
Thus to excuse your felf.

Fla. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my Accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And fay you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me
Return fo much, I have shook my Head, and wept;
Yea againft th' Authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your Hand more clofe. I did endure
Not feldom, nor no flight Checks, when I have
Prompted you in the Ebb of your Eftate,
And your great flow of Debts; my dear lov'd-Lord,
Though you hear now, too late, yet now's a time,
The greateft of your having, lacks a half,
To pay your prefent Debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be fold.

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, fome forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly ftop the Mouth
Of prefent dues; the future comes apace:
What fhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To *Lacedemon* did my Land extend.

Fla. O my good Lord, the World is but a World,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true?

Fla. If you fufpect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before the exacteft Auditors,
And fet me on the proof. So the Gods blefs me;
When all our Offices have been opprest
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken Spilth of Wine; when every Room

Hath blaz'd with Lights, and bray'd with Minskrelsie,
I have rerir'd me to a wasteful Cock,
And set mine Eyes at flow.

Tim. Prethee no more.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I said, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal Bits have Slaves and Peasants
This Night engluttet! who is not *Timon's*?
What Heart, Head, Sword, Force, Means, but is Lord *Timon's*?
Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, Fast lost; one Cloud of Winter showres,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.

No villanous Bounty yet hath past my Heart;
Unwisely, not ignebly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep, canst thou the Conscience lack,
To think I shall lack Friends? Secure thy Heart,
If I would broach the Vessels of my Love,
And try the Arguments of Hearts, by borrowing,
Men and Mens Fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Stew. Assurance blefs your Thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them Blessings: For by these
Shall I try Friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my Fortunes:
I am wealthy in my Friends.
Within there, *Flaminius, Servilius*?

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.
You to Lord *Lucius*----to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted
with his Honour to Day---you to *Sempronius*---commend
me to their Loves, and I am proud, say, that my Occasi-
ons have found time to use 'em toward a supply of Mony;
let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Hum---

Tim.

Tim. Go you, Sir, to the Senators; [To Flavius;
Of whom, even to the States best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th' instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Fla. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your Signet and your Name,
But they do shake their Heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Fla. They answer in a joint and corporate Voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry---You are Honourable---
But yet they could have wisht---they know not-----
Something hath been amiss-----a noble Nature
May catch a Wench-----would all were well-----'tis pity---
And so intending other serious Matters,
After distastful Looks, and these hard Fractions,
With certain half Caps, and cold moving Nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prethee Man, look cheerly. These old Fellows
Have their Ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their Blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it grows again toward Earth,
Is fashion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*-----prethee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his Father, by whose Death he's stepp'd
Into a great Estate; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of Friends,
I clear'd him with five Talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembered
With those five Talents; that had, give't these Fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think;
That *Timon's* Fortunes 'mong his Friends can sink.

Stew. I would I could not think it;
That thought is bounties Foe:
Being free it self, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the City.*

*Flaminius waiting to speak with Lucullus from his Master:
Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I Have told my Lord of you, he is coming down
to you:

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. One of Lord *Timon's* Men? A Gift I warrant.
Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a Silver Basin and Ewre
to Night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very re-
spectively welcome, Sir; fill me some Wine. And how
does that Honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentleman
of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good Lord and Master?

Flam. His Health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his Health is well, Sir;
And what hast thou there under thy Cloak, pretty *Fla-
minius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty Box, Sir, which,
in my Lord's behalf, I come to intreat your Honour to sup-
ply; who having great and instant Occasion to use fifty
Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him, no-
thing doubting your present Assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la----Nothing doubting, says he?
Alas, good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would
not keep so good a House. Many a time and often I ha'
din'd with him, and told him on't, and come again to
Supper to him on purpose to have him spend less; and yet
he would embrace no Counsel, take no warning by my
coming;

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coming ; every Man hath his Fault, and Honesty is his. I ha' told him on't. but I could never get him from't.

Enter a Servant, with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your Pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt Spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason ; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee ; get you gone, Sirrah. Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius* ; thy Lord's a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wise. and thou knowest well enough (although thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend Money, especially upon bare Friendship without Security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the World should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the Money away.*]

Lucul. Ha? Now I see thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the Number that may scald thee: Let molten Coin be thy Damnation, Thou disease of a Friend, and not himself: Has Friendship such a faint and milky Heart, It turns in less than two Nights? O you Gods! I feel my Master's Passion. This Slave unto his Honour Has my Lord's Meat in him: Why should it thrive, and come to Nutriment, When he is turn'd to Poison? O may Diseases only work upon't: And when he's sick to Death, let not that part of Nature, Which my Lord paid for, be of any Power To expel Sicknes, but prolong his Hour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good Friend, and an honourable Gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, tho' we are but Strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common Rumours, now Lord *Timon's* happy Hours are done and past, and his Estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: He cannot want for Money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago, one of his Men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay, urg'd extreamly for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How!

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a strange Case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable Man? There was very little Honour shew'd in that. For my own Part, I must needs confess, I have received some small Kindnesses from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and suchlike Trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap yonder's my Lord, I have sweat to see his Honour.-----My honour'd Lord----- [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent-----

Luc. Ha! What hath he sent? I am so much endeared to that Lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. H'as only sent his present Occasion now, my Lord; requesting your Lordship to supply his instant Use, with fifty Talents.

Luc. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my Lord. If his Occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge half so faithfully.

Luc.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my Soul 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beast was I, to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn my self honourable? How unluckily it hapned, that I should purchase the Day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour? *Servilius*, now before the Gods, I am not able to do----- (the more Beast I say)-----I was sending to use Lord *Timon* my self, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the Wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no Power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest Afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable Gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own Words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

[Exit *Servilius*.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius*.

True as you said, *Timon* is shrunk indeed,

And he that's once deny'd will hardly speed.

[Exit.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hostilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

3 *Stran.* Why, this is the World's Soul;
And just of the same Piece

Is every Flatterers sport: Who can call him his Friend

That dips in the same Dish? For in my knowing,

Timon has been this Lord's Father,

And kept his Credit with his Purse:

Supported his Estate; nay, *Timon's* Mony

Has paid his Men their Wages. He ne'er drinks,

But *Timon's* Silver treads upon his Lip;

And yet, Oh see the monstroseness of Man!

When he looks out in an ungrateful Shape,

He does deny him (in respect of this)

What charitable Men afford to Beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own Part

I never tasted *Timon* in my Life,

Nor came any of his Bounties over me,

To mark me for his Friend. Yet I protest,
 For his right Noble Mind, Illustrious Virtue,
 And Honourable Carriage,
 Had his Necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my Wealth into Donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his Heart: But I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispence,
 For Policy sits above Conscience.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius,

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum——
 'Bove all others? ——

He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
 And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from Prison. All three
 Owe their Estates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
 They have all been touch'd, and all are found base Metal:
 For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? Have they deny'd him?
 Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'd him?
 And does he send to me? Three! Hum——
 It shews but little Love or Judgment in him.
 Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends, like Physicians,
 That thriv'd, give him over. Must I take th' Cure upon me?
 H'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry at him,
 That might have known my Place, I see no sense for't,
 But his Occasions might have weed me first:
 For, in my Conscience, I was the first Man
 That e'er received Gift from him.
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No:
 So it may prove an Argument of Laughter
 To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords I be thought a Fool:
 I'd rather than the worth of thrice the Sum,
 H'ad sent to me first, but for my Mind's sake:
 I'd such a Courage to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint Reply this Answer join;
 Who bates mine Honour, shall not know my Coin. [*Exit.*]

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Ser. Excellent! Your Lordship's a goodly Villain. The Devil knew not what he did, when he made Man Politick; he cross'd himself by't; And I cannot think, but in the end the Villanies of Man will set him clear. How fairly this Lord strives to appear foul? Takes virtuous Copies to be wicked: Like those that under hot, ardent Zeal, would set whole Realms on Fire; of such a nature is his politick Love.

This was my Lord's best hope, now all are fled,
Save only the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their Wards,
Many a bounteous Year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their Master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his Wealth, must keep his House. [Exit.

S C E N E II. Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other Servants of Timon's Creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, good Morrow, *Titus* and *Hortensius*.

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro*.

Hor. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and I think one Business does command us all,
For mine is Money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philo.

Luc. And Sir *Philo's* too.

Phi. Good Day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good Brother.
What do you think the Hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my Lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the Days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the Sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear:

'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timon's* Purse; that is, one may reach deep enough, and yet find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you t'observe a strange Event:
Your Lords sends now for Mony?

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timon's* Gift,
For which I wait for Mony.

Hor. It is against my Heart.

Luc. Mark how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your Lord should wear rich Jewels
And send for Mony for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this Charge, the Gods can witness:
I know my Lord hath spent of *Timon's* Wealth,
And now Ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand Crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Five thousand, mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep, and it should seem by th'Sum,
Your Master's Confidence was above mine,
Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon's* Men.

Luc. *Flaminius!* Sir, a Word: Pray is my Lord ready
to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship; pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too
diligent.

Enter Flavius in a Cloak muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir——

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you ask of me, my Friend?

Tit. We wait for certain Mony here, Sir.

Flav. If Mony were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere iure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your Sums and Bills,

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When your false Masters eat of my Lord's Meat?
Then they would smile, and fawn upon his Debts,
And take down th'Interest into their glutt'nous Maws,
You do your selves but wrong to stir me up,
Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my Lord and I have an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this Answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you,
For you serve Knaves. [Exit Flavius.]

Var. How! what does his cashier'd Worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what——he's poor, and that's revenge
enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no
House to put his Head in? Such may rail against great
Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some an-
swer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, Gentlemen, to repair some
other hour, I should derive much from't. For take't of my
Soul, my Lord leans wondrously to discontent: His com-
fortable temper has forsok him, he's much out of Health,
and keeps his Chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their Chambers, are not sick:
And if he be so far beyond his Health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his Debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Serv. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an Answer.

Flam. [within.] *Servilius*, help——my Lord! my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my Doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my House
Be my retentive Enemy? My Goal?
The Place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all Mankind, shew me an Iron Heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, here's my Bill,

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord,

Cap. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our Bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em——cleave me to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my Heart in Sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my Blood.

Luc. Five thousand Crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours?——and yours?

Var. My Lord——

Cap. My Lord——

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the Gods fall upon you.

[Exit Timon.

Hor. Faith, I perceive our Masters may throw their Caps at their Mony, these Debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a mad Man owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my Breath from me, the Slaves, Creditors! —— Devils.

Flav. My dear Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so——

Flav. My dear Lord.

Tim. I'll have it so——My Steward!

Flav. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly! ——Go, bid all my Friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus and Sempronius. All——

I'll once more Feast the Rascals.

Flav. O my Lord! you only speak from your distracted Soul; there's not so much left as to furnish out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy Care:

Go, I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide

Of Knaves once more: My Cook and i'll provide. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The City.*

Enter three Senators at one Door, Alcibiades meeting them with Attendants.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my Voice to't, the Fault's bloody ;
'Tis necessary he should die :

Nothing emboldens Sin so much as Mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, Health and Compassion to the Senate.

1 *Sen.* Now, Captain.

Alc. I am an humble Suitor to your Virtues,
For Pity is the Virtue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases Time and Fortune to lie heavy
Upon a Friend of mine, who in hot Blood
Hath stept into the Law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a Man, setting his Fate aside, of comely Virtues,
And Honour in him, which buys out his Fault ;
Nor did he soil the Fact with Cowardise,
But with a noble Fury, and fair Spirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to Death,
He did oppose his Foe ;
And with such sober and unnoted Passion
He did behave his Anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair :
Your Words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour ; which indeed
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the World
When Sects and Factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that Man can breath,
And make his Wrongs his out-sides,
To wear them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his Heart,
To bring it into Danger.

If Wrongs be Evils, and enforce us kill,
What Folly 'tis to hazard Life for ill.

Alc. My Lord!—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross Sins look clear,
To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.

Alc. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me;
If I speak like a Captain.

Why do fond Men expose themselves to Battel,
And not endure all Threats? Sleep upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be

Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;

And the Ass, more Captain than the Lion? The Fellow
Loaden with Irons, wiser than the Judge,
If Wisdom be in suffering. Oh my Lords,

As you are Great, be pitifully Good:

Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold Blood?

To kill, I grant, is Sin's extreamest Gust,

But in defence, by Mercy 'tis most Just.

To be in Anger, is Impiety:

But who is Man, that is not Angry?

Weigh but the Crime with this.

2 Sen. You breath in vain.

Alc. In vain?

His Service done at *Lacedæmon*, and *Bizantium*,
Were a sufficient Briber for his Life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. Why, I say my Lords, h'as done fair Service,
And slain in Fight many of your Enemies;

How full of Valour did he bear himself

In the last Conflict, and made plenteous Wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,

He's a sworn Rioter; he has a Sin

That often drowns him, and takes his Valour Prisoner.

If there were no Foes, that were enough

To overcome him. In that beastly Fury

He has been known to commit Outrages,

And cherish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,

His Days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd in War.
My Lords, if not for any Parts in him,
Though his right Arm might purchase his own time;
And be in debt to none; yet more to move you,
Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your Reverend Ages love Security,
I'll pawn my Victories, all my Honours to you,
Upon his good returns.

If by this Crime he owes the Law his Life,
Why let the War receive it in valiant Gore;
For Law is strict, and War is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for Law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our Displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his own Blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not be:
My Lords, I do beseech you know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your Remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!—

Alc. I cannot think but your Age hath forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common Grace.
My Wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our Anger?
'Tis in few Words, but spacious in effect.
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me! banish your Dotage, banish Usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If after two Days shine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier Judgment.
And, not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt.*

Alc. Now the Gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
Only in Bone, that none may look on you.
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their Foes
While they have told their Mony, and let out

The

Their Coin upon large Interest; I my self,
 Rich only in large Hurts,—All those, for this?
 Is this the Balsam that the usuring Senate
 Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Banishment!
 It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
 It is a Cause worthy for Spleen and Fury,
 That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
 My discontented Troops, and lay for Hearts:
 'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at odds,
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as Gods. [Exit]

SCENE IV. Timon's House.

Enter divers Senators at several Doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of the Day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you: I think this honourable
 Lord did but try us this other Day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my Thoughts tiring when we
 encountred. I hope it is not so low with him, as he
 made it seem in the tryal of his several Friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the perswasion of his new
 Feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest in-
 viting, which many my near Occasions did urge me to
 put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must
 needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in Debt to my importu-
 nate business; but he would not hear my Excuse. I am
 sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my Provision
 was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that Grief too, as I understand how
 all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every Man here's so. What would he have bor-
 rowed of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand Pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand Pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir——here he comes.

F 5

Enter

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my Heart, Gentlemen both — and how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 Sen. The Swallow follows not Summer more willingly, Than we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer-Birds are Men. Gentlemen, our Dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your Ears with the Musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as o'th' Trumpets sound: We shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what Cheer?

[The Banquet brought in.]

2 Sen. My most honourable Lord, I'm e'en tick of Shame, that when your Lordship t'other Day sent to me, I was so Unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two Hours before-----

Tim. Let it not cumber your better Remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd Dishes!

1 Sen. Royal Chear, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if Mony and the Season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? What's the News?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banisht: Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? How?

2 Sen. I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble Feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old Man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? Will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will, and so —

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim.

Tim. Each Man to his Stool, with that Spur ashe would to the Lip of his Mistrefs: Your Diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a City Feast of it, to let the Meat cool, e'er we can agree upon the first place. Sit, Sit.

The Gods require our Thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulness. For your own Gifts, make your selves prais'd: But reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each Man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of Men, Men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meat be beloved, more than the Man that gives it. Let no Assembly of twenty, be without a Score of Villains. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a Dozen of them be as they are — The rest of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens. together with the common lag of People, what is amiss in them you Gods, make sutable for Destruction. For these my present Friends — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover Dogs; and lap.

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold,
 You Knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, and lukewarm Water
 Is your Perfection. This is *Timon's* last;
 Who stuck and spangled you with Flatteries,
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your Faces
 Your reaking Villany. Live loath'd, and long,
 Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
 Courteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Bears,
 You Fools of Fortune, Trencher-Friends, Time-flies,
 Cap and Knee Slaves, Vapors, and Minute Jacks
 Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady
 Crust you quite o'er. What, dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy Physick first---thou too---and thou---

[Throwing the Dishes at them. and drives 'em out.]
 Stay, I will lend thee Mony, borrow none.

What! what, all in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
 Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Guest.

Burn House, sink *Athenis*, henceforth hated be.

Of *Timon*, Man, and all Humanity.

*[Exit.
 Enter]*

Enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the Quality of Lord *Timon's* Fury?

3 *Sen.* Push, did you see my Cap?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my Gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but Humour sways him. He gave me a Jewel th' other Day, and now he has beat it out of my Hat.

Did you see my Jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my Cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my Gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my Bones.

4 *Sen.* One Day he gives us Diamonds, next Day Stones.

[Exeunt Senators.]

ACT IV: SCENE I.

SCENE *Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. LET me look back upon thee. O thou Wall,
 That girdlest in those Wolves, dive in the Earth,
 And fence not *Athens*. Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minister in their steads to general Filths.
 Convert o'th' instant green Virginity,
 Do't in your Parents Eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast,
 Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
 And cut your Trusters Throats. Bound Servants, steal;
 Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
 And Pill by Law. Maid, to thy Master's Bed;
 Thy Mistress is o'th' Brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the li'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
 With it beat out his brains. Piety and Fear,

Religion

Religion to the Gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
 Domestick awe, Night-rest, and Neighbourhood,
 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries and Trades,
 Degrees, Observances, Customs and Laws,
 Decline to your confounding Contraries.
 And yet Confusion live: Plagues incident to Men,
 Your potent and infectious Fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke. Thou cold *Sciatica*,
 Cripple our Senators, that their Limbs may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our Youth,
 That 'gainst the Stream of Virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in Riot. Itches, Blains,
 Sow all the *Athenian* Bosoms, and their Crop
 Be general Leprosie: Breath infect Breath,
 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 Be meerly Poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But Nakedness, thou detestable Town.
 Take thou that too, with multiplying Banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
 Th' unkindest Beast much kinder than Mankind.
 The Gods confound (hear me you good Gods all)
 Th' *Athenians* both within and out that Wall;
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his Hate may grow,
 To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Timon's House.**Enter Flavius with two or three Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Hear you, Master Steward, where's our Master?
 Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my Fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the Righteous Gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a House broke!
 So Noble a Master faln! all gone! and not
 One Friend to take his Fortune by the Arm,
 And go along with him?

2 *Ser.*

2 *Ser.* As we do turn our Backs
 From our Companion, thrown into his Grave,
 So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
 Slink all away, leave their false Vows with him
 Like empty Purfes pick'd. And his poor self
 A dedicated Beggar to the Air,
 With his Disease, of all shunn'd Poverty,
 Walks like Contempt alone. More of our Fellows;

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken Implements of a ruin'd House:

3 *Ser.* Yet do our Hearts wear *Timon's* Livery,
 That see I by our Faces; we are Fellows still,
 Serving alike in Sorrow; Leak'd is our Bark,
 And we, poor Mates, stand on the dying Deck,
 Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
 Into the Sea of Air.

Flav. Good Fellows all,
 The latest of my Wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,
 Let's yet be Fellows. Let's shake our heads, and say,
 As 'twere a Knell unto our Master's Fortunes,
 We have seen better Days. Let each take some;
 Nay put out all your Hands; not one word more,
 Thus part we rich in Sorrow, parting poor.

[*He gives them Money, they Embrace, and part several ways.*
 Oh the fierce Wretchedness that Glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from Wealth exempt,
 Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with Glory, as to live
 But in a Dream of Friendship?
 To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
 But only painted like his varnish'd Friends:
 Poor honest Lord! brought low by his own Heart,
 Undone by goodness: strange unusual Blood,
 When Man's worst Sin is, he does too much good.
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For Bounty that makes Gods, does still mar Men.
 My dearest Lord, blest to be most accurs'd,
 Rich only to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy chief Afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!

He's

He's flung in a Rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous Friends:

Nor has he to supply his Life,

Or that which can command it:

I'll follow and enquire him out.

I'll ever serve his Mind, with my best will,

Whilst I have Gold, I'll be his Steward still.

[Exit]

SCENE III. *The Woods.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the Earth

Rotten Humidity: Below thy Sister's Orb

Infect the Air. Twin'd Brothers of one Womb,

Whose Procreation, Residence, and Birth,

Scarce is dividant, touch them with several Fortunes,

The greater scorns the lesser. Not Nature,

To whom all Sores lay Siege, can bear great Fortune

But by contempt of Nature.

Raise me this Beggar, and deny't that Lord,

The Senator shall bear Contempt Hereditary,

The Beggar native Honour:

It is the Pasture lards the Beggar's sides,

The want that makes him lean, Who dares? who dares?

In purity of Manhood, stand upright,

And say, this Man's a Flatterer? If one be,

So are they all, for every grize of Fortune

Is smooth'd by that below. The learned Pate

Ducks to the Golden Fool. All's Obloquy:

There's nothing level in our cursed Natures

But direct Villany. Therefore be abhorr'd,

All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of Men.

His semblable, yea himself *Timon* disdains,

Destruction phang Mankind, Earth yield me Roots,

[Digging the Earth]

Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his Pallate

With thy most operant Poison. What is here?

Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?

No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,

Roots you clear Heav'ns. Thus much of this will make

Black

136 TIMON of ATHENS.

Black, White; Foul, Fair; Wrong, Right;
 Base, Noble; Old, Young; Coward, Valiant.
 Ha, you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why, this
 Will lug your Priests and Servants from your sides:
 Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads.
 This yellow Slave
 Will knit and break Religions, bless th' accurs'd,
 Make the hoar Leprosie ador'd, place Thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation
 With Senators on the Bench: This is it
 That makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
 She, whom the Spittle-House, and ulcerous Sores,
 Would cast the gorge at; this embalms and spices
 To th' April day again. Come, damned Earth,
 Thou common Whore of Mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right Nature. [March afar off.]

Ha! a Drum? Th'art quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee——Thou'lt go (strong Thief)
 When gouty Keepers of thee cannot stand:
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drum and Fife in warlike manner,
 and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A Beast, as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy Heart
 For shewing me again the Eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy Name? is Man so hateful to thee,
 That art thy self a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a Dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
 But in thy Fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
 I not desire to know. Follow thy Drum,
 With Man's Blood paint the Ground, Gules, Gules,
 Religious Cannons, civil Laws are cruel,
 Then what should War be? This fell Whore of thine,
 Hath in her more destruction than thy Sword,
 For all her Cherubin look,

Phry.

Phry. Thy Lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns
To thine own Lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moon does, by wanting Light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the Moon;
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what Friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my Opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but perform none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a Man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou
art a Man.

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had Prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* Minion, whom the World
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes,

Tim. Be a Whore still, they love thee not that use thee,
give them Diseases, leaving with thee their Lust. Make
use of thy salt Hours, season the Slaves for Tubs and Baths,
bring down Rose-cheek'd Youth to the Fubfast, and the
Diet.

Timan. Hang thee, Monster.

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his Wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth daily make revolt
In my penurious Band. I heard and griev'd,
How cursed *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great Deeds, when neighbour States,
But for thy Sword and Fortune, trod upon them---

Tim. I prethee beat thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alc.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Here is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap.

Tim. War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villains
Thou wast born to conquer my Country.
Put up thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, go on;
Be as a planetary Plague, whom *Jove*
Will, o'er some high-vic'd City, hang his poison
In the sick Air: let not thy Sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Usurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her Habit only that is honest,
Her self's a Bawd. Let not the Virgin's Cheek
Make soft thy trenchant Sword; for those Milk-Paps
That through the window Barn bore at Mens Eyes,
Are not within the Leaf of Pity writ,
But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whose dimpled smiles from Fools exhaust their Mercy;
Think it a Bastard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the Throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against Objects,
Put Armour on thine Ears, and on thine Eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of Mothers, Maids, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's Gold to pay thy Soldiers.
Make large Confusion; and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy self. Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet? I'll take the Gold thou givest
me. not all thy Counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heav'n's Curse upon
thee.

Both. Give us some Gold, good *Timon*, hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up, you Sluts,

Your

Your Aprons mountant, you are not Othable,
 Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
 Th'immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths:
 I'll trust to your Conditions, be Whores still.
 And he whose pious Breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in Whore, allure him, burn him up.
 Let your close Fire predominate his Smoak,
 And be no Turn-coats: yet may your pains six Months
 Be quite contrary. And thatch
 Your poor thin Roofs, with burthens of the Dead,
 (Some that were hang'd) no matter:
 Wear them, betray with them; whore still.
 Paint 'till a Horse may mire upon your Face;
 A Pox of Wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold——what then?
 Believe that we'll do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow Bones of Man, strike their sharp Shins,
 And mar Mens spurring. Crack the Lawyer's Voice,
 That he may never more false Title plead,
 Nor sound his Quillets shrilly. Hoar the Flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of Flesh,
 And not believes himself: Down with the Nose,
 Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee [bald,
 Smells from the general Weal. Make curl'd-pate Ruffians
 And let the unscarr'd Braggarts of the War
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
 That your activity may defeat, and quell
 The source of all Erection. There's more Gold.
 Do you Damn others, and let this Damn you,
 And Ditches grave you all.

Both. More counsel with more Mony, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More Whore, more Mischief first; I have given
 you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards *Athens*; farewell *Timon*:
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim.

Alc. Why fare thee well:
Here is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

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And mince it sans remorse. Swear against Objects,
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Whose proof, nor yells of Mothers, Maids, nor Babes,
Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,
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Confounded be thy self. Speak not, be gone.

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thee.

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 Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues
 Th'immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths:
 I'll trust to your Conditions, be Whores still.
 And he whose pious Breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in Whore, allure him, burn him up.
 Let your close Fire predominate his Smoak,
 And be no Turn-coats: yet may your pains six Months
 Be quite contrary. And thatch
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 (Some that were hang'd) no matter:
 Wear them, betray with them; whore still.
 Paint 'till a Horse may mire upon your Face;
 A Pox of Wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold——what then?
 Believe that we'll do any thing for Gold.

