



THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME *the* SEVENTH.



LONDON:

Printed for JACOB TONSON in the Strand.
MDCCLXIV.

VOLUME *the* SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

King LEAR.

OTHELLO.

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

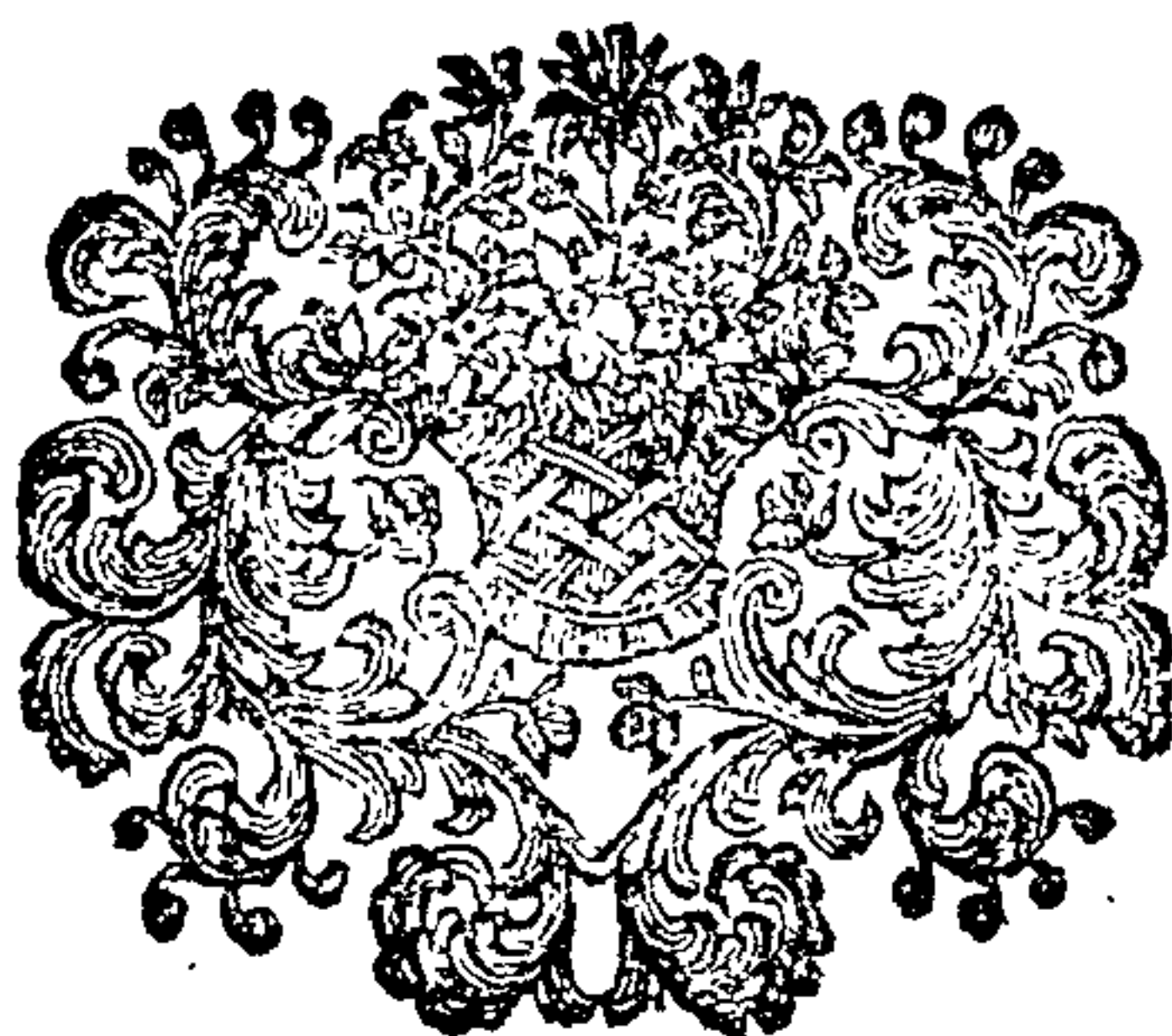
CYMBELINE.

K I N G

L E A R.

A

T R A G E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCKIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

L King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Gloster.

Earl of Kent.

Edgar, Son to Gloster.

Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.

Curan, a Courtier.

Doctor.

Fool.

Steward to Gonerill.

Gonerill,

Regan,

Cordelia,

} *Daughters to Lear.*

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE *lays in* Britain.



KING



KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund the Bastard.

KENT.

Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, than *Cornwall*.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: But now in the Division of the Kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most; for Qualities are so weigh'd, that Curiosity in nei-

ther, can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young Fellow's Mother could; whereupon she grew round womb'd, and had indeed, Sir, a Son for her Cradle, ere she had a Husband for her Bed. Do you smell a Fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the Fault undone, the Issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a Son, Sir, by order of Law, some Year elder than this; who yet is no dearer in my Account, though this Knave came somewhat sawcily to the World before he was sent for; Yet was his Mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund*?

Bast. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*;

Remember him hereafter, as my honourable Friend.

Bast. My Services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Bast. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine Years, and away he shall again. The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloster*.

Glo. I shall, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the Map here. Know, that we have divided
 Into three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent,
 To shake all cares and business from our Age,
 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
 Unburthen'd crawl toward Death. Our Son of *Cornwall*,
 And you our no less loving Son of *Albany*,
 We have this hour a constant will to publish
 Our Daughters several Dowers, that future strife
 May be prevented now. The Princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
 Great Rivals in our younger Daughter's Love,
 Long in our Court have made their amorous sojourn,
 And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my Daughters,
 Since now we will divest us both of Rule,
 Interest of Territory, Cares of State,
 Which of you shall we say doth love us most;
 That we, our largest bounty may extend
 Where Nature doth with Merit challenge. *Gonerill!*
 Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can weild the matter,
 Dearer than Eye-sight, space, and liberty,
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,

No

No less than Life, with Grace, Health, Beauty, Honour:
As much as Child e'er lov'd, or Father found.
A Love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speak? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this Line, to this
With shadowy Forests, and with Champions rich'd,
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meads.
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albany's* Issues
Be this perpetual. What says our second Daughter,
Our dearest *Regan*, Wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that self-metal as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true Heart,
I find she names my very deed of Love:
Only she comes too short, that I profess
My self an Enemy to all other Joys,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia*!
And yet not so, since I am sure my Love's
More ponderous than my Tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Joy,
Although our last and least; to whose young Love,
The Vines of *France*, and Milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be interest: What can you say, to draw
A third, more opulent than your Sisters? speak.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing. speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My Heart into my Mouth: I love your Majesty
According to my Bond, no more nor less.

Lear. How, how, *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your Fortunes.

Cor. Good, my Lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
 I return those Duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my Sisters Husbands, if they say
 They love you all? Happily when I shall wed,
 That Lord, whose Hand must take my Plight, shall carry
 Half my Love with him, half my Care, and Duty.
 Sure I shall never marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy Heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, the Truth then be thy Dowre:
 For by the sacred radiance of the Sun,
 The Mysteries of *Hecate*, and the Night,
 By all the Operations of the Orbs,
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
 Here I disclaim all my paternal Care,
 Propinquity and Property of Blood,
 And as a Stranger to my Heart and me,
 Hold thee from this for ever. The Barbarous *Scythian*,
 Or he that makes his Generation, Messes
 To gorge his Appetite, shall to my Bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
 As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege—

Lear. Peace, *Kent*!

Come not between the Dragon and his Wrath;
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my Rest
 On her kind Nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!----[*To Cor.*
 So be my Grave my Peace, as here I give
 Her Father's Heart from her; call *France*; who stirs?
 Call *Burgundy* — *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
 With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
 Let Pride, which she calls Plainness, marry her:
 I do invest you jointly with my Power,
 Preheminence, and all the large Effects
 That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course
 With reservation of an hundred Knights,
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turn, only we shall retain
The Name, and all th' addition to a King: the Sway,
Revenue, Execution of the rest,
Beloved Sons, be yours, which to confirm,
This Coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as a King,
Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
And as my Patron thought on in my Prayers——

Lear. The Bow is bent and drawn, make from the Shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my Heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad; what wouldst thou do, old Man?
Think'st thou that Duty shall have dread to speak,
When Power to Flattery bows?

To Plainness Honour's bound,
When Majesty falls to Folly; reserve thy State,
And in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness; answer my Life, my Judgment,
Thy youngest Daughter do's not love thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

Lear. *Kent*, on thy Life no more.

Kent. My Life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine Enemies, ne'er fear to lose it,
Thy Safety being Motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain
The true Blank of thine Eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*——

Kent. Now by *Apollo*; King,
Thou swearest thy Gods in vain.

Lear. O Vassal! Miscreant!--[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Physician, and thy Fee bestow
Upon the foul Disease, revoke the Gift,
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my Throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me Recreant, on thine Allegiance hear me;
That thou hast sought to make us break our Vows,

Which

Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd Pride;
 To come betwixt our Sentence and our Power,
 Which, nor our Nature, nor our Place can bear,
 Our Potency made good, take thy Reward.
 Five days we do allot thee for Provision,
 To shield thee from disasters of the World,
 And on the sixth to turn thy hated Back
 Upon our Kingdom; if the tenth Day following,
 Thy banisht Trunk be found in our Dominions,
 The Moment is thy Death, away. By *Jupiter*,
 This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King, sith thus thou wilt appear,
 Freedom lives hence, and Banishment is here;
 The Gods to their dear shelter take thee, Maid,
 That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said;
 And your large Speeches may your Deeds approve,
 That good Effects may spring from Words of Love:
 Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
 He'll shape his old Course in a Country new. [Exit.]

Enter *Gloster*, with *France and Burgundy*, and *Attendants*.

Cor. Here's *France and Burgundy*, my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,

We first address toward you, who, with this King,
 Hath rivall'd for our Daughter; what in the least
 Will you require in present Dowre with her,
 Or cease your Quest of Love?

Bur. Most Royal Majesty,
 I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,
 Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
 When she was dear to us we held her so,
 But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
 If ought within that little seeming Substance,
 Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
 And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
 She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no Answer.

Lear. Will you with those Infirmities she owes,
 Unfriend'd, new adopted to our hate,

Dowr'd

Dowr'd with our Cürse; and stranger'd with our Oath,
Take leave, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, Royal Sir.

Election makes not up in such Conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir, for by the Power that made me,
I tell you all her Wealth. For you, great King,
I would not from your Love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a Wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange!

That she, who even but now, was your best Object,
The Argument of your Praise, balm of your Age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of Favour; sure her Offence
Must be of such unnatural Degree,
As Monstrous is; or your fore-voucht Affection
Could not fall into Taint; which to believe of her
Must be a Faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,

If for I want that glib and oily Art;
To speak and purpose not, since what I will intend,
I'll do't before I speak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste Action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and Favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A still solliciting Eye, and such a Tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not t'have pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardiness in Nature,
Which often leaves the History unspoke
That it intends to do; my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What say you to the Lady? Love's not Love
When it is mingled with regards, that stands

Aloof from th' intire Point, will you have her?
She is herself a Dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that Portion which your self propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the Hand,
Dutchess of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing——I have Sworn, I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a Father;
That you must lose a Husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that Respect and Fortunes are his Love,
I shall not be his Wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd,
Thee and thy Virtues here I seize upon,
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My Love should kindle to inflam'd respect.
Thy dowreless Daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, though unkind,
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Have no such Daughter, nor shall ever see
That Face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our Grace, our Love our Benizon:
Come noble *Burgundy*. [Flourish. [Exeunt.

Fra. Bid farewell to your Sisters.

Cor. Ye Jewels of our Father, with wash'd Eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And like a Sister am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our Father:
To your professed Bosoms I commit him,
But yet alas, stood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better Place,
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our Duty.

Gon. Let your Study

Be to content your Lord, who hath received you
At Fortunes Alms; you have Obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers Faults, at last with shame derides.

Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my fair *Cordelia*. [*Exeunt France and Cor.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say,
Of what most nearly appertains to us both;
I think our Father will go hence to Night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next Month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of Changes his Age is, the obser-
vation we have made of it hath been little; he always lov'd
our Sister most, and with what poor Judgment he hath
now cast her off, appears too too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the Infirmary of his Age; yet he hath ever
but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
rash; then must we look from his Age, to receive not alone
the Imperfections of long engrafted Condition; but there-
withal the unruly waywardness, that infirm and choleric
Years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him,
as this of *Kent's* Banishment.

Gon. There is further Complement of leave-taking, be-
tween *France* and him; pray you let us sit together, if our
Father carry Authority with such Disposition as he bears,
this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'th' Heat. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bastard with a Letter.

Bast. Thou Nature art my Goddess, to thy Law
My Services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the Plague of Custom, and permit
The curiosity of Nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve, or fourteen Moonshines,
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? wherefore base?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My Mind as generous, and my Shape as true

As honest Madam's Issue? Why brand they thus
 With Base? with Baseness? Bastardy? Base, Base?
 Who in the lusty stealth of Nature, take
 More Composition, and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired Bed,
 Go to th'creating a whole Tribe of Fops,
 Got 'tween a sleep, and wake? Well then,
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your Land,
 Our Father's Love is to the Bastard *Edmund*,
 As to th'legitimate; fine Word——legitimate——
 Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
 And my Invention thrive, *Edmund* the base
 Shall to th'legitimate——I grow, I prosper;
 Now Gods, stand up for Bastards.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and *France* in Choler parted!
 And the King gone to Night! Prescrib'd his Power,
 Confin'd to Exhibition! All is gone
 Upon the Gad!——*Edmund*, how now? what News?

Bast. So please your Lordship, none. [*Putting up the Letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that Letter?

Bast. I know no News, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Bast. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible Dispatch of it
 into your Pocket? the quality of nothing, hath not such
 need to hid it self. Let's see; come, if it be nothing, I
 shall not need Spectacles.

Bast. I beseech you Sir, pardon me; it is a Letter from
 my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much
 as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Bast. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it;
 The Contents, as in part I understand them,
 Are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Bast. I hope for my Brother's Justification, he wrote
 this but as an Essay, or taste of my Virtue.

*Glo. reads.] This Policy, and Reverence of Age, makes
 the World bitter to the best of our times; keeps our Fortunes from*

us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond Bondage, in the oppression of Aged Tyranny, which sways, not as it hath Power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our Father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his Revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your Brother. Edgar. Hum!—Conspiracy!—Sleep 'till I wake him— you should enjoy half his Revenue— my Son Edgar! had he a Hand to write this! A Heart and a Brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Bast. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the Casement of my Closet.

Glo. You know the Character to be your Brother's?

Bast. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Bast. It is his Hand, my Lord; I hope his Heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this Business?

Bast. Never, my Lord: But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that Sons at perfect Age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father should be as Ward to the Son, and the Son manage his Revenue.

Glo. O Villain, Villain! his very Opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villain! unnatural, detested, brutish Villain! worse than brutish! Go, Sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable Villain! where is he?