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 In hollow Bones of Man, strike their sharp Shins,
 And mar Mens spurring. Crack the Lawyer's Voice,
 That he may never more false Title plead,
 Ner sound his Quillets shrilly. Hoar the Flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of Flesh,
 And not believes himself: Down with the Nose,
 Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee [bald,
 Smells from the general Weal. Make curl'd-pate Ruffians
 And let the unscarr'd Braggarts of the War
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
 That your activity may defeat, and quell
 The source of all Erektion. There's more Gold.
 Do you Damn others, and let this Damn you,
 And Ditches grave you all.

Both. More counsel with more Mony, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More Whore, more Mischief first; I have given
 you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the Drum towards *Athens*; farewell *Timon*:
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike. [Exit *Alc.*]

Tim. That Nature being sick of Man's Unkindness
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whose Womb unmeasurable, and infinite Breast
Teems and feeds all; whose self-same mettle
Whereof thy proud Child, arrogant Man, is puff,
Engenders the black Toad, and Adder blue,
The gilded Newt, and Eyeless venom'd Worm,
With all the abhorred Births below crisp Heav'n,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning Fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human Sons do's hate,
From forth thy plenteous Bosom, one poor Root.
Ensear thy Fertile, and Conception's Womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful Man.
Go great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves and Bears,
Teem with new Monsters, whom thy upward Face
Hath to the marbled Mansion all above
Never presented. O, a Root----dear Thanks:
Dry up thy Marrows, Veins, and Plough-torn Leas,
Whereof ingrateful Man with Liquorish Draughts
And Morfels unctious, greases his pure Mind,
That from it all Consideration slips-----

Enter Apemantus.

More Man? Plague, Plague.

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a Dog
Whom I would imitate; Consumption catch thee.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but affected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy, sprung
From change of Fortune. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave-like Habit, and these looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet wear Silk, drink Wine, lye soft,
Hug their diseased Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.

Be thou a Flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy Knee,
 And let his very Breath whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy Cap; praise his most vicious Strain,
 And call it excellent; thou wast told thus:
 Thou gav'st thine Ears, like Tapsters, that bid welcome,
 To Knaves, and all Approachers: 'Tis most just
 That thou turn Rascal, hadst thou Wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my Likeness:

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my self.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thy self, being like thy self,
 A Mad-man so long, now a Fool: What think'st
 That the bleak Air, thy boisterous Chamberlain,
 Will put thy Shirt on warm? Will these moist Trees,
 That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy Heels,
 And Skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold Brook
 Candied with Ice, cawdle thy Morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's Surfeit? Call the Creatures,
 Whose naked Natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful Heav'n, whose bare unhousted Trunks,
 To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
 Answer meer Nature; bid them flatter thee;
 Oh! thou shalt find-----

Tim. A Fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st Misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a Villain's Office, or a Fool's.
 Dost please thy self in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a Knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sowre cold Habit on
 To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou
 Dost it enforcedly: Thou'dst Courtier be again,
 Wert thou not Beggar; willing Misery
 Out-lives incertain Pomp; is crown'd before:

142 TIMON of ATHENS.

The one is filling still, never Compleat;
The other, at high wish, best state Contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched Being,
Worse than the worst, Content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his Breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a Slave, whom Fortune's tender Arm
With Favour never claspt; but bred a Dog.
Hadst thou like us from our first swath proceeded,
Through sweet Degrees that this brief World affords,
To such as may the passive Drugs of it
Freely command; thou wouldst have plung'd thy self
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Lust, and never learn'd
The icy Precepts of Respect, but followed
The Sugared Game before thee. But my self,
Who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Mouths, the Tongues, the Eyes, the Hearts of Men,
At Duty more than I could frame Employments;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the Oak, have with one Winters brush
Fall'n from their Boughs, and left me open bare,
For every Storm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy Nature did commence in Sufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate Men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt Curse; thy Father, that poor Rag,
Must be thy Subject; who in spight put stuff
To some She-Beggar; and compounded thee
Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence! be gone—
If thou hadst not been the worst of Men,
Thou hadst been a Knave and Flatterer:

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I; that I was no Prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the Wealth I have staut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone,
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this,

Thus would I eat it. [Eating a Root.

Apem. Here will I mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy Company, take away thy self.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind; if thou wilt,
Tell them there I have Gold, look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for Gold.

Tim. The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st a Nights, *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou a Days; *Apemantus*?

Apem. Where my Stomach finds Meat, or rather where
I eat it.

Tim. Would Poison were obedient, and knew my Mind.

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy Dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
the extremity of both Ends. When thou wast in thy Gilt,
and thy Perfume, they mockt thee, for too much curio-
sity; in thy Rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for
the contrary. There's a Medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a Medler?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, thou shouldst
have loved thy self better now. What Man didst thou ever
know unthrift, that was beloved after his Meas?

Tim. Who without those Means thou talk'st of, didst
thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My self.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some Means to keep
a Dog.

Apem. What things in the World canst thou nearest
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but Men, Men are the things
themselves. What wouldst thou do with the World, *Ape-*
mantus, if it lay in thy Power? *Apem.*

Apem. Give it the Beasts, to be rid of the Men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion of Men, and remain a Beast with the Beasts ?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to. If thou wert the Lion, the Fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the Lamb, the Fox would eat thee; if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accus'd by the Ass; if thou wert the Ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'st but as a Breakfast to the Wolf. If thou wert the Wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy Life for thy Dinner. Wert thou the Unicorn, Pride and Wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the Conquest of thy Fury. Wert thou a Bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the Horse; wert thou a Horse, thou wouldst be seized by the Leopard; wert thou a Leopard, thou wert German to the Lion, and the spots of thy Kindred, were Jurors on thy Life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy Defence absence. What Beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a Beast; and what a Beast art thou already, and feest not thy Loss in Transformation.

Apem. If thou couldst please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Have hit upon it here.

The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become
A Forest of Beasts.

Tim. How has the Ass broke the Wall, that thou art
out of the City ?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter.....
The Plague of Company light upon thee;
I will fear to catch it, and give way.
When I know not what else to do,
I'll see thee again:

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou shalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggar's Dog
Than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough
To spit upon.

Apem. A Plague on thee.
Thou art too bad to Curse.

Tim. All Villains
That do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no Leprosie
But what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, I'll beat thee;
But I should infect my Hands.

Apem. I would my Tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of mangy a Dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swound to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall lose
a Stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! Rogue! Rogue!
I am sick of this false World, and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon't:
Then *Timon* presently prepare thy Grave;
Lye where the Light Foam of the Sea may beat
Thy Grave-stony daily; make thine Epitaph,
That Death in me, at others Lives may laugh.
O thou sweet King-Killer, and dear Divorce
'Twixt natural Son and Sire; thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen's* purest Bed; thou valiant *Mars*,
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate Wooer,
Whose Blush doth thaw the consecrated Snow,
That lies on *Dian's* Lap. Thou visible God,
That souldrest close Impossibilities,
And mak'st them kifs; that speak'st with every Tongue
To every purpose; Or thou touch of Hearts,
Think thy slave Man Rebels, and by thy Virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that Beasts
May have the World in Empire.

Apem. Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. I'll say th' hast Gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy Back, I prethee,

Apem. Live, and love thy Misery,

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like Men——

Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them,

[*Exit Apeman.*]

Enter the Banditti.

1 Band. Where should he have this Gold? It is some
poor Fragment, some slender Ort of his Remainder: The
meer want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends,
drove him into this Melancholy.

2 Band. It is nois'd
He hath a Mass of Treasure.

3 Band. Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not
for't, he will supply us easily: If he covetously reserve it,
how shall's get it?

2 Band. True; for he bears it not about him:
'Tis hid.

1 Band. Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 Band. 'Tis his Description.

3 Band. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now Thieves.

All. Soldiers; not Thieves.

Tim. Both too, and Womens Sons.

All. We are not Thieves, but Men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of Meat,
Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots;
Within this Mile break forth an hundred Springs;
The Oaks bear Masts, the Briers Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each Bush,
Lays her full Mefs before you. Want? why want?

1 Band.

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1 *Band.* We cannot live on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes

Tim. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and Fishes,
You must eat Men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Thieves profess; that you work not
In holier Shapes; for there is boundless Theft
In limited Professions. Rascal Thieves,
Here's Gold. Go, suck the subtle Blood o'th' Grape,
'Till the high Feaver seeth your Blood to Froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physician,
His Antidotes are Poison, and he slays
More than you Rob: Take wealth, and live together,
Do Villany do, since you protest to do't,
Like Workmen, I'll Example you with Thievery:
The Sun's a Thief, and with his great Attraction
Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an Arrant Thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun.
The Sea's a Thief, whose liquid Surge resolves
The Moon into Salt Tears. The Earth's a Thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln
From gen'ral Excrement: Each thing's a Thief.
The Laws, your curb and whip, in their rough Power
Has uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold; Cut Throats;
All that you meet are Thieves: To *Athens* go,
Break open Shops, nothing can you Steal
But Thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this I give you,
And Gold confound you howsoever: *Amen.* [Exit.

3 *Band.* H'as almost charm'd me from my Profession,
by perswading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of Mankind, that he thus ad-
vises us, not to have us thrive in our Mystery.

2 *Band.* I'll believe him as an Enemy,
And give over my Trade.

1 *Band.* Let us first see Peace in *Athens*, there is no time
so miserable but a Man may be true. [Exeunt Thieves.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Woods and Timon's Cave.**Enter Flavius to Timon.*

Flav. OH you Gods!
 Is yond despis'd and ruinous Man my Lord?
 Full of decay and failing? Oh Monument
 And wonder of good Deeds, evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of honour has desp'rate want made?
 What vilder thing upon the Earth, than Friends,
 Who can bring noblest Minds to basest Ends?
 How rarely does it meet with this times guise,
 When Man was wisht to love his Enemies:
 Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do.
 H'as caught me in his Eye, I will present my honest Grief
 Unto him; and, as my Lord, still serve him with my Life.
 My dearest Master.

Tim. Away: What art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all Men.
 Then if thou grun'st th'art a Man,
 I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor Servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest Man about me, I, all
 I kept were Knaves, to serve in Meat to Villains.

Flav. The Gods are witness,
 Never did poor Steward wear a truer Grief
 For his undone Lord, than mine Eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? Come nearer, then I love
 thee

Because thou art a Woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinty Mankind; whose Eyes do never give,
 But through Lust and Laughter. Pity's Sleeping;
 Strange times that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Flav.

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my Grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy Face: Surely, this Man
Was born of Woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual sober Gods. I do proclaim
One honest Man; Mistake me not, but one.
No more I pray, and he's a Steward.
How fain would I have hated all Mankind,
And thou redeem'st thy self: But all save thee,
I fell with Curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise:
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another Service,
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Upon their first Lord's Neck. But tell me true,
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
Is't not a usuring Kindness, and as rich Men deal Gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy Master, in whose Breast
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;
Suspect still comes where an Estate is least.
That which I shew, Heav'n knows, is meerly Love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched Mind,
Care of your Food and Living: And believe it,
My most honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one Wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your self.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so; thou singly honest Man,
Here take; the Gods out of my misery,
Have sent thee Treasure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd; thou shalt build from Men:

Hate all, Curse all, shew Charity to none,
 But let the famisht Flesh slide from the Bone,
 Ere thou relieve the Beggar. Give to Dogs
 What thou deny'st to Men. Let Prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing, be Men like blasted Woods,
 And may Diseases lick up their false Bloods,
 And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O let me stay and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curses,
 Stay not; Fly, whilst thou art blest and free;
 Ne'er see thou Man, and let me ne'er see thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
 Where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
 Does the Rumour hold for true,
 That he's so full of Gold?

Pain. Certain.

Alcibiades reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra*
 Had Gold of him, he likewise enrich'd
 Poor stragling Soldiers, with great quantity.
 'Tis said, he gave unto his Steward
 A mighty Sum,

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
 Has been but a try for his Friends?

Pain. Nothing else:

You shall see him a Palm in *Athens* again,
 And flourish with the highest.
 Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our Loves
 To him, in this suppos'd distress of his:
 It will shew honestly in us,
 And is very likely to load our purposes
 With what they travel for,
 If it be a just and true Report, that goes
 Of his having.

Poet. What have you now
 To present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time
 But my Visitation: Only I will promise him
 An excellent Piece.

Poet.

Poet. I must serve him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best,
Promising is the very Air o' th' Time;
It opens the Eyes of Expectation.
Performance is ever the duller for his act,
And but in the plainer and simpler kind of People,
The deed of Saying is quite out of use.
To promise, is most Courtly and Fashionable;
Performance is a kind of Will or Testament,
Which argues a great Sicknes in his Judgment
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Tim. Excellent Workman,
Thou canst not paint a Man so bad
As is thy self.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I have provided for him:
It must be a personating of himself;
A Satyr against the softness of Prosperity,
With a Discovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow Youth and Opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs
Stand for a Villain in thine own Work?
Wilt thou whip thine own Faults in other Men?
Do so, I have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seek him.
Then do we Sin against our own Estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:
When the Day serves before black corner'd Night;
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn:
What a God's Gold, that he is worshipt
In a baser Temple, than where Swine feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Bark, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worship, and thy Saints for aye
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.

'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble Master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest Men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your Bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your Friends falln off,
Whose thankless Natures, Oh abhorred Spirits!
Not all the Whips of Heav'n are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose Star-like Nobleness gave Life and Influence
To their whole Being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any size of Words.

Tim. Let it go,

Naked Men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and my self,
Have travell'd in the great Shower of your Gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest Men.

Pain. We are hither come
To offer you our Service.

Tim. Most honest Men!
Why how shall I requite you?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold Water? no.

Both. What we can do,
We'll do, to do you Service.

Tim. Y'are honest Men;
You've heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speak truth, y'are honest Men.

Pain. So it is said, my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest Man; thou draw'st a Counterfeit
Best in all *Athens*, thou'rt indeed the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say. And for thy Fiction,
Why thy Verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Natural in thine Art:

But

But for all this, my honest-natur'd Friends,
I must needs say you have a little Fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble;
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep him in your Bosom, yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up Villain.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you,
I love you well, I'll give you Gold,
Rid me these Villains from your Companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in the draught,
Confound them by some Course, and come to me,
I'll give you Gold enough.

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this;
But two in Company:
Each Man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch Villain keeps him Company:
If where thou art, two Villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou would'st not reside
But where one Villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack, there's Gold, ye came for Gold, ye Slaves;
You have work for me; there's Payment, thence,
You are an Alchymist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascal Dogs. [Beating and driving 'em out.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon:
For he is set so only to himself,

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That nothing but himself, which looks like Man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.

It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
To speak with *Timon*.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same; 'twas Time and Griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer Hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former Days,
The former Man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his Cave:

Peace and Content be here, *Timon!* *Timon!*
Look out, and speak to Friends: Th' *Athenians*
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee;
Speak to them, Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort burn,
Speak and be hang'd:
For each true Word a Blister, and each false
Be as a Cauterizing to the root o' th' Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

1 *Sen.* Worthy *Timon*.

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

2 *Sen.* The Senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

Tim. I thank them.

And would send them back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O forget

What we are sorry for our selves in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of Love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*, who have thought
On special Dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general gross,
Which now the publick Body, which doth seldom
Play the Recanter, feeling in it self
A lack of *Timon's* Aid, hath Sense withal

Of it's own fall, restraining Aid to *Timon*,
 And sends forth us to make their sorrowed render,
 Together with a Recompence more fruitful
 Than their Offence can weigh down by the Dram,
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of Love and Wealth,
 As shall to thee blot out what Wrongs were theirs,
 And write in thee the Figures of their Love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it.

Surprize me to the very brink of Tears:
 Lend me a Fool's Heart, and a Woman's Eyes,
 And I'll bewEEP these Comforts, worthy Senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,
 And of our *Athens*, thine and ours to take
 The Captainship, thou shalt be met with Thanks,
 Allowed with absolute Power, and thy good Name
 Live with Authority: so soon we shall drive back
 Of *Alcibiades* the approaches wild,
 Who like a Boar too savage, doth root up
 His Country's Peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threatening Sword
 Against the Walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon*——

Tim. Well Sir, I will; therefore I will Sir, thus——
 If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
 Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
 That *Timon* cares not. But if he sack fair *Athens*,
 And take our goodly aged Men by th' Beards,
 Giving our Holy Virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly mad-brain'd War;
 Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it,
 In pity of our Aged, and our Youth,
 I cannot chuse but tell him that I care not,
 And let him take't at worst; for their Knives care not;
 While you have Throats to answer. For my self,
 There's not a whittle in th' unruly Camp,
 But I do prize it at my Love, before
 To reverend'st Throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
 To the Protection of the prosperous Gods,
 As Thieves to Keepers.

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Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seen to Morrow. My long sickness
Of Health and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague; you his;
And last so long enough.

1 Sen. We speak in vain:

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common Brute doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrymen.

1 Sen. These Words become your Lips, as they pass thro⁹
them.

2 Sen. And enter into our Ears like great Triumphers
In their applauding Gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their Grievs,
Their fears of Hostile Strokes, their Aches, Losses,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throws
That Nature's fragile Vessel doth sustain
In Life's uncertain Voyage, I will some kindness do them,
I'll teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades* Wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his taste;
Come hither e'er my Tree hath felt the Ax,
And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his Everlasting Mansion
Upon the beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Which once a Day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,

And

And let my Grave-stone be your Oracle:
Lips, let four words go by, and Language end:
What is amiss, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves only be Mens Works, and Death their Gain,
Sun, hide thy Beams, *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[Exit *Timon*.]

1 *Sen.* His Discontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dead peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his Files
As full as they report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

Besides, his Expedition promises present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Courier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like Friends. This Man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,
With Letters of Intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th' cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the Air with Dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the Fall, I fear, our Foes the Snare. [Exeunt.]

Enter a Soldier in the Woods, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all Description this should be the Place.
Who's here? Speak ho.----No answer?----What is this?----
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his Span,
Some Beast read this; there does not live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave; what's on this Tomb?
I cannot read; the Character I'll take with Wax;
Our Captain hath in every Figure skill,

AN

An aged Interpreter, tho' young in Days:
 Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
 Whose Fall the mark of his Ambition is.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious Town,
 Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a Parley. The Senators appear upon the Walls.*]

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all licentious Measure, making your Wills
 The scope of Justice. 'Till now my self, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your Power,
 Have wander'd with our travest Arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
 When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
 Cries, of it self, no more: Now breathless wrong,
 Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
 And puffy Insolence shall break his Wind
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young;
 When thy first Griets were but a meer Conceit,
 Ere thou hadst Power, or we had cause to fear,
 We sent to thee, to give thy Rages Balm,
 To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loves
 Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
 Transformed *Timon* to our City's Love
 By humble Message, and by promis'd Means:
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of War.

1 Sen. These Walls of ours
 Were not erected by their Hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your Grief: Nor are they such
 That these great Towers, Trophies, and Schools should fall
 For private Faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living
 Who were the Motives that you first went out,
 Shame, that they wanted Cunning in excess,

Hath

Hath broke their Hearts. March, Noble Lord,
 Into our City with thy Banners spread,
 By Decimation and a tithed Death;
 If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
 Which Nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth,
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended:
 For those that were, it is not square to take,
 On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands,
 Are not inherited. Then dear Countryman,
 Bring in thy Ranks, but leave without thy Rage,
 Spare thy *Athenian* Cradle, and those Kin
 With those that have offended, like a Shepherd,
 Approach the Fold, and cull th' Infected forth,
 But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy Smile,
 Than hew to't with thy Sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy Foot
 Against our rampir'd Gates, and they shall ope:
 So thou wilt send thy gentle Heart before,
 To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy Glove,
 Or any token of thine Honour else,
 That thou wilt use the Wars as thy Redress,
 And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
 Shall make their harbour in our Town, 'till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,
 Descend, and open your uncharged Ports,
 Those Enemies of *Timon's*, and mine own,
 Whom you your selves shall set out for Reproof,
 Fall, and no more; and to atone your Fears
 With my more noble Meaning, not a Man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the Stream
 Of regular Justice in your City's bounds,
 But shall be remedied by your publick Laws
 At heaviest answer,

Both.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your Words.

Enter a Messenger.

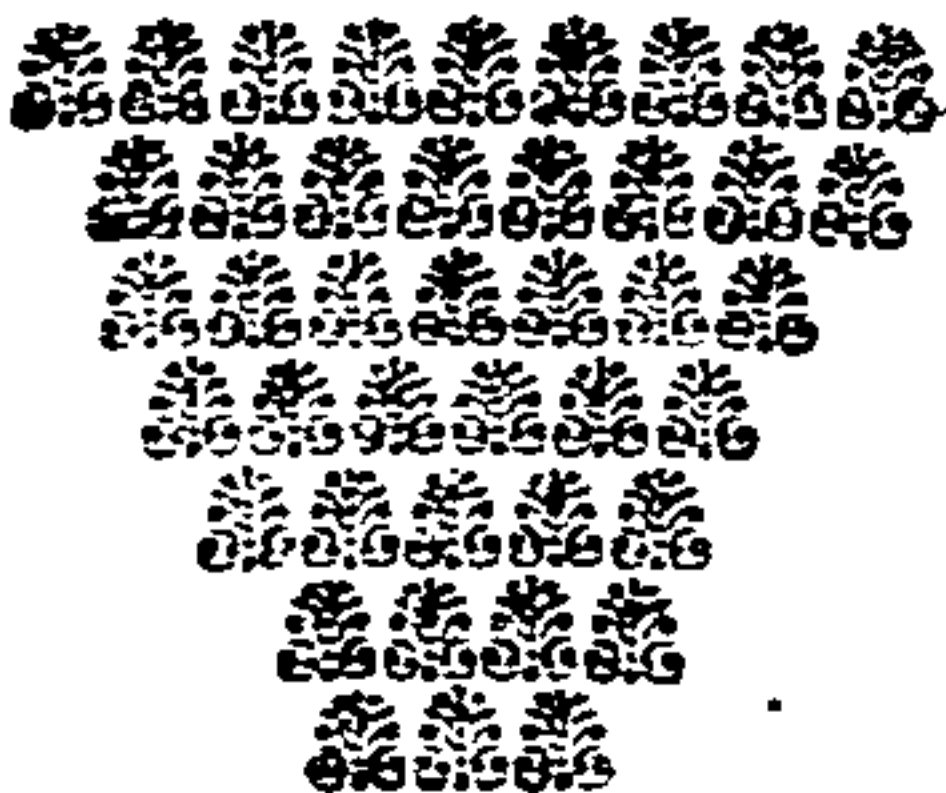
Mes. My noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture, which
With Wax I brought away; whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poor Ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.*]

*Here lyes a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my Name: A Plague consume you Caitiffs left.
Here lye I Timon, who all living Men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy Gate.*

These well express in thee thy latter Spirits:
Tho' thou abhorred'st in us our human Griefs,
Scorn'dst our Brains flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low Grave; on Faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whose Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive with my Sword;
Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War, make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.
Let our Drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]



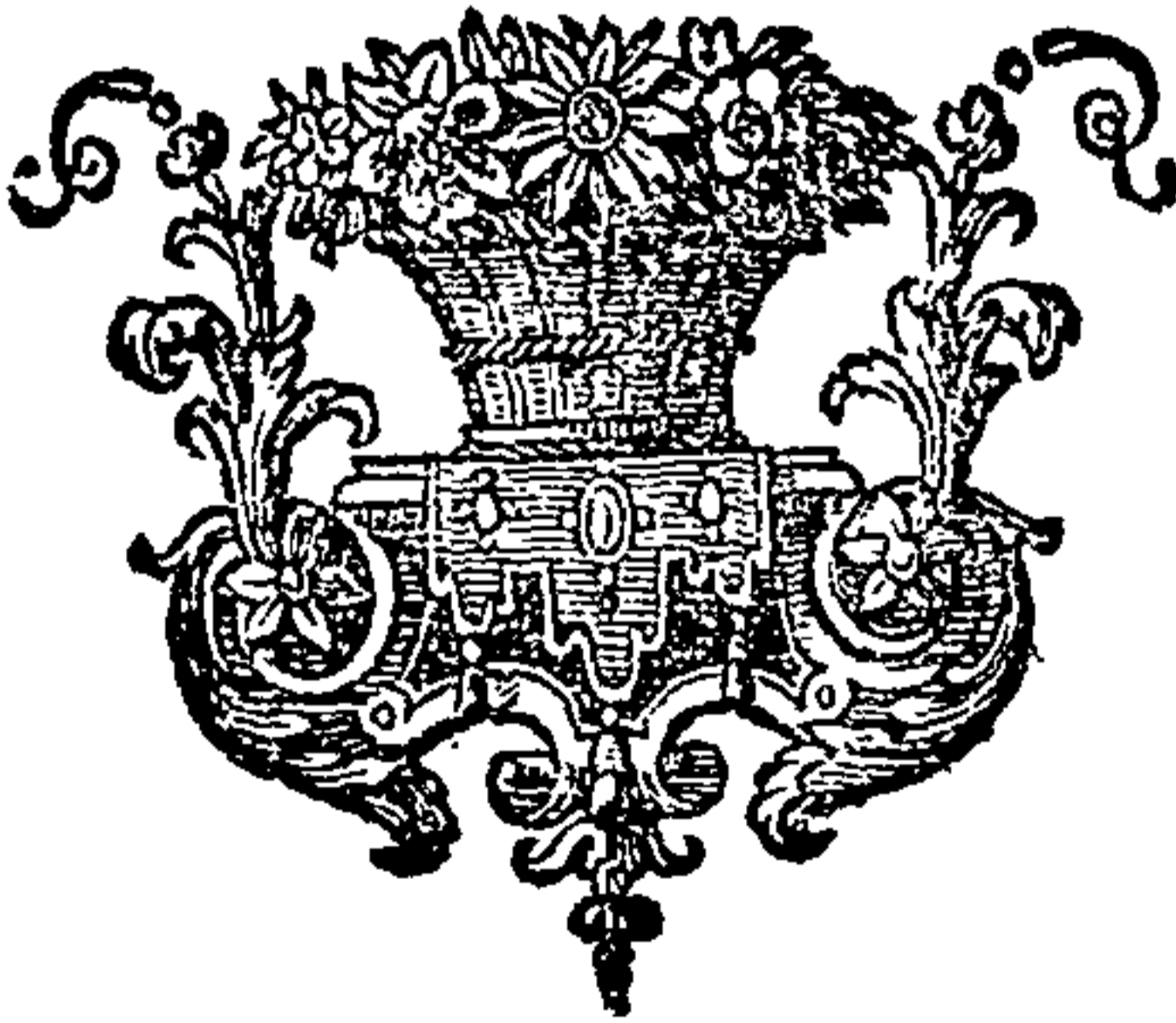


J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.