Bast. I do not well know, my Lord; if it shall please you to suspend your Indignation against my Brother, 'till you can derive from him better Testimony of his Intent, you should run a certain Course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his Purpose, it would make a great gap in your Honour, and shake in pieces the Heart of his Obedience. I dare pawn down my Life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my Affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of Danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Bast.

Bast. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer this, and by an Auricular Assurance have your Satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a Monster. *Edmund*, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the Business after your own Wisdom. I would unstate my self, to be in a due resolution.

Bast. I will seek him, Sir, presently; convey the Business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late Eclipses in the Sun and Moon portend no good to us; though the Wisdom of Nature can reason it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it self-scourg'd by the frequent Effects. Love cools, Friendship falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, Mutinies; in Countries, Discord; in Palaces, Treason; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Son and Father. This Villain of mine comes under the Prediction, there's Son against Father; the King falls from bias of Nature, there's Father against Child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous Disorders follow us disquietly to our Graves. Find out this Villain, *Edmund*; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully——and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* banish'd! his Offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange. *[Exit.*

Bast. This is the excellent foppery of the World, that when we are sick in Fortune, often the Surfeits of our own Behaviour, we make guilty of our Disasters, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars; as if we were Villains on necessity, Fools by 'Heav'nly Compulsion, Knaves, Thieves, and Treachers by Spherical Predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd Obedience of Planetary Influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable Evasion of Whore-master-Man, to lay his Goatish Disposition on the charge of a Star; My Father compounded with my Mother under the Dragon's Tail, and my Nativity was under *Ursa Major*, so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been that I am, had the Maidenliest Star in the Firmament twinkled on my Bastardizing.

Enter

Enter Edgar.

Pat!—he comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedy; my Cue is villainous Melancholy, with a Sigh like *Tom o' Bedlam*—O these Eclipses do portend these Divisions! Fa, Sol, La, Me—

Edg. How now, Brother *Edmund*, what serious Contemplation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking, Brother, of a Prediction I read this other Day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Do you busie your self with that?

Bast. I promise you the Effects he writes of, succeed unhappily.

When saw you my Father last?

Edg. The Night gone by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Bast. Parted you in good Terms, found you no displeasure in him, by Word, nor Countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethink your self wherein you have offended him: And at my entreaty forbear his Presence, until some little time hath qualified the Heat of his Displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the Mischief of your Person, it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Bast. That's my Fear; I pray you have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his Rage goes slower: And as I say, retire with me to my Lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you; to hear my Lord speak: Pray you go, there's my Key: If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother!

Bast. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest Man, if there be any good Meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly; nothing like the Image and Horror of it; pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

[*Exit.*

Bast. I do serve you in this Business:

A credulous Father, and a Brother noble,
Whose Nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish Honesty

My

My Practices ride easie: I see the Business.
 Let me, if not by Birth, have Lands by Wit,
 All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding
 of his Fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By Day and Night he wrongs me; every Hour
 He flashes into one gross Crime, or other,
 That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it;
 His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
 On every Trifle. When he returns from hunting,
 I will not speak with him, say I am Sick.
 If you come slack of former Services,
 You shall do well, the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary Negligence you please,
 You and your Fellows: I'd have it come to question:
 If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,
 Whose Mind and mine I know in that are one.
 Remember what I have said.

Stew. Well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder Looks among you:
 What grows of it no matter, advise your Fellows so, I'll
 write straight to my Sister to hold my Course: Prepare
 for Dinner. [Exeunt.

Enter Kent disguis'd.

Kent. If but as well I other Accents borrow,
 And can my Speech disuse, my good intent
 May carry thro' it self to that full Issue
 For which I raz'd my Likeness. Now, banisht Kent,
 If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
 So may it come, thy Master whom thou lov'st,
 Shall find thee full of Labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for Dinner, go get it ready:
 How now, what art thou?

Kent.

Kent. A Man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise, and says little, to fear Judgment, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eat no Fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted Fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beest as poor for a Subject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, Fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your Countenance, which I would fain call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What Services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest Counsels, ride, run, marr a curious Tale in telling it, and deliver a plain Message bluntly: That which ordinary Men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a Woman for singing, nor so old to doat on her for any thing. I have Years on my Back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after Dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, Dinner—where's my Knave? my Fool? go you and call my Fool hither. You, you, Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you—

[Exit.]

Lear. What says the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole back; Where's my Fool? Ho?—I think the World's asleep, how now? where's that Mungrel?

Knight. He says, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear.

Lear. Why came not the Slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my Judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious Affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general Dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you pardon me, my Lord, if I be mistaken; for my Duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of my own Conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint Neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous Curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of Unkindness; I will look further into't; but where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two Days.

Knight. Since my young Lady's going into France, Sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my Daughter, I would speak with her. Go you call hither my Fool; O you Sir, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lady's Father,

Lear. My Lady's Father? my Lord's Knave, you whorson Dog, you Slave, you Cur.

Stew. I am none of these, my Lord; I beseech your Pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy Looks with me, you Rascal?

[Striking him]

Stew. I'll not be strucken, my Lord:

Kent. Not tript neither, you base Foot-ball Player.

[Tripping up his Heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, Fellow.
Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away, I'll teach you Differences: Away, away, if you will measure your Lubbers Length again, tarry; but away, go to; have you Wisdom, so.

Lear. Now my friendly Knave I thank thee, there's earnest of thy Service.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcomb.

[*Giving his Cap.*

Lear. How now my pretty Knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my Boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's Part that is out of Favour; nay, and thou canst not smile as the Wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly, there take my Coxcomb; why, this Fellow has banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a Blessing against his Will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my Coxcomb. How now Nuncle? would I had two Coxcombs, and two Daughters.

Lear. Why, my Boy?

Fool. If I give them all my Living, I'll keep my Coxcomb myself; there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a Dog must to kennel, he must be whip'd out, when the Lady Brach may stand by th'Fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a Speech.

[*To Kent:*

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, Nuncle;
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest:
Leave thy Drink and thy Whore,
And keep in Door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, Fool.

Fool.

Fool. Then it is like the Breath of an unsee'd Lawyer, you give me nothing for't; can you make no use of nothing, Nuncle?

Lear. Why no, Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prithee tell him, so much the Rent of his Land comes to, he will not believe a Fool. [To Kent.

Lear. A bitter Fool.

Fool. Dost thou know the Difference, my Boy, between a bitter Fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No Lad: teach me.

Fool. Nuncle, give me an Egg, and I'll give thee two Crowns.

Lear. What two Crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the Egg i'th' middle, and eat up the Meat, the two Crowns of the Egg: When thou clovest thy Crown i'th' middle, and gav'st away both Parts, thou bor'st thine Afs on thy Back o'er the Dirt; thou hadst little Wit in thy bald Crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away; If I speak like my self in this, let him be whipt that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less Grace in a Year, [Singing.
For Wisemen are grown foppish,
And know not how their Wits to wear,
Their Manners are so wipish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of Songs, Sirrah?

Fool. I have used it Nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers; for when thou gav'st them the Rod, and put'st down thine own Breeches, then they

For sudden Foy did weep, [Singing.
And I for Sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo peep,
And go the Fools among.

Prithee Nuncle keep a School-Master that can teach thy Fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. And you lie, Sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy Daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for Lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my Peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a Fool, and yet I would not be thee, Nuncle; thou hast pared thy Wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle; here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty Fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a Figure; I am better than thou art now, I am Fool, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my Tongue, so your Face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

*Mum, Mum, he that keeps nor Crust, nor Crum, [Singing:
Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a sheal'd Pescod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this, your all-licenc'd Fool,
But other of your insolent Retinue,
Do hourly Carp and Quarrel, breaking forth
In rank, and not to be endured Riots, Sir.
I had thought by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe Redress; but now grow fearful
By what your self too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your Allowance; which if you should, the Fault
Would not scape Censure, nor the Redresses sleep,
Which in the tender of a wholesome Weal,
Might in their Working do you that Offence,
(Which else were shame,) that then necessity
Will call discreet Proceeding.

Fool. For you know, Nuncle, the Hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it had its Head bit off by it's young; so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good Wisdom, Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away These Dispositions, which of late transport you

From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Ass know when the Cart draws the Horse? Whoop Jug I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not *Lear*: Does *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his Eyes? Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings Are Lethargied — Ha! waking! — 'Tis not so; Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. *Lear's* Shadow.

Lear. Your Name, fair Gentlewoman? —

Gon. This Admiration, Sir, is much o'th' favour Of other your new Pranks. I do beseech you To understand my Purposes aright:

You, as you are Old and Reverend, should be Wise, Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires, Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold, That this our Court, infected with their Manners, Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurism and Lust Make it more like a Tavern or a Brothel, Than a grac'd Palace. The Shame it self doth speak For instant Remedy. Be then desir'd, By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquantity your Train; And the Remainders that shall still depend, To be such Men as may besort your Age, Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darkness and Devils!

Saddle my Horses, call my Train together — Degenerate Bastard! I'll not trouble thee; Yet have I left a Daughter.

Gon. You strike my People, and your disorder'd Rabble Make Servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents —

Is it your Will, speak, Sir? Prepare my Horses — [To Alb.] Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend, More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child, Than the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear.

Lear. Detested Kite! thou liest. [To Goneril.

My Train are Men of choice and rarest Parts,
That all particulars of Duty know,
And in the most exact regard, support
The worships of their Names. O most small Fault!
How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew?

Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt Place; drew from my Heart all Love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*

Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in, [Striking his Head.
And thy dear Judgment out. Go, go, my People.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord——

Hear Nature, hear, dear Goddess, hear!
Suspend thy Purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this Creature fruitful:

Into her Womb convey Sterility,
Dry up in her the Organs of Increase,
And from her derogate Body, never spring
A Babe to honour her. If she must teem,
Create her Child of Spleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart, disnatur'd Torment to her;
Let it stamp Wrinkles in her Brow of Youth,
With cadent Tears fret Channels in her Cheeks,
Turn all her Mother's Pains and Benefits
To Laughter and Contempt; that she may feel,
How sharper than a Serpent's Tooth it is,
To have a thankless Child. Away, away——

[Exit.

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your self to know of it:
But let his Disposition have that Scope
As Dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my Followers at a clap?
Within a Fortnight?——

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee——Life and Death, I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my Manhood thus;

That these hot Tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them-----Blasts and Fogs upon thee;
 Th' untented Woundings of a Father's Curse
 Pierce every Sense about thee. Old fond Eyes,
 Beweep her once again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you with the Waters that you lose
 To temper Clay. Ha! Let it be so-----
 I have another Daughter,
 Who I am sure is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her Nails
 She'll flea thy wolvisk Visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the Shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever. [*Ex. Lear and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, *Gonerill*,
 To the great Love I bear you.

Gon. Pray you be content. What *Oswald*, ho!
 You, Sir, more Knave than Fool, after your Master.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*,
 Tarry, take the Fool with thee:
 A Fox, when one has caught her,
 And such a Daughter,
 Should sure to the Slaughter,
 If my Cap would buy a Halter,
 So the Fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This Man hath had good Counsel,-----a hundred
 Knights!

'Tis politick, and safe to let him keep
 At point a hundred Knights; yes, that on every Dream,
 Each Buz, each Fancy, each Complaint, Dislike,
 He may enguard his Dotage with their Powers,
 And hold our Lives in Mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far;-----

Gon. Safer than trust too far;
 Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his Heart;
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my Sister;
 If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,
 When I have shew'd th'unfitness-----

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oswald*?

What, have you writ that Letter to my Sister?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some Company, and away to Horse,
Inform her full of my particular Fear,
And thereto add such Reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your Return. No, no, my Lord,

[Exit Steward.]

This milky Gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet under Pardon
You are much more at Task for want of Wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmless Mildness.

Alb. How far your Eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay then——

Alb. Well, well, th' Event.

[Exit Alb.]

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the Letter; if your Diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my Lord, 'till I have delivered your Letter. *[Exit.]*

Fool. If a Man's Brains were in his Heels, wer't not in danger of Kibes?

Lear. Ay Boy.

Fool. Then I prethee be merry, thy Wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt see thy other Daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this, as a Crab's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, Boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a Crab do's to a Crab; canst thou tell why ones Nose stands i'th' middle on's Face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep ones Eyes of either side one's Nose; that what a Man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her Wrong.

Fool. Canst tell how an Oyfter makes his Shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail has a House.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why to put's Head in, not to give it away to his Daughters, and leave his Horns without a Case.

Lear. I'll forget my Nature, so kind a Father! Be my Horses ready?

Fool. Thy Asses-are gone about 'em; the Reason why the seven Stars are no more than seven, is a pretty Reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes indeed; thou wouldst make a good Fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce——Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my Fool, Nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been Old, 'till thou hadst been Wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heav'n! keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now, are the Horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, and laughs at my Departure, Shall not be a Maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE A Castle belonging to the Earl
of Gloster.

Enter Bastard, and Curan, severally.

Bast. SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir, I have been
With your Father, and given him Notice
That the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Dutcheſs
Will be here with him this Night.

Bast. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not; you have heard of the News
abroad, I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
Ear-kissing Arguments.

Bast. Not I; pray you what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely Wars toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Bast. Not a Word.

Cur. You may do then in time.

Fare you well, Sir.

[Exit

Bast. The Duke be here to Night! the better, best,
This weaves it self perforce into my Business.
My Father hath set Guard to take my Brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy Question
Which I must act; briefness, and Fortune work.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a Word, descend, Brother, I say,
My Father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good Advantage of the Night——
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now i'th' Night, i'th' haste,
And Regan with him; have you nothing said
Upon his Party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise your self.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a Word.

Bast. I hear my Father coming. Pardon me—
In cunning, I must draw my Sword upon you—
Draw, seem to defend your self.
Now quit you well—

Yield—come before my Father—light ho, here,—
Fly, Brother—Torches!—so farewell— [Exit Edg.
Some Blood drawn on me would beget Opinion

[Wounds his Arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen Drunkards
Do more than this in Sport; Father! Father!
Stop, stop, no help?—

Enter Gloster, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the Villain?

Bast. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp Sword out;
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conjuring the Moon
To stand his auspicious Mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Bast. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the Villain, *Edmund*?

Bast. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho! go after. By no means, what?—

Bast. Perfwade me to the Murther of your Lordship;
But that I told him the revenging Gods,
'Gainst Parricides did all the Thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a Bond
The Child was bound to th' Father. Sir; in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his unnatural Purpose, in fell Motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided Body; launcht mine Arm;
And when he saw my best alarmed Spirits,
Bold in the Quarrels right, rouz'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gasted by the Noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;

Not in this Land shall he remain uncaught
And found; Dispatch, the Noble Duke, my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron, comes to Night,
By his Authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our Thanks,

Bring-

Bringing the murtherous Coward to the Stake:
He that conceals him, Death.

Bast. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst Speech
I threatned to discover him; he replied,
Thou unpossessing Bastard, dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the Refusal
Of any Trust, Virtue, or Worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No; by what I should deny,
(As this I would, although thou didst produce
My very Character). I'd turn it all
To thy Suggestion, Plot, and damned Practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the World,
If they not thought the Profits of my Death
Were very pregnant and potential Spirits
To make thee seek it. [Trumpets within.

Glo. O strange and fastned Villain!
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Hark, the Duke's Trumpets! I know not why he comes---
All Ports I'll bar, the Villain shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that; besides, his Picture
I will send far and near, that all the Kingdom
May have due Note of him; and of my Land,
(Loyal and natural Boy) I'll work the Means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble Friend? since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strangeness.

Reg. If it be true, all Vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' Offender; how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old Heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Father's Godson seek your Life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your *Edgar*?

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not Companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my Father?

Glo. I know not, Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Bast. Yes, Madam, he was of that Consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill-affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old Man's Death,

To have th'expence and waste of Revenues;
I have this present Evening from my Sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such Cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my House,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, *Regan*;
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your Father
A Child-like Office.

Bast. It is my Duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his Practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please; as for you *Edmund*,
Whose Virtue and Obedience doth this Instant
So much commend it self, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Bast. I shall serve you, Sir, truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you
Thus out of season, thredding dark-ey'd Night?

Reg. Occasions, noble *Gloster*, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your Advice—
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of Differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several Messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old Friend
Lay Comforts to your Bosom, and bestow
Your needful Counsel to our Businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, Friend, art of this House?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our Horses?

Kent.

Kent. I'th'Mire.

Stew. Prithee if thou lov'st me tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipisbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A Knave, a Rascal, an eater of broken Meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred pound, filthy Woosted-stocking Knave, a Lilly-livered, Action-taking, whorson Glass-gazing, super-serviceable finical Rogue, one Trunk-inheriting Slave; one that wouldst be a Bawd in way of good Service, and art nothing but the composition of a Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pander, and the Son and Heir of a Mungrii Bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least Syllable of thy Addition.

Stew. Why what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me? Is it two Days since I tript up thy Heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw you Rogue, for though it be Night, yet the Moon shines; I'll make a Sop o'th' Moonshine of you, you whorison Cullenly Barber-monger, draw. [Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you Rascal; you come with Letters against the King, and take Vanity the Puppet's part, against the Royalty of her Father; draw you Rogue, or I'll so carbonado your Shanks—draw, you Rascal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! Murther! help!—

Kent. Strike you Slave; stand, Rogue, stand you neat Slave, strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help ho! Murther! Murther!—

Enter Bastard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Bast. How now, what's the Matter? Part—

Kent.

Kent. With you, Goodman Boy, if you please, come, I'll flesh ye, come on young Master.

Glo. Weapons? Arms? What's the Matter here?

Corn. Keep Peace upon your Lives, he dies that strikes again, what is the Matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel you have so bestir'd your Valour, you cowardly Rascal, Nature disclaims all share in thee: A Tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange Fellow, a Tailor make a Man?

Kent. A Tailor, Sir? a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two Years o'th' Trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your Quarrel?

Stew. The ancient Ruffian, Sir, whose Life I have spar'd at sute of his gray Beard —

Kent. Thou whorson Zed! thou unnecessary Letter! my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted Villain into Mortar, and daub the Wall of a Jakes with him. Spare my gray Beard, you Wag-tail! —

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!

You beastly Knave, know you no Reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but Anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a Slave as this should wear a Sword, Who wears no Honesty: Such smiling Rogues as these, Like Rats oft bite the holy Cords a-twain, Which art t'intrince; t'unloose: Smooth every Passion That in the Natures of their Lords rebel, Being Oil to Fire, Snow to their colder Moods, Renege, affirm. and turn their Halcyon Beaks, With every gale, and vary of their Masters, Knowing nought, like Dogs, but following: A plague upon your Epileptick Visage. Smile you my Speeches, as I were a Fool? Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum* Plain, I'd drive y^e cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad, old Fellow?

Glo. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I, and such a Knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him Knave? What is his Fault?

Kent. His Countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain,
I have seen better Faces in my time,
Than stands on any Shoulder that I see
Before me, at this Instant.

Corn. This is some Fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A sawcy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter, he,
An honest Mind, and plain, and he must speak truth,
And they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainness,
Harbour more Craft, and more corrupter Ends,
Then twenty silly ducking Observants,
That stretch their Duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your great Aspect,
Whose Influence like the wreath of radiant Fire,
Or flicking *Phæbus* front—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my Dialect, which you discommend
so much; I know, Sir, I am no Flatterer; he that beguil'd
you in a plain Accent, was a plain Knave, which for my
part I will not be, though I should win your Displeasure
to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' Offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Master, very lately,
To strike at me upon his Misconstruction,
When he compact, and flattering his Displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was self-subdu'd,
And in the fleshment of this dead Exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards,

But *Ajax* is their Fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.

You stubborn ancient Knave, you reverent Braggart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King;
On whose Imployment I was sent to you.

You shall do small Respects, shew too bold Malice;
Against the Grace and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I have Life and Honour, there shall he sit 'till Noon."

Reg. 'Till Noon! 'till Night my Lord, and all Night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Father's Dog
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a Fellow of the self-same Colour
Our Sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so;
The King his Master needs must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his Messenger,
To have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that. [*Kent is put in the Stocks.*]

Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Corn. Come, my Lord, away. [*Exit.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, Friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose Disposition all the World well knows
Will not be rubb'd nor stopt. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not, Sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard,
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:
A good Man's fortune may grow out at Heels;
Give you good Morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common Saw,
Thou out of Heav'n's Benediction com'st
To warm the Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beams I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees Miracles

But

But Misery. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
 Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
 Of my obscured course. I shall find time
 For this enormous State, and seek to give
 Losses their Remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 Take vantage heavy Eyes, not to behold
 This shameful Lodging. Fortune, good Night,
 Smile once more, turn thy Wheel. [He sleeps.]

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I have heard my self proclaim'd,
 And by the happy hollow of a Tree
 Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no Place
 That Guard, and most unusual Vigilance
 Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
 I will preserve my self: And am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest Shape
 That ever Penury in contempt of Man,
 Brought near to Beast: My Face I'll grime with filth,
 Blanket my Loins, put all my Hair in knots,
 And with presented Nakedness out-face
 The Winds, and persecutions of the Sky.
 The Country gives me proof and president
 Of Bedlam Beggars, who with roaring Voices
 Strike in their num'd and mortified Arms
 Pins, wooden Pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Rosemary;
 And with this horrible Object, from low Farms,
 Poor pelting Villages, Sheep-coats, and Mills,
 Sometimes with Lunatick Bays, sometimes with Prayers,
 Inforce their Charity; Poor *Turlygod*, poor *Tom*,
 That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [Exit.]

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
 And not send back my Messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The Night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this Remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble Master.

Lear. Ha, mak'st thou this Shame thy Pastime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel Garters; Horses are ty'd
 by

by the Heads, Dogs and Bears by th' Neck, Monkeys by th' Loins, and Men by th' Legs; when a Man is over-lusty at Legs, then he wears wooden nether Stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy Place mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter*, I swear no.

Kent. By *Juno*, I swear ay.

Lear. They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than Murther,
To do upon respect such violent Outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this Usage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the Place, that shewed
My Duty kneeling, came there a reeking Post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistress, Salutation;
Deliver'd Letters spight of Intermission,
Which presently they read: on those Contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took Horse,
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their Answer, gave me cold Looks,
And meeting here the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very Fellow which of late
Display'd so sawcily against your Highness,
Having more Man than Wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the House with loud and coward Cries:
Your Son and Daughter found this Trespas worth
The Shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild Geese fly that way,
Fathers that wear Rags do make their Children blind,

But

But Fathers that bear Bags, shall see their Children kind.
 Fortune, that arrant Where, ne'er turns the Key to th' Poor.
 But for all this thou shalt have as many dolours for thy dear
 Daughters, as thou canst tell in a Year.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swells up toward my Heart!
Hysterica passio, down thou climbing Sorrow,
 Thy Element's below; where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay here.

[Exit.]

Gen. Made you no more Offence,
 But what you speak of?

Kent. None;

How chance the King comes with so small a Number?

Fool. And thou hadst been set i' th' Stocks for that Que-
 stion; thou'dst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to School to an Ant, to teach thee
 there's no labouring i' th' Winter. All that follow their
 Noses, are led by their Eyes, but blind Men; and there's
 not a Nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-
 ing— Let go thy hold, when a great Wheel runs down
 a Hill, lest it break thy Neck with following; but the
 great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after.
 When a wise Man gives thee better Counsel, give me
 mine again; I would have none but Knaves follow it,
 since a Fool gives it.

That Sir, which serves and seeks for Gain,

And follows but for Form;

Will pack when it begins to Rain,

And leave thee in a Sorm:

And I will tarry, the Fool will stay,

And let the wise Man fly:

The Knave turns Fool that runs away,

The Fool no Knave perdy.

Enter Lear and Gloster.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, Fool?

Fool. Not i' th' Stocks, Fool.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? they are sick, they are
 weary?

They have travell'd all the Night? meer fetches,

The

The Images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better Answer——

Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! Plague! Death! Confusion!——
Fiery? what quality? why *Gloster, Gloster,*
I'd speak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his Wife.

Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them? dost thou understand me, Man?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord. [Father

Lear. The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the dear
Would with his Daughter speak, Commands, tends Service,
Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!——
Fiery? the fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that——

No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all Office,
Whereto our Health is bound; we are not our selves,
When Nature being oppress'd, commands the Mind
To suffer with the Body; I'll forbear,
And am fall'n out with my more headier Will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound Man. Death on my State; wherefore
Should he sit here? This Act persuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only; give me my Servant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's Wife, I'd speak with them:
Now presently——Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their Chamber Door I'll beat the Drum,
'Till it cry Sleep to Death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. Oh me, my Heart! my rising Heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, Nuncle, as the Cockney did to the Eels,
when he put them i'th' Paste alive, he knapt 'em o'th'
Coxcombs with a Stick, and cry'd, down wantons, down;
'twas his Brother, that in pure kindness to his Horse but-
tered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Lear. Good Morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace. [Kent is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. *Regan*, I think you are, I know what reason I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy Mother's Tomb, Sepulchring an Adulterers. O, are you free? [To Kent.]
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*, Thy Sister's naught: Oh *Regan*, she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a Vulture, here; I can scarce speak to thee, thou'lt not believe With how depriv'd a quality—— Oh *Regan!* ——

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope You less know how to value her Desert, Than she to scant her Duty.

Lear. Say? How is that? ——

Reg. I cannot think my Sister in the least Would fail her Obligation. If, Sir, perchance She have restrain'd the Riots of your Followers, 'Tis on such Ground, and to such wholesom end, As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My Curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old, Nature in you stands on the very Verge Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led By some discretion, that discerns your State Better than you your self: Therefore I pray you, That to our Sister you do make return, Say you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the House?
Dear Daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: On my Knees I beg,
That you'll vouchsafe me Raiment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more; these are unsightly Tricks:
Return you to my Sister.

Lear. Never, *Regan*:
She hath abated me of half my Train;
Look'd black upon me, struck me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, upon the very Heart.
All the stor'd Vengeances of Heav'n fall

On her ingrateful top: Strike her young Bones,
You taking Airs, with Lameness.

Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!

Lear. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful Eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun
To fall, and blister.

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, *Regan*, thou shalt never have my Curse:
Thy tender-hearted Nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; Her Eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my Pleasures, to cut off my Train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, Bond of Child-hood,
Effects of Courtesie, and Dues of Gratitude:
Thy half o'th' Kingom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpose. [Trumpet within.]

Lear. Who put my Man i'th' Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my Sister's: This approves her Letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slave, whose easie borrowed Pride
Dwells in the sickly grace of her he follows.
Out Varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Goneril.

Lear. Who stockt my Servant? *Regan*, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.

Who comes here? O Heav'ns!

If you do love old Men; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience; if you your selves are old,
Make it your cause: Send down and take my part.

Art not asham'd to look upon this Beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the Hand?

Gon.

Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not Offence that Indiscretion finds,
And Dotage terms so.

Lear. O Sides, you are too tough! Will you yet hold?
How came my Man i'th' Stocks?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: But his own Disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, seem so:
If, 'till the expiration of your Month,
You will return and sojourn with my Sister,
Dismissing half your Train, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your Entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty Men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all Roofs, and chuse
To wage against the enmity o'th' Air,
To be a Comrade with the Wolf and Owl,
Necessity's sharp pinch — Return with her?
Why? The hot-bloody'd *France*, that Dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like Pension beg,
To keep base Life a-foot; return with her?
Perswade me rather to be Slave and Sumpter
To this detested Groom.

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I prithee, Daughter, do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my Child. Farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another,
But yet thou art my Flesh, my Blood, my Daughter,
Or rather a Disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; Thou art a Bile,
A Plague-fore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted Blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-Bearer shoot,
Nor tell Tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy Leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.

Reg.

Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear, Sir, to my Sister;
For those that mingle Reason with your Passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so——
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare vouch it, Sir; what, fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speak 'gainst so great a number: How in one House
Should many People, under two commands,
Hold Amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls Servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? If then they chanc'd to slack ye.
We could controll them; if you will come to me,
For now I spy a danger, I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I give you all——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositories,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number; What must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked Creatures yet do look well-favour'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise; I'll go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her Love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five?
To follow in a House, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: Our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not Nature, more than Nature needs,

Man's Life is cheap as Beasts. Thou art a Lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,
 You Heav'ns, give me that patience, patience I need,
 You see me here, you Gods, a poor old Man,
 As full of Grief as Age, wretched in both,
 If it be you that stir these Daughters Hearts
 Against their Father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely: Touch me with noble Anger,
 And let not Womens weapons, water drops,
 Stain my Man's cheeks. No, you unnatural Hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the World shall—I will do such things,
 What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be
 The terrors of the Earth; you think I'll weep,
 No, I'll not weep, I have full cause of weeping,

[*Storm and Tempest.*

But this Heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
 Or e'er I weep. O Fool, I shall go mad. [Exit.]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a Storm.

Reg. This House is little, the old Man and's People
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from Rest,
 And must needs taste his Folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one Follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd;
 Where is my Lord of *Golster*?

Enter Gloster.

Corn. Followed the old Man forth; he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to Horse, but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the Night comes on: and the high Winds
 Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
 There's scarce a Bush.

Rest. O Sir, to wilful Men,

The

The Injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their School-Masters: Shut up your Doors;
He is attended with a desperate Train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his Ear abus'd, Wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your Doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild Night:
My *Regan* Counsels well: Come out o' th' Storm. [*Exeunt.*]

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

S C E N E A Heath.