A

T R A G E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS Cæsar.

J OCTAVIUS Cæsar.

M. Antony.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Caska,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius,

Murellus,

Artemidorus, a Sooth-sayer.

Messala,

Titinius,

Cinna, the Poet.

Lucius, Servant to Brutus.

} Conspirators against Julius
Cæsar.

} Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Portia, Wife to Brutus.

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE for the Three first Acts and beginning of the Fourth in Rome, for the remainder of the Fourth near Sardis, for the Fifth in the Fields of Philippi.



JULIUS



JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

*Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners
over the Stage.*

FLAVIUS.



FENCE; Home you idle Creatures, get
you home;

Is this a Holy-day? What, know you not,
Being Mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring Day, without the Sign
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade
art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?
You Sir, what Trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman I am but
as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
Conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad Soals.

Flav. What Trade, thou Knave? thou naughty Knave,
what Trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me; yet
if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou
fawcy Fellow?

Cob.

Cob. Why, Sir, Cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is the Awl: I meddle with no Tradesman's Matters, nor Woman's Matters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir, a Surgeon to old Shooes; when they are in great Danger, I recover them. As proper Men as ever trod upon Neats-Leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to Day? Why dost thou lead these Men about the Streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their Shooes, to get myself into more work. But indeed Sir, we make Holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoice! — What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
 To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels?
 You Blocks, you Stones, you worse than senseless Things?
 O you hard Hearts! You cruel Men of *Rome*!
 Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
 To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney tops,
 Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sat
 The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*?
 And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an Universal Shout,
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath his Banks
 To hear the Replication of your Sounds,
 Made in his Concave Shores?
 And do you now put on your best Attire?
 And do you now cull out an Holy-day?
 And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
 That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* Blood?
 Be gone —

Run to your Houses, fall upon your Knees,
 Pray to the Gods, to intermit the Plague,
 That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this Fault
 Assemble all the poor Men of your sort,

Draw

Draw them to *Tyber* Bank, and weep your Tears
 Into the Channel, 'till the lowest Stream
 Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all. [*Exeunt Commoners.*
 See where their basest Mettle be not mov'd,
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their Guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
 This way will I; Disrobe the Images,
 If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter, let no Images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* Trophies; I'll about,
 And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick:
 These growing Feathers pluckt from *Cæsar's* Wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary Pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of Men,
 And keep us all in servile Fearfulness. [*Exeunt;*

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia,
 Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer;
 after them Murcellus and Flavius.*

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Here, my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
 When he doth run his Course.---*Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonio*,
 To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders say,
 The Barren touched in this holy Chase,
 Shake off their steril Course.

Ant. I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, Do this; it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Cask. Bid every Noise be still; Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the Prefs that calls on me?

I hear a Tongue, shriller than all the Musick,

Cry,

Cry, *Cæsar*: Speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. What Man is that?

Brut. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his Face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the Throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him; Pass.

[*Exeunt. Manent Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the Course?

Brut. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

Brut. I am not Gamesom; I do lack some part

Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your Desires;

I'll leave you.

Cæs. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your Eyes that Gentleness
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a Hand
Over your Friends, that love you.

Brut. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my Look,
I turn the Trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with Passions of some Difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some Soil, perhaps, to my Behaviour:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
Among which Number *Cassius* be you one,
Nor construe any further my Neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at War,
Forgets the shews of Love to other Men.

Cæs. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your Passion,
By Means whereof, this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great Value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, can you see your Face?

Brut. No, *Cassius*; for the Eye sees not it self,
But by Reflection, by some other things.

Cæs.

Cas. 'Tis just,
 And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
 That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your Eye,
 That you might see your Shadow. I have heard
 Where many of the best Respect in Rome,
 Except immortal *Cæsar*, speaking of *Brutus*,
 And groaning underneath this Age's Yoak,
 Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his Eyes.

Bru. Into what Dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*?
 That you would have me seek into my self,
 For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
 And since you know you cannot see your self
 So well as by Reflection; I, your Glass,
 Will modestly discover to your self
 That of your self, which yet you know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*;
 Were I a common Laugher, or did use
 To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
 To every new Protestor; if you know
 That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them; or if you know,
 That I profess my self in Banqueting
 To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*
Bru. What means this Shouting? I do fear, the People
 Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well:
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it, that you would impart to me?
 If it be ought toward the general Good,
 Set Honour in one Eye, and Death i'th' other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that Virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
 As well as I do know your outward Favour;

Well;

Well, Honour is the subject of my Story:
 I cannot tell, what you and other Men
 Think of this Life; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a Thing as I my self.
 I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the Winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty Day,
 The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his Shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
 Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
 And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bad him follow; so indeed he did.
 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with Hearts of Controverfie.
 But e'er we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
 I, as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his Shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the Waves of *Tyber*
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this Man
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his Body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
 His coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did lose his Lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that Tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
 Alas! it cry'd—Give me some drink, *Titinius*-----
 As a sick Girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A Man of such a feeble Temper should
 So get the Start of the majestick World,
 And bear the Palm alone.

[Short. Flourish.
Brw.]

Brut. Another general Shout?

I do believe, that these Applauses are
For some new Honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Why Man, he doth bestride the narrow World
Like a *Colossus*, and we petty Men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about
To find our selves dishonourable Graves.

Men at some times are Masters of their Fates:
The Fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
But in our selves, that we are Underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*. What should be in that *Cæsar*?
Why should that Name be founded more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a Name;
Sound them, it doth become the Mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; Conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

Now in the Names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what Meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one Man?
When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide Walls incompast but one Man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough
When there is in it but one only Man.

O! you and I have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.

Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter: For this present,
I would not so (with Love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with Patience hear, and find a time
But meet to hear, and answer such high Things.
'Till then, my noble Friend, chew upon this;

Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
Under such hard Conditions, as this Time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak Words
Have struck but thus much shew of Fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Brut. The Games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Caska* by the Sleeve,
And he will, after his sower Fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy Note to day.

Brut. I will do so: But look you, *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s Brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden Train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery Eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross in Conference with some Senators.

Cas. *Caska* will tell us what the Matter is.

Cas. *Antonio*.

Ant. *Cæsar*.

Cas. Let me have Men about me that are Fat,
Sleek-headed Men, and such as sleep a-Nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry Look,
He thinks too much; such Men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my Name were liable to fear,
I do not know the Man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Observer, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of Men. He loves no Plays,
As thou dost. *Antony*; he hears no Musick:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his Spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such Men as he be never at Hearts ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
 Come on my right Hand, for this Ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

Cask. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to Day,
 That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his Hand, thus, and then the People fell a Shouting.

Bru. What was the second Noise for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last Cry for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cask. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cask. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Cask. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of these Coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his Fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the Rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt Hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking Breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own

part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Air.

Cas. But soft I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* swoon?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at Mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the Falling-Sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you and I, And honest *Caska*; we have the Falling-Sickness.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down; if the tag-rag People did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true Man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut; and I had been a Man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his Infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alas, good Soul——and forgave him with all their Hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

Cask. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' Face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their Heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more News too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfs off *Cæsar*'s Images, are put to Silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas.

Cas. Will you sup with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to Morrow?

Cask. Ay, if I be alive, and your Mind hold, and your Dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do so: Farewel both.

[*Exit.*

Brn. What a blunt Fellow is this grown to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.

Cas. So is he now, in Execution Of any bold or noble Enterprize, However he puts on this tardy Form: This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which gives Men stomach to digest his Words With better Appetites.

Brn. And so it is: For this time I will leave you. To morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: 'till then, think of the World.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well *Brutus*; thou art Noble: Yet I see Thy honourable Mettle may be wrought From that it is dispos'd, therefore 'tis meet That noble Minds keep ever with their likes: For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cas. doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*. If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*, He should not humour me. I will this Night, In several Hands, in at his Windows throw, As if they came from several Citizens, Writings, all tending to the great Opinion That *Rome* holds of his Name: Wherein obscurely *Cas.*'s Ambition shall be glanced at.

And after this, let *Cas.* seat him sure,

For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter *Caska*, his Sword drawn, and *Cicero*.

Cic. Good Even, *Caska*; brought you *Cas.* home? Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Cas. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*

I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have seen
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatenng Clouds:
But never 'till to Night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a Tempest dropping Fire.
Either there is a Civil Strife in Heav'n,
Or else the World, too sawcy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send Destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cas. A common Slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty Torches join'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of Fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitol I met a Lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their Fear, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the Streets.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noon-day, upon the Market place,
Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not Men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But Men may construe things after their Fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capitol to morrow?

Cas. He doth: For he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good Night then, *Casus*; this disturbed Sky
Is not to walk in.

Cas. Farewel, *Cicero*.

[Exit *Cicero*.
Enter

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Cask. A Roman.

Cas. *Caska*, by your Voice.

Cask. Your Ear is good. *Cassius*, what Night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing Night to honest Men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heav'ns menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the Earth so full of Faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the Streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue Lightning seem'd to open
The Breast of Heav'n, I did present my self,
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heav'ns?
It is the part of Men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful Heralds, to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Caska*; and those sparks of Life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not; You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast your self in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heav'ns:
But if you would consider the true Cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old Men, Fools, and Children calculate;
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That Heav'n hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning,
Unto some monstrous State.

Now could I, *Caska*, name to thee a Man,
Most like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol;
A Man no mightier than thy self, or me,
In personal Action; yet prodigious grown,

H 4.

And

And fearful, as these strange Eruptions are.

Cas. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean; is it not, *Cassius*?

Cas. Let it be who it is: For *Romans* now
Have Thewes and Limbs like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers Minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers Spirits,
Our Yoke and Sufferance shew us womanish.

Cas. Indeed, they say, the Senators, to morrow
Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every Place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*.

Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
Nor airless Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of Spirit:
But Life, being weary of these worldly Bars,
Never lacks Power to dismiss it self.

If I know this, know all the World besides;
That part of Tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Cas. So can I:

So every Bondman in his own Hand bears
The power to cancel his Captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep;
He were no Lion, were not *Romans* Hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty Fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is *Rome*?
What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
For the base Matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But, oh Grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing Bondman: Then I know
My Answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And Dangers are to me indifferent.

Cas.

Cask. You speak to *Caska*, and to such a Man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redress of all these Grievs,
And I will set this Foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
To under-go, with me, an Enterprize,
Of honourable dangerous Consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In *Pompey's* Porch; for now this fearful Night,
There is no stir, or walking in the Streets,
And the Complexion of the Element
Is feav'rous, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cimber*?

Cas. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not staid for. *Cinna*?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful Night is this?
'There's two or three of us have seen strange Sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are,
O *Cassius*! If you could but win the noble *Brutus*
To our Party —

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his Window; set this up with Wax
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: All this done,
Repair to *Pompey's* Porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber* and he's gone
To seek you at your House. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bid me.

H 5

Cas.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey's* Theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
Come *Caska*, you and I will, yet, e'er Day,
See *Brutus* at his House; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the Man entire,
Upon the next Encounter, yields him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples Hearts:
And that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,
Will change to Virtue, and to Worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his Worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere Day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

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

S C E N E *A* *Graden.*

Enter Brutus.

WHAT *Lucius!* ho! —

I cannot, by the progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to Day — *Lucius*, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what, *Lucius?*

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his Death: And for my part,
I know no personal Cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd —
How that might change his Nature, there's the Question:
It is the bright Day that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him — that —
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

Th' a

Th' abuse of Greatness, is, when it disjoins
Remorse from Power: And to speak truth of *Caesar*,
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd,
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common Proof,
That Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face;
But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base Degrees
By which he did ascend: So *Caesar* may:
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the Quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is augmented,
Would run to these, and these Extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpent's Egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the Shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure,
It did not lye there, when I went to Bed.

[Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed again, it is not Day:
Is not to Morrow, Boy, the first of *March*?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Look in the Kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[Exit.

Brut. The Exhalations, whizzing in the Air,
Give so much light; that I may read by them.

[Opens the Letter, and reads.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:

Shall Rome, — speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st: Awake.

Such Instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome — Thus must I piece it out,

Shall Rome stand under one Man's awe? What, Rome?

My Ancesters did from the Streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speak

Speak, strike, redress — Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full Petition at the Hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fifteen Days. [*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius, and the mortal Instruments,
Are then in Council; and the state of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then,
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cassius* at the Door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Ears,
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,
That by no means I may discover them,
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the Faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When Evils are most free? O then, by Day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none, Conspiracy,
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path, thy native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim enough,
To hide thee from Prevention.

*Enter Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and
Trebonius.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your Rest;
Good Morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru.

Brut. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know I these Men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*]

Cæs. Yes, every Man of them; and no Man here
But honours you: And every one doth wish,
You had but that Opinion of your self,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cæs. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cæs. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*
And this *Metellus Cimber*.

Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchful Cares do interpose themselves,
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?

Cæs. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the East: Doth not the Day break here?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my Sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Season of the Year.
Some two Months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Brut. Give me your Hands all over, one by one.

Cæs. And let us swear our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: If not the Face of Men,
The Sufferance of our Souls, the Time's abuse,
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And ev'ry Man hence, to his idle Bed:
So let high-sighted Tyranny range on,
'Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear Fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steel with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women; then, Countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own Cause
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,

Than

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To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, I make thee promise,
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And this *Metellus Cimber*.

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To kindle Cowards, and to steel with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women; then, Countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own Cause
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,

That

Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? And what other Oath,
 Than Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
 Swear Priests, and Cowards, and Men cautelous,
 Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Souls
 That welcome wrongs: Unto bad Causes, swear
 Such Creatures as Men doubt; but do not stain
 The even Virtue of our Enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
 To think, that or our Cause, or our Performance,
 Did need an Oath. When every drop of Blood
 That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest Particle
 Of any promise, that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? shall we sound him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cim. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his Silver Hairs
 Will purchase us a good Opinion,
 And buy mens Voices, to commend our Deeds:
 It shall be said, his Judgment rul'd our Hands;
 Our Youths, and Wildness, shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not: let us not break with him,
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other Men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Sha'l no Man else be touch'd; but only *Cæsar*?

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd; I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
 Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
 A shrewd Contriver. And you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
 Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Brut. Our Course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
 To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs;
 Like wrath in Death, and Envy afterwards:
 For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæsar*.
 Let's be Sacrificers; but not Butchers. *Cassius*:
 We all stand up against the Spirit of *Cæsar*,
 And in the Spirit of Men, there is no Blood:
 O that we then could come by *Cæsar's* Spirits,
 And not dismember *Cæsar*! but, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle Friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
 Not hew him as a Carcass fit for Hounds;
 And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
 Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common Eyes,
 We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* Arm,
 When *Cæsar's* Head is off.

Cæs. Yet I fear him;
 For in the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæsar*—

Brut. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*.
 And that were much he should; for he is giv'n
 To Sports, to Wildness, and much Company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Brut. Peace, count the Clock.

Cæs. The Clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cæs. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to Day, or no:
 For he is Superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
 Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent Prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this Night,
And the persuasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to Day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him; for he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd with Trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatterers.
But when I tell him. he hates Flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his Humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The Morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, *BRUTUS*,
And Friends disperse your selves; but all remember,
What you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our Looks put on our Purposes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Constancy;
And so good Morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* fast asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy thy Honey-heavy-dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,
Which busie Care draws in the Brains of Men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord!

Bru. *Portia*, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your Health thus to commit

Your

Your weak Condition to the raw cold Morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my Bed: And yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your Arms a-cross:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle Looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your Head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your Foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your Hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that Impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his Hour with every Man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear, my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of Grief.

Bru. I am not well in Health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and were he not in Health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: Good *Portia*, go to Bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? And is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the Humours
Of the dank Morning? What, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholsom Bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sickness? No, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And upon my Knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half;
Why you are heavy, and what Men, to Night,

Have

Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their Faces
Even from darknes.

Brut. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*;
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I your self,
But as it were in fort, or Limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, Comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good Pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Brut. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad Heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this Secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman, but withal,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, I will not disclose them;
I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
Giving my self a voluntary Wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?

Brut. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

[*Knock*]

Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia*, go in a while,
And, by and by, thy Bosom shall partake
The Secrets of my Heart.

All my Engagements I will confesse to thee,
All the Charactery of my sad Brows:
Leave me with haste.

[*Exit Portia*]

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick Man that would speak with you.

Brut.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good Morrow from a feeble Tongue,

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any Exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Bru. Such an Exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*;
Had you an healthful Ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my Sicknefs. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yet get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick Men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on yoor Foot,
And with a Heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: But it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on.

[Thunder]

Bru. Follow me then.

[Exeunt]

S C E N E II. Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-
Gown.

Cæs. Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, have been at Peace to-
Night;

Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her Sleep cry'd out;
Help, ho; they murder *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go, bid the Priests do present Sacrifice;
And bring me their Opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord.

[Exit]

Enter

Enter Calphurnia,

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your House to Day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threatned me;
Ne'er lookt but on my Back: When they shall see
The Face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies;
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.
A Lions bath whelped in the Streets,
And Graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the Clouds,
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War,
Which drizzled Blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurried in the Air,
Horses did neigh, and dying Men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the Streets.
O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: For these Predictions
Are to the World in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When Beggars die there are no Comets seen,
The Heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their Deaths,
The Valiant never taste of Death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary End,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to Day,
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a Heart within the Beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardise:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a Heart,
If he should stay at home to Day for fear:

No,

No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We heard two Lions litter'd in one Day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your Wisdom is consum'd in Confidence:
Do not go forth to Day; call it my Fear,
That keeps you in the House, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-House,
And he will say you are not well to Day:
Let me, upon my Knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy Humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! Good-Morrow, worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-House.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to Day:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to Day; tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lie?

Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the Truth?

Decius, go tell them *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some Cause,
Lest I be laugh't at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The Cause is in my Will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private Satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my Wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt last Night she saw my Statue,

Which like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,

Did run pure Blood; and many lusty *Romans*

Came smiling, and did bathe their Hands in it:

And these does she apply, for Warnings and Portents,

And

And Evils imminent; and on her Knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to Day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a Vision fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting Blood in many Pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving Blood, and that Great Men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Relicks, and Cognifance.
This, by *Calphurnia's* Dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this Day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them Word you will not come,
Their Minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When *Cæsar's* Wife shall meet with better Dreams:
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!

Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear Love,
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And Reason to my Love is liable,

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius,
Cinna, and Publius:*

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-Morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good-Morrow, *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your Enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is't a Clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your Pains and Courtesie.

Enter

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a-nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good-Morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*!
I have an Hour's talk in store for you,
Remember that you call on me to Day,
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, I will; and so near will I be, [Aside]
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and taste some Wine with me;
And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,
The Heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon. [Exeunt]

S C E N E III. *The Street.*

Enter Artemidorus reading a Paper.

Cæsar, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of *Cassius*, come not
near *Caska*, have an Eye to *Cinna*, trust not *Trebonius*, mark
well *Metellus Cimber*, *Decius Brutus* loves thee not; thou
hast wrong'd *Caius Ligarius*. There is but one Mind in all
these Men, and it is bent against *Cæsar*. If thou beest not Im-
mortal, look about thee: Security gives way to Conspiracy.
The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover *Artemidorus*.

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this:
My Heart laments, that Virtue cannot live
Out of the Teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. [Exit]

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.

Por.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there—
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue;
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might:
How hard it is for Women to keep Counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what Suitors press to him.
Hark Boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Prithee listen well:
I heard a bustling Rumour like a Fray,
And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own House, good Lady.

Por. What is't a Clock?

Art. About the ninth Hour, Lady:

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some Suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have. Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to defend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Art. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance.

Good-Morrow to you. Here the Street is narrow:
The Throng that follows *Cæsar* at the Heels
Of Senators, or Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to Death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

[*Exit.*
Por.

Por. I must go in——Aye me! how weak a thing
The Heart of Woman is! O *Brutus!*
The Heav'ns speed thee in thine Enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a Suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Capitol.*

Flourish. Enter *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Caska*, *Decius*;
Metellus, *Trebonius*. *Cinna*, *Antony*, *Lepidus*, *Artemi-*
dorus, *Popilius*, and the *Sooth-sayers*.

Cæs. THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæsar*: Read this Schedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble Suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a Suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the Fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your Petitions in the Street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your Enterprize to Day may thrive.

Cæs. What Enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cæs. He wish'd to Day our Enterprize might thrive:
I fear our Purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.

Cæs. *Caska*, be sudden; for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.

Bru. *Cassius* be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our Purposes,
For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cæs. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
And presently prefer his Suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.

Cim. *Cæsar*, you are the first that rears your Hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat [Kneeling.]
An humble Heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These Couchings, and these lowly Curtesies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn Pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think, that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel Blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality,
With that which melteth Fools; I mean sweet Words,
Low-crooked-curthesies, and base Spaniel Fawning.
Thy Brother by Decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without Cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no Voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s Ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru. I kiss thy Hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Daring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate Freedom of Repeal.

Cæs. What *Brutus*? —

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, Pardon;
As low as to thy Foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg Enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
 If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me :
 But I am constant as the Northern Star,
 Of whose true, fixt, and resting Quality,
 There is no fellow in the Firmament ;
 The Skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
 They are all Fire, and every one doth shine,
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the World, 'tis furnish'd well with Men,
 And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive ;
 Yet in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his Rank,
 Unshak'd of Motion : and that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this ;
 That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar* —

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar* —

Cæs. Do not, *Brutus*, bootless kneel.

Cæs. Speak Hands for me. [They Stab Cæsar.]

Cæs. *Et tu Brute* — Then fall *Cæsar*.

Cim. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead —
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets —

Cæs. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
 Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Brut. People and Senators, be not affrighted ;
 Fly not, stand still, Ambition's Debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Brut. Where's *Publius*?

Cim. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Cæsar's*
 Should chance —

Brut. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good Cheer,
 There is no harm intended to your Person,
 Nor to no *Roman* else ; so tell them, *Publius*.

Cæs. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the People
 Rushing on us, should do your Age some Mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no Man abide this Deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his House amaz'd,
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates, we will know your Pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing Days out, that Men stand upon.

Cas. Why he that cuts off twenty Years of Life,
Cuts off so many Years of fearing Death.

Bru. Grant that. and then is Death a Benefit.
So are we *Cæsar's* Friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing Death. Stoop *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our Hands in *Cæsar's* Blood,
Up to the Elbows, and besmear our Swords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And waving our red Weapons o'er our Heads,
Let's all cry Peace! Freedom! and Liberty.

Cas. Stoop then, and wash — How many Ages hence
[*Dipping their-Swords in Cæsar's Blood.*]
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* Basis' eyes along,
No worthier than the Dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the Knot of us be call'd,
The Men that give their Country Liberty.

Dec. What, what, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay; every Man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his Heels
With the most bold, and the best Hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? a Friend of *Antony's*.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my Master bid me Kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [Kneeling.
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant and Honest;

Cæsar

Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal and Loving;
 Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
 Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lye in Death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
 So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
 The Fortunes and Affairs of noble *Brutus*,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
 With all true Faith. So says my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a wise and valiant *Roman*,
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied, and by my Honour
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently, [Exit *Servants*.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Cæs. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
 That fears him much; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter *Antony*.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*.
 Welcome *Mark Antony*;

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lye so low?
 Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
 Shrunk to this little Measure? — Fare thee well.
 I know not Gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
 If I my self, there is no Hour so fit
 As *Cæsar*'s Deaths Hour; nor no Instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your Swords, made rich
 With the most noble Blood of all this World.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled Hands do reek and smok,
 Fulfil your Pleasure. Live a thousand Years,
 I shall not find my self so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of Death,
 As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
 The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Brut. O *Antony!* Beg not your Death of us:
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our Hands, and this our present Act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our Hands,
 And this, the bleeding Business they have done,
 Our Hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
 As Fire drives out Fire, so Pity, Pity,
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,
 To you, our Swords have leaden Points, *Mark Antony*,
 Our Arms in strength of Malice, and our Hearts
 Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
 With all kind Love, good Thoughts, and Reverence.

Cæs. Your Voice shall be as strong as any Man's,
 In the disposing of new Dignities.

Brut. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd
 The Multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the Cause,
 Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom.
 Let each Man render me his bloody Hand;
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your Hand;
 Now *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
 Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*;
 Gentlemen all — alas, what shall I say,
 My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
 That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, O 'tis true;
 If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy Death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his Peace,
 Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
 Most Noble! in the presence of thy Coarse?
 Had I as many Eyes, as thou hast Wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy Blood,
 It would become me better, than to close

In terms of Friendship with thine Enemies.
 Pardon me, *Julius* — here wast thou bay'd, brave Hart,
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *Lethe*.
 O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart,
 And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
 How like a Deer, stricken by many Priaces,
 Dost thou here lye?

Cas. *Mark Antony* —

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*;
 The Enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
 Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
 Or shall we on; and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your Hands, but was indeed
 Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
 Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Brus. Or else were this a savage Spectacle.
 Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you *Antony* the Son of *Cæsar*,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
 And am moreover Suitor, that I may
 Produce his Body to the Market-place,
 And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
 Speak in the Order of his Funeral.

Brus. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you —
 You know not what you do do not consent [*Aside.*]
 That *Antony* speak in his Funeral:
 Know you how much the People may be mov'd
 By that which he will utter?

Brus. By your Pardon,
 I will my self into the Pulpit first,
 And shew the Reason of our *Cæsar*'s Death.
 What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest

He speaks by leave, and by permission;
 And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
 Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies:
 It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cæs. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take you *Cæsar's* Body ;
 You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
 And say you do't by our Permission:
 Else you shall not have any hand at all
 About his Funeral. And you shall speak
 In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my Speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the Body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt,*
Mark Antony.]

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers,
 Thou art the Ruins of the noblest Man
 That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
 Woe to the Hand that shed this costly Blood!
 Over thy Wounds, now do I prophesie,
 (Which, like dumb Mouths, do ope their ruby Lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue)
 A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men ;
 Domestick Fury, and fierce civil Strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy* ;
 Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful Objects so familiar,
 That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their Infants quartered with the Hands of War :
 All Pity choak'd with Custom of fell Deeds,
 And *Cæsar's* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
 With *Aë* by his side, come hot from Hell,
 Shall in these Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,
 Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of War,
 That this foul Deed shall smell above the Earth
 With Carrion Men, groaning for burial.

Enter

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of Mouth —

O *Caesar!* *[Seeing the Body.]*

Ant. Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Passion I see is catching, for mine Eyes,
Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lyes to Night within seven Leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd,
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of Safety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while,
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have born this Coarse
Into the Market-place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel issue of these bloody Men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your Hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar's Body.]*

S C E N E II. *The Forum.*

*Enter Brutus, and goes into the Pulpit; and Cassius, with
the Plebeians.*

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brut. Then follow me, and give me Audience, Friends:
Cassius, go you into the other Street,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will hear my speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publick Reasons shall be rendered
Of *Caesar's* Death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exeunt Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.]

1 §

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Plēb.* The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Brut. Be Patient 'till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear me for my Cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have respect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any dear Friend of *Cæsar*'s, to them I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and dye all Slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him; but as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears for his Love, Joy for his Fortune, Honour for his Valour, and Death for his Ambition. Who is here so base that would be a Bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his Country? If any, speak; for him have I offended, — I pause for a Reply —

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Brut. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his Death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his Offences enforc'd, for which he suffered Death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's Body.

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who though he had no hand in his Death, shall receive the Benefit of his dying, a Place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I slew my best Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same Dagger for my self, when it shall please my Country to need my Death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live live.

1 *Plēb.* Bring him with Triumph home unto his House:

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2 *Plēb.*

2 *Pleb.* Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better Parts

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his House
With Shouts and Clamors.

Bru. My Countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! Silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, Ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsar's* Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsar's* Glories, which *Mark Antony*,
By our Permission, is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a Man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, Ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus's* sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus's* sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans* ——

All. Peace, Ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your Ears;
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.
The evil that Men do lives after them,
The Good is oft interred with their Bones;
So let it be with *Cæsar*. The noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable Man,

So are they all, all honourable Men)
 Come I to speak in *Cæsar's* Funeral.
 He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;
 But *Brutus* says, He was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable Man
 He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
 Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill;
 Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff:
 Yet *Brutus* says, He was ambitious,
 And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.
 You all did see, that on the *Lupercal*,
 I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
 Yet *Brutus* says, He was ambitious,
 And sure he is an honourable Man.
 I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause,
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
 And Men have lost their Reason— Bear with me,
 My Heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much Reason in his Sayings.
 If thou consider rightly of the Matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong. (in his place.)

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters? I fear there will a worse come

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the Crown,
 Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor Soul! his Eyes are red as Fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler Man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But Yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
 Have stood against the World; now lyes he there,
 And none so poor to do him Reverence.

O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
 Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,

I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
 Who, you all know, are honourable Men.
 I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
 To wrong the Dead, to wrong my self and you,
 Than I will wrong such Honourable Men.
 But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæsar*,
 I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will,
 Let but the Commons hear this Testament,
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to Read,
 And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar's* Wounds,
 And dip their Napkins in his sacred Blood;
 Yea, beg a Hair of him for Memory,
 And dying, mention it within their Wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
 Unto their Issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar's* Will.

Ant. Have Patience, gentle Friends, I must not read it,
 It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men:

And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad;

'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,

For if you should — O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will; we'll hear it, *Antony*:

You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar's* Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?

I have o'er-shot my self to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the Honourable Men,

Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar* — I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were Traitors — Honourable Men!

All. The Will! the Testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were Villains, Murderers; the Will! read
 the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will:

Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cæsar*,

And let me shew you him that made the Will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit*

2 *Pleb.* Descend,

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A Ring, stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*---most noble *Antony*!

Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back---recom---bear back---

Ant. If you have Tears prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent.

That Day he overcame the *Nervii* ---

Look! in this place, ran *Cassius's* Dagger through---

See what a Rent the envious *Caska* made---

Through this, the well beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away,

Mark how the Blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it---

As rushing out of Doors. to be resolv'd,

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* Angel.

Judge, O you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest Cut of all;

For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors Arms,

Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty Heart:

And in his Mantle muffling up his Face,

Even at the Base of *Pompey's* Statue,

Which all the while ran Blood, great *Cæsar* fell.

O what a Fall was there, my Countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody Treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The dint of Pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind Souls! what weep you, when you but behold

Our *Cæsar's* Vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous Spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O Noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful Day!

4 *Pleb.* O Traitors, Villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge:
About — seek — burn — fire — kill — flay!
Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrymen----

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye
with him----

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir you
up

To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:

They that have done this Deed, are Honourable;

What private Grievs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;

And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.

I come not, Friends, to steal away your Hearts;

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt Man,

That love my Friend, and that they know full well,

That give me publick leave to speak of him:

For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,

Action nor Utterance, nor the Power of Speech,

To stir Mens Blood; I only speak right on.

I tell you that, which you your selves do know,

Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* Wounds, poor, poor dumb Mouths,

And bid them speak for me; but were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The Stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny----

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the House of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace ho, hear *Antony*. most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your Loves?

Alas you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true ---the Will---let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar's* Seal.
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To every several Man, seventy five Drachma's.

2 Pleb. Most noble *Cæsar*! we'll revenge his Death.

3 Pleb. O Royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with Patience.

All. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walks,
His private Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever; common Pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.
Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 Pleb. Never. never; come. away, away;
We'll burn his Body in the holy Place,
And with the Brands fire a'l the Traitors Houses.
Take up the Body.

2 Pleb. Go fetch Fire.

3 Pleb. Pluck down Benches.

4 Pleb. Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians with the Body.]

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief thou art afoot,
Take thou what Course thou wilt.
How now, Fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* House.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this Mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like Madmen. through the Gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*. [*Exeunt*.]

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to Night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie;
I have no will to wander forth of Doors,

Yet

Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your Name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married Man, or a Batchellor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every Man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married Man, or a Batchellor? Then to answer every Man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say----I am a Batchellor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are Fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: Proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* Funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a Friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly:

4 *Pleb.* For your Dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your Name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my Name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his Name's *Cinna*, pluck but his Name out of his Heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come Brands ho, Firebrands: To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius's* House, And some to *Caska's*, some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the Plebeians.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their Names are prickt:
Oct. Your Brother too must die; consent you,
Lep. I do consent. [*Lepidus?*]

Oct. Prick him down. *Antony.*

Lep. Upon Condition *Publius* shall not live,
 Who is your Sister's Son, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a Spot, I damn him:
 But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* House;
 Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
 How to cut off some Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable Man,
 Meet to be sent on Errands: Is it fit,
 The three-fold World divided, he should stand
 One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
 And took his Voice, who should be prickt to die,
 In our black Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more Days than you;
 And though we lay these Honours on this Man,
 To ease our selves of divers stand'rous Loads,
 He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold;
 To groan and sweat under the Business,
 Either led or driven, as we print the way,
 And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
 Then take we down his Load, and turn him off,
 Like to the empty Ass, to shake his Ears,
 And graze in Commons.

Oct. You may do your Will;
 But he's a try'd and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horse, *Octavius*, and for that;
 I do appoint him store of Provender.
 It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit;
 And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth,
 A barren spirited Fellow, one that feeds
 On Objects, Arts, and Imitations,
 Which out of use, and stal'd by other Men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a Property. And now, *Octavius*,
 Listen great things — *Brutus* and *Cassius*
 Are levying Powers; we must straight make Head.
 Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
 Our best Friends made, and our best means stretcht out,
 And let us presently go sit in Council,
 How covert Matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open Perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
 And bayed about with many Enemies,
 And some that smile have in their Hearts, I fear,
 Millions of Mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Brutus's Tent, in the
 Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter *Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius and
 Pindarus meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
 To do you Salutation from his Master,

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master, *Pindarus*,
 In his own change, or by ill Officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
 But that my Noble Master will appear
 Such as he is, full of Regard, and Honour.

Bru.

Brut. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*-----
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Brut. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle,

[*Low March within.*

But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?

Luc. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater Part, the Horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Brut. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Brut. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble Brother! you have done me wrong.

Brut. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober Form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them-----

Brut. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your Grievs softly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Grievs,
And I will give you Audience.

Cas.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this Ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like. and let no Man
Come to our Tent. 'till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the Door. [Exeunt.]

Mænent *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my Letter praying on his side,
Because I know the Man, was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a Case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice Offence should bear his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you your self
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell, and mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.

Cas. I an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this Speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this Corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his Head.

Cas. Chastisement!-----

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember;
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of Us,
That struck the foremost Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers shall we now
Contaminate our Fingers with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?-----
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget your self,
To hedge me in, I am a Soldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than your self

To make Conditions.

Brut. Go to; you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Brut. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my self.---
Have mind upon your Health----Tempt me no farther.

Brut. Away, slight Man.

Cas. Is't possible?-----

Brut. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way, and room to your rash Choler?

Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cas. O ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Brut. All this! Ay more. Fret 'till your proud Heart break,
Go shew your Slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy Humour? By the Gods
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,
Tho' it do split you. For from this Day forth,
I'll use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?-----

Brut. You say, you are a better Soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble Men.

Cas. You wrong me every way---You wrong me, *Brutus*;
I said, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.

Did I say Better-----

Brut. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When *Cesar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!-----

Brut. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him!

Brut. For your Life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brut. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no Terror, *Cassius*, in your Threats,

For

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
 That they pass by me, as the idle Wind,
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain Sums of Gold, which you deny'd me;
 For I can raise no Money by vile Means.
 By Heaven, I had rather coin my Heart,
 And drop my Blood for Drachma's, than to wring
 From the hard Hands of Peasants, their vile Trash
 By any Indirection. I did send
 To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
 Which you deny'd me; was that done like *Cassius*?
 Should I have answered *Caius Cassius* so?
 When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
 To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
 Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
 Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not——He was but a Fool
 That brought my answer back--*Brutus* hath riv'd my Heart.
 A Friend should bear a Friend's Infirmities,
 But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your Faults.

Cas. A friendly Eye could never see such Faults.

Bru. A Flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
 As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
 Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is a weary of the World;
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
 Check'd like a Bondman, all his Faults observ'd,
 Set in a Note-Book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my Teeth. O I could weep
 My Spirit from mine Eyes! There is my Dagger,
 And here my naked Breast-----Within, a Heart
 Dearer than *Pluto's* Mine, richer than Gold;
 If that thou beest a *Roman* take it forth.
 I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;

Strike

Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope,
Do what you will, Dishonour shall be Humour.
O, *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,
That carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much enforced, shews a hasty Spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When Grief and Blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your Hand.

Bru. And my Heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the Matter?

Cas. Have not you Love enough to bear with me,
When that rash Humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter Lucius and Titinius, and a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but Death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be Friends, as two such Men should be,
For I have seen more Years I'm sure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha----how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, Sirrah; sawcy Fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his Fashion.

Bru. I'll know his Humour, when he knows his Time;
What should the Wars do with these jigging Fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to Night.

Cas. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. [Exeunt *Lucilius* and *Titinius*;

Bru. *Lucius*, a Bowl of Wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry,

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many Griefs.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental Evils.

Bru. No Man bears Sorrow better — *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*! —

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable and touching Loss!
Upon what Sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And Grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*,
Have made themselves so strong: For with her Death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd Fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine:
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [Drinks.

Cas. My Heart is thirsty for that noble Pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the Wine o'er-swell the Cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* Love.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in. *Titinius*; welcome, good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our Necessities.

Cas. *Portia*! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mes. My self have Letters of the self-same tenure.

Bru. With what Addition?

* *Mes.* That by Proscription, and Bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to Death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy Senators, that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cas. *Cicero* one? —

Mes. *Cicero* is dead; and by that Order of Proscription,
Had you your Letters from your Wife, my Lord?

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her, in yours?

Mes. No, my Lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a *Roman*, bear the Truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, *Portia*---we must die, *Messala*.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great Men, great Losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in Art as you.
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your Reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself Offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest. defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good Reasons must of force give place to better.
The People 'twixt *Philippi*, and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd Affection;
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy marching along by them.

By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which Advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These People at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good Brother——

Brut. Under your Pardon. You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends;
Our Legions are brim full, our Cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every Day,
We at the height, are ready to decline:
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea, are we now a-float,
And we must take the Current when it serves,
Or lose our Ventures.

Cas. Then with your will go on; we will along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Brut. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
And Nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little Rest;
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good Night; ——
Early to Morrow we will rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Brut. *Lucius*, my Gown; farewell, good *Messala*,
Good Night, *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good Night, and good Repose.

Cas. O my dear Brother!
This was an ill beginning of the Night,
Never come such Division 'tween our Souls;
Let it not, *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Brut. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good Night, my Lord.

Brut. Good Night, good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good Night, Lord *BRUTUS*!

Brn. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*]
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Brn. What, thou speakest drowfily?
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd,
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my Men,
I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varro* and *Claudius*.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Brn. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my Tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raife you by and by,
On Business to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your Pleasure:

Brn. I will not have it so; lye down, good Sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look *Lucius*, here's the Book I sought for so;
I put it in the Pocket of my Gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me:

Brn. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful,
Canst thou hold up thy heavy Eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Brn. It does, my Boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.

Brn. I should not urge thy Duty past thy Might,
I know young Bloods look for a time of Rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Brn. It was well done, and thou shalt asleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy Tune——O murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,

That plays thee Musick? Gentle Knave, good Night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument.

I'll take it from thee, and, good Boy, good Night.

Let me see, let me see? is not the Leaf turn'd down

Where

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down to read.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine Eyes,

That shapes this monstrous Apparition.

It comes upon me; Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,

That mak'st my Blood cold, and my Hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Well——then I shall see thee again——

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi.*

[Exit *Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then;

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest,

Ill Spirit; I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* Sirs! awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!——

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; Sirrah, *Claudius*, Fellow! Thou! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your Sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*; Bid him set on his Powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. NOW, *Antony*, our Hopes are answered,
 You said the Enemy would not come down,
 But keep the Hills and upper Regions;
 It proves not so; their Battels are at hand,
 They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their Bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it; they could be content
 To visit other Places, and come down
 With fearful bravery; thinking by this Face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage.
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew;
 Their bloody Sign of Battel is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your Battel softly on
 Upon the left Hand of the even Field.

Oct. Upon the right Hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.]

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have Parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark *Antony*, shall we give sign of Battel?

Ant.

Ant. No. *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some Words.

Octa. Stir not until the Signal.

Bru. Words before Blows: is it so, Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love Words better, as you do.

Bru. Good Words are better than bad Strokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad Strokes, *Brutus*, you give good Words.
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar*'s Heart,
Crying, Long live, hail *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Antony.

The posture of your Blows are yet unknown;
But for your Words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Honey-less.

Ant. Not stinglefs too.

Bru. O yes, and foundless too;
For you have stoln their buzzing. *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile Daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.
You shew'd your Teeth like Apes, and fawn'd like Hounds;
And bow'd like Bond-men, kissing *Cæsar*'s Feet;
Whilst damned *Caska*, like a Cur, behind
Struck *Cæsar* on the Neck. O you Flatterers!

Cæs. Flatterers! Now *Brutus* thank your self;
This Tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the Cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder Drops.
Behold, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never 'till *Cæsar*'s three and thirty Wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors Hands,
Unless thou bringst them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young Man, thou couldst not dye more Honourable.

Cas. A peevish School-boy. worthless of such Honour,
Join'd with a Masker and a Reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still!

Oct. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, Traitors. hurl we in your Teeth,
If you dare fight to day. come to the Field,
If not, when you have Stomachs.

[*Exe. Octavius. Antony, and Army.*]

Cas. Why now blow Wind, swell Billow, and swim Bark:
The Storm is up, and all is on the Hazard.

Bru. Ho, *Lucilius*,—hark a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

Luc. My Lord.

[*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*]

Cas. *Messala*.

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. *Messala*, this is my Birth-Day; as this very Day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy Hand, *Messala*;
Be thou my Witness, that against my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one Battel all our Liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his Opinion; now I change my Mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost Ensign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers Hands,
Who to *Philippi* here conformed us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows and Kites,
Fly o'er our Heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly Prey; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all Peril, very constantly.

Bru. Ever so, *Lucius*.

Cas. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Geds to Day stand friendly; that we may

Lovers in Peace, lead on our Days to Age.
 But since the Affairs of Men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this Battel, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together?
 What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
 By which I did blame *Cato*, for the Death
 Which he did give himself, I know not how;
 But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of Life, arming my self with patience,
 To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then if we lose this Battel,
 You are contented to be led in triumph,
 Through the Street, of *Rome*.

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
 That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,
 He bears too great a Mind. But this same Day
 Must end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun.
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*;
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile,
 If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*;
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a Man might know
 The end of this Day's Business, ere it come;
 But it sufficeth that the Day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come ho, away. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these Bills
 Unto the Legions, on the other side. [Loud Alarum.]
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in *Octavio's* Wing;
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly!
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy;
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly; his Soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, Noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This Hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are those my Tents where I perceive the Fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my Horse, and hide thy Spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,
And here again, that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond Troops are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that Hill,
My sight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This Day I breathed first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My Life is run his Compass. Sirrah, what News?

Pind. above. O, my Lord!

Cas. What News?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Now *Titinius*! Now some Light---O he lights too---
He's ta'en---- [Shout:]

And hark, they shout for Joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more;
O Coward that I am, to live so long,
'To see my best Friend ta'en before my Face!

Enter

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither Sirrah; in *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy Life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsar's* Bowels, search this Bosom.
Stand not to answer; here take thou the Hilt,
And when my Face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword---: *Cæsar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himself.*]

Pind. So, I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my Will. O *Cassius*,
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take Note of him. [*Exit.*]

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus* Power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These Tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lyes upon the Ground?

Tit. He lyes not like the Living. O my Heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun!
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to Night,
So in his red Blood *Cassius* Day is set;
The Sun of *Rome* is set. Our Day is gone,
Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our Deeds are done;
Mistrust of my Success hath done this Deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good Success hath done this Deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's Child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of Men,
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd;
Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mes.

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*!
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their Shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus* come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods—— This is a Roman's part,

[Stabs himself.

Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* Heart. [Dies.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*, *Strato*,
Volumnius, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his Body lye?

Mes. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* Face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. [Low Alarums.

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?
Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well;
It is impossible that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy Fellow. Friends, I owe more Tears
To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time——
Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his Body,
His Funerals shall not be in our Camp,
Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius* come,

And

And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavius*, set our Battels on;
 'Tis three a Clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere Night,
 We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and
 Flavius.

Brut. Yet Countrymen, O yet, hold up your Heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not? who will go with me?
 I will proclaim my Name about the Field.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Brut. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I
Brutus my Country's Friend; know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
 Why now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius*,
 And may'st be honour'd being *Cato's* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die;
 There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
 Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.

Sold. We must not; a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell thee News, here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough.
 I dare assure thee, that no Enemy
 Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:
 The Gods defend him from so great a shame:
 When you do find him or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, Friend, but I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth; keep this Man safe,
 Give him all kindness. I had rather have
 Such Men my Friends, than Enemies. Go on,
 And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
 And bring us word unto *Octavius* Tent,

How

How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Voluminius.

Brus. Come, poor remainis of Friends, rest on this Rock:

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but; my Lord,
He came not back, he is, or ta'en, or slain.

Brus. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*-----[*Whispering.*

Cli. What I, my Lord? No; not for all the World.

Brus. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill my self.

Brus. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

Dar. Shall I do such a Deed?

Cli. O *Dardanius*!

Dar. O *Clitus*!

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look he meditates.

Cli. Now is that Noble Vessel full of Grief,
That it runs over even at his Eyes.

Brus. Come hither, good *Voluminius*, list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Brus. Why this, *Voluminius*;

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by Night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this last Night, here in *Philippi-Fields*.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Brus. Nay, I am sure it is, *Voluminius*.

Thou seest the World, *Voluminius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: [*Low Alarm.*

It is more worthy, to leap in our selves,
Than tarry 'till they push us. Good *Voluminius*,
Thou knowest that we two went to School together;
Even for that, our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword's Hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a Friend, my Lord.

[*Alarm still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Brus. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Voluminius*.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen;

My Heart doth Joy, that yet in all my Life,
I found no Man, but he was true to me.
I shall have Glory by this losing Day,
More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto:
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* Tongue
Hath almost ended his Life's History.
Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would rest,
That have but labour'd, to attain this Hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly —

Bru. Hence; I will follow;
I prethee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect;
Thy Life hath had some smatch of Honour in it.
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy Face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your Hand first. Fare you well, my Lord:

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato* — *Cæsar*, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with half so good a Will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.

Octa. What Man is that?

Mes. My Master's Man: *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The Conquerors can but make a Fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no Man else hath Honour by his Death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest Service to my Master.

Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all;
 'All the Conspirators save only he,
 Did that they did, in Envy of great *Cæsar*:
 He, only in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His Life was gentle, and the Elements
 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the World; this was a Man.

Octa. According to his Virtue, let us use him,
 With all respect, and rites of Burial.

Within my Tent his Bones to Night shall lye,
 Most like a Soldier, ordered honourably.

So call the Field to rest, and let's away,

To part the Gories of this happy Day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

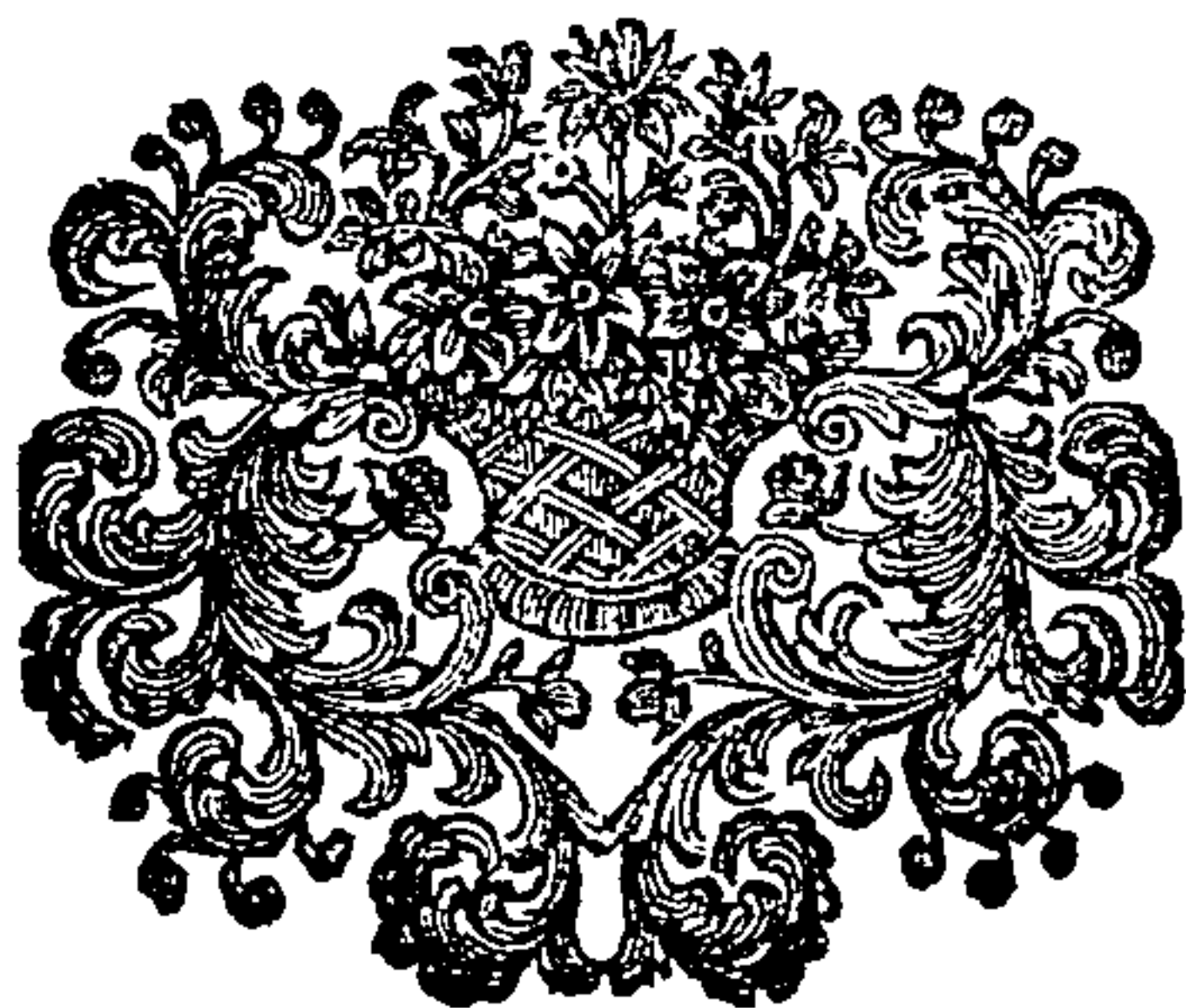




U 6. p. 233

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
MACBETH.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Duncan, *King of Scotland.*
Malcolm, }
Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*
Macbeth, }
Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Lenox, }
Macduff, }
Rosse, }
Menteth, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
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.