*A Storm is heard with Thunder and Lightning. Enter Kent,
and a Gentleman, severally.*

Kent. WHO's there besides foul Weather? [*quietly*]

Gent. One minded like the Weather, most un-

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful Elements;
Bids the Wind blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'bove the Main,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-struck Injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual Cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:
Who have, (as who have not, whom their great Stars
Thron'd and ſet high?) Servants, who ſeem no leſs,
Which are to *France* the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Rein which both of them have born
Againſt the old kind King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings—

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent.

Kent. No, do not:

For Confirmation that I am much more
Than my Out-wall, open this Purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As fear not but you shall) shew her that Ring,
And she will tell you who this Fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fy on this Storm,
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your Hand,
Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few Words, but to effect more than all yet;
That when we have found the King, in which your pain
That way, I'll this: He that first lights on him,
Hollow the other. [*Exeunt.*

Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow Winds, and crack your Cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hurricano's spout,
'Till you have drencht our Steeples, drown the Cocks.
You Sulph'rous and thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriers of Oak-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white Head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thick Rotundity o'th' World,
Crack Nature's moulds, all Germans spill at once
That makes ingrateful Man.

Fool. O Nuncle, Court-holy-water in a dry House, is
better than the Rain-water out o'Door. Good Nuncle, in,
ask thy Daughters Blessing; here's a Night pities neither
Wise-men, nor Fools.

Lear. Rumble thy Belly full, spit Fire, spout Rain;
Nor Rain, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I tax not you, you Elements, with Unkindness,
I never gave you Kingdom, call'd you Children,
You owe me no Subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; — Here I stand your Slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old Man:
But yet I call you servile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters join
Your high-engender'd Battels, 'gainst a Head
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a House to put's Head in, has a good Head piece:

The Codpiece that will house, before the Head has any:

The Head, and he shall Lowse; so Beggars marry many.

That Man that makes his toe, what he his heart should make, Shall of a Corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair Woman, but she made mouths in a Glas.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all Patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wise-man, and a Fool.

Kent. Alas Sir, are you here? things that love Night, Love not such Nights as these: the wrathful Skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, And make them keep their Caves: Since I was Man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder, Such groans of roaring Wind, and Rain, I never Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry Th'affliction, not the fear.

Lear. Let the great Gods, That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads, Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch, That hast within thee undivulged Crimes Unwhipt of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand; Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Virtue Thou art incestuous; Caitiff, to pieces shake That under covert and convenient seeming Has practis'd on Man's life. Close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing Continents, and cry These dreadful Summoners grace. I am a Man, More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?

Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Hovel, Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest: Repose you there, while I to this hard House (More harder than the Stones whereof 'tis rais'd; Which even but now, demanding after you,

Deny'd

Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted courtesie.

Lear. My Wits begin to turn.
Come on my Boy. How dost my Boy? Art cold?
I am cold my self. Where is this Straw, my Fellow?
The art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vild things precious. Come, your Hovel;
Poor Fool, and Knave, I have one part in my Heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has and a little tyme wit,
With heigh ho, the Wind and the Rain,
Must make Content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True Boy: come bring us to this Hovel. [Exit.

Fool. This is a brave Night to cool a Curtezan:
I'll speak a Prophecy ere I go;
When Priests are more in Words, than Matter,
When Brewers marr their Malt with Water;
When Nobles are their Tailors Tutors,
No Hereticks burn'd, but Wenches Suitors,
When every Case in Law is right,
No Squire in Debt, nor no poor Knight,
When Slanders do not live in Tongues,
Nor Cut-purses come not to Throngs,
When Usurers tell their Gold i'th' Field,
And Bawds and Whores do Churches build!
Then shall the Realm of *Albion* come to great Confusion,
Then comes the time, who lives to see't
That going shall be us'd with Feet.
This Prophecy *Merlin* shall make,
For I do live before his time. [Exit.

SCENE II. *An Apartment in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter Gloster and Bastard.

Glo. Alack, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural
dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him,
they took from me the use of mine own House, charg'd
me on pain of perpetual Displeasure, neither to speak of
him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Bast. Most savage unnatural.

Glo. Go too; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a Letter this Night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Closet, these Injuries the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I will look him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my Charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to Bed; if I die for it, as no less is threatned me, the King my old Master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, *Edmund*, pray you be careful. [Exit.

Bast. This Courtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that Letter too; This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my Father loses; no less than all, The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Part of the Heath with a Hovel.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place. my Lord, good my Lord, enter; The Tyranny of the open Night's too rough For Nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Will it break my Heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own; good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious Storm Invades us to the Skin; so 'tis to thee; But where the greater Malady is fixt, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a Bear, But if thy flight light toward the roaring Sea, Thou'dst meet the Bear i'th' Mouth; when the Mind's free, The Body's delicate; the Tempest in my Mind, Doth from my Senses take all feeling else, Save what beats there. Filial Ingratitude! Is it not as this Mouth should tear this Hand

For

For lifting Food to't? — But I will punish home;
 No, I will weep no more — In such a Night,
 To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
 In such a Night as this? O *Regan*. *Gonerill*,
 Your old kind Father, whose frank Heart gave all —
 O that way Madneſs lyes, let me ſhun that,
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee go in thy ſelf, ſeek thine own e:ſe,
 This Tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more, but I'll go in,
 In Boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs Poverty — [*Exit Focl.*
 Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep —
 Poor naked Wretches, whereſo'er you are
 That bide the pelting of this pitileſs Storm,
 How ſhall your houſeleſs Heads and unfed Sides,
 Your lop'd and window'd Raggedneſs, defend you
 From Seaſons ſuch as theſe? O I have ta'en
 Too little care of this; take Phyſick, Pomp,
 Expoſe thy ſelf to feel, what Wretches feel,
 That thou may'ſt ſhake the Superflux to them,
 And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt.

Enter Edgar, diſguiſ'd like a Madman and Fool.

Edg. Fathom and half, Fathom and half! poor *Tom*.

Fool. Come not in here Nuncle, here's a Spirit, help me,
 help me.

Kent. Give me thy Hand, who's there?

Fool. A Spirit, a Spirit, he ſays his Name's poor *Tom*.

Kent. What art thou that do'ſt grumble there i'th' Straw?
 Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foul Fiend follows me, through the
 ſharp Hawthorn blow the Winds. Humph, go to thy Bed
 and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy Daughters? And art
 thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? whom the
 foul Fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,
 through Sword, and Whirlpool, o'er Bog, and Quagmire,
 that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his
 Pue; ſet Ratsbane by his Porredge, made him proud of
 Heart,

Heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, over four arch'd Bridges, to course his own shadow for a Traitor, bless thy five Wits, *Tom's* a cold, O do, de, do, de, do, de, bless thee from Whirl-winds, Star-blasting, and taking, do poor *Tom* some Charity, whom the foul Fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

Lear. Have his Daughters brought him to this pass? Could'st thou save nothing? would'st thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a Blanket, else we had been all sham'd.

Lear. Now all the Plagues that in the pendulous Air Hang fated o'er Men's faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath do Daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, Traitor, nothing could have subdu'd Nature To such a Lowness, but his unkind Daughters. Is it the Fashion, that discarded Fathers Should have thus little mercy on their Flesh? Judicious Punishment, 'twas this Flesh begot Those Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill, a low; a low, loo, loo.

Fool. This cold Night will turn us all to Fools, and Mad-men.

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul Fiend, obey thy Parents, keep thy Word, do Justice, swear not, commit not with Man's sworn Spouse; let not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A Serving-man, proud in Heart and Mind: That curl'd my Hair, wore Gloves in my Cap, serv'd the Lust of my Mistress's Heart, and did the act of darkness with her. Swore as many Oaths, as I spake Words, and broke them in the sweet Face of Heav'n. One, that slept in the contriving Lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I dearly; Dice dearly; and in Woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. False of Heart, light of Ear, bloody handed. Hog in sloth, Fox in stealth, Wolf in greediness, Dog in madness, Lion in prey. Let not the creaking of Shoes, nor the rustling of Silks, betray thy poor Heart to Woman. Keep thy Foot out of Brothels. thy Hand out of Plackets, thy Pen from

from Lenders Books, and defie the foul Fiend. Still through the Hawthorn blows the cold Wind: Says suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sessey*: Let him trot by. [Storm still.]

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd Body, this extremity of the Skies. Is Man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worm no Silk, the Beast no Hide, the Sheep no Wool, the Cat no Perfume. Ha! Here's three on's are sophisticat'ed. Thou art the thing it self; unaccommodated Man, is no more but such a poor, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come. unbutton here.

[Tearing off his Cloaths.]

Enter Gloster with a Torch.

Fool. Prethee Nuncle be contented; 'tis a naughty Night to swim in. Now a little Fire in a wild Field, were like an old Letcher's Heart, a small Spark, and all the rest on's Body cold; look, here comes a walking Fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at Curfew, and walks at First Cock; he gives the Web and the Pin, squints the Eye, and makes the Hair-lip; Mildews the white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the Earth.

*Switbold footed thrice the old;
He met the Night-Mare, and her Nine fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.*

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pol; the Wall-neut, and the Water-neut; that in the fury of his Heart, when the foul Fiend rages, Eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallows the old Rat, and the Ditch-dog; drinks the green Mantle of the standing Pool; Who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: Who hath three Suits to his Back, six Shirts to his Body;

*Horse to ride, and Weapon to wear;
But Mice, and Rats, and such small Dear,
Have been Tom's Food for seven long Year;*

Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glo. What hath your Grace no better Company?

Edg. The Prince of Darknes is a Gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Glo. Our Flesh and Blood, my Lord, is grown so vile, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my Duty cannot suffer T'obey in all your Daughters hard Commands: Though their Injunction be to bar my Doors, And let this tyrannous Night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventur'd to come to seek you out, And bring you where both Fire and Food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this Philosopher; What is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good, my Lord, take his Offer, Go into th' House.

Lear. I'll talk a Word with this same learned *Theban*: What is your Study?

Edg. How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one Word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord, His Wits begin t'unsettle.

Glo. Can't thou blame him? *[Storm still]*
His Daughters seek his Death: Ah, that good *Kent*! He said it would be thus; poor banish'd Man. Thou sayest the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, Friend, I am almost mad my self, I had a Son, Now out-law'd from my Blood, he sought my Life. But lately, very late; I lov'd him, Friend, No Father his Son dearer: True to tell thee, The Grief hath craz'd my Wits. What a Night's this? I do beseech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir: Noble Philosopher, your Company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, Fellow, there, into th' Hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good, my Lord, sooth him; let him take the Fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; Go along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian*.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark Tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the Blood of a *British* Man.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Gloster's Castle.*

Enter Cornwall and Bastard.

Corn. I will have Revenge, ere I depart his House.

Bast. How, my Lord, I may be censur'd. that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brother's evil Disposition made him seek his Death: But a provoking Merit set a Work by a reprobable Badness in himself.

Bast. How malicious is my Fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the Letter which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent Party to the Advantages of *France*. Oh Heav'ns! that this Treason were not; or not I the Detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutchess.

Bast. If the Matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty Business in Hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloster*: Seek out where thy Father is, that he may be ready for our Apprehension.

Bast. If I find him comforting the King; it will stuff his Suspicion more fully. I will persevere in my Course of Loyalty, though the Conflict be sore between that and my Blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dear Father in my Love. [Exit.

S C E N E V. *A Chamber.*

Enter Kent and Gloster.

Glo. Here is better than the open Air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [Exit.

Kent. All the Power of his Wits, have given way to his Impatience: The Gods reward your Kindness.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkness: Pray Innocent, and beware the foul Fiend.

Fool. Prithee, Nuncle, tell me, whether a Madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that has a Gentleman to his Son: For he's a Yeoman that sees his Son a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning Spits Come hissing in upon 'em.

Edg. Bless thy five Wits.

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the Patience now, That you so oft have boasted to remain?

Edg. My Tears begin to take his Part so much They mar my Counterfeiting. [Aside.

Lear. The little Dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart; see, they bark at me—

Edg. *Tom* will throw his Head at them; avaunt, you Curs! Be thy Mouth or black or white,

Tooth that Poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, Grey-hound, Mungril grim,

Hound or Spaniel, Brache, or Hym;

Or Bobtail tike, or Trundle tail,

Tom will make him weep and wail,

For with throwing thus my Head;

Dogs leap the Hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de: Sese; come, march to Wakes and Fairs,
And Market Towns; poor *Tom*. thy horn is dry. [Exit.

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan* — See what
breeds about her Heart — Is there any cause in Nature
that make these hard Hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for
one of my hundred; only, I do not like the Fashion of your
Garments. You will say they are *Persian*; but let them
be chang'd.

Enter *Gloster*.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lye here, and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtains:
So, so, we'll go to Supper i'th' Morning.

Fool. And I'll go to Bed at Noon.

Glo. Come hither, Friend; where is the King, my
Master?

Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not, his Wits are gone.

Glo. Good Friend, I prithee take him in thy Arms;
I have o'er-heard a Plot of Death upon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't;
And drive toward *Dover*, Friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy Master.
If thou should'st dally half an Hour, his Life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured Loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct. Come, come away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Gloster's Castle*.

Enter *Cornwall*, *Regan*, *Gonerill*, *Bastard*, and *Servants*.

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your Husband, shew him
this Letter, the Army of *France* is landed; seek out the
Traitor *Gloster*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his Eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my Displeasure. *Edmund*, keep you
our Sister Company; the revenges we are bound to take
upon your traiterous Father, are not fit for your beholding.
Advise the Duke where you are going, to a most festinate
Prepa-

Preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel dear Sister, farewel my Lord of *Gloster*.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of *Gloster* had convey'd him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his Knights, Hot Questrists after him, met him at Gate, Who, with some other of the Lord's Dependants, Are gone with him toward *Dover*; where they boast To have well armed Friends.

Corn. Get Horses for your Mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet Lord, and Sister. [*Exeunt.*]

Corn. *Edmund* farewel: Go seek the Traitor *Gloster*, Pinion him like a Thief, bring him before us: Though well we may not pass upon his Life Without the Form of Justice; yet our Power Shall do a court'sie to our Wrath, which Men May blame, but not controul.

Enter Gloster Prisoner, and Servants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful Fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky Arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces?

Good, my Friends, consider you are my Guests: Do me no foul play, Friends.

Corn. Bind him I say. [*They bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful Lady, as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this Chair bind him, Villain, thou shalt find.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done To pluck me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor?

Glo. Naughty Lady,

These Hairs which thou do'st ravish from my Chin Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host, With Robbers Hands, my hospitable Favours You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn.

Corn. Come, Sir, what Letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the Truth.

Corn. And what Confederacy have you with the Traitors,
Late footed in the Kingdom?

Reg. To whose Hands

You have sent the Lunatick King? speak.

Glo. I have a Letter guessingly set down
Which came from one that's of a neutral Heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning—

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To *Dover*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Wast thou not charg'd at Peril? —

Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' Stake,
And I must stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel Nails
Pluck out his poor old Eyes; nor thy fierce Sister,
In his anointed Flesh stick boarish Phangs.