The SCENE in the End of the Fourth Act
lies in England, through the rest of the Play
in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

M A C.



MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *an open Heath.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH.



WHEN shall we three meet again?

In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?

1 *Witch.* When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of Sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the Heath.

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Gray-Malkin.

All. Paddocke calls----anon----Fair is foul, and foul sfair.
Hover through the fog and filthy Air.

[They rise from the Stage, and fly away.]

SCENE II. A Palace.

*Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants,
meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody Man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his Plight, of the Revolt
The newest State.

Mal.

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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 it stood;
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The merciless *Macdonnel*
(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 is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels Whore. But all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth*, well he deserves that Name,
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steel,
Which smok'd with bloody Execution,
Like Valours Minion, carved out his Passage,
'Till he fac'd the Slave;
Which 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. O valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the Sun gins his Reflection,
Shipwracking Storms and direful Thunders breaking;
So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their Heels,
But the *Norwegian* Lord surveying Vantage,
With furbisht Arms and new Supplies of Men,
Began a fresh Assault.

King. Dismaid 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 doubly redoubled Strokes on 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.

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 terrible Numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began 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: And to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.

King. Great Happiness.

Rosse. That now *Sweno*, the *Norway's* King,
Craves Composition:

Nor would we deign him burial of his Men,
'Till he disbursed. at *St. Colmes-hill*,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our general Use.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom Interest. Go. pronounce his present 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.*

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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* :
But 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.* Th'art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-man's Card.
I'll drain him dry as Hay;
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day,
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid;
He shall live a Man forbid;
Weary 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,
Wrackt 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.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Macb. So foul and fair a Day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Soris*?-----What are these?
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,

That

That look not like th' Inhabitants o'th' 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 hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
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 wrapt 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;
So 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 am *Thane of Glamis;*
But how of *Cawdor?* The *Thane of Cawdor* lives,
A prosperous 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.

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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?

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 should 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 with 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 fight,
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 borrowed 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 those of *Norway*,

Or,

Or else did line the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Country's wrack, I know not:
But Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor! [Aside-

The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[To Angus.

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 into 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.

Macb. Two Truths are told, [Aside.

As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen——
This supernatural solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good—— If ill;
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *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 to my single State of Man,
That Function is imother'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 [Aside.

Without my stir.

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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 things forgotten.

Kind Gentlemen, your Pains are registred,

Where every Day I turn the Leaf to read them.

Let us toward the King; think upon [*To Banquo*]

What hath chanc'd, and at more time,

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 IV. *A Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Malcoime, Donalbain, Lenox, and
Attendants.

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor*?

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. Hy dy'd,

As one that had been studied in his Death,

To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,

As 'twere a careless 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

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin!

The Sin of my Ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest Wind of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the Proportion both of Thanks and Payment,
Might have been mine: Only I have 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 toward your Love
And Honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banque*,
That 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, *Thames*,
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. From hence to *Evernes*,
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*!

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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 lies. 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. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his Commendations I am fed;
It is a Banquet to me, let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless Kinsman. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V. *An Apartment in Macbeth's
Castle.*

Enter Lady Macbeth alone with a Letter.

Lady. They 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
farther, they made themselves 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 before these wayward Sisters saluted me, and refer'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 promis'd thee. Lay it to
thy Heart and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor — and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet I do 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 it; thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,

Than

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 thee hinders from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysical 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, were'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 Messenger.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my Battlements. Come 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 the 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 murdering Ministers,
Where-ever in your fightless 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 ignorant Present, and I feel now

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The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To Morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *The Castle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain;
Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, 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 Mansonry, that the Heav'n's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
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, sometime is our Trouble,
Which

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 courtst 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 his 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.*]

S C E N E VII. *An Apartment.*

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with Dishes and
Service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; if the Assassination
Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch
With his surcease, Success; that but this blow
Might be the all, and be the end of all — Here,
But here, upon 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'ingredience of our poison'd Chalice
To our own Lips. He's here in double trust:

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First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subject,
 Strong both against the Deed; then, as his Host,
 Who should against his Murthurer 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 Curriers of the Air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every Eye,
 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,

Enter Lady.

And falls on th' other—

How now? What News?

Lady. He has almost sup'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 would 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. Prethee, Peace:

I care do all that may become a Man;
 Who dares do more is none.

Lady.

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 adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Do's unmake you. I have given 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 his day's hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine and Waffel 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 am settled, and bend up
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feast,

L 5

Away,

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Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E *a Hall.*

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch before him.

Ban. **H**OW 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 latter, 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 Powers
Restrain in me the curied 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 been in unusual Pleasure,
And sent forth a great Largess to your Officers,
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
By the Name of most kind Hostess,
And shut it 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 have shew'd some Truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an Hour to serve
We would spend some Words upon that Business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban.

Ban. At your kind Leisure.

Macb. If you shall 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.]

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 toward 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 the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
The Curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate's* Offerings, and wither'd Murder,
Alarm'd by his Sentinel, the Wolf,
Whose howl's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquin's* ravishing sides, towards his Design
Moves like a Ghost. Thou sour 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;

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Words to the heat of Deeds too cold breath gives,
[*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.

Enter Lady. (bold:

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me
What hath quencht them, hath given 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 have 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; the Attempt, and not the Deed

Confound us — Hark! — I laid their Daggers ready,

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

My Father as he slept, I had don't — My Husband!

Macb. I have 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 lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady *Donalbaine.*

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady A fool'sh Thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd
Murder.

That they did wake each other; 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.

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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 murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd Sleeve of Care,
The Death of each day's Life, fore Labours Bath,
Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the House;
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
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 do 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

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Will all great *Neptune's* Ocean wash this Blood
Clean from my Hand? No, this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your Colour; but I shame
To wear a Heart so white. [Knock.]

I hear a Knocking at the South Entry;
Retire we to our Chamber;

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, [Knock.]
'Twere best not know my self.

Wake *Duncan* with this knocking:

I would thou could'st. [Exeunt.]

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 *Bel-*
zebub? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himself on th' ex-
pectation 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 Devils Name? Faith, here's an
Equivocator, that could swear in both the Scales, against
either Scale, who committed Treason enough for God's
fake, yet could not equivocate to Heav'n: Oh come in,
Equivocator. *Knock.* *Knock, knock, knock.* Who's
there? Faith, here's an *English* Tailor 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'
ever-

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everlasting Bonfire. *Knok.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, Friend, ere you went to bed, That you 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 does Drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, and Urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the Desire, but it takes away the Performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades 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' the 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.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

Our Knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good Morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good Morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I have almost slipt the Hour.

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, Physick's 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 does; he did appoint so.

Len;

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Len. The Night has been unruly; where we lay
Our Chimneys were blown down. And, as they say,
Lamenting heard i'th' Air; strange screams of Death,
And Propheying, 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 Feaverous, 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!

Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee —

Macb. and Len. What's the Matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-piece,
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lord's saointed 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! —

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*

Macd. Ring the Alarm-Bell---Murther! and Treason!--
Banquo, and Donalbaine! Malcolme! awake!
Shake off this downy Sleep, Death's Counterfeit,
And look on Death it self---up, up, and see
The great Doom's Image! *Malcolme! Banquo!*
As from your Graves rise up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell---

Bell Rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the Business?

That such an hideous Trumpet calls to Parley
The Sleepers of the House? Speak, speak.

Macd. O 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

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo*, our Royal Master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our House? —

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Dear *Duff*, I prethee contradict thy self,

And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

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 furious,

Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No Man.

Th' expedition of my violent Love

Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,

His silver Skin lac'd with his Golden Blood,

And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,

For Ruins 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.

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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 awger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away,
Our Tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Upon 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 treasonous Malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
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 Smiles; 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.]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Rosse, with an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good Father,
Thou seest 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 wild in Nature, broke their Stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make War with Mankind,

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.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still;
Tirritless Ambition! that will raven upon
Thine own lives means; then 'tis most like
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Score*
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* Body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmeskill*,
The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Score*?

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 fit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, Sir, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes. [*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. **T**HOU hast it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As 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,
Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.

Lady.

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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's
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't 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 you to Horse:
Adieu, 'till you return at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my Lord; our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of Foot:
And so I do commend you to their Backs.
Farewel.

[*Exit Banquo.*]

Let every 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: While then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*]

Sirrah. a word with you: Attend those Men [*To a Servant.*]
Our Pleasure?

Ser.

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Ser. They are, my Lord, without the Palace Gate.'

Macb. Bring them before us. [Exit Servants]

To be thus, is nothing.

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

Mark Anthony's was by *Cesar*; 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 wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,

No Soa of mine succeeding: If't be so,

For *Banquo's* Issue have I fil'd my Mind,

For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd,

Put Rancors in the Vessel of my Peace

Only for them, and mine Eternal Jewel

Given to the common Enemy of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seeds 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.

Now go to the Door, and stay there 'till we call.

[Exit Servants.]

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 Conference, past in probation with you:

How you were born in Hand, how crost, the Instruments,

Who

Who wrought with them: And all things else that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

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 Gospel'd
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,
Showghes. 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, my Liege,
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.

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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,
Who 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:
Within 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: Always thought,
That I require a clearness; 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]

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

'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

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 scorch'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 the frame of things disjoint,
Both the Worlds 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 fitful 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, sleeke 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 flattering streams,
And make our Faces Vizards to 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 eterne.

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

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The shard-born Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there shall be done
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 Preys do rowze.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prithee go with me, [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

S C E N E *A Park, the Castle at a Distance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our 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 latest 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 a Light there, ho.

2 *Mur.* Then 'tis 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

Make it their walk.

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.

[*They fall upon Banquo and kill him; in the scuffle Fleance escapes.*]

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

Ban. O, Treachery!

Fly, good *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!

[*Dies.*]

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 have lost

Best half of our *Affair*.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E III. *A Room of State.*

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 the best time

We will require her welcome.

[*They sit.*]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends.
For my Heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their Hearts thanks,
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th' mid'st,

Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure

The Table round. There's Blood upon thy Face. [*To the Mur.*]

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut, that I did for him.

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Macb. Thou art the best o'th' Cut throats; yet he is good,
That did the like for *Fleance*: if thou did'st 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 general, as the casing Air:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'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 fold
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.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer!
Now good Digestion wait on Appetite,
And Health on both.

Len. May't please your Highness, sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour, roof'd,
Were the grac'd Person of our *Banquo* present;
Who 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 is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len.

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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, upon 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 Macbeth]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the Devil.

Lady. O, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the Air-drawn-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. O, 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. Prithee 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 the 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,

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And push us from our Stools; this is more strange
Than such a Murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your Noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget—
Do not muse at me. my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange Infirmary, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, Love and Health to all,
Then I'll sit down: Give me some Wine, fill full—

[*As he is drinking, the Ghost rises again just before him.*
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. Avant, and quit my Sight, let the Earth hide thee;
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 th' *Hyrcean* Tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. O be alive again,
And dare me to the Desert with thy Sword;
If trembling I inhabit, 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 admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,

When

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. A kind 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 Maggot-Pyes, and 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's not a one of them, but in his House
I keep a Servant Fee'd. I will to Morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good;
All Causes shall give way, I am in Blood
Spent 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 are yet but young indeed. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Wit.* Why how now, *Hecate*, you look angerly

M 4

Hec.

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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 wayward 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 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, and a 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 flights,
 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.*]

1 Wit. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
 Back again.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

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
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbaine*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact!
How it did grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious Rage, the two Delinquents tear,
That were the Slaves of Drink, and Thralls of Sleep?
Was that not nobly done? ay, and 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 the 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 Holy 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;

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Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

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 caution, t'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 soon return to this our suffering Country,
Under a Hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'll send my Prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

SCENE *A dark Cave, in the middle a great
Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Wit. **T**Hrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.

2 Wit. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pig whin'd.

3 Wit. Harpier crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Wit. 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:
Sweeter'd Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed Pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 *Wit.* 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;
Adders Fork, and Blind-worms Sting,
Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing:
For a Charm of powerful Trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble:
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3 *Wit.* Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf
Of the ravin'd salt Sea Shark;
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of Blaspheming Jew:
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew,
Silver'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 flab.
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,
For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron:

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble!

2 *Wit.* Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. O! 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,
Incantating 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 *Wit.* By the pricking of my Thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:

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Open Locks, whoever knocks.

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 Natures German, tumble altogether,
Even 'till destruction sicken; answer me,
To what I ask you.

1 *Wit.* Speak.

2 *Wit.* Demand.

3 *Wit.* We'll answer.

1 *Wit.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our Mouths;
Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call 'em: Let me see 'em.

1 *Wit.* Pour in Soves Blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Grace that's sweaten
From the Murtherers 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 *Wit.* He knows thy thought:

Hear his Speech, but say thou nought.

App. *Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!* beware *Macduff!* —
Beware the *Thane of Fife* — dismiss me — Enough. [*Descends.*]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution, Thanks.
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more —

1 *Wit.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder.*]

Appa-

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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 power 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 spight 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 to't.

App. Be Lion mewed, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Birnam* Wood, to high *Dunsinane* 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 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 satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinks that Cauldron? and what noise is this? [*Hoboyes.*]

1 *Wit.* Shew!

2 *Wit.* Shew!

3 *Wit.* Shew!

All.

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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! Now I see 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?

I Wit. 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 pernicious hour,
Stand ay accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there.

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's Will?

Macb. Saw you the Wizard 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.

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 firstling of my Heart shall be
The firstling of my Hand. And even now
To Crown my Thoughts with Acts, be it thought and done;
The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprize,
Sieze 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: [Exit]

S C E N E II. *Macduff's Castle.*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

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 natural 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. My dearest Coz,

I pray you School your self; but for your Husband,

He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knows

The fits o'th' Season. I dare not speak much further;

But cruel are the times, when we are Traitors,

And

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'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, with Worms and Flies?

Son. With what I get, and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor Bird!

Thoud'st 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 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.

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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 is too nigh your Person. Heav'n preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly World; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous Folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that Womanly Defence,
To say I had done no harm?-----What are these Faces? :

Enter Murderers.

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 has kill'd me, Mother,
Run away, I pray you; [Exit, crying Murder.]

SCENE

SCENE III. *The King of England's
Palace.*

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let 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,
Beside our downfal Birth-dome: 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 Syllable 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 am 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 treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. But I shall crave your Pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would bear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even 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. I pray you,
Let not my Jealousies, be your Dishonours,
But mine own Safeties: You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For Goodness dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs,
The Title is afraid. 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 Yoak,
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 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 Evils, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitful,
Sudden, Malicious, smoaking of every 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*,
Than such an one to reign.

Macd.

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 have 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.

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 Loyal,
 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, Perseverance, 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. O *Scotland!* *Scotland!* —

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd.

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Macd. Fit to govern? No not to live. O 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 fainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her Knees, than on her Feet,
Dy'd every Day she liv'd. Fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. O 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. Devillish *Macbeth*,
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his Power; 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 broke 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.

Enter

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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. 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 have seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited People,
All swollen and Ulcerous, pitiful to the Eye,
The mere despair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a Golden 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.

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, 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 who; and good Mens lives
Expire

Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest Grief?

Rosse. That of an hours 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 witnest 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, make our Women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort

We are 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 general 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

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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 murder'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 have 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? O Hell Kite! All?

What. All my pretty Chickens, and their Dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a Man.

Macd. I shall do so; 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 Anger: 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's,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland*, and my self,
Within my Sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Heav'n 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.

SCENE *An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. 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, unlock 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 watching. 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 witness to confirm my Speech.

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 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. 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 on's 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.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural Troubles. Infected Minds
To their deaf Pillows will discharge their secrets;
More needs she the Divine than the Physician:
God, 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 has mated. and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good Night, good Doctor. [Exit.]

S C E N E II. *A Field with a Wood at
Distance.*

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The *English* Power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Marduff*.
Revenge burn in them: For their dear causes
Excite the mortified Man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* Wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his Brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seyward's* Son,
And many unruff 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 Murthers 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

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His peeter'd Senses to recoyl, 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 Med'cine 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*,

S C E N E III. *The Castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring 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? the Spirits that know
All mortal Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not, *Macbeth*, no Man that's born of Woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly false *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *English* Epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagge with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd Lown:
Where go'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 Linnea Cheeks of thine
Are Counsellors to fear. What Soldiers, Whayface?

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 clear me ever, or disease me now.
I have liv'd long enough: My way of Life

Is fall'n into the Sear, 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,
Curfes, not loud but deep, Mouth honour breath,
Which the poor Heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's 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 stand in 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 from that:

Canst thou not minister to a Mind 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 flust Bosome of that perillous stuff,
Which weighs upon the Heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none it.
Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staff.
Seyton, send out---Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me---
Come, Sir, dispatch---It 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, Senna, or what Purgative Drug,
Would scour these *English* hence: Hear'st thou of them?

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Doc. 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 *Dunfinane*.

Doc. Were I from *Dunfinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's Son, Men-
teth, 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 *Birnam*.

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
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, 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. Set our best Censures
Before the true Event, and put we on
Industrious Soldiership.

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.]

S C E N E

S C E N E V. *The Castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with Drums and Colours.

Macb. Hang 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 daresful, 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 supt full with horrors,
Direness familiar to my slaughterous Thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen (my Lord) 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 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 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, Sir.

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Mef. 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.*]

Mef. 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 do'st for me as much.
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, 'till *Birnam* Wood
Do come to *Dunfinane*, and now a Wood
Comes toward *Dunfinane*. 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 th' estate 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 Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army,
with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy Screens throw down,
And shew like those you are: You (worthy Uncle)
Shall with my Cousin, your right Noble Son,
Lead our first Battel. Worthy *Macduff*, and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do
According to our order.

Seyw. Fare you well:

Do we 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 clamorous Harbingers of Blood and Death. [Exeunt.]

[*Alarums continued.*]

Enter

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But Bear-like I must fight the course. 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, thou 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 Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still:
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their Staves; either thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my Sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undecided. 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 rendered:
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 have met with Foes
That strike beside us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

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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.

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 have no words,
My Voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villain
Than terms can give thee cut. [*Fight. Alarums.*

Macb. Thou lovest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Air
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
Unnaturally rip'd.

Macb. Accurs'd 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 will not yield
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* Feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles 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

The Tragedy of Macbeth. 299

And damn'd be him, that first crieth hold, enough.

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

Enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.

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 which no sooner had his Prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a Man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then he is 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,
And 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
The 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.

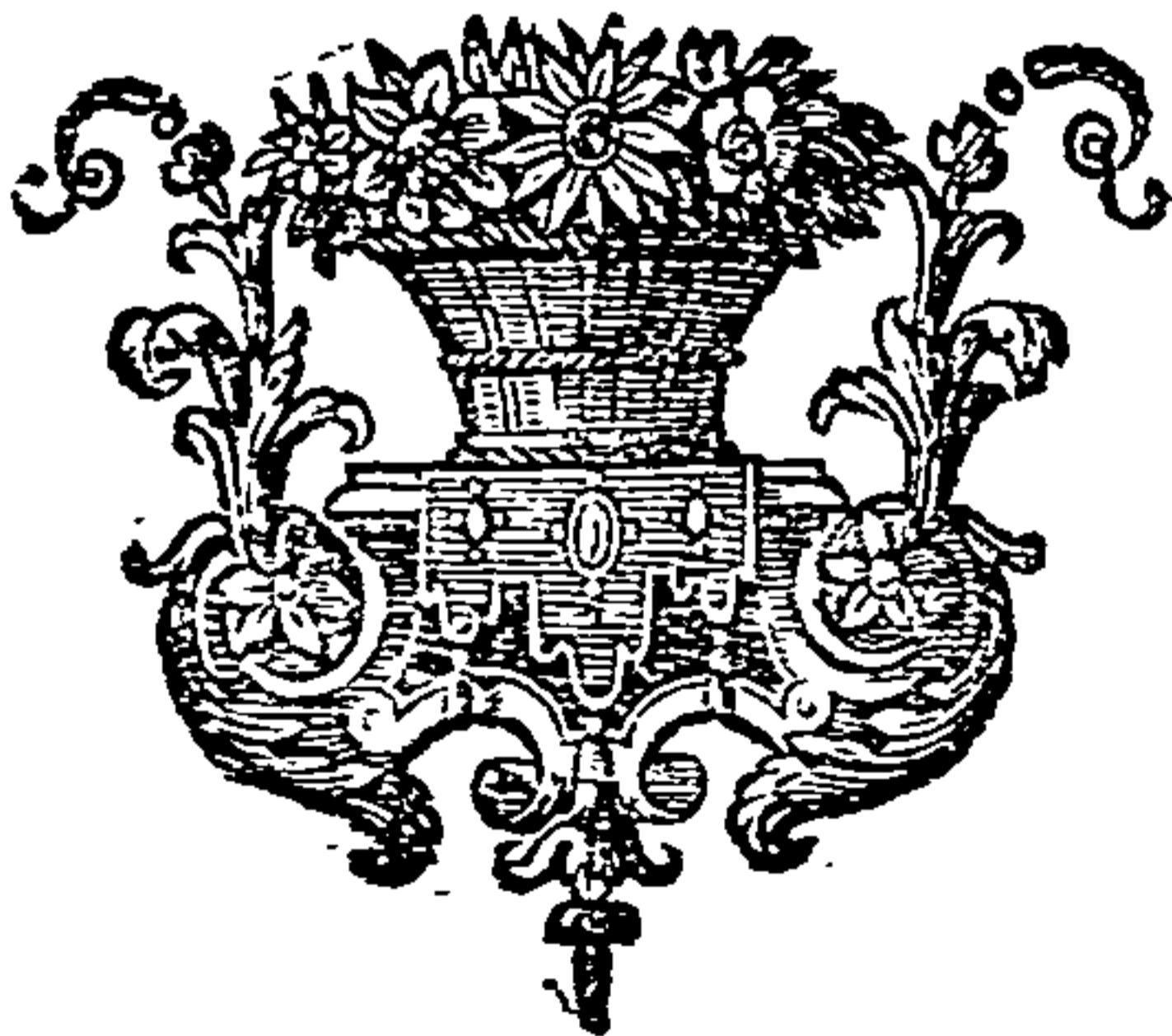
All. Hail, King of Scot'land. [Flourish]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Hence.

300 *The Tragedy of Macbeth:*

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;
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 Grace,
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.*]





H A M L E T,

P R I N C E

O F

D E N M A R K.

A

T R A G E D Y.



Printed in the Year MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Claudius, *King of Denmark.*

Fortinbras, *Prince of Norway.*

Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*

Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Horatio, *Friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *Son to Polonius.*

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Roseneraus,

Guildenstern,

Ofrick, *a Fop.*

Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo,

Francisco,

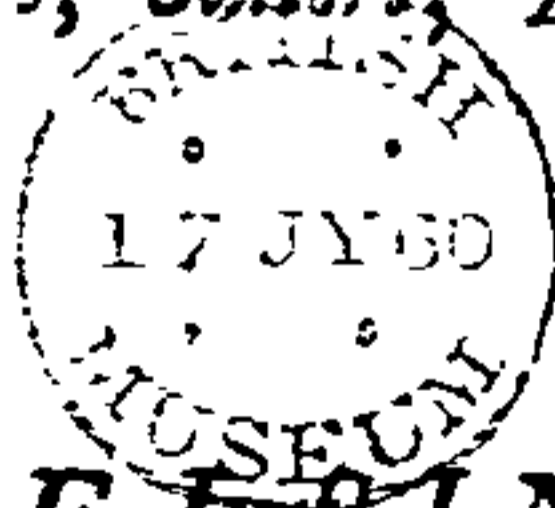
Reynoldo, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

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

Ophelia, *Daughter to Polonius, beloved by Hamlet.*
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.



SCENE ELFINOOR.

H A M-



H A M L E T,

PRINCE OF

D E N M A R K.

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

SCENE *An open Place before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels,

B E R N A R D O.



HO's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: Stand and unfold your self.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fer. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck Twelve, get thee to Bed, *Francisco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at Heart.

Ber. Have you had a quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good Night. If you do meet *Horatio*, and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter

304 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand; who's there?

Hor. Friends to this Ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good Night.

Mar. O farewel, honest Soldier; who hath reliv'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good Night.
[Exit Francisco,

Mar. Holla, *Bernardo*.

Ber. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*, welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to Night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our Phantasie,
'And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, 'twice seen of us,
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our Eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,
'And let us once again assail your Ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two Nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
'And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this:

Ber. Last Night of all,
When yon same Star, that's Westward from the Pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
The Bell then beating one----

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholar, speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: It harrows me with fear and wonder;

Ber. It would be spoke to. *Mar.*

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 305

Mar. Question it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of Night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which, the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? by Heav'n I charge thee, speak:

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away:

Hor. Stay; speak; speak; I charge thee, speak. [*Ex. Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale
Is not this something more than Phantasia?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own Eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He smote the fleded Pole-ax on the Ice,
'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this same Hour,
With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This boads some strange Eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toil's the Subject of the Land:
And why such daily cast of Brazen Cannon
And foreign Mart for Implements of War:
Why such Impress of Shipwrights, whose sore Task
Does not divide the Sunday from the Week,
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the Night joint Labourer with the Day:
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the Whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,

Was:

306 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark*.

Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
 (Thereto prickt on by a most emulate Pride)
 Dar'd to the combat. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
 (For so this side of our known World esteem'd him)
 Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a seal'd Compact,
 Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
 Did forfeit, with his Life, all those his Lands
 Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
 Against the which, a Moiety competent
 Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
 To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he been Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant
 And carriage of the Article design'd,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now Sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of unimproved Mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
 Shark'd up a List of Landlefs Resolutes,
 For Foot and Dyet; to some enterprize
 That hath a Stomach in't: which is no other,
 And it doth well appear unto our State,
 But to recover of us by strong Hand
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid Lands
 So by his Father lost: and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our Preparations,
 The source of this our Watch, and the chief head
 Of this Post-haste, and Romage in the Land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so:
 Well may it sort that this portentous Figure
 Comes armed through our Watch so like the King,
 That was, and is the Question of these Wars.

Hor. A Mote it is to trouble the Mind's Eye,
 In the most high and flourishing State of *Rome*,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
 The Grave stood Tenantless, and the sheeted Dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* Streets,
 Stars shon with Trains of Fire, Dewes of Blood fell,
 Disasters veil'd the Sun, and the moist Star,
 Upon whose Influence *Neptune's* Empire stands,
 Was sick almost to Doem's-day with Eclipse;
 And even the like Precurse of fierce Events,

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 307.

As Harbingers preceding still the Fates,
And Prologue to the Omen coming on,
Have Heav'n and Earth together demonstrated
Unto our Climates and Countrymen.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me: Stay, Illusion!

[Spreading his Arms,

If thou hast any sound, or use of Voice,
Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me,
If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid, Oh speak!—

Or, if thou hast uphoorded in thy Life
Extorted Treasure in the womb of Earth, *[Cock Crows,*
For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in Death,
Speak of it. Stay, and speak — Stop it, *Marcellus—*

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here....

Hor. 'Tis here....

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost,

We do it wrong, being so Majestical,
To offer it the shew of Violence;

For it is as the Air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the Cock crew;

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Air,
Th'extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine. And of the truth herein,
This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock,
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all Night long:

And:

308 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

And then, they say, no Spirit dares walk abroad,
The Nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the Morn in Ruffet Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill,
Break we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to Night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my Life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we do acquaint him with it,
As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray, and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt]

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

*Enter the King, Queen, Ophelia, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes,
Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's Death
The Memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our Hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointress of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated Joy,
With one Auspicious, and one dropping Eye,
With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole,
Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along, for all our thanks.
Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak supposal of our Worth;
Or thinking by our late dear Brother's Death,
Our State to be disjoint, and out of frame,

Collegued

Colleagu'd with this Dream of his Advantage;
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message,
 Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
 To our most Valiant Brother. So much for him:
 Now for our self, and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the Business is. We have here writ
 To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his Nephew's Purpose, to suppress
 His further Gate herein. In that the Levies,
 The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
 Out of his Subjects; and we here dispatch
 You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
 For bearing of this greeting to old *Norway*,
 Giving to you no further personal Power
 Of Treaty with the King, more than the scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow.

Farewel, and let your haste commend your Duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our Duty.

King. We doubt in nothing, heartily Farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now *Laertes*, what's the News with you?
 You told us of some Suit. What is't, *Laertes*?
 You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
 And lose your Voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer not thy Asking?
 The Head is not more native to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumental to the Mouth,
 Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy Father.
 What would'st thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to *France*.
 From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*,
 To shew my Duty in your Coronation,
 Yet now I must confess, that Duty done,
 My Thoughts and Wishes bend again towards *France*:
 And bow them to your gracious Leave and Pardon.

King. Have you your Father's Leave? what says *Polonius*?

Pol.

310 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by labourfome Petition,
Wrung from me my flow Leave; and at laft
Upon his Will I feal'd my hard Consent;
I do befeech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair Hour, *Laertes*, time be thine;
And thy beft graces; fpend it at thy Will.
But now, my Coufin *Hamlet*, and my Son-----

Ham. A little more than kin, and lefs than kind.

King. How is it that the Clouds ftill hang on you?

Ham. Not fo, my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*: caft thy nightly colour off,
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled Lids,
Seek for thy noble Father in the Duft;
'Thou know'ft 'tis common, all that live muft die,
Paffing through Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;

Why feems it fo particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? Nay, it is; I know not Seems:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloak, good Mother,
Nor cuftomary Suits of folemn Black,
Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Viſage,
Together with all Forms, Moods, ſhews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play;
But I have that within, which paffeth ſhow:
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suits of woe.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your Nature, *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning Duties to your Father:
But you muft know, your Father loſt a Father,
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Survivor bound
In filial Obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinatè Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious Stubbornèſs. 'Tis unmanly Grief.
It ſhews a Will moſt incorrect to Heav'n,
A Heart unfertify'd, a Mind impatient,

An Understanding simple, and unschool'd:
 For what we know must be, and is as common,
 As any the most vulgar thing to Sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish Opposition,
 Take it to Heart? Fie! 'Tis a fault to Heav'n,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first Coarse, 'till he that died to Day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to Earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us,
 As of a Father: For let the World take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no less Nobility of Love,
 Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going back to School to *Wittenberg*,
 It is most retrograde to our Desire:
 And we beseech you. bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our Eye,
 Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son:

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet*;
 I prithee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair Reply,
 Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam, come,
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my Heart, in grace whereof,
 No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to Day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rowse, the Heav'n shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly Thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too solid Flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it self into a Dew;
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seems to me all the uses of this World.
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden

That

§ 12 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark*.

That grows to Seed; things rank, and gross in Nature
Possess it meerly. That it should come to this,
But two Months dead; nay, not so much; not two, —
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly. Heav'n and Earth!
Must I remember? — why she would hang on him,
As if increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a Month?-----
Let me not think on't---- Frailty. thy Name is Woman:
A little Month!-----or e'er those Shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,
Like *Nicbe*, all tears---- Why she, even she,-----
O Heav'n! A Beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would have mourn'd longer----married with mine Uncle;
My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a Month!-----
E'er yet the salt of most unrighteous Tears
Had left the flushing of her gauled Eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous Sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my Heart for I must hold my Tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well,

Horatio, or I do forget my self.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor Servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend, I'll change that Name with
you:

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus!-----

Mar. My good Lord-----

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant Disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine Ear that Violence,
To make it truster of your own Report

Against

Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.* 313

Against your self. I know you are no Truant;
But what is your Affair in *Elsinoor*?

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

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, Fellow Student;
I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*: The Funeral bak'd Meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;

Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heav'n,

Ere I had ever seen that Day, *Horatio*.

My Father,——methinks I see my Father.

Hor. O where, my Lord?

Ham. In my Mind's Eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a Man, take him for all in all,
I should not look upon his like again.

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

Ham. Saw! Who? ——

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hor. Season your Admiration for a while
With an attent Ear; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For Heav'n's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two Nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their Watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the Night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn March
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized Eyes,
Within his Truncheon's length; whilst they, be-still'd
Almost to Jelly with the Act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,

314 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These Hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the Platform where we watcht;

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its Head, and did address
It self to Motion, like as it would speak:
But even then, the Morning Cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honourable Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our Duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me;
Hold you the Watch to Night?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his Face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his Eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like; staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred;

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grilly?

Hor.

Hor. It was, I have seen it in his Life,
A Sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to Night; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's Person,
I'll speak to it, tho' Hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my Peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this Sight;
Let it be treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever else shall hap to Night,
Give it an Understanding, but no Tongue;
I will requite your Loves: so, fare ye well:
Upon the Platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our Duty to your Honour. [Exit:]

Ham. Your Love, as mine to you: Farewel,
My Father's Spirit in Arms! All is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the Night were come;
'Till then sit still, my Soul: foul Deeds will rise,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them to Mens Eyes. [Exit.]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My Necessaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And Sister, as the Winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant; do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Blood,
A Violet in the youth of primy Nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting;
The suppliance of a minute; no more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For Nature crescent does not grow alone,
In Thews and Bulk; but as his Temple waxes,
The inward service of the Mind and Soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no foil nor cautel doth besmerch
The virtue of his Fear: But you must fear
His Greatness weigh'd, his Will is not his own:

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For he himself is subject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued Persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he says he loves you;
It fits your Wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main Voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh that loss your Honour may sustain,
If with too credent Ear you list his Songs,
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear Sister,
And keep within the rear of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.

The chariest Maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon:
Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes,
The Canker galls the infant of the Spring,
Too oft before the Buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then. best safety lies in fear;
Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th'effect of this good lesson keep,
As Watchmen to my Heart: But good my Brother,
Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
Shear me the steep and thorny way to Heav'n;
Whilst like a puff and reckless Libertine,
Himself the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And scorns not his own read.

Lar. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double Blessing is a double Grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol.

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Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for shame,
The Wind sits in the shoulder of your Sail.
And you are staid for there. My Blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy Memory,
See thou Character. Give thy Thoughts no Tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd Thought his Act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The Friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul, with hoops of Steel:
But do not dull thy Palm, with Entertainment
Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a Quarrel: But being in
Ear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Give every Man thine Ear; but few thy Voice.
Take each Man's censure; but reserve thy Judgment:
Costly thy Habit as thy Purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancy; Rich, not gaudy:
For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man,
And they in *France* of the best Rank and Station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For Loan oft loses both it self and Friend:
A borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine own self be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any Man.
Farewel; my Blessing season this in thee.

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

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

Laer. Farewel. *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my Memory lockt,
And you your self shall keep the Key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[Exit *Laer.*]

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

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*;

Pol. Marry, well bethought;

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you; and you your self

Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous.

318 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

If it be so, as so it is put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You do not understand your self so clearly,
 As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
 What is between you, give me up the truth?

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
 Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green Girl,
 Unsifted in such perilous Circumstance.

Do you believe his Tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your self a Baby,
 That you have ta'en his Tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dearly;
 Or not to crack the wind of the poor Phrase,
 Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
 In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given Countenance to his Speech, my Lord,
 With almost all the Vows of Heaven.

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know
 When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
 Gives the Tongue vows; these blazes, Daughter,
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
 Even in their Promise, as it is a making,
 You must not take for Fire. For this time, Daughter,
 Be somewhat scanted of your Maiden Presence,
 Set your Entreatments at a higher rate,

Than a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk,

Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers,
 Not of the Eye, which their Investments shew,
 But meer Implorators of unholy Suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious Bonds,
 The better to beguile. This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any moment leisure,

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As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Look to't, I charge you; come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my Lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, It has not struck.

Hor. I heard it not: Then it draws near the Season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

[Noise of warlike Musick within.]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to Night, and takes his rowse;
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering upspring reels,
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a Custom?

Ham. Ay marry is't:
But to my Mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a Custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell,
Be thy Events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! oh! answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd Bones hearsed in Death,
Have burst their Cearments? why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly Inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws,

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To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarse again in compleat Steel,
Reviv'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous? and we Fools of Nature,
So horridly to shake our Disposition,
With Thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls;
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire,
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous Action
It wafts you to a more removed Ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding Hamlet.*]

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my Life at a Pins fee;
And for my Soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it self.
It waves me forth again.—I'll follow it—

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful Summit of the Cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the Sea,
And there assume some other horrible Form,
Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it.

Ham. It wafts me still: Go on, I'll follow thee —

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your Hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My Fate cries out,
'And makes each petty Artery in this Body,
As hardy as the *Nemean* Lion's Nerve:
Still am I call'd? Unhand me, Gentlemen—

[*Breaking from them.*]

By Heav'n I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me—
I say away—go on— I'll follow thee— [*Exe. Ghost and Ham.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with Imagination.

Mar

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Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after; to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

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

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to Revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires;
'Till the foul Crimes done in my Days of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the Secrets of my Prison-house;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes like Stars, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to stand an end
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine:
But this eternal Blazon must not be
To ears of Flesh and Blood; list Hamlet! oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear Father love——

Ham. O Heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murther!

Ham. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with Wings as swift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love

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My sweep to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat Weed
That rots it self in ease on *Lethe's* Wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
It's gi'n out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*;
Is by a forged Process of my Death
Rankly abus'd: But know, thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Father's Life,
Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my Prophetick Soul; mine Uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast,
With Witchcraft of his Wits, and Traiterous Gifts,
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts that have the Power
So to seduce! won to his shameful Lust
The Will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose Love was of that Dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Upon a Wretch, whose natural Gifts were poor
To those of mine! But Virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heav'n;
So Lust, though to a radiant Angel link'd,
Will fare it forth in a Celestial Bed, and prey on Garbage.
But soft: methinks I scent the morning's Air——
Brief let me be; sleeping within mine Orchard,
My Custom always in the Afternoon,
Upon my secure Hour thy Uncle stole
With Juice of curst Hebenon in a Viol,
And in the Porches of mine Ears did pour
The leprous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
That Swift as Quick-silver it courses through
The natural Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And card, like Eagle droppings into Milk,
The thin and wholesome Blood: So did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,

Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.

Thus was I sleeping, by a Brother's Hand,
Of Life, of Crown, and Queen at once dispatch;
Cut off even in the Blossoms of my Sin,
Unhouzzled, disappointed, unnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my Account
With all my Imperfections on my Head:
Oh horrible! Oh horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast Nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark*, be
A couch for Luxury, and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worm shews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire.

Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet!* remember me. [Exit.

Ham. Oh all you Host of Heaven! Oh Earth! what else?

And shall I couple Hell? O fie! hold my Heart——

And you my Sinews, grow not instant Old;

But bear me stiffly up; remember thee——

Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a seat

In this distracted Globe; remember thee——

Yea, from the Table of my Memory,

I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,

All saws of Books, all Forms, all Pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there;

And thy Commandment all alone shall live

Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,

Unmixt with baser Matter. Yes, yes, by Heav'n:

Oh most pernicious Woman!

Oh Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain!

My Tables, my Tables—— meet it is I set it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain;

And least I'm sure it may be so in *Denmark*. [Writing.

So Uncle, there you are; now to my word;

It is; adieu, adieu, remember me: I have sworn't.

Hor.

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Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Heav'n secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord

Ham. Hillo. ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How is't, my Noble Lord?

Hor. What News, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heav'n.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would Heart of Man once
But you'll be secret? — [think it?

Both. Ay, by Heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a Villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant Knave. [Grave

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are in the right;
And so without more Circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake Hands, and part;
You as your Business and Desires shall point you,
For every Man has Business and Desire,
Such as it is and for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling Words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offended you, heartily;
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no Offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by *St. Patrick*. but there is my Lord,
And much Offence too. Touching this Vision here —
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master as you may. And now, good Friends,
As you are Friends. Scholars, and Soldiers,
Give me one poor Request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord? we will:

Ham.

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Ham. Never make known what you have seen to Night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my Sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the Stage.*]

Ham. Ah, ha Boy, say'st thou so; art thou there true-penny? Come on, you hear this Fellow in the Celleridge, Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose my Oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen, Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic est ubique?* Then we'll shift for ground. Come hither Gentlemen,

And lay your Hands again upon my Sword.

Never to speak of this which you have heard, Swear by my Sword.

Ghost. Swear.

[*fast?*]

Ham. Well said, old Mole, can'st work i'th' Ground so A worthy Pioneer, once more remove, good Friend.

Hor. Oh Day and Night! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a Stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in Heav'n and Earth, *Horatio*,

Than are dreamt of in our Philosophy. But come,

Here as before, never so help you Mercy,

How strange or odd so'er I bear my self,

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an Antick disposition on,

That you at such time seeing me, never shall

With Arms encumbred thus, or thus, head shake!

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase;

As well---we know---or, we could, and if we would---

Or, if we list to speak---or, there be and if there might---

Or such ambiguous giving out to note,

That you know ought of me; this not to do,

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So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you.
Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit; so, Gentlemen,
With all my Love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a Man as *Hamlet* is,
May do t' express his Love and Friending to you,
God willing shall not lack; let us go in together,
And still your Fingers on your Lips I pray.
The time is out of Joint; Oh cursed spight,
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Pol. Give him his Mony, and those Notes, *Reynoldo.*
Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo.*
Before you visit him, make you Inquiry
Of his Behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said,
Very well said. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What Company, at what Expence; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of Question,
That they do know my Son; come you more near,
Then your particular Demands will touch it,
Take you, as 'twere some distant Knowledge of him,
As thus — I know his Father and his Friends,
And in part him — Do you mark this, *Reynoldo*?

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him --- but you may say --- not well;
But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so — and there put on him

What

What Forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are Companions noted and most known
To Youth and Liberty.

Rey. As Gaming, my Lord:—

Pol. Ay, or Drinking, Fencing, Swearing,
Quarrelling, Drabbing---You may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith no, as you may season it in the Charge;
You must not put another Scandal on him,
That he is open to Incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his Faults so quaintly;
That they may seem the Taints of Liberty;
The Flash and out-break of a fiery Mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed Blood
Of general Assault.

Rey. But, my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of Warrant.
You laying these slight sullies on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' working,
Mark you your party in converse; him you would sound;
Having ever seen, in the prenominate Crimes,
The youth you breathe of, Guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this Consequence;
Good Sir, or so, or Friend, or Gentleman,
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of Man and Country.

Rey. Very good, my Lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this?

He do's---what was I about to say?

I was about to say nothing? where did I leave?---

Rey. At closes in the Consequence:

At Friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Pol. At closes in the Consequence---Ay marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

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Or then, or then, with such and such, and as you say,
 There was he gaming. there o'ertook in's Rowse,
 There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
 I saw him enter such a House of Stale,
Videlicet, a Brothel. or so forth-----See you now;
 Your bait of Falshood, takes this Carp of Truth;
 And thus do we of Wisdom and of Reach,
 With Windlaces, and with affays of Byas,
 By Indirections find Directions out:
 So by my former Lecture and Advice
 Shall you my Son; you have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord, I have,

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my Lord.----

Pol. Observe his Inclination in your self.

Rey. I shall, my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Musick.

Rey. Well, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel.

How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been so affrighted.

Pol. With what, in the Name of Heav'n?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet. with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
 No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ankle,
 Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,
 And with a look so piteous in Purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of Hell,
 To speak of Horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy Love?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist:
 Then goes he to the length of all his Arm;
 And with his other Hand, thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my Face,
 As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
 At last, a little shaking of my Arm,

And

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And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a Sigh, so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his Head over his Shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his Eyes,
For out adooors he went without their help,
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King;
This is the very Extasie of Love,
Whose violent Property foredoes it self,
And leads the Will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any Passion under Heav'n,
That do's afflict our Natures. I am sorry;
What, have you given him any hard Words of late?

Oph. No, my good Lord; but as you did command
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His Access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better Speed and Judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but beshrew my Jealousie;
It seems it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
As it common for the younger sort
To lack Discretion. Come, go we to the King.
This must be known, which being kept close, might move
More Grief to hide, than hate to utter Love. [Exit.

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrosse, Guildenstern, Lords and
other Attendants.*

King. Welcome dear *Rosincrosse* and *Guildenstern*,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet's* Transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward Man
Resembles that it was. What it should be

More

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More than his Father's Death, that thus hath put him,
 So much from th' understanding of himself,
 I cannot deem of. I intreat you both,
 That being of so young Days brought up with him,
 And since so neighbour'd to his Youth, and Humour;
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
 Some little time, so by your Companies,
 To draw him on to Pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from Occasions you may glean,
 If ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen he hath much talk'd of you,
 And sure I am, two Men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
 To shew us so much gentry and good will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your Visitation shall receive such Thanks,
 As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
 Might by the Sovereign Power you have of us,
 Put your dread Pleasures more into Command
 Than to Entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
 And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
 To lay our Service freely at your Feet,
 To be commanded.

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

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

Guil. Heav'ns make our Presence and our Practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him. [Exeunt *Ros.* and *Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The Ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
 Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the Father of good News:

Pol.

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Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my Duty, as I hold my Soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, or else this Brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of Policy, so sure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first Admittance to th' Ambassadors.
My News shall be the News to that great Feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Ex. Pol.*
He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your Son's Distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other, but the main,
His Father's Death, and our o'er-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome, good Friends!
Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of Greetings, and Desires,
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephew's Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a Preparation 'gainst the *Polak*:
But better lookt into, the truly found
It was against your Highness. Whereat grieved,
That so his Sickness, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely born in Hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th' assay of Arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with Joy,
Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers,
So levied as before, against the *Polak*:
With an intreaty herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your Dominions for his Enterprize,
On such regards of Safety and Allowance,
As therein are set down.

King.

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King. It likes us well :
 And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this Business.
 Mean time we thank you, for your well-look'd labour;
 Go to your rest, at Night we'll feast together.
 Most welcome home. [Exit Ambassadors]

Pol. This Business is very well ended:
 My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
 What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
 Why Day is Day, Night, Night, and Time is Time,
 Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
 Therefore, since Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
 And Tedioufness the Limbs and outward Flourishes,
 I will be brief; your noble Son is Mad.
 Mad call I it; for to define true Madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
 But let that go.

Queen. More Matter, with less Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no Art at all:
 That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
 And pity, it is true; a foolish Figure,
 But farewell it; For I will use no Art.
 Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
 That we find out the Cause of this Effect,
 Or rather say, the Cause of this Defect;
 For this effect defective, comes by cause,
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus----Perpend----
 I have a Daughter; have, whilst she is mine,
 Who in her Duty and Obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this; now gather, and surmise.

He opens a Letter, and reads.

To the Celestial, and my Soul's Idol, the most beautified Ophelia.
 That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase, beautified is a vile
 Phrase; but you shall hear—*These to her excellent white
 Bosoms, these-----*

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the Stars are Fire, [Reading.

Doubt, that the Sun doth move;

Doubt

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*Doubt Truth to be a Liar,
But never Doubt, I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers; I have not Art
to reckon my Groans; but that I love thee best, oh most Best,
believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore. most dear Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my Daughter shew'd me:
And more above, hath his Sollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine Ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a Man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think?
When I had seen his hot Love on the Wing,
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the Desk or Table-book,
Or given my Heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love, with idle sight,
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young Mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
This must not be; And then, I Precepts gave her,
That she should lock her self from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, she took the fruits of my Advice,
And he repulsed, a short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fa[?],
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakness,
Thence to a Lightness, and by this declension
Into the Madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King.

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King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances lead me, I will find
Where Truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walks four Hours together, here
In the Lobby.

Queen. So he has indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an Arras then.
Mark the Encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his Reason fain thereon,
Let me be no Assistaat for a State,
And keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where, sadly, the poor Wretch comes
Reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.

I'll board him presently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*]

Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well. God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent. excellent well; y'are a Fishmonger?

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a Man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest as this World goes, is to be
One pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog,
Being a good kissing Carrion-----

Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; Conception is a Bless-
ing, but not as your Daughter may conceive. Friend,
look to't.

Pol.

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Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my Daughter----yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fish-monger; he is far gone, far gone; and truly in my Youth, I suffered much extremity for Love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the Matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the Matter you mean, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: For the Sarcritical Slave says here, that old Men have gray Beards? that their Faces are wrinkled; their Eyes purging thick Amber. or Plum Tree Gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of Wit together with weak Hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently believe, yet I hold it not Honesty to have it thus set down: For you your self, Sir, shall be as old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's Method in't; Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Air:

How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?

A happiness that often Madness hits on,

Which Reason and Sanity could not

So prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him;

And suddenly contrive the means of meeting

Between him and my Daughter.

My honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withal, except my Life, my Life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools.

Pol. You go to seek my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is:

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord!

Ros. My most dear Lord!

Ham.

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Ham. My excellent good Friends! How dost thou *Guildenstern*? Oh, *Rosincresse*, good Lads! How do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the Earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on Fortune's Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soals of her Shooe?

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

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

Guild. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret Parts of Fortune? Oh, most true; she is a Strumpet. What's the News?

Ros. None, my Lord, but that the World's grown Honest.

Ham. Then is Dooms-day near; but your News is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good Friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guild. Prison my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worst.

Ros. We think not so, my Lord.

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: To me it is a Prison.

Ros. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'Tis too narrow for your Mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a Nut-shell, and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad Dreams.

Guild. Which Dreams indeed are Ambition; for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerly the Shadow of a Dream.

Ham. A Dream it self is but a Shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a Shadow's Shadow.

Ham.

Ham. Then are our Beggars Bodies, and our Monarchs, and out-stretch'd Heroes, the Beggars Shadows; shall we to th' Court? for, by my fey, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my Servants: For to speak to you like an honest Man, I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of Friendship, what make you at *Elsinor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord, no other Occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in Thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear Friends, my Thanks are too dear a half-Penny; were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free Visitation? Come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guild. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the Purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of Confession in your looks, which your Modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our Fellowship, by the consonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved Love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an Eye of you: If you love me, hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we nere sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my Anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen, moult no Feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my Mirth, forgone all custome of Exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my Disposition, that this goodly Frame, the Earth, seems to me a steril Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging, this Majestical Roof, fretted with golden Fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent Congregation of Vapours. What a

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piece of Work is a Man! How noble in Reason! how infinite in Faculty! in Form and Moving how express and admirable! in Action, how like an Angel! in Apprehension how like a God! the Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither, tho' by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such Stuff in my Thoughts.

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

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players shall receive from you; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of me; the adventurous Knight shall use his Foyle and Target: the Lover shall not fight *gratis*; the humorous Man shall end his part in Peace; the Clown shall make those laugh, whose Lungs are tickled ath' sere; and the Lady shall say her Mind freely; or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take Delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence both in Reputation and Profit was better, both ways.

Ros. I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innovation?

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their Endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; But there is, Sir, an airy of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the top of Question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the Fashion, and so be-rattle the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose Quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer

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longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterward^s if they should grow themselves to common Players, as it is like most, if their means are no better, their Writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession.

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the Nation holds it no Sin, to tarre them to controverſie. There was for a while no Mony bid for Argument, unleſs the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs in the Queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guild. Oh there has been much throwing about of Brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange, for mine Uncle is King of *Denmark*, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my Father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his Picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than Natural, if Philoſophy could find it out.

[*Flouriſh for the Players.*]

Guild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsinoor*; your Hands, come; the appurtenance of Welcome, is Faſhion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, leſt my extent to the Players (which I tell you muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like Entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Weſt: When the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each Ear a hearer; that great Baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling Clouts.

Ros. Haply he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham. I will Propheſie, he comes to tell me of the Play-

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ers. Mark it, you say right, Sir; for on *Monday Morning* 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have News to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have News to tell you,
When *Roscious* was an Actor in *Rome* —

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine Honour —

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass —

Pol. The best Actors in the World. either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral. Pastoral-Comical-Historical-Pastoral, Tragical-Historical, Tragical-Comical Historical-Pastoral, Scene undividable, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Wit, and the Liberty. These are the only Men.