The Sea, with such a Storm as his bare Head
In Hell-black-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Steeled fires:

Yet poor old Heart, he holp the Heav'ns to Rain.
If Wolyes had at thy Gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, good Porter turn the Key;
All Cruels else subscribe; but I shall see
The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows hold the Chair:
Upon these Eyes of thine, I'll set my Foot.

[*Gloster is held down while Cornwall treads out one of
his Eyes.*]

Glo. He that will think to live, 'till be old,
Give me some help. — O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One Side will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you see Vengeance —

Ser. Hold your Hand, my Lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a Child:

But

But better Service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you Dog?

Ser. If you did wear a Beard upon your Chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My Villain!

[Fight; in the scuffle Cornwall is wounded.

Ser. Nay then come on, and take the Chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy Sword. A Peasant stand up thus?

[Kills him.

Ser. Oh, I am slain——my Lord, you have one Eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh—— [Dies.

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; Out vild Gelly:
Where is thy Lustre now? [Treads out the other Eye.

Glo. All dark and comfortless——
Where's my Son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of Nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out treacherous Villain.

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: It was he
That made the Overture of thy Treasons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my Follies! then Edgar was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at Gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. [Exit with Gloster.

How is't my Lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, Lady——
Turn out that Eyeless Villain; throw this Slave
Upon the Dunghil——Regan, I bleed apace,
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your Arm. [Exit.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *An open Country.**Enter Edgar.*

Edg. YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
 The lowest, and most deject thing of Fortune,
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
 The lamentable Change is from the best,
 The worst returns to Laughter. Welcome then,
 Thou unsubstantial Air that I embrace:
 The Wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to my Blasts.

Enter Gloster, led by an old Man.

But who comes here? My Father poorly led?
 World, World, O World!
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to Age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your Tenant,
 And your Father's Tenant, these fourscore Years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
 Thy Comforts can do me no good at all,
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your Way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no Eyes:
 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our means secure us, and our meer defects
 Prove our Commodities. O dear Son *Edgar*,
 The Food of thy abused Father's Wrath:
 Might I but live to see thee in my Touch,
 I'd say I had Eyes again.

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O gods! who is't can say I am at the worst?
 I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: This worst is not,
✓ So long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a Beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and Beggar too.

Glo. He has some Reason, else he could not beg.
I th' last Night's Storm, I such a Fellow saw;
Which made me think a Man, a Worm. My Son
Came then into my Mind, and yet my Mind
Was then scarce Friends with him. I have heard more
✓ since:

As Flies to th' wanton Boys, are we to th' gods,
They kill us for their Sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play the Fool to Sorrow,
Ang'ring it self, and others. Bless thee Master.

Glo. Is that the naked Fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Get thee away: If for my sake,
Thou wilt o'er-take us hence a Mile or twain
I th' way toward *Dover*, do it for ancient Love;
And bring some covering for his naked Soul,
Which I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when Madmen lead the Blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy Pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best Parrel that I have,
Come on't what will.

[Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked Fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither Fellow.

Edg. And yet I must;

Bless thy sweet Eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?

Edg. Both Stile, and Gate, Horse-way, and Foot-path:
poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless
thee good Man's Son, from the foul Fiend.

Glo.

Glo. Here take this Purse, thou whom the Heav'n's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heav'n's deal so still;
Let the superfluous, and the Lust-dieted Man,
That slaves your Ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess,
And each Man have enough. Do'st thou know *Dover*?

Edg. Ay Master.

Glo. There is a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
Looks fearfully on the confin'd Deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou do'st bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Duke of Albany's
Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I marvel our mild Husband
Not met us on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but never Man so chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed;
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Gloster's* Treachery,
And of the Loyal Service of his Son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his Spirit
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer; our Wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back *Edmund* to my Brother,

Hasten

Hasten his Musters, and conduct his Powers.
 I must change Names at home, and give the Distaff
 Into my Husband's hands. This trusty Servant
 Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,
 A Mistresses command. Wear this; spare Speech;
 Decline your Head. This Kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy Spirits up into the Air:
 Conceive and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of Death.

Gon. My most dear *Gloster*. [Exit Bastard.]

Oh, the difference of Man, and Man!
 To thee a Woman's Services are due,
 My Fool usurps my Body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Goneril*,

You are not worth the dust which the rude Wind
 Blows in your Face.

Gon. Milk-liver'd Man,

That bear'st a Check for blows, a Head for wrongs,
 Who hast not in thy brows an Eye discerning
 Thine Honour, from thy suffering.

Alb. See thy self, Devil:

Proper Deformity seems not in the Fiend
 So horrid as in Woman.

Gon. Oh vain Fool:

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall's* dead,
 Slain by his Servant, going to put out
 The other Eye of *Gloster*.

Alb. *Gloster's* Eyes?

Mes. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act; bending his Sword
 To his great Master: who, thereat enrag'd,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead.
 But not without that harmful stroke which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You Justices, that these our nether Crimes
So speedily can venge, But O poor *Gloster!*
Lost he his other Eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter, Madam, craves a speedy Answer:
'Tis from your Sister.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being Widow, and my *Gloster* with her,
May all the building in my Fancy pluck
Upon my hateful Life. Another way
The News is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [Exit.

Alb. Where was his Son, when they did take his Eyes?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mes. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the Wickedness!

Mes. Ay, my good Lord, 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the House of purpose, that their Punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. *Gloster*, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,
And to revenge thine Eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *A Camp.*

Enter Cordelia, Gentlemen and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why he was met even now
As mad as the vext Sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank Fenitar, and furrow Weeds,
With Hardocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckow Flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle Weeds that grow
In our sustaining Corn. A Century send forth;
Search every Acre in the high-grown Field,
And bring him to our Eye. What can Man's Wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved Sense? He that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Gent.

Gent. There are means, Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is Repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative. whose power
Will close the Eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you unpublish'd Virtues of the Earth
Spring with my Tears; be aidant, and remediate.
In the good Man's desire: seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungovern'd Rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, Madam,
The *British* Powers are marching hitherward.

Cord. 'Tis known before. Our Preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear Father,
It is thy business that I go about: therefore great *France*
My mourning and importun'd tears hath pitied.
No blown Ambition doth our Arms incite,
But Love, dear Love, and our Aged Father's Right:
Soon may I hear, and see him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Regan's Palace.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brother's Powers set forth?

Stew. Ay Madam.

Reg. Himself in Person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado.

Your Sister is the better Soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* spake not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sister's Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is posted hence on serious Matter.

It was great ignorance, *Gloster's* Eyes being out
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves.

All Hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone.

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted Life: Moreover to descry

The strength o'th' Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our Troops set forth to morrow, stay with us:
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;
My Lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to *Edmund*?
Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what——I'll love thee much——
Let me unseal the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her Husband,
I am sure of that; and at her late being here
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: You are; I know't;
Therefore I do advise you take this Note.

My Lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my Hand

Than for your Lady's: You may gather more:

If you do find him, pray you give him this;

And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her Wisdom to her.

So fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind Traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I should shew
What Party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *The Country.*

Enter Gloster and Edgar.

Glo. When shall I come to th' top of that same Hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the Ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the Sea?

Glo. No truly.

Edg.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect
By your Eyes anguish.

Glo. So may it be indeed.

Methinks thy Voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.

Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir,

Here's the place; stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low!

The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway air

Shew scarce so gross as Beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his Head.

The Fisher-men that walk upon the beach

Appear like Mice; and yond tall Anchoring Bark,

Diminish'd to her Cock; her Cock, a Buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge,

That on th'unnumbered idle Pebble chafes

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my Brain turn, and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand:

You are now within a foot of th' extream Verge:

For all beneath the Moon would not I leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand:

Here Friend's another Purse, in it a Jewel

Well worth a poor Man's taking. Fairies, and gods

Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [Seems to go]

Glo. With all my Heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his Despair?

'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This World I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake patiently my great Affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposelss Wills,
My Snuff, and loathed part of Nature should
Burn it self out. If *Edgar* live, O bless him.

Now Fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps and falls along.*]

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
The treasure of Life, when Life it self
Yields to the Theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had Thought been past. Alive, or dead?
Ho, you Sir! Friend! here, you Sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed——yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been ought but Gozemore, Feathers and Air;
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an Egg: but thou dost breath;
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not; speak, art sound?
Ten Masts at least, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;
Thy Life's a Miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread Summit of this Chalky Bourn
Look up, a height, the shrill gor'd Lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: Do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no Eyes;
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit
To end it self by Death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When Misery could beguile the Tyrant's Rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your Arm.

Up, in--- How is't? Feel you your Legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the Crown o'th' Cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his Eyes
Were two full Moons: he had a thousand Noses,
Horns walk'd, and wav'd like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fiend: therefore thou happy Father,

Think

Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of Men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a Man; often 'twould say
The Fiend, the Fiend—— he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient Thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?

The safer Sense will ne'er accommodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for Coyning, I am
the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. There's your
Prest-mony. That Fellow handles his Bow like a Cow-
keeper: draw me a Clothier's Yard. Look, look, a Mouse.
Peace, Peace, this piece of toasted Cheese will do't——
There's my Gauntlet, I'll prove it on a Giant. Bring up the
brown Bills. O well flown Bird: i'th' clout, i'th' clout:
Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that Voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white Beard? They flatter'd me
like a Dog, and told me I had white Hairs in my Beard,
ere the black ones were there. To say Ay, and No, to
every thing that I said——Ay and no too, was no good Di-
vinity. When the Rain came to wet me o'ace, and Wind
to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at
my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go
to, they are not Men o' their words; they told me I was
every thing: 'Tis a Lie, I am not Ague proof.

Glo. The trick of that Voice I do well remember: Is't
not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.

When I do stare, see how the Subject quakes.
I pardon that Man's Life. What was thy Cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for Adultery?

No,

No, the Wren goes to't, and the small gilded Flie
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive:
For *Gloster's* Bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Than my Daughters got 'tween the lawful Sheets.
To't Luxury pell-mell, for I lack Soldiers.

Behold yon simpering Dame, whose Face, 'tween her Forks;
presages Snow; that minces Virtue, and do's shake the
Head to hear of Pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor the
soyled Horse goes to't with a more riotous Appetite:
down from the waste they are Centaures, though Wo-
men all above; but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, be-
neath is all the fiends. There's Hell, there's Darknes,
there is the sulphurous Pit, burning, Scalding, Stench,
Consumption: Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; Give me an Ounce
of Civet, good Apothecary, to sweeten my Imagination;
There's Mony for thee.

Glo. O let me kiss that Hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it smells of Mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of Nature, this great World
Shall so wear out to naught. Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine Eyes well enough: do'st thou
squiny at me? No, do thy worst blind *Cupid*, I'll not Love.
Read thou this Challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy Letters Suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from Report;
It is, and my Heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this Case of Eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No Eyes in your
Head, nor no Mony in your Purse? Your Eyes are in heavy
case, your Purse in a light, yet you see how this World goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A Man may see how this World
goes, with no Eyes. Look with thine Ears: See how yond
Justice rails upon yond simple Thief. Hark in thine Ear:
Change places, and Handy-dandy, which is the Justice,
which is the Thief: Thou hast seen a Farmer's Dog bark at
a Beggar?

Glo. Ay Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou

might'st behold the great Image of Authority, a Dog's obey'd in Office.

Thou Rascal Beadle, hold thy bloody Hand:
Why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy own Back,
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,
For which thou whip'st her. The Usurer hangs the Cozener.
Thorough tatter'd Cloaths, great Vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd Gowns hide all. Place Sins with Gold,
And the strong Lance of Justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in Rags, and Pigmy's Straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say none, I'll able 'em;
Take that of me my Friend, who have the power
To seal th' Accuser's lips. Get thee Glass Eyes,
And like a scurvy Politician, seem
To see the things thou do'st not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Boots: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
Reason in Madness.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my Fortunes, take my Eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Gloster*;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Air
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Mark——

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great Stage of Fools. This a good block!——
It were a delicate Stratagem to shoe
A Troop of Horse with Felt; I'll put't in proof,
And when I have stol'n upon these Son-in-Laws;
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants:

Gent. Oh here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your most dear Daughter——

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am even
The natural Fool of Fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have Surgeons,
I am cut to th' Brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my self?
Why, this would make a Man, a Man of Salt;

To use his Eyes for Garden-water-pots. I will die bravely,
Like a smug Bridegroom. What? I will be Jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You shall get it by running: Sa, la, la, la. [Exit.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest Wretch,
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter
Who redeems Nature from the general Curse,
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your Will?

Edg. Do you hear ought, Sir, of a Battel toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Every one hears that, which can distinguish Sound.

Edg. But by your favour:

How near's the other Army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: the main discry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here,
Her Army is mov'd on. [Exit.

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worser Spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.

Edg. Well pray you, Father.

Glo. Now good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor Man, made tame to Fortune's Blows,
Who by the Art of known and feeling Sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;

The bounty and the benizon of Heav'n
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd Prize; most happy;
That Eyeleis Head of thine, was first fram'd flesh
To raise my Fortunes. Thou old, unhappy Traitor,
Briefly thy self remember: the Sword is out
That must destroy thee,

Glo. Now let thy friendly Hand
Put strength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? hence,
Lest that th' infection of his Fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his Arm.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, Slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman, go your gate, and let poor
volk pass: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my Life,
'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay,
come not near th' old Man: Keep out che vor'ye, or ice
try whether your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder;
chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Child pick your Teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor
your foyns. [Edgar knocks him down.

Stew. Slave thou hast slain me: Villain, take my Purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my Body,
And give the Letters which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloster*: seek him out
Upon the *English* Party. Oh untimely death, death---[Dies.

Edg. I know thee well, a servicable Villain;
As duteous to the Vices of thy Mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, Father: rest you.
Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speaks of
May be my Friends: he's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other Deathsmā. Let us see—
By your leave, gentle wax—and manners blame us not,
To know our Enemies Minds, we rip their Hearts,
Their Papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal Vows be remembered. You have many
opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time
and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If
he return the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his Bed

my Goal, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place of our Labour.

*Your (Wife. so I would say) affectionate
Servant, Gonerill.*

Oh indistinguish'd space of Woman's Will!
A plot upon her virtuous Husband's Life,
And the exchange my Brother: Here, in the Sands
Thee I'll rake up, the Post unsanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious Paper strike the sight
Of the death practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and business, I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile Sense
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrows? Better I were distract;
So should my Thoughts be sever'd from my Griefs,

[Drum afar off.]

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The Knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your Hand:

Far off methinks I hear the beaten Drum.

Come, Father, I'll bestow you with a Friend. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI. A Chamber.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My Life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid,
All my Reports go with the modest Truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prethee put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known shortens my made Intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good Lord;
How do's the King?

Gent. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods!
Cure this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th' untun'd and jarring Senses, O wind up,
Of this Child-changed Father.

Gent. So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your Knowledge, and proceed
I'th' sway of your own Will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a Chair, carried by Servants.

Gent. Ay Madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh Garments on him,
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his Temperance.

Cor. O my dear Father, Restauration hang
Thy Medicine on my Lips, and let this Kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Reverence made.

Kent. Kind and dear Princess!

Cor. Had you not been their Father, these white flakes
Did challenge Pity of them. Was this Face
To be oppos'd against the jarring Winds?
Mine Enemies Dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that Night against my Fire:
And wast thou fain, poor Father,
To hovel thee with Swine and Rogues forlorn,
In short and musty Straw? alack, alack,
'Tis wonder that thy Life and Wits, at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speak to him.

Gent. Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royal Lord?
How fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' Grave;
That art a Soul in blifs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of Fire, that mine own Tears
Do scald like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a Spirit I know, when did you die?

Cor.

Cor. Still, still, far wide——

Gent. He's scarce awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I been?
Where am I? fair day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say;
I will not swear these are not my hands: let's see,
I feel this Pin prick, would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me,
You must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me;
I am a very foolish fond old Man,
Fourscore and upward,
Not an hour more, nor less: and to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this Man,
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these Garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last Night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a Man, I think this Lady
To be my Child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am; I am——

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes faith; I pray you weep not.
If you have Poison for me, I will drink it;
I know you do not love me, for your Sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in *France*?

Kent. In your own Kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted, good Madam, the great rage
You see is kill'd in him: desire him to go in.
Trouble him no more 'till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;

Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE A Camp.

Enter Bastard, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Bast. **K** Now of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by ought
To change the course; he's full of alteration,
And self-reproving; bring his constant Pleasure.

Reg. Our Sister's Man is certainly miscarried.

Bast. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

You know the Goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my Sister?

Bast. In honour'd Love.

Reg. But have you never found my Brother's way,
To the fore-faded place?

Bast. No by mine Honour, Madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her; dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Fear not; she and the Duke her Husband—

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Alb. Our very loving Sister, well be met:

Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter.

With others, whom the rigour of our State

Forc'd to cry out.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the Enemy:
For these Domestick and particular Broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of War
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon.

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray go with us.

Gon. Oh, ho, I know the Riddle, I will go. [Exit.

Manet Albany. Enter Edgar.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had Speech with Man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you, speak.

Edg. Before you fight the Battel, ope this Letter.
If you have Victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the World hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loves you.

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the Herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[Exit.

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o'erlook thy Paper.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw up your Powers,
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery, but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

[Exit.

Bast. To both these Sisters have I sworn my Love:
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the Widow,
Exasperates. makes mad her Sister Gonerill,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her Husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the Battel, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking-off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The Battel done, and they within our power;
Shall never see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[Exit.

S C E N E II. *A Field.*

Alarum within. Enter with Drum and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Here Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good Host; pray that the right may thrive;
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir. [Exit.

[Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old Man, give me thy hand, away;
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir, a Man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeness is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *A Camp.*

Enter Bastard, Lear and Cordelia as Prisoners, Soldiers, Captain.

Bast. Some Officers take them away; good Guard,
Until their greater Pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:
For thee, oppressed King, I am cast down,
My self could else out-frown false Fortune's Frown.
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come let's away to Prison;
We two alone will sing like Birds i' th' Cage:
When thou do'st ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down

And

And ask of thee Forgiveness: So we'll live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old Tales, and laugh
 At gilded Butterflies: and hear poor Rogues
 Talk of Court News, and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's Spies. And we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd Prison, packs and sects of great ones
 That ebb and flow by th' Moon.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
 The Gods themselves throw Incense. Have I caught thee?
 He that parts us, shall bring a Brand from Heav'n,
 And fire us hence, like Foxes; wipe thine Eye,
 The good Years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep,
 We'll see 'em starv'd first: Come.

[Exit:

Bast. Come hither Captain, hark. [Whispering.

Take thou this Note, go follow them to Prison,
 One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble Fortunes; know thou this, that Men
 Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
 Do's not become a Sword; thy great Employment
 Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when thou'lt done.
 Mark, I say, — instantly, and carry it so
 As I have set it down.

[Exit Captain.

Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant strain,
 And Fortune led you well: You have the Captives
 Who were the Opposites of this Day's strife:
 I do require them of you, so to use them,
 As we shall find their Merits, and our Safety
 May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
 To send the old and miserable King to some retention;
 Whose Age had Charms in it, whose Title more,

To

To pluck the common Bosom on his side,
 And turn our imprest Launces in our Eyes
 Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen,
 My reason all the same, and they are ready
 To morrow, or at further space, t'appear
 Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your Patience,
 I hold you but a Subject of this War,
 Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
 Methinks our Pleasure might have been demanded
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our Powers,
 Bore the Commission of my Place and Person,
 The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call it self your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
 In his own Grace he doth exalt himself,
 More than in your Addition.

Reg. In my Rights,
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should Husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.

Gon. Hölla, holla,
 That Eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answer
 From a full flowing Stomach. General,
 Take thou my Soldiers, Prisoners. Patrimony,
 Dispose of them, of me, the Walls are thine:
 Witness the World, that I create thee here,
 My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The lett alone lyes not in your good Will.

Bast. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half-blooded Fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my Title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, hear Reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
 On capital Treason, and in thy arrest.

This gilded Serpent: For your Claim, fair Sister,
 I bar it in the interest of my Wife,

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord.

And

And I her Husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your Loves to me,
My Lady is bespoke.

Gon. An Enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed, *Gloster*, let the Trumpet sound;
If none appear to prove upon thy Person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my Pledge: I'll make it on thy Heart
Ere I taste Bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick——

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust Medicine. [*Aside*]

Bast. There's my Exchange, what in the World he is
That names me Traitor, Villain-like he lies;
Call by the Trumpet, he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintain
My Truth and Honour, firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single Virtues, for thy Soldiers,
All levied in my Name, have in my Name
Took their Discharge.

Reg. My Sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent. [*Exit Reg.*]
Come hither, Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this. [*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

IF any Man of quality or degree within the Lists of the
Army, will maintain upon *Edmund* supposed Earl of
Gloster that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appear by
the third sound of the Trumpet: He is bold in his de-
fence.

Her. Again.

1 Trumpet.

Her. Again.

2 Trumpet.

3 Trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers him within.*]

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Ask him his Purposes, why he appears
Upon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your Name, your Quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?

Edg. Know, my Name is lost
By Treasons Tooth: Bare-gnawn, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I noble as the Adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Gloster*?

Bast. Himself, what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my Speech offend a noble Heart,
Thy Arm may do thee Justice, here is mine:
Behold it is my Privilege,
The Privilege of mine Honours,
My Oath, and my Profession. I protest,
Maugre thy Strength, Place, Youth, and Eminence,
Despight thy Victor-Sword, and fire-new Fortune,
Thy Valour, and thy Heart, thou art a Traitor:
False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extremest upward of thy Head,
• To the descent and dust below thy Foot,
A most Toad-spotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this Arm, and my best Spirits are bent
To prove upon thy Heart, whereto I speak,
Thou lyest.

Bast. In Wisdom I should ask thy Name,
But since thy Out-side looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy Tongue some say of Breeding breaths,
What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these Treasons to thy Head,
With the Hell-hated Lie o'erwhelm thy Heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This Sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets speak.

Alb. Save him, save him. [Alarum. Fight.]

Gon. This is practice, *Gloster*,
By th' Law of War, thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown Opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd, and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your Mouth, Dame,
Or with this Paper shall I stop it; hold, Sir,
Thou worse than any Name, read thine own Evil:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say if I do, the Laws are mine, not thine,
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Most Monstrous! O, know'st thou this Paper? [Exit.

Bast. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

Bast. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.

'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
That hast this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange Charity:
I am no less in Blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'rt wrong'd me.
My Name is *Edgar*, and thy Father's Son.
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant Vices
Make Instruments to plague us:
The dark and vitious Place, where thee he got,
Cost him his Eyes.

Bast. Thou'rt spoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheel is come full Circle, I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very Gate did prophesie
A Royal Nobleness; I must embrace thee,
Let Sorrow split my Heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid your self?
How have you known the Miseries of your Father?

Edg. By nursing them, my Lord. List a brief Tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my Heart would burst.
The bloody Proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives sweetness!
That we the pain of Death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once,) taught me to shift
Into a Mad-man's Rags, t'assume a semblance

That

That very Dogs disdain'd: And in this Habit
 Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
 Their precious Stones new lost; became his Guide,
 Led him, beg'd for him, sav'd him from Despair,
 Never, (O fault-) reveal'd my self unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping of this good Success,
 I ask'd his Blessing, and from first to last
 Told him our Pilgrimage. But his flaw'd Heart,
 Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
 'Twixt two extremes of Passion, Joy and Grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Bast. This Speech of yours hath mov'd me,
 And shall perchance do good, but speak you on,
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak Man.

Edg. What means this Bloody Knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks, it came even from the Heart
 Of—O she's dead.

Alb. Who's dead? Speak Man.

Gent. Your Lady, Sir, your Lady; and her Sister.
 By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Bast. I was contracted to them both, all three
 Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the Bodies, be they live or dead:

[*Gonerill and Regan's Bodies brought out.*]

This Judgment of the Heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
 Touches us not with pity. O! is this she?
 The time will not allow the Complement
 Which very Manners urge.

Kent. I am come
 To bid my King and Master aye good Night;

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot.
Speak *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seest thou this Object, *Kent*?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Bast. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after, slew her self.

Alb. Even so; cover their Faces.

Bast. I pant for Life; some good I mean to do
Despight of mine own Nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to th' Castle, for my Writ
Is on the Life of *Lear*, and *Cordelia*:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run——

Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the Office?
Send thy Token of Reprieve.

Bast. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captain——

Edg. Haste thee for thy Life.

Bast. He hath Commission from thy Wife and me;
The hang *Cordelia* in the Prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own Despair,
That she fore-did her self.

Alb. The Gods defend her, bear him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia dead in his Arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl—— O you are Men of Stones,
Had I your Tongues and Eyes, I'd use them so,
That Heav'n's Vault should crack; she's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as Earth: Lend me a Looking-Glass,
If that her Breath will mist or stain the Stone,
Why then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd End?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This Feather stirs, she lives; if it be so,
It is a Chance which do's redeem all Sorrows
That ever I have felt:

Kent. Oh my good Master.

Lear:

Lear. Prethee away——

Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague upon you Murtherers, Traitors all,
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever:

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!——

What is't thou say'st? her Voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in Woman.
I kill'd the Slave that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, Fellow?

I have seen the Day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine Eyes are none o'th' best, I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull Sight, are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same; your Servant *Kent*;
Where is your Servant *Caius*?

Lear. He's a good Fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike, and quickly too, he's dead and rotten:

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very Man.

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad Steps——

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no Man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootless.

Mes. *Edmund* is dead, my Lord.

Alb. That's but a Trifle here:

You Lords and noble Friends know our intent,
What comfort to this great Decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will resign,
During the Life of this old Majesty,

To him our absolute Power; you to your Rights, [To Edg.
With boot; and such addition as your Honours
Have more than merited. All Friends shall taste
The Wages of their Virtue, and all Foes
The Cup of their Deservings: O see, see——

Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd: No, no, no Life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have Life,
And thou no Breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never,——
Pray you undo this Button. Thank you, Sir,
Do you see this? look on her, look on her Lips,
Look there, look there. [He Dies]

Edg. He faints, my Lord.

Kent. Break Heart, I prithee break.

Edg. Look to my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his Ghost, O let him pass; he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough World
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but usurpt his Life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present Business
Is general woe: Friends of my Soul, you twain,
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State sustain.

Kent. I have a Journey, Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no. [Dies]

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say;
The oldest hath born most, we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt with a dead March]





O T H E L L O,

T H E

MOOR of *V E N I C E*.

A

T R A G E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR M D C C X I V.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Venice.

Brabantio, a noble Venetian.

Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.

Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.

Othello, the Moor, General for the Venetians
in Cyprus.

Cassio, his Lieutenant-General.

Jago, Standard-bearer to Othello.

Rodorigo, a Foolish Gentleman, in Love with
Desdemona.

Montano, the Moor's Predecessor in the Govern-
ment of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife
to Othello.

Æmilia, Wife to Jago.

Bianca, a Curtezan, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, and
Attendants.

SCENE for the First Act in Venice;
during the rest of the Play in Cyprus.



OTHEL-



O T H E L L O,
T H E
M O O R O F V E N I C E.

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

S C E N E *Venice.*

Enter Rodorigo *and* Jago.

R O D O R I G O.



NEVER tell me, I take it very unkindly,
That thou, *Jago*, who hast had my Purse,
As if the Strings were thine,
Shouldst know of this.

Jago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of such a Matter,
abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Jago. Despise me
If I do not. Three great ones of the City,
In personal suit to make me his Lieutenant,
Ost' Cap't to him; And by the Faith of Man)

I know my Price, I am worth no worse a Place.
 But he, as loving his own Pride and Purposes,
 Evades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,
 Horribly stult with Epithets of War;
 Non-suits my Mediators; for certes, says he,
 I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
 Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,
 One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
 A Fellow almost damn'd in a fair Wife,
 That never set a Squadron in the Field,
 Nor the Division of a Battel knows
 More than a Spinster, unless the Bookish Theorick,
 Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
 As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
 Is all his Soldiership. But he, Sir, had th' Election;
 And I, of whom his Eyes had seen the proof
 At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other Grounds
 Christian and Heathen, must be be-lee'd, and calm'd
 By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,
 He, in good time, must his Lieutenant be,
 And I, Sir, bless the mark, his Moor-ship's Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his Hangman.

Iago. Why there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of Service;
 Preferment goes by Letter, and Affection,
 And not by old Gradation, where each second
 Stood Heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be Judge your self,
 Whether I in any just term am Affin'd
 To love the Moor?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, Sir, content you;
 I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
 We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking Knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious Bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his Master's Ass,
 For nought but Provender, and when he's old, Casheer'd;
 Whip me such honest Knaves. Others there are
 Who trimm'd in Forms and Visages of Duty,
 Keep yet their Hearts attending on themselves;

And

And throwing but shows of Service on their Lords,
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd their
Coats,

Do themselves Homage. These Fellows have some Soul,
And such a one do I profess my self. For, Sir,
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*.

Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heav'n is my Judge, not I, for Love and Duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native Act and Figure of my Heart
In Compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my Heart upon my Sleeve,
For Daws to peck at; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full Fortune does the thick-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call up her Father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his Delight.
Proclaim him in the Streets, incense her Kinsmen.
And tho' he in a fertile Climate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: Tho' that his Joy be Joy;
Yet throw such Chances of Vexation on't,
As it may lose some Colour.

Rod. Here is her Father's House, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous Accent, and dire yell,
As when, by Night and Negligence, the Fire
Is spied in Populous Cities.

Rod. What ho! *Brabantio*! Signior *Brabantio*! ho!