Ham. O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot, God wot — and then you know, it came to pass, as most like it was; the first row of the Rubrick, will shew you more. For look where my *Abridgements* come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome good Friends. Oh! my old Friend! Th' Face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to Beard me in *Denmark*? what my young Lady and Mistress? Berlad; your Lordship is nearer Heaven, than when I saw you last, by the Altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your Voice, like a piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Matters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like *F. 2000* coners, fly at any thing we see; we'll have

a Speech straight. Come, give us a Taste of your Quality; come, a passionate Speech.

I Play. What Speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviar* to the General; but it was, as I receiv'd it, and others whose Judgment in such Matters, cryed in the top of mine, an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the Lines, to make the Matter favoury; nor no Matter in the Phrase, that might indite the Author of Affection, but call'd it an honest Method. One chief Speech in it, I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* Slaughter. If it live in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see — The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the *Hircanian* Beast. It is not so — it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Arms
Black as his purpose, did the Night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now his dread and black Completion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismal; Head to Foot
Now is he total Geules; horridly trickt
With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
Bak'd and impasted, with the parching Streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned Light
To the vile Murthers. Roasted in Wrath and Fire;
And thus o'er sized with coagulate Gore,
With Eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandfire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent; and good Discretion.

I Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at *Greeks*. His Antick Sword;
Rebellious in his Arm, lies where it falls
Repugnant to command, unequal match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls. Then Senseless *Ilium*,

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Seeming to feel his Blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Base, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* Ear. For lo, his Sword,
Which was declining on the milky Head
Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Air to stick :
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Neutral to his Will and Matter,
Did nothing.

But as we often see against some Storm,
A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the Orb below
As hush as Death: Anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowfed Vengeance sets him new a work,
And never did the *Cyclops* Hammers fall
On *Mars* his Armours, forg'd for proof Eterne,
With less Remorse than *Pyrrhus* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune! all you Gods,
In general Synod take away her Power:
Break all the Spokes and Fallies from her Wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heav'n,
As low as to the Fiends:

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' Barbers with your Beard. Prethee
say on; he's for a Jigg, or a tale of Bawdry, or he sleeps.
Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, O who, had seen the Mobled Queen?

Ham. The Mobled *Queen*?

Pol. That's good; Mobled *Queen*, is good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the Flame
With Bissen Rheum; a Clout about that Head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lank and all o'er-teamed Loyns,
A Blanket in th' alarum of fear caught up.
Who this had seen, with Tongue in Venom steep'd,
Gainst Fortune's State, would Treason have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs;

The

The instant Burst of Clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made Milch the burning Eyes of Heav'n,
And Passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turn'd his Colour, and has
Tears in's Eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.
Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestow'd.
Do ye hear. let them be well us'd; for they are the Ab-
stracts, and brief Chronicles of the time. After your death,
you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill Report
while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their De-
fert

Ham. Gods bodikins Man, better. Use every Man after
his Defert, and who should scape whipping; use them after
your own Honour and Dignity. The less they deserve, the
more Merit is in your Bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [Exit Polonius.]

Ham. Follow him, Friends: we'll hear a Play to mor-
row. Dost thou hear me, old Friend, can you play the
Murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow Night. You could for a
need study a Speech of some dozen or sixteen Lines, which
I would set down, and incert in't? Could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

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

Ros. Good my Lord. [Exeunt.]

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay so, good b' w' ye: Now I am alone.
O what a Rogue and Peasant Slave am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
Could force his Soul so to his whole Conceit,
That from her working, all his Visage warm'd:
Tears in his Eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting

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With Forms, to his Conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him. or he to *Hecuba*.

That he should weep for her; what would he do,
Had he the Motive and the Cue for Passion

That I have? he would drown the Stage with Tears,
And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech;

Make mad the Guilty, and appall the Free,

Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed,

The very faculty of Eyes and Ears. Yet I,

A dull and muddy metled Rascal, peak

Like *John-a-deames*, unpregnant of my Cause,

And can say nothing: No, not for a King,

Upon whose Property, and most dear Life,

A damn'd Defeat was made. Am I a Coward?

Who calls me Villain, breaks my Pate a-cross,

Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my Face?

Tweaks me by th' Nose, gives me the lye i'th' Throat,

As deep as to the Lungs? Who does me this?

Ha? Why should I take it? for it cannot be,

But I am Pigeon Liver'd, and lack Gall

To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,

I should have fatt'd all the Region Kites

With this Slave's Offal. Bloody, bawdy Villain!

Remorseless, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindless Villain!

Oh Vengeance!

Why what an Ass am I? I sure, this is most brave,

That I, the Son of the dear murdered,

Prompted to my Revenge by Heav'n and Hell,

Must, like a Whore, unpack my Heart with Words,

And fall a cursing like a very Drab,

A Scullion— Fye upon't! Foh! About my Brain.

I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,

Have by the very cunning of the Scene,

Been struck unto the Soul, that presently

They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.

For Murder, though it have no Tongue, will speak

With most miraculous Organ. I'll have these Players,

Play something like the Murder of my Father,

Before mine Uncle. I'll observe his Looks,

I'll tent him to the Quick; if he but blench,
 I know my Course. The Spirit that I have seen,
 May be the Devil, and the Devil hath Power
 T'assume a pleasing Shape, yea, and perhaps
 Out of my Weakness, and my Melancholy,
 As he is very Potent with such Spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have Grounds
 More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I

S C E N E *the Palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrosse,
 Guildenstern and Lords.*

King. **A**ND can you by no drift of Circumstance
 Get from him why he puts on this Confession,
 Grating so harshly all his Days of quiet,
 With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
 But with a crafty Madness keeps aloof:
 When we would bring him on to some Confession
 Of his true State.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a Gentleman,

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of Question, but of our Demands
 Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him to any Pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players
 We o'er-took on the way; of these we told him;
 And there did seem in him a kind of Joy
 To hear of it: They are about the Court,
 And (as I think) they have already order
 This Night to play before him.

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Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the Matter.

King. With all my Heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further Edge, and drive his Purpose on
To these Delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my self, lawful Espials,
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseen
We may of their Encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th' affliction of his Love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet's* wildness. So shall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow our selves: Read on this Book,
That strew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's Visage,
And pious Action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself.

King. Oh 'tis too true;
How smart a lash that Speech doth give my Conscience?
The Harlot's Cheek beautied with plastring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my Deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw my Lord.
[*Exeunt all but Ophelia.*

Enter

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
 Whether, 'tis nobler in the Mind, to suffer
 The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
 Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
 And by opposing end them. To dye, to sleep
 No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
 The Heart-ache, and the thousand natural Shocks
 That Flesh is Heir to; 'tis a Consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die to Sleep —
 To Sleep, perchance to Dream; ay, there's the rub —
 For in that sleep of Death, what Dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes Calamity of so long Life:
 For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
 The Oppressors wrong, the poor Man's Contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd Love, the Laws delay,
 The insolence of Office, and the spurns
 That patient Merit of the Unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardles bear
 To grunt and sweat under a weary Life,
 But that the dread of something after Death,
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose Borne
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
 And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the native Hue of Resolution
 Is sicklied o'er, with the pale cast of Thought;
 And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
 With this regard their Currents turn away,
 And lose the name of Action. Soft you now, [*Seeing Oph.*
 The fair *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy Oraisons
 Be all my Sins remembered.

Oph. Good my Lord,
 How does your Honour for this many a Day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well —

Oph.

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Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them Words of so sweet Breath compos'd,
As made the things more Rich: That Perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble Mind
Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My Lord——

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your Honesty
should admit no Discourse to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce
than with Honesty?

Ham. Ay truly; for the power of Beauty, will sooner
transform Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, than the
force of Honesty can translate Beauty into his likeness.
This was sometimes a Paradox, but now the time gives
it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For Virtue
cannot so innoculate our old Stock, but we shall relish of
it. I did love you once.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why wouldst thou be
a breeder of Sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but
yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better
my Mother had not born me. I am very proud, revenge-
ful, ambitious, with more Offences at my beck, than I
have thoughts to put them in Imagination, to give them
shape, or time to act them in. What should such Fellows
as I do crawling between Heav'n and Earth. We are ar-
rant Knaves all, believe none of us——Go thy ways to a
Nunnery——Where's your Father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham.

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Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him, that he may play the Fool no where but in's own House. Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heav'ns.

Ham. If thou dost Marry. I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calunny—Get thee to a Nunnery, Go—farewel—Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise Men know well enough, what Monsters you make of them—To a Nunnery go—and quickly too: Farewel.

Oph. O heav'nly Powers! restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your prating too, well enough: God has given you one pace, and you make your self another: You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and Nick-name God's Creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*]

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'er-thrown!

The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars! Eye, Tongue, Sword,
Th' expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
The glass of Fashion, and the mould of Form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down.
I am of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honey of his Musick Vows:
Now see that Noble and most Sovereign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of Tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd Form and Feature of blown Youth,
Blasted with Extasie. Oh woe is me!
T'have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd Form a little,
Was not like Madnes. There's something in his Soul,
O'er which his Melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some Danger, which how to prevent,
I have in quick Determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*

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For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
 Haply the Seas and Countries different,
 With variable Objects, shall expel
 This something settled matter in his Heart;
 Whereon his Brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
 The Origin and Commencement of this Grief
 Sprung from neglected Love. How now, *Ophelia*?
 You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
 But if you hold it fit after the Play,
 Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him
 To shew his Grievs; let her be round with him:
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the Ear
 Of all their Conference. If she find him not,
 To *England* send him; or confine him where
 Your Wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
 Madness in great Ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it
 to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it,
 as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the Town-Crier
 had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Air too much
 with your Hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very
 Torrent, Tempest, and, as I may say, the Whirl-wind of
 Passion. you must acquire and beget a temperance that
 may give it smoothness. O it offends me to the Soul, to
 see a robustous Periwig-pated Fellow, tear a Passion to
 Tatters, to very Rags, to split the Ears of the Ground-
 lings: Who (for the most part) are capable of nothing,
 but inexplicable dumb Shews, and Noise: I could have
 such a Fellow whipt for o'er doing Termagant; it out-
Herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own Dis-
 cretion be your Tutor. Sate the Action to the Word, the
 Word to the Action; with this special observance; that you
 o'erstop not the Modesty of Nature; for anything so over-
 done,

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done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature; to shew Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the time, his Form and Pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, tho' it make the Unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve: The censure of which one, must in your Allowance o'er-sway a whole Theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, or the gate of Christian, Pagan, or *Norman*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journey-men had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reform it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered; that's Villanous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosincrosse, and Guildenstern.

How now, my Lord?

Will the King hear this Piece of Work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. [Exit Polonius.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [Exeunt.]

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho, *Horatio*?

Hor. Here, sweet Lord. at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a Man
As e'er my Conversation coap'd withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord——

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what Advancement may I hope from thee, That

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That no Revenue hast, but thy good Spirits
 To feed and cloath thee. Why should the poor be flatter'd?
 No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
 And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
 Where thrift may follow feigning. Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her Choice,
 And could of Men distinguish, her Election
 Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
 As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
 A Man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hath ta'en with equal Thanks. And blest are those,
 Whose Blood and Judgment are so well co-mingled,
 That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that Man,
 That is not Passion's Slave, and I will wear him
 In my Heart's Core: Ay, in my Heart of Heart,
 As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a Play to Night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance
 Which I have told thee, of my Father's Death.
 I prethee. when thou seest that Act 'a-foot,
 Even with the very Comment of thy Soul
 Observe mine Uncle: If his occult guilt
 Do not it self unkennel in one Speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen:
 And my Imaginations are as foul
 As *Vulcan's* Styth. Give him heedful note,
 For I mine Eyes will rivet to his Face,
 And after we will both our Judgments join,
 To censure of his seeming.

Her. Well, my Lord.

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

Enter King. Queen. Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrosse, Guildenstern. and other Lords Attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Ham. They are coming to the Play; I must be idle.
 Get you a Place.

King. How fares my Cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham.

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Ham. Excellent i'faith, of the Camelion's Dish : I eat the Air, promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this Answer, *Hamlet*, these Words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine, now, my Lord. You plaid once i'th' University, you say? [To Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capital a Calf there. Be the Players ready?

Ros. Ay, my Lord, they stay upon your Patience.

Qu. Come hither, my good *Hamlet*. sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your Lap?

[Lying down at Ophelia's Feet.

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant Country Matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a Maids Legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your only Jig-maker; what should a Man do, but be merry. For look you how chearfully my Mother looks, and my Father dy'd within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two Months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of Sables. Oh Heav'ns! dye two Months ago, and not forgotten? then there's hope, a great Man's Memory may out live his Life half a Year: But by'r-lady he must build Churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking

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thinking on, with the Hobby-horse; whose Epitaph is, for o, for o, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Hautboys play. The dumb Shew enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels; and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his Head upon her Neck. Lays him down upon a Bank of Flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours Poison in the King's Ears, and Exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead Body is carried away: The Poisoner wooes the Queen with Gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his Love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that means Mischief.

Oph. Belike this Shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellows: The Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell us what this Shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any Shew that you'll shew him. Be not you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Enter Prologue.

*For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your Clemency;
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue. or the Posie of a King?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's love.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Full thirty times bath *Phœbus* Car gon round
Neptune's salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed Ground:
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen,
About the World have time twelve thirties been,

Since

Since Love our Hearts, and *Hymen* did our Hands
Unite commutual, in most sacred Bands.

Qu. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, e'er love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from Cheer, and from your former State,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must,
For Womens Fear and Love, hold quantity,
In neither ought, or in extremity;
Now what my Love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my Love is fix'd, my Fear is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair World behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as a kind
For Husband shalt thou——

Qu. Oh confound the rest!
Such Love must needs be Treason in my Breast:
In second Husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Qu. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpose is but the Slave to Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poor validity:
Which now like Fruit unripe sticks on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves, what to our selves is Debt:
What to our selves in Passion we propose,
The Passion ending, doth the purpose lose;
The Violence of either Grief or Joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy.
Where Joy most revels, Grief doth most lament;

Grief

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Grief joys, Joy grieves on slender accident.
 This World is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
 That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
 For 'tis a Question left us yet to prove,
 Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
 The great Man down, you mark his Favourite flies;
 The poor advanc'd makes Friends of Enemies:
 And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lack a Friend;
 And who in Want a hollow Friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his Enemy.

But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our Wills and Fates do so contrary run,
 That our Devices still are overthrown,
 Our Thoughts are ours, their Ends none of our own.
 So think thou wilt no second Husband wed,
 But die thy Thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Qu. Ngr Earth to give me Food, nor Heav'n Light,
 Sport and repose lock me from Day and Night;
 Each opposite that blanks the Face of Joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy,
 But here, and hence, pursue me lasting Strife,
 If once a Widow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworn; sweet, leave me here a while,
 My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious Day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

Qu. Sleep rock thy Brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain. [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?

Qu. The Lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
 fence in't?

Ham. No, no. they do but jest, poison in jest, no Of-
 fence i'th' World.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-top; Marry how? Tropically. This
 Play is the Image of a Murther done in Vienna; Gonzago

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is the Duke's Name, his Wife *Baptista*; you shall see anon, tis a Knavish piece of Work; but what o' that? Your Majesty, and we that have free Souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd Jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Oph. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love; If I could see the Puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my Edge.

Oph. Still worse and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murther. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and Begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, Hands apt, Drugs fit, and Time agreeing :

Confederate Season, else no Creature seeing :
Thou Mixture rank, of Midnight-Weeds collected,
With *Hecate's* Bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
The natural Magick, and dire property,
On wholesome Life, usurp immediately.

[Pours the Poison in his Ears.]

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's Estate; his Name's *Gonzago*; the Story is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the Love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false Fire?

Qui. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *[Exeunt.]*

Manent Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Heart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the World away.

Would

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Would not this, Sir, and a Forest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turn *Turk* with me; with two Provincial Roscs on my rack'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a Share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know, oh *Damon* dear,
This Realm dismantled was
Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here
A very very Pajock.

Hor. You might have Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand Pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the Poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosencrosse and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh he! come some Musick. Come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy;
When he likes it not perdy.
Come for Musick.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History,

Guild. The King, Sir—

Ham. Ay, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd—
Is it with Dumb, Sir?

Ham. No, my Lord, rather with Choler.

But your Wisdom should shew it self more rich to
Send for his Doctor: for me to put him to his Pur-
gation, perhaps plunge him into far more Choler.
But my Lord, put your Discourse into some
other matter, not so wildly from my Affair.

Ham. I will, Sir, pronounce.

Guild. I have given your Mother, in most great afflicti-
on, news of her death: I have sent me to you.

Ham. I am glad to hear you welcome.

Ham. My Lord, this Courtesie is not of the
Cheer, but of the Will: shall please you to make me a whol-
some

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son Answer, I will do your Mother's Commandment ; if not, your Pardon, and my return shall be the end of my Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome Answer: my Wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such Answers as I can make, you shall command; or rather you say, my Mother — therefore no more but to the matter — my Mother, you say —

Ros. Then thus she says; your Behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful Son, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequel at the Heels of this Mother-admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet ere you go to Bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your Cause of Distemper? You do freely bar the Door of your own Liberty; if you deny your Grievs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the Voice of the King himself, for your Succession in *Denmark*?

Ham. Ay, but while the Grass grows, the Proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorders, let me set one. To withdraw with you — why do you go about to recover the Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham.

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Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying; govern these Ventiges with your Finger and Thumb, give it Breath with your Mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick.

Look you, these are the stops.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of Harmony, I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the Heart of my Mystery, you would sound me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass, and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am easier to be plaid on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bless you, Sir.

Enter Polonius

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

Ham. Do you see that Cloud, that's almost in shape like a *Camel*?

Pol. By th' Mass, and it's like a *Camel* indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a *Wezel*.

Pol. It is back'd like a *Wezel*.

Ham. Or like a *Whale*?

Pol. Very like a *Whale*.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother by and by; They fool me to the top of my Bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[*Exit.*

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, Friends: [*Exit.* 'Tis now the very witching time of Night, When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it self breaths out Contagion to this World. Now could I drink hot Blood. And do such bitter Business as the Day Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my Mother—
Oh Heart, lose not thy Nature; let not ever

The

The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm Bosom;
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
 I will speak Daggers to her, but use none.
 My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites;
 How in my words somever she be shent,
 To give them Seals, never my Soul consent.

[*Exit.*

Enter King Rosincrosse, and Guildenstem.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his Madness range. Therefore prepare you;
 I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to *England* shall along with you.
 The Terms of our Estate may not endure
 Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow
 Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide;
 Most holy and religious Fear it is,
 To keep those many Bodies safe, that live
 And feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar Life is bound
 With all the Strength and Armour of the Mind,
 To keep it self from noyance; but much more,
 That Spirit, upon whose Spirit depends and rests
 The Lives of many; the cease of Majesty
 Dies not alone, but like a Gulf doth draw
 What's near it, with it, it is a massy Wheel
 Fixt on the Summit of the highest Mount,
 To whose huge Spoaks, ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence
 Attends the boistrous Ruin. Never alone
 Did the King sigh, but with a general Groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy Voyage,
 For we will Fetters put upon this Fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mother's Closet;
 Behind the Arras I'll convey my self
 To hear the Procefs. I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
 And as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet that some more Audience than a Mother,
 Since Nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
 The Speech of Vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
 I'll call upon you ere you go to Bed,
 And tell you what I know.

[Exit.

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
 Oh my Offence is rank, it smells to Heav'n,
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;
 A Brother's Murther. Pray I cannot,
 Though Inclination be as sharp as Will:
 My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent,
 And like a Man to double Business bound,
 I stand in pawse where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect; what if this cursed Hand
 Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood,
 Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'n's
 To wash it white as Snow? whereto serves Mercy?
 But to confront the Visage of Offence?
 And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold Force,
 To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up,
 My Fault is past. But oh what Form of Prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul Murther,
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those Effects for which I did the Murther,
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence?
 In the corrupted Currents of this World,
 Offences gilded Hand may shove by Justice,
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
 Bays out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
 In his true Nature, and we our selves compel'd,
 Even to the Teeth and Forchead of our Faults,
 To give in Evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched State! oh Bosom, black as Death!
 Oh limed Soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help Angels, make assay:

How

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Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with strings of Steel,
Be soft as Sinews of the new born Babe,
All may be well. [The King kneels.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't——and so he goes to Heav'n,
And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd,——
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his sole Son, do this same Villain send
To Heav'n——O this is Hire and Sallery. not Revenge.
He took my Father grossly, full of Bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, as fresh as *May*,
And how his Audit stands, who knows, save Heav'n:
But in our Circumstance and course of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soul.
When he his fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his Bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of Salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stays,
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly Days. [Exit.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words, without thoughts, never to Heaven go. [Exit. ✓

SCENE II. *The Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight; look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here;
Pray you be round with him.

Q 2

Ham.

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Ham. within. Mother, Mother, Mother.

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother, what's the Matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle Tongue.

Queen. Why how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the Rood, not so;

You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not
budge:

You go not 'till I set you up a Glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

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

Pol. What ho, help, help, help. [Behind the Arras.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. O! I am slain. [Kills Polonius.

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill'd a King?

Ham. Ay Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Fool, farewell,

I took thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,

'Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down;

And let me wring your Heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
 If damned Custom have not braz'd it so,
 That it is proof and bulwark against Sense.

Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy Tongue
 In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an Act,
 That blurs the Grace and blush of Modesty,
 Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
 From the fair Forehead of an innocent love,
 And makes a Blister there ; makes Marriage vows
 As false as Dicers Oaths. O such a Deed,
 As from the Body of contraction plucks
 The very Soul, and sweet Religion makes
 A Rhapsody of words. Heav'n's Face doth glow ;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful Visage as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index ?

Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two Brothers :
 See what a Grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperion's Curles, the Front of *Jove* himself,
 An Eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command,
 A Station like the Herald *Mercury*
 Now lighted on a Heav'n-kissing Hill ;
 A Combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his Seal,
 To give the World assurance of a Man.
 This was your Husband. Look you now what follows,
 Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd Ear,
 Blasting his wholesome Brother. Have you Eyes ?
 Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this Moore ? Ha ! have you Eyes ?
 You cannot call it Love ; for at your Age,
 The hey-day in the Blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment ; and what Judgment
 Would step from this to this ? What Devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at Hoodman-blind ?

366 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

O Shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a Matron's Bones,
To flaming Youth, let Virtue be as Wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive Ardure gives the charge,
Since Frost it self as actively doth burn,
As Reason panders Will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.
Thou turn'st mine Eyes into my very Soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous Bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the nasty Sty.

Queen. Oh speak to me no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine Ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain!
A Slave, that is not twentieth part, the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Curpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shelf, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches—
Save me! and hover o'er me with your Wings [*Starting up.*
You Heav'nly Guards! What would you, gracious figure?

Queen. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command? O say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting Soul,
Conceit in weakest Bodies, strongest works.
Speak to her Hamlet.

Ham.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That thus you bend your Eye on vacancy,
And with the Corporal Air do hold Discourse,
Forth at your Eyes, your Spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping Soldiers in th' Alarm,
Your Bedded Hairs, like Life in Excrements,
Start up, and stand an end. O gentle Son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy Distemper
Sprinkle cool Patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! — look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to Stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this pitious Action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; Tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there! look how it steals away!
My Father in his Habit as he lived!

Look where he goes even now out at the Portal. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very Coinage of your Brain,
This bodiless Creation ecstasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasie?

My Pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful Mesick. It is not madness
That I have uttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Uction to your Soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but Skin and Film the Ulcerous place,
Whilst rank Corruption running all within,
Infects unseen. Confess your self to Heav'n,
Repent what's past avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the Compost on the Weeds,

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To make them ranker. Forgive me this my Virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursie times,
Vertue it self of Vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb, and woove, for leave to do him good.

Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou hast cleft my Heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good Night; but go not to mine Uncle's Bed,
Assume a Virtue, if you have it not.
That Monster Custom, who all Sense doth eat
Of Habit's Devil, is Angel yet in this;
That to the use of Actions fair and good,
He likewise gives a Frock or Livery
That aptly is put on; refrain to Night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next Abstineace, the next more easie;
For use can almost change the stamp of Nature
And master the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous Potency. Once more, good Night;
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll Blessing beg of you. For this same Lord, [*Pointing to Pol.*
I do repent: but Heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The Death I gave him; so again, good Night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do.
Let the blunt King tempt you again to Bed,
Pinch Wanton on your Cheek, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your Neck with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in Craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gibbe,

Such

Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of Sense and Secrecy,
Unpeg the Basket on the Houses top,
Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions, in the Basket creep,
And break your own Neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of Breath,
And breath of Life: I have no Life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This Man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the Guts into the Neighbour Room;
Mother, good Night. Indeed this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in Life a foolish prating Knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good Night, Mother.

[*Exit Hamlet, tugging in Polonius.*]

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

SCENE *A Royal Apartment.*

Enter King and Queen.

King. **T**Here's matters in these sighs, these profound heaves;
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your Son?

Queen. Ah, my good Lord, what have I seen to Night?

King. What, *Gertrude*? How does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the Seas, and Wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit
Behind the Arras, hearing something stir,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old Man.

King. Oh heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:

370 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

His Liberty is full of threats to all,
 To you your self, to us, to every one.
 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
 This mad young Man. But so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit,
 But like the Owner of a foul Disease,
 To keep it from divulging, lets it feed
 Even on the pith of Life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd,
 O'er whom his very Madness, like some Ore
 Among a Mineral of Metals base,
 Shews it self pure. He weeps for what is done,

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
 The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed,
 We must, with all our Majesty and Skill,
 Both countenance, and excuse. Ho! *Guildenstern!*

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildenstern.
 Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madnels hath *Polonius* slain,
 And from his Mother's Closet hath he drag'd him.
 Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the Body
 Into the Chappel. I pray you haste in this.

[*Ex. Ros. and Guild.*

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest Friends,
 To let them know both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
 My Soul is full of discord and dismay. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet!* Lord *Hamlet!*

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

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
 And bear it to the Chappel.

Ham.

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Ham. Do not believe it.

Rof. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a Sponge, what replication should be made by the Son of a King.

Rof. Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that sekes up the King's Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities; but such Officers do the King best service in the end; he keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his Jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and Sponge you shall be dry again.

Rof. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish Speech sleeps in a foolish Ear.

Rof. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox. and all after. [Exeunt.]

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body; How dangerous is it that this Man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong Law on him; He's lov'd of the distracted Multitude, Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes: And where 'tis so, th' Offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the Offence. To bear all smooth, and even, This sudden sending him away, must seem Deliberate pause: Diseases desperate grown, By desperate Appliance are relieved, Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrosse.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Rof. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rof. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your Pleasure.

King?

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King. Bring him before us.

Ref. Ho, *Guildestern!* bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildestern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. a certain Convocation of Worms are e'en at him. Your Worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all Creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for Maggots. Your fat King and your lean Beggar is but variable Service, two Dishes, but to one Table, that's the end.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progress through the Gut of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In Heav'n, send thither to see. If your Messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your self; but indeed, if you find him not this Month, you shall Nose him as you go up the Stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

King. *Hamlet*, this Deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fiery Quickness; therefore prepare thy self, The Bark is ready, and the Wind at help. Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our Purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them; but come, for *England*. Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wife; Man and Wife is one Flesh, and so my Mother. Come, for *England*. [Exit.

King.

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King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to Night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' *Affair*; pray you make haste.
And *England*, if my Love thou hold'st at ought,
As my great Power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'st not coldly set
Our Sovereign Proceſs, which imports at full,
By Letters conjuring to that effect,
The present Death of *Hamlet*. Do it *England*,
For like the Hectick in my Blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done;
How-e'er my Haps, my Joys were ne'er begun. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Camp.

Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

For. Go, Captain, from me to the *Danish* King,
Tell him that by his License, *Fortinbras*
Claims the Conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Kingdom. You know the Rendezvous;
It that his Majesty would ought with us,
We shall express our Duty in his Eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go softly on. [Exit Fortinbras.

Enter Hamlet, Rosincrosse, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for some Frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no Addition,
We go to gain a little patch of Ground

That

374 Hamlet, *Prince of Denmark.*

That hath in it no profit but the Name,
To pay five Duckets, five I would not farm it,
Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, should it be so in Fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollock* never will defend it:

Capt. Nay, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand Souls, and twenty thousand Duckets
Will not debate the Question of this Straw;
This is th' imposthume of much Wealth and Peace,
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the Man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Cap. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ref. Will't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before. [*Exit*
March Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull Revenge? What is a Man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a Beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large Discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To Rust in us unus'd; now whether it be
Bestial Oblivion, or some craven Scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward: I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't; examples gross as Earth exhort me,
Witness this Army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose Spirit with divine Ambition puff
Makes Mouths at the invisible Event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that Fortune, Death, and Danger dare,
Even for an Egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great Argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,

When

When Honour's at the Stake. How stand I then,
 That have a Father kill'd, a Mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my Reason and my Blood,
 And let all sleep, while to my Shame I see
 The eminent Death of twenty thousand Men,
 That for a fantasie and trick of Fame
 Go to their Graves like Beds, fight for a Plot
 Whereon the Numbers cannot try the Cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O from this time forth,
 My Thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

S C E N E III. *A Palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, and Attendants.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate,
 Indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; says she hears
 There's tricks i'th' World, and hems, and beats her Heart,
 Spurns enviously at Straws, speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half Sense: Her Speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The Hearers to Collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own Thoughts,
 Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there would be Thoughts;
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
 Dangerous Conjectures in ill-breeding Minds. [*Straw*
 Let her come in.

To my sick Soul, as Sin's true Nature is,
 Each toy seems Prologue to some great amiss,
 So full of artless Jealousie is Guilt,
 It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

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Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true Love know, from another one?
By his cockle Hat and Staff, and his sandal Shoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady; what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark.
He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his Head a Grass green Turf, at his Heels a Stone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia.—

Oph. Pray you mark.
White his Shroud as the Mountain Snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet Flowers:
Which bewept to the Grave did not go,
With True-love Showers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owl was a
Baker's Daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let us have no words of this; but when
they ask you what it means, say you this:
To morrow is St. Valentine's Day, all in the morn betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his Cloaths, and dupt the Camber-
door;

Let in a Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed la? without an Oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity;
Alack, and fie for shame,
Young Men will do't, if they come to't,
By Cock they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:

So would I ha' done, by yonder Sun,
And thou hadst not come to my Bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph.

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Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th' cold Ground; my Brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good Counsel. Come, my Coach; goodnight, Ladies; goodnight, sweet Ladies; goodnight, goodnight. [Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good Watch, I pray you; Oh this is the Poison of deep Grief, it springs All from her Father's Death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude!* When Sorrows come, they come not single Spies, But in Battalions. First, her Father slain, Next your Son gone, and he most violent Author Of his own just Remove; the People muddied, Thick and unwholsome in their Thoughts and Whispers, For good *Polonius* Death; and we have done but greenly, In hugger mugger to inter him; poor *Ophelia* Divided from her self, and her fair Judgment, Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts: Last, and as much containing as all these, Her Brother is in secret come from *France*, Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in Clouds, And wants not Buzzers to infect his Ear With pestilent Speeches of his Father's Death; Where in necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our Persons to arraign In Ear and Ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this, Like to a murdering Piece in many places, Gives me superfluous Death. [A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alack, what Noise is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*? Let them guard the Door. What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my Lord, The Ocean, over peering of his List, Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haste, Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous Head, O'er-bears your Officers; the Rabble call him Lord, And as the World were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, Custom not known,

The

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The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, chuse we *Laertes* for our King.
Caps, Hands, and Tongues, applaud it to the Clouds.
Laertes shall be King. *Laertes* King.

Qu. How chearfully on the false Trail they cry,
Oh this is Counter, you false *Danish* Dogs. [*Noise within.*

Enter Laertes.

King. The Doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King? Sirs! Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you; Keep the Door.

O thou vile King, give me my Father.

Qu. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of Blood that calms, proclaims me Ba-
stard :

Crys Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmitched Brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the Cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our Person:
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King
That Treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his Will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude*.
Speak Man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To Hell Allegiance; Vows to the blackest Devil;
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit;
I dare Damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the Worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King.

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King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the World.
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear Father's death, if 'tis not writ in your Revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my Arms,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my Blood.

King. Why now you speak
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your Father's Death,
And am most sensible in Grief for it,
It shall as level to your Judgment pierce,
As Day does to your Eye.

[*A Noise within. Let her come in.*]

Enter Ophelia fantastically drest with Straws and Flowers.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
O heat dry up my Brains, tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine Eye.
By Heav'n thy madness shall be paid by weight,
'Till our Scale turns the Beam. O Rose of May!
Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet *Ophelia*!
O Heav'ns, is't possible a young Maid's wits
Shou'd be as mortal as an old Man's Life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Bier.
Hey non noney, noney, hey nonny:
And on his Grave rains many a Tear,
Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer.

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Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade Revenge;
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing down a-down, and you call him
a down-a. O how the Wheels become it? It is the false
Steward that stole his Master's Daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray Love remember; and there's Pancies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Laer. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines; there's
Rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it
Herb-Grace a *Sundays*: O you must wear your Rue with
a difference. There's a Daisie, I would give you some
Violets, but they withered all when my Father dy'd: They
say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it self,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*

And will he not come again?

No no. he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He never will come again.

His Beard as white as Snow;

All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone;

Gramercy on his So:!

And of all Christian Souls, I pray God.

God b'w'ye.

[Exit Ophelia.]

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your Grief,
Or you deny me right: Go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collateral Hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,

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Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your Patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His means of Death, his obscure Burial;
No Trophy, Sword, nor Hatchment o'er his Bones,
No noble Rite, nor formal Ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heav'n to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th' offence is, let the great Ax fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailor.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a Letter
for you, Sir: It comes from th' Ambassador that was
bound for *England*, if your Name be *Horatio*, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these
Fellows some means to the King: They have Letters for
him. Ere we were two Days old at Sea, a Pirate of very
Warlike appointment gave us Chace. Finding our selves too
slow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grap-
ple, I boarded them: On the instant they got clear of our
Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with
me, like Thieves of Mercy. but they knew what they did,
I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the
Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste

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as thou wouldst fly Death. I have words to speak in your Ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosincrosse and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have as much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my Acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your Heart, for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he which hath your noble Father slain,
Pursued my Life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two special Reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen, his Mother,
Lives almost by his Looks; and for my self,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my Life and Soul;
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great Love the general Gender bear him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their Affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too slightly Timbred for so loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer.

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Laer. And so have I a noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate Terms,
Whose worth, if Praises may go back again,
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her Perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shock with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more,
I lov'd your Father, and we love your self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter Messenger.

How now? What News?

Mes. Letters my Lord, from *Hamlet*. This to your
Majesty: This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

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

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them:

Leave us.

[*Exit Messenger.*

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
Kingdom. To Morrow shall I beg leave to see your King-
ly Eyes. When I shall, first asking you Pardon thereunto,
recount th'Occasions of my sudden, and more strange re-
turn.
Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the Hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* Character, naked, and in a Postscript
here he says alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my Heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his Teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*, as how should it be so?—
How otherwise?— will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so, you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own Peace: If he be now return'd
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means

No

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No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his Death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the Instrument.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest Siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the Cap of Youth,
Yet needful too, for Youth no less becomes
The light and careless Livery that it wears,
Than settled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,
Importing Health and Graveness: Two Months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've seen my self and serv'd against the *French*,
And they ran well on Horse-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew into his Seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As he had been encorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave Beast; so far he past my Thought,
That I in forgery of Shapes and Tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King. A *Norman*.

Laer. Upon my Life, *Lamound*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And Gem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,

For art and exercise in your defence;
 And for your Rapier most especially,
 That he cry'd out, 'would be a fight indeed,
 If one could match you, Sir. This Report of his
 Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
 That he could nothing do but wish and beg.
 Your sudden coming over to play with him;
 Now out of this —

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a Sorrow,
 A Face without a Heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father;
 But that I know Love is begun by Time;
 And that I see in Passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
 There lives within the very flame of Love
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like Goodness still;
 For Goodness growing to a Pleurisie,
 Dies in his own too much; that we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are Tongues, are Hands, are Accidents,
 And then this *Should* is like a spend-thrift's sigh,
 That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th' Ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake,
 To shew your self your Father's Son indeed,
 More than in words?

Laer. To cut his Throat i'th' Church.

King. No place indeed should Murther sanctuarise;
 Revenge should have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
 Will you do this, keep close within your Chamber?
Hamlet return'd. shall know you are come home:
 We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,
 And set a double Varnish on the fame
 The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
 And wager on your Heads. He being remis,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,

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Will not peruse the Foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A sword unbaited, and in a pass of Practice,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for that purpose I'll anoint my Sword:
I bought an Uction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it draws Blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look'd through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this Project
Should have a Back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft——let me see——
We'll make a solemn Wager on your Cunning,
That——when in your Motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for Drink; I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd Tuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how now, sweet Queen?

Enter Queen.

Queen. One Woe doth tread upon another's Heel,
So fast they'll follow: Your Sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow grows a-slant a Brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie Stream;
There with fantastick Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name to,
But our cold Maids do dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet Weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious slyer broke;

What

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When down the weedy Trophies, and her self,
Fell in the weeping Brook, her Cloaths spread wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bear her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old Tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a Creature Native, and deduced
Unto that Element: But long it could not be,
'Till that her Garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor Wretch from her melodious lay,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my Tears: But yet
It is our trick, Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The Woman will be out: Adieu, my Lord,
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.]

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to do to calm his Rage?
Now fear I this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Church.*

Enter two Clowns, with Spades and Mattocks.

1 Clown. **I**S she to be buried in Christian Burial, that wil-
fully seeks her own Salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is, and therefore make her Grave
straight, the Cawner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-
stian Burial.

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

2 Clown. Why 'tis found so.

1 Clown. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For

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here lyes the point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches. It is an Act to do, and to perform; argal she drown'd her self wittingly.

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

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lyes the Water, good: here stands the Man, good: if the Man go to this Water, and drown himself; it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the Water come to him and drown him; he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 *Clown.* But is this Law?

1 *Clown.* Ay marry is't, Crowner's Quest Law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial!

1 *Clown.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pity that great Folk should have Countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves, more than other Christians. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

2 *Clown.* Was he a Gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore Arms.

2 *Clown.* Why he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without Arms? I'll put another Question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds stronger than either the Malt: the Ship-wright, or the Carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The Gallows-maker, for that Frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church; Argal, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

2 *Clown.*

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2 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter? —

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mase, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy Brains no more about it; for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, last 'till Dooms-day: go, get thee to *Youghan*, fetch me a stoup of Liquor. [Exit 2 *Clown.*

He digs and Sings.

In Youth when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract O the time for a my behove,

O methought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness

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

Clown sings.

But Age with his stealing steps,

Hath caught me in his clutch:

And hath shipped me intill the Land,

As if I never had been such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the Knave jowles it to th' ground, as if it were *Cain's* Jaw-bone, that did the first murder: it might be the Pate of a Politician which this Ass o'er-offices; one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord; how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord,

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Ham. Why e'en so: And now 'tis my Lady *Worm's*, Chap-
less, and knockt about the Mazzard with a Sexton's Spade,
here's fine Revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did
these Bones cost no more the Breeding, but to play at Log-
gers with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A Pick-axe and a Spade, a Spade,
For and a shrowding sheet!
O a Pit of Clay for to be made;
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: Why might not that be the Scull
of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets?
his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why does he suffer
this rude Knave now to knock him about the Sconce
with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action
of Battery? hum. This Fellow might be in's time a great
Buyer of Land, with his Statutes. his Recognizances, his
Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine
of his Fines, and the Recovery of his Recoveries, to have
his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch
him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, than
the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very
conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Box; and
must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep skins?

Hor. Ay my Lord, and of Calve-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that seek out assur-
ance in that. I will speak to this Fellow: Whose Grave's
this, Sir?

Clown. Mine, Sir —

*O a pit of Clay for to be made,
For such a Ghost is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: For thou liest in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours;
for my Part I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou 'dost lie in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine,
'tis for the dead, and not for the quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Clown.

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

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no Man, Sir.

Ham. What Woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a Woman, Sir; but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? we must speak by the Card, or equivocation will follow us: by the Lord, *Horatio*, these three Years I have taken note of it, the Age is grown so picked, and the toe of the Peasant comes to near the heel of our Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' Year, I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every Fool can tell that: It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his Wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the Men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. Faith e'en with losing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what Ground?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark*. I have been Sexton here, Man and Boy, thirty Years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i'th' Earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky Coarces now a days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight Year, or nine Year, a Tanner will last you nine Years.

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Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why Sir, his Hide is tann'd with his Trade; that he will keep out water a great while. And you water is a fore Decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a Scull now: this Scull has lain in the Earth three and twenty Years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whorson mad Fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay. I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flagon of Renish on my Head once. This same Scull, Sir, this same Scull, Sir, was *Yorick's* Scull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a Fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath born me on his back a thousand times: And how abhorred my imagination is now, my gorge rises at it. Here hung those Lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your Gibes now? Your Gambols? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rear? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chop fall'n? Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; Make her laugh at that. Prithee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that? my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i' th' Earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so, Puh? [Smelling to the Scull.]

Hor. E'en so. my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*. Why may not imagination trace the noble Dust of *Alexander* 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Tis ere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth into

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into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Oh, that that Earth, which kept the World in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expel the Winter's flaw.

But soft! but soft! aside — here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and a Coffin, with Lords and Priests Attendant.

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is't that they follow,
And with such maimed Rights? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand
Fore-do its own Life; 'twas some Estate.

Couch me a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble Youth: Mark —

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd,
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-sways the order,
She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd,
'Till the last Trumpet. For charitable Prayer,
Shards, Flints, and Pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpollur'd flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee, churlish Priest;
A ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets, to thee sweet, farewell,
I hop'd thou would'st have been my *Hamlet's* Wife;

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I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet Maid,
And not t' have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O terrible wooer!

Fall tentimes treble woes on that curs'd head,
Whose wicked deed, thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the Earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms,

[*Laertes leaps into the Grave.*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefs
Bear such an Emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring Stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the Grave.*

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Devil take thy Soul. [Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well,
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat—
Sir, though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdoms fear. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder—

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet—

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet. [*The Attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon his Theme,
Until my Eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my Son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand Brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love,
Make up my Sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't tear thy self?
Woo't drink up *Esile*, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. Do'st thou come hither to whine;
To out-face me with leaping into her Grave?

Be buried quick with her; and so will I;
 And if thou prate of Mountains; let them throw
 Millions of Acres on us, 'till our ground
 Singing his pate against the burning Zone,
 Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere madness;
 And thus a while the fit will work on him:
 Anon as patient as the female Dove,
 When that her golden Cuplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you Sir——
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter——
 Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
 The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. [Exit.]

King. I pray you good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
 Strengthen your patience in our last Night's Speech.
 [To Laertes,

We'll put the matter to the present push.
 Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Son,
 This Grave shall have a living Monument:
 An Hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [Exit.]

S C E N E II. *A Hall.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir; now let me see the other.
 You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my Heart there was a kind of fighting,
 That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
 Worse than the mutineers in the Bilboes; rashly,
 (And prais'd be rashness for it) let us know
 Our Indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our dear Plots do pall; and that should teach us,
 There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-kew them how we will.

Exit.

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Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin,
My Sea-Gown scarf'd about me, in the dark,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own Room again, making so bold,
My Fears forgetting Manners, to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
Oh Royal Knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason,
Importing *Denmark's* Health, and *England's* too,
With hee such Buggs and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My Head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission; read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villains,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play. I fate me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it as our Statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much,
How to forget that learning; But, Sir, now
It did me Yeoman's service; wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjunction from the King,
As *England* was his faithful Tributary,
As love between them, as the Palm should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
And stand a Comma 'tween their Amities,
And many such like *As's* of great charge,
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No shrieving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham.

Ham. Why even in that was Heav'n ordinate;
I had my Father's Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Model of that *Danish* Seal:
I folded the Writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' Impression, plac'd it safely,
The Changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, *Guildenstern* and *Rosincrosse* go to't.

Ham. Why Man, they did make love to this employment,
They are not near my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when-baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect Conscience,
To quit him with his arm? And is't not to be damn'd,
To let this Canker of our Nature come
In further ev'l?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*;
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.

The *Interim's* mine, and a Man's Life's no more
Than to say one: but I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;
For by the Image of my cause I see
The Pourtraiture of his; I'll court his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tawring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osrick.

Os. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord,

Ham.

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Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a Vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's Messe; 'tis a Chough; but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of Spirit; put your Bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the Head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

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

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

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

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how: but, my Lord, his Majesty bid me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his Weapons; but well.

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him six *Barbary* Horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their Assigns, as Girdle, Hangers, or so: Three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Ofr. The carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers 'till then; but on, six *Barbary* Horses, against six *French* Swords, their Assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French*; but against the *Danish*, why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr.

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Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; He hath laid on twelve for nine, and that would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean, my Lord, the Opposition of your Person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. *[Exit.]*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his Head.

Ham. He did so with his Dug before he suck'd it: thus has he and nine more of the same Beavy that I know the droffie Age dotes on. only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty Collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed Opinions; and do but blow them to their Trials, the Bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ofrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time,

Lord,

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Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this Wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual Practice; I shall win at the odds; but thou wouldest not think how all's here about my Heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but Foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

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

Ham. Not a whit, we defy Augury; there's a special Providence in the fall of a Sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all: since no Man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave be-times?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foils, and Gantlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

King Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this Hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon. Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't, as you are a Gentleman.

This Presence knows, and you must needs have heard, How I am punished with sore distraction.

What I have done

That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception...

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself, do's wrong *Laertes*;

Then *Hamlet* do's it not, *Hamlet* denies it:

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,

His madness is poor *Hamlet's* Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,

Let

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Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o'er the House,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose Motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my Revenge. But in my terms of Honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
'Till by some elder Masters of known honour,
I have a Voice, and president of peace
To keep my Name ungorg'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brother's Wager frankly play,
Give us the Foils: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foil, *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your skill shall like a Star i'th' brightest Night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this Hand.

King Give the Foils, young *Osrick*.
Cousin *Hamlet*, you know the Wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord,
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker side:

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

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

Ham. This likes me well;
These Foils have all a length?

[*Prepares to play.*]

Osr Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of Wine upon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of a third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,
And in the Cup an Union shall he throw

Riches

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Richer than that, which four successive Kings
 In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the Cups;
 And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speak,
 The Trumpets to the Canoneer without,
 The Cannons to the Heav'ns, the Heav'n to Earth,
 Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
 And you the Judges bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. So on, Sir.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well---again-----

King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine,
 Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup.

[*Trumpet sound, Shot goes off.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

Come---another hit---what say you? [*They play again.*]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here's a Napkin, rub thy brows,

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam---

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late. [*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy Face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my Conscience.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally,
 I pray you pass with your best violence,
 I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

[*Play.*]

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer.

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Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet, then in scuffling they change Rap-
piers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again-----

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my Lord?

Ofr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why, as a Woodcock to my Sprindge, *Ofrick*,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink-----

Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,-----

I am poison'd-----

[*Queen dies.*

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out-----

Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*. *Hamlet*, thou art slain,
No Medicine in the World can do thee good.

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous Instrument is in thy Hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: The foul Practice

Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lye,

Never to rise again; thy Mother's poison'd;

I can no more----the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venom to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me, Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this Potion: Is thy Union here?

Follow my Mother.

[*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*;

Mine and my Father's Death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me.

[*Dies.*

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu,

You

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You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience at this Act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is strict in his Arrest) oh I could tell you,
But let it be-----*Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an Antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a Man, give me the Cup,
Let go, by Heav'n I'll have't.

Oh, good *Horatio*, what a wounded Name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy Heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh World draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my Story. *[March afar off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conquest come from *Poland*,
To th' Ambassadors of *England* gives this Warlike Volley.

Ham. O. I die, *Horatio*:

The potent Poison quite o'er-crows my Spirit,
I cannot live to hear the News from *England*.
But I do prophesie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying Voice,
So tell him with the occurrents more or less,
Which have solicited.-----The rest is silence, O, O. O.

[Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble Heart ; good Night, sweet Prince;
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why do's the Drum come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drum,
Colours and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is the light?

Hor. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort.

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Fort. This quarry cries on Havock. Oh proud death!
What Feast is toward in thine eternal Cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shoot,
So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our Affairs from *England* come too late;
The Ears are senseless that should give us hearing;
To tell him his Command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrosse* and *Guildenstern* are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his Mouth,
Had it th'ability of Life to thank you:
He never gave Command'ment for their Death.
But since so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack Wars*, and you from *England*
Are here arriv'd: Give order that these Bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th'yet unknowing World,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural Acts,
Of accidental Judgments, casual Slaughters,
Of Deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on the Inventors Heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some rights of Memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth
Invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his Mouth whose Voice will draw no more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles Mens minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

Fort. Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier off the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,

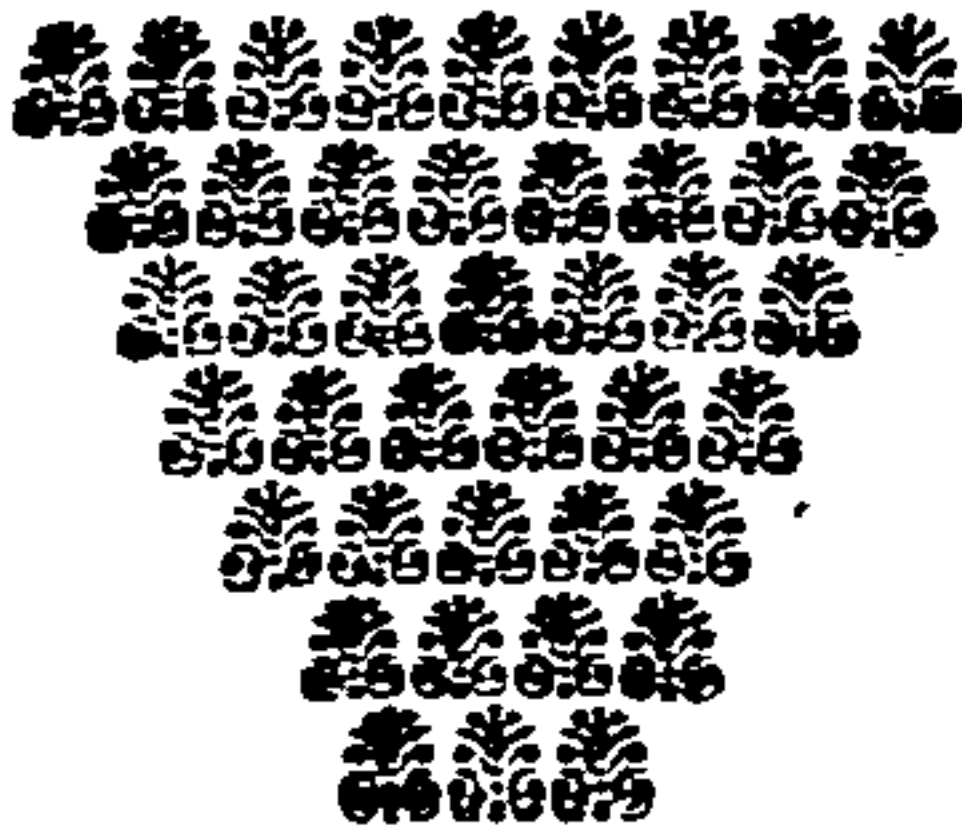
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To have prov'd most royally: and for his Passage,
The Soldiers Musick, and the rites of War
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the Body: Such a fight as this,
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.

*[Exeunt Marching: After which, a Peal of Ordnance
are shot off.]*

The End of the Sixth Volume.



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- P. 137. to the subject.
- P. 144. Horse-baiting.
- P. 148. Iron ground.
- P. 227. The lion of Rome is set.
- P. 231. G. H. T. in the ground.
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