Iago. Awake! what ho! *Brabantio*! Thieves. Thieves!
Look to your House, your Daughter, and your Bags:
Thieves! Thieves!

Enter Brabantio above.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible Summons?
What is the Matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your Family within?

Iago. Are your Doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Sir, you're robb'd; for shame put on your Gown,
Your Heart is burst, you have lost half your Soul;

Even now, very now, an old black Ram
Is Tapping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or else the Devil will make a Grandfire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your Wits?

Rod. Most Reverend Signior, do you know my Voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My Name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worser welcome;

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my Doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in Madness,
Being full of Supper, and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious Knavery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My Spirits and my place have in their Power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing? This is *Venice*:
My House is not a Grange.

Rod. Most brave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure Soul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God,
if the Devil bid you. Because we come to do you Service,
and you think we are Ruffians, you'll have your Daugh-
ter cover'd with a Barbary Horse, you'll have your Ne-
phews neigh to you, you'll have Coursers for Cousins, and
Gennets for *Germans*.

Bra. What prophane Wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the Moor are making the Beast with two Backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villain.

Iago. You are a Senator.

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

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your Pleasure, and most wise Consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair Daughter,

At this odd Even and dull Watch o'th Night,
 Transported with no worse or better guard,
 But with a Knave of common hire, a *Gondalier*,
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
 If this be known to you, and your Allowance.
 We then have done you bold and sawcy Wrongs.
 But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
 We have your wrong Rebuke. Do not believe
 That from the Sense of all Civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
 Your Daughter, if you have not given her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross Revolt,
 Tying her Duty Beauty, Wit and Fortunes
 In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
 Of here and every where; straight satisfie your self.
 If she be in your Chamber, or your House,
 Let loose on me the Justice of the State
 For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, ho!
 Give me a Taper----call up all my People,----
 This Accident is not unlike my Dream,
 Belief of it oppresses me already.
 Light, I say, light!

Fago. Farewell; for I must leave you.
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my Place;
 To be produc'd, as if I stay, I shall,
 Against the Moor. For I do know the State,
 However this may gall him with some check,
 Cannot with Safety cast him. For he's embark'd
 With such loud Reason to the *Cyprus* Wars,
 Which even now stands in Act, that for their Souls,
 Another of his fadom, they have none,
 To lead their Business. In which regard,
 Tho' I do hate him as I do Hell's Pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present Life,
 I must shew out a Flag, and sign of Love,
 (Which is indeed but sign.) That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised Search;
 And there will I be with him. So farewell,

[*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio in his Night-gown, with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an Evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised Time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where did'st thou see her? Oh unhappy Girl!—
With the Moor, saist thou! Who would be a Father?
How did'st thou know 'twas she? Oh she deceives me
Past thought — What said she to you? Get more Tapers—
Raise all my Kindred—-are they Married, think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh Heav'n! how gat she out?
Oh Treason of my Blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters Minds
By what you see them act. Are there not Charms,
By which the property of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my Brothers; oh would you had had her!
Some one way, some another—-Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every House I'll call,
I may command at most; get Weapons, ho!
And raise some special Officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I will deserve your Pains. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Street.*

Enter Othello, Jago, and Attendants, with Torches.

Jago. Tho' in the Trade of War I have slain Men,
Yet do I hold it very stulf o'th' Conscience
To do no contriv'd Murder: I take Iniquity
Sometime to do me Service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the Rib.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Jago. Nay, but he prated,
And ipoke such scurvy and provoking Terms
Against your Honour that with the little Godliness I have,
I did full hard for'ear him. But I pray you, Sir,

Are

Are you fast Married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a Voice potential
As double as the Duke's: He will divorce you,
Or put upon you, what Restraint or Grievance,
The Law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him Cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight:

My Services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my Life and Being
From Men of Royal Siege; and my Demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Jago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free Condition
Put into Circumscription and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But look! what Lights come yond.

Enter Cassio with Torches.

Jago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.

My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Jago. By *Fanus*, I think no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my Lieutenant:
The Goodness of the Night upon you, Friends,
What is the News?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the Instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a Business of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very Night, at one anothers Heels;
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,

The Senate hath sent about three several Quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a Word here in the House,
And go with you. [Exit Othello.]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Fago. Faith, he to Night hath boarded a Land Carrac,
If it prove lawful Prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Fago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Fago. Marry to——Come, Captain, will you go?
Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another Troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Fago. It is *Brabantio*; General be advis'd,
He comes to bad Intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, Thief. [They Draw on both sides.]

Fago. You *Rodorigo*! Come, Sir, I am for you——

Oth. Keep up your bright Swords, for the Dew will
rust 'em. Good Signior, you shall more command with
Years, than with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foul Thief! Where hast thou stow'd my
Daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,
For I'll refer me to all things of Sense,
If she in Chains of Magick were not bound,
Whether a Maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled Darlings of our Nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general Mock,
Run from her Guardage to the sooty Bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the World, if 'tis not gross in Sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weaken Motion: I'll have't disputed on,

'Tis

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an Abuser of the World, a Practicer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of Warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your Hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I go
To answer this your Charge?

Bra. To Prison; 'till fit time
Of Law, and Course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present Business of the State,
To bring me to him.

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Council, and your noble self
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council?
In this time of the Night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such Actions may have Passage free,
Bond-slaves and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Senate House.*

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There is no Composition in this News,
That gives them Credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred;

But though they jump not on a just Account,
As in these Cases where the Aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to Judgment;
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the main Article I do approve,
In fearful Sense.

Saylor; *within*.] What ho! What ho! What ho!

Enter Saylor.

Offi. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now!—What's the Business?

Sail. The *Turkish* Preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.

Duke. How say you by this Change?

1 Sen. This cannot be
By no assay of Reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keep us in false Gaze; when we consider,
Th'importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile Question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike Brace,
But altogether lacks th'Abilities
That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an Attempt of Ease and Gain.
To wake and wage a Danger profitless.

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

Offi. Here is more News.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due Course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after Fleet—

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

Mes. Of thirty Sail; and now they do re-stem.
This backward Course, bearing with frank Appearance
Their Purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,

Your

Your trusty and most valiant Servitor,
With his free Duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in Town?

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

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

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

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Jago, Rodorigo,
and Officers.*

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

I did not see you; welcome, gentle Signior,
We lackt your Counsel, and your help to Night.

Bra. So did I yours; Good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my Place, nor ought I heard of Business,
Hath rais'd me from my Bed; nor doth the general Care
Take hold on me. For my particular Grief
Is of so Flood-gate, and o'er-bearing Nature,
That it ingluts, and swallows other Sorrows,
And yet is still it self.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter! oh my Daughter!—

Sen. Dead!

Bra. Ay, to me.

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By Spells and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of Sense,
Sans Witchcraft could not—

Duke Who e'er he be, that in this foul Proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her self,
And you of her; the bloody Book of Law,
You shall your self read in the bitter Letter,
After your own Sense; yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the Man; this Moor, whom now it seems
Your special Mandate, for the State Affairs,

Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend Signiors,
My very noble, and approv'd good Masters;
That I have ta'en away this old Man's Daughter,
It is most true, true I have married her;
The very Head, and Front of my offending,
Hath this Extent; no more. Rude am I in my Speech;
And little bless'd with the soft Phrase of Peace;
For since these Arms of mine had seven Years Pith,
'Till now, some nine Moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest Action, in the tented Field;
And little of this great World can I speak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battel;
And therefore little shall I grace my Cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, by your gracious Patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd Tale deliver,
Of my whole course of Love. What Drugs, what Charms,
What Conjunction, and what mighty Magick,
(For such Proceeding I am charg'd withal,
I won his Daughter with.

Bra. A Maiden, never bold;
Of Spirit so still and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her self; and she, in spite of Nature,
Of Years, of Country, Credit, every thing,
'To fall in Love with what she fear'd to look on——
It is a Judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess Perfection so could err,
Against all Rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out Practices of cunning Hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some Mixtures powerful o'er the Blood,
Or with some Dram, conjur'd to this Effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no Proof,
Without more wider, and more over Test
Than these thin Habits, and poor Likelyhoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, *Othello*, speak,
Did you, by indirect and forced Courses,
Subdue and poison this young Maid's Affections?
Or came it by Request, and such fair Question,
As Soul to Soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her Father;
If you do find me foul in her Report,
The Trust, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my Life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the Place.
[Exit Jago.]

And 'till she come, as truly as to Heav'n
I do confess the Vices of my Blood,
So justly to your grave Ears, I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair Lady's Love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the Story of my Life,
From Year to Year; the Battels, Sieges, Fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish Days,
To th' very Moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous Chances,
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field;
Of hair-breadth Scapes i'th' imminent deadly Breach;
Of being taken by the insolent Foe.
And sold to Slavery; of my Redemption thence,
And Portance in my Travels History;
Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks and Hills, whose Head touch Heaven,
It was my Hint to speak, such was my Proccss;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and Men whose Heads
Did grow beneath their Shoulders. These to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;

But

But still the House Affairs would draw her hence,
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy Ear
 Devour up my Discourse: Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant Hour, and found good means,
 To draw from her a Prayer of earnest Heart,
 That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by Parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively: I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her Tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful Stroke,
 That my Youth suffer'd. My Story being done,
 She gave me for my Pains a world of Kisses;
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful —
 She wish'd she had not heard it, — yet she wish'd
 That Heav'n had made her such a Man — she thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a Friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him, how to tell my Story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake,
 She lov'd me for the Dangers I have past,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
 Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Jago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this Tale would win my Daughter too.
 Good *Brabantio*, take up this mangled matter at the best.
 Men do their broken Weapons rather use,
 Than their bare Hands.

Br. I pray, you hear her speak;
 If she confess that she was half the Wooer,
 Destruction on my Head, if my bad blame
 Light on the Man. Come hither, gentle Mistress;
 Do you perceive in all this noble Company,
 Where most you owe Obedience?

Des. My noble Father,
 I do perceive here a divided Duty;
 To you I am bound for Life, and Education:
 My Life and Education both do learn me,
 How to respect you. You are the Lord of Duty;

I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my Husband,
And so much Duty as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father;
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my Lord.

Brā. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affairs;
I had rather to adopt a Child than get it.
Come hither, Moor.

I here do give thee that with all my Heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my Heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake, Jewel,
I am glad at Soul, I have no other Child,
For thy escape would teach me Tyranny
To hang Clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me speak like your self; and lay a Sentence,
Which, like a grise, or step, may help these Lovers.
When Remedies are past, the Grievs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourn a Mischiefe that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new Mischiefe on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortunes takes,
Patience her Injury, a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the Thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless Grief.

Brā. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile;
He bears the Sentence well, that nothing bears,
But the free Comfort which from thence he hears:
But he hears both the Sentence, and the Sorrow,
That to pay Grief, must of poor Patience borrow.
These Sentences to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both Sides, are equivocal.
But Words are Words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd Heart was pierced through the Ear.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affairs of State.

Duke. The *Turk*, with a most mighty Preparation, makes
for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the Place is best known
to you. And though we have there a Substitute of most
allowed sufficiency; yet Opinion, a more Sovereign-Mi-
stress

stress of Effects, throws a more safe Voice on you; you must therefore be content to flubber the gross of your new Fortunes, with this most stubborn and boisterous Expedition.

Oth. The Tyrant Custom; most grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel Coach of War
My thrice-driven Bed of Down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt Alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
This present War against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit Disposition for my Wife,
Due Reverence of Place and Exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her Father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my Father in impatient Thoughts
By being in his Eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous Ear,
And let me find a Character in your Voice
T'assist my Simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him;
My down-right Violence, and Storm of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the World. My Heart's subdu'd
Even to the very Quality of my Lord;
I saw *Othello's* Visage in his Mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant Parts
Did I my Soul and Fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the War,
The Rites for why I love him are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear Absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your Voices, Lords; beseech you, let her Will
Have a free way.

Vouch with me Heav'n, I therefore beg it not

To please the Palate of my Appetite;
 Nor to comply with Heat the young affects
 In my defunct, and proper Satisfaction;
 But to be free, and bounteous to her Mind,
 And Heav'n defend your good Souls, that you think
 I will your serious and great Business scant
 When she is with me—No, when light-wing'd Toys
 Of Feather'd *Cupid*, feel with wanton dulness
 My speculative and offic'd Instrument,
 That my Disports corrupt and taint my Business;
 Let Housewives make a Skillet of my Helm,
 And all indign and base Adversities,
 Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay or going; th' Affair cries haste;
 And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to Night.

Oth. With all my Heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' Morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some Officer behind,
 And he shall our Commission bring to you;
 And such things else of Quality and Respect
 As doth import to you.

Oth. So please your Grace, my Ancient;
 A Man he is of Honesty and Trust,
 To his Conveyance I assign my Wife,
 With what else needful your good Grace shall think
 To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;
 Good Night to every one. And Noble Signior,
 If Virtue no delighted Beauty lack,
 Your Son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast Eyes to see;
 She has deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. [Exit.

Oth. My Life upon her Faith. Honest *Iago*,
 My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
 I prethee let thy Wife attend on her,
 And bring them after in their best Advantage.
 Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an Hour

Of Love, of worldly Matter, and Direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [Exit.]

Rod. Fago.

Fago. What sayest thou, noble Heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Fago. Why, go to Bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Fago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly Gentleman!

Rod. It is Silliness to live, when to live is a Torment; and then have we a Prescription to dye, when Death is our Physician.

Fago. Oh villanous! I have look'd upon the World for four times seven Years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a Benefit and an Injury, I never found Man that knew how to love himself. E'er I would say, I would drown my self for the love of a *Guinney-Hen*, I would change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What should I do, I confess it is my Shame to be fond, but it is not in my Virtue to amend it.

Fago. Virtue? a Fig, 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettles, or sow Lettice; set Hyssop, and weed up Time; supply it with one gender of Herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with Idleness, or manured with Industry, why the Power and corrigible Authority of this lyes in our Will. If the Ballance of our Lives had not one Scale of Reason to poise another of Sensuality, the Blood and Baseness of our Natures would conduct us to most preposterous Conclusions. But we have Reason, to cool our raging Motions, our carnal Stings, our unbitted Lusts; whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Syen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Fago. It is meerly a Lust of the Blood, and a Permission of the Will. Come, be a Man: Drown thy self? drown Cats and blind Puppies. I have profest me thy Friend, and I confess me knit to thy Deserving, with Cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better steed thee than

NOW.

now. Put Momy in thy Purse; follow thou these Wars; defeat thy Favour with an usurped Beard; I say, put Momy in thy Purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona* should continue her Love to the Moor. Put Momy in thy Purse — nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequestration, but put Momy in thy Purse. These Moors are changeable in their Wills; fill thy Purse with Momy. The Food that to him, now, is as luscious as Locusts, shall to him shortly be as bitter as *Coloquintida*. She must change for Youth; when she is sated with his Body, she will find the Errors of her Choice. Therefore put Momy in thy Purse. If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the Momy thou canst: If Sanctimony and a frail Vow betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and super-subtle *Venetian* be not too hard for my Wits, and all the Tribe of Hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make Momy. A Pox of drowning thy self, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy Joy, than to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my Hopes, if I depend on the Issue?

Jago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Momy. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My Cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our Revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a Pleasure, me a Sport. There are many Events in the womb of Time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy Momy. We will have more of this to Morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' Morning?

Jago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Jago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*!

Rod. I'll sell all my Land.

[*Exit*]

Jago. Thus do I ever make my Fool my Purse;
For I mine own gain'd Knowledge should profane,
If I would Time expend with such a Swain,
But for my Sport and Profit; I hate the Moor,

And

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my Sheets
 He has done my Office. I know not if't be true——
 But I, for meer Suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well——
 The better shall my Purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper Man: Let me see now,
 To get this place, and to plume up my Will
 In double Knavery——How? how?——Les's fee——
 After some time, to abuse *Othello's* Ears,
 That he is too familiar with his Wife——
 He hath a Person, and a smooth Dispose
 To be suspected; fram'd to make Women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open Nature,
 That thinks Men honest, that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by th' Nose
 As Asses are:
 I have't——it is ingendred——Hell and Night
 Must bring this monstrous Birth to the World's light. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Capital City of Cyprus.*

Enter Montano, and Gentlemen.

Mont. **W**HAT, from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought
 Flood;

I cannot 'twixt the Heav'ns and the Main
 Descry a Sail.

Mont. Methinks the Wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our Battlements;
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the Sea,
 What Ribs of Oak, when Mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the Morties? What shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A Segregation of the *Turkish* Fleet;
 For do but stand upon the foaming Shore,
 The chidden Billow seems to pelt the Clouds,

The

The wind-shak'd Surge, with high and monstrous Main,
Seems to cast Water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of th' ever fixed Pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchas'd Flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* Fleet
Be not inselter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd:
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, Lads; our Wars are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A noble Ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous Wrack and Sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The Ship is put in; a *Veronesso*, *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the Warlike Moor, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore; the Moor himself's at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I am glad on't; 'Tis a worthy Governor.

3 Gent. But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of Comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* Loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent Tempest.

Mont. Pray Heav'ns he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the Man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side, ho,
As well to see the Vessel that comes in,
As to throw out our Eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even 'till we make the Main and th' Erial blue,
An indistinct Regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every Minute is expectancy
Of more Arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of this warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moor: Oh let the Heav'ns
Give him Defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas.

Caf. His Bark is stoutly timber'd; and his Pilot
Of very expert and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my Hopes, not surfeited to Death,
Stand in bold Cure.

Within.] A Sail, a Sail, a Sail.

Caf. What Noise?

Gent. The Town is empty; on the Brow o'th' Sea
Stand Ranks of People, and they cry a Sail.

Caf. My Hopes do shape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of Courtesie,
Our Friends at least.

Caf. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mont. But, good Lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Caf. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That Paragons Description, and wild Fame:
One that excels the Quirks of blazoning Pens,
And in th' essential Vesture of Creation,
Do's bear an Excellency——

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Fago*; Ancient to the General.

Caf. H'as had most favourable and happy Speed;
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling Winds,
The gutter'd Rocks, and congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to clog the guiltless Keel,
As having Sense of Beauty do omit
Their mortal Natures, letting go safely by
The Divine *Desdemona*...

Mont. What is she?

Caf. She that I spake of, our great Captain's Captain:
Left in the Conduct of the bold *Fago*,
Whose Footing here anticipates our Thoughts,
A Sennight's Speed. Great *Jove*; *Othello* guard,
And swell his Sail with thine own powerful Breath,
That he may bless this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quick pants in *Desdemona*'s Arms,
Give renew'd Fire to our extinguish'd Spirits,
And give all *Cyprus* comfort——

Enter

Enter Desdemona, Jago, Rodorigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold!

The Riches of the Ship is come on Shore:
You Men of *Cyprus*, let her have your Knees.
Hail to thee, Lady! and the Grace of Heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every Hand
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*.

What Tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. Oh but I fear — how lost you Company?

Cas. The great Contention of the Sea and Skies
Parted our Fellowship. But hark, a Sail!

Within.] A Sail, a Sail.

Gent. They give this greeting to this Cittadel:
This likewise is a Friend.

Cas. See for the News:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, Mistress!
[*To Emilia.*]

Let it not gall your Patience, good *Jago*,
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my Breeding
That gives me this bold Shew of Courtesie.

Jago. Sir, would she give you so much of her Lips,
As of her Tongue she oft bestows on me,
You would have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no Speech.

Jago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her Tongue a little in her Heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Jago. Come on, come on; you are Pictures out of Doors,
Bells in your Parlors, Wild-Cats in your Kirchens,
Saints in your Injuries. Devils being offended,
Players in your Huswifery, and Huswives in your Beds.

Des. Oh, fie upon thee, Slanderer.

Jago. Nay, it is true; or else I am a *Turk*,
You rise to play, and go to Bed to work.

Æmil.

Æmil. You shall not write my Praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Critical.

Des. Come on. assay. There's one gone to the Harbour---

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my Invention comes
from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it plucks
out Brains and all. But my Muse labours, and thus she is
delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, Fairness and Wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a Wit,
She'll find a White that shall her Blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. *She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her Folly helpt her to an Heir.*

Des. These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fools laugh
i'th' Alehouse. What miserable Praise hast thou for her
that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul Pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. Oh heavy Ignorance! thou praisest the worst best.
But what Praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving Wo-
man indeed? One, that in the Authority of her Merit, did
justly put on the vouch of very Malice it self.

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt Gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her Wish, and yet said Now I may;*

She

*She that being anger'd, her Revenge being nigh,
Bad her Wrong stay, and her Displeasure fly;
She that in Wisdom never was so frail
To change the Cod's Head for the Salmon's Tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her Mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a Wight. (if ever such Wight were.)*

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle Fools, and Chronicle small Beer.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent Conclusion. Do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy Husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and liberal Counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam, you may relish him more in the Soldier, than in the Scholar.

Iago. *Aside.*] He takes her by the Palm; ay, well said — whisper — With as little a Web as this, will I ensnare as great a Fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do — I will gyve thee in thine own Courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed — If such Tricks as these strip you out of your Lieutenantcy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three Fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good — well kiss'd, and excellent Curtesie — 'tis so indeed — Yet again — your Fingers to your Lips? Would they were Clister-pipes for your sake. [Trumpet.

The Moor, I know his Trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair Warrior!

Des. My dear Othello.

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my Content,
To see you here before me. O my Soul's Joy!
If after every Tempest come such Calms,
May the Winds blow, 'till they have waken'd Death:
And let the labouring Bark climb Hills of Seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n. If I were now to die,

'Twere

'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My Soul hath her Content so absolute,
That not another Comfort-like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Des. The Heav'ns forbid,
But that our Loves and Comforts should increase,
Even as our Days do grow.

Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers!
I cannot speak enough of this Content,
It stops me here: It is too much of Joy,
And this and this the greatest Discords be [Kissing her.]
That e'er our Hearts shall make.

Fago. Oh you are well tun'd now; but I'll set down the
Pegs that make this Musick, as hottest as I am. [Aside.]

Oth. Come, let's to the Castle.
Now, Friends, our Wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How does my old Acquaintance in this Isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I have found great Love amongst them. O my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own Comforts. I prethee, good *Fago*,
Go to the Bay, and disembark my Coffers:
Bring thou the Master to the Cittadel,
He is a good One, and his Worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Fago. Do you meet me presently at the Harbour.
Come thither, if thou be'st valiant; as they say, base Men
being in Love, have then a Nobility in their Natures,
more than is Native to them—list me; the Lieutenant
to Night watches on the Court Guard. First, I must
tell thee this: *Desdemona* is directly in Love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Fago. Lay thy Fingers thus; and let thy Soul be in-
structed. Mark me with what Violence she lov'd the
Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical Lies.
To love him still for prating, let not thy discreet Heart
think it. Her Eye must be fed. And what Delight shall
she

she have to look on the Devil? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh Appetite; Loveliness in favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties: All which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very Nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd Position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Cassio* does? A Knave very voluble; no further Conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of Civil and Human seeming, for the better compass of his Salt, and most hidden loose Affection? Why none, why none. A slippery and subtile Knave, a finder of Occasions; that has an Eye can stamp and counterfeit Advantages, though true Advantage never present it self. A Devilish Knave! besides, the Knave is handsom, young, and hath all those Requisites in him, that Folly and green Minds look after. A pestilent compleat Knave! and the Woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, she's full of most blest'd Condition.

Fago. Bless'd Figs end. The Wine she drinks is made of Grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Bless'd Pudding. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his Hand? Didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but Courtesie.

Fago. Letchery, by this Hand; An Index, and obscure Prologue to the History of Lust, and foul Thoughts. They met so near with their Lips, that their Breaths embrac'd together. Villanous Thoughts, *Rodorigo*, when these Mutabilities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the Master, and main Exercise, th' incorporate Conclusion: Pish--- But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to Night; for the Command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you! Do you find some Occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speak-

ing too loud, or tainting his Discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Fago. Sir, he's Rash, and very sudden in Choler: And happily may strike at you, provoke him that he may; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny. Whose Qualification shall come into no true Taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your Desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them. And the Impediments most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our Prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any Opportunity.

Fago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Cittadel. I must fetch his Necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.

Fago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe't: That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great Credit. The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble Nature, And I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona* A most dear Husband. Now I do love her too, Not out of absolute Lust, though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a Sin, But partly led to diet my Revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leapt into my Seat. The Thoughts whereof, Doth, like a poisonous Mineral, gnaw my Inwards; And nothing can, or shall content my Soul 'Till I am even'd with him, Wife for Wife: Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor, At least into a Jealousie so strong, That Judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor Trash of *Venice*, whom I trace For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the right garb, For I fear *Cassio* with my Night Cap too,

Make

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Ass,
And practising upon his Peace and Quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd,
Knaveries plain Face is never seen'till us'd. [Exit.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our Noble and Valiant General; that upon certain Tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer Perdition of the *Turkish* Fleet, every Man put himself into Triumph. Some to dance, some to make Bonfires, each Man to what Sport and Revels his addiction leads him. For besides this beneficial News, it is the Celebration of his Nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty of Feasting, from this present hour of Five, 'till the Bell have toll'd eleven.

Bless the Isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello*.

[Exit.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the Guard to Night. Let's teach our selves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport Discretion.

Cas. *Fago* hath direction what to do. But notwithstanding with my personal Eye Will I look to't.

Oth. *Fago* is most honest:
Michael, good Night. To Morrow with your earliest, Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear Love, The Purchase made, the Fruits are to ensue, That Profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good Night. [Exit.

Enter Jago.

Cas. Welcome, *Fago*: We must to the Watch.

Fago. Not this hour, Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' Clock. Our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*: Whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the Night with her: And she is sport for *Jove*.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Fago. And I'll warrant her full of Game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate Creature.

Fago. What an Eye she has?

Methinks it sounds a Parley to Provocation.

Cas. An inviting Eye;
And yet methinks right modest.

Fago. And when she speaks,
Is it not an Alarum to Love?

Cas. She is indeed Perfection.

Fago. Well, Happiness to their Sheets: Come, Lieutenant, I have a stoop of Wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would fain have a measure to the Health of black *Othello*.

Cas. Not to Night, good *Fago*: I have very poor and unhappy Brains for drinking. I could well wish Courtie would invent some other custom of Entertainment.

Fago. Oh, they are our Friends: But one Cup I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one Cup to Night, and that was craftily qualified too: And behold what Innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the Infirmary, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Fago. What, Man? 'tis a Night of Revels, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Fago. Here at the Door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Fago. If I can fasten but one Cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to Night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrel, and Offence,
As my young Mistress's Dog.
Now, my sick Fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to Night carouz'd,
Potations, pottle-deep; and he's to watch.
Three else of *Cyprus*, Noble swelling Spirits,
That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warlike Isle,
Have I to Night fluster'd with flowing Cups,
And they watch too. Now 'mongst this flock of Drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some Action

That

That may offend the Isle. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Consequence do but approve my Dream,
My Boat sails freely, both with Wind and Stream.

Cas. 'Fore Heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith a little one: Not past a Pint, as I am a Soldier.

Fago. Some Wine ho!

[*Jago sings.*

And let me the Canakin clink, clink,

And let me the Canakin clink.

*A Soldier's a Man; Oh, Man's Life's but a Span,
Why then let a Soldier drink.*

Some Wine, Boys.

Cas. 'Fore Heav'n, an excellent Song.

Fago. I learn'd it in *England*: Where indeed they are most potent in Potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your swag-belly'd *Hollander*,---drink ho---are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Fago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your *Dane* dead Drunk. He swears not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a Vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the Health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant: And I'll do you Justice.

Fago. Oh sweet *England*.

King Stephen was and-a worthy Peer,

His Breeches cost him but a Crown,

He held them six Pence all too dear,

With that he call'd the Tailor Lown:

He was a Wight of high Renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis Pride that pulls the Country down,

And take thy awl'd Cloak about thee.

Some Wine ho.

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite Song than the other.

Fago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place that does those things. Well---Heaven's above all; and there be Souls that must be saved, and there be Souls must not be saved.

Fago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the General, nor any Man of Quality; I hope to be saved.

Fago. And so do I too, Lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our Affairs. Forgive our Sins---Gentlemen, let's look to our Business. Do not think, Gentlemen, I am Drunk: This is my Ancient, this is my right Hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why very well then: you must not think then, that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the Platform, Masters, come, let's see the Watch.

Fago. You see this Fellow that is gone before,
He is a Soldier, fit to stand stand by *Casar*,
And give Direction. And do but see his Vice,
'Tis to his Virtues a just Equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the Trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odd time of his Infirmity,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Fago. 'Tis evermore his Prologue to his Sleep.
He'll watch the Horologue a double Set,
If Drink rock not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good Nature
Prizes the Virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his Evils: Is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Fago. How now, *Rodorigo*!
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

[Exit *Rod.*
Mont.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft Infirmity;
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moor.

Fago. Not I, for this fair Island;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this Evil. But hark, what Noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue! you Rascal!—

Mon. What's the matter, Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knave teach me my Duty? I'll beat the
Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.

Rod. Beat me—

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant; [Staying him.]
I pray you, Sir, hold your Hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll know you o'er the Mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk?—

[They fight.]

Fago. Away I say, go out and cry a Mutiny.

[Exit Rodorigo.]

Nay, good Lieutenant—Alas, Gentlemen—

Help ho! — Lieutenant — Sir *Montano* —

Help Masters! Here's a goodly Watch indeed—

Who's that which rings the Bell — Diablo, ho!

[Bell rings.]

The Town will rise. Fie, fie, Lieutenant!

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' Death.

Oth. Hold for your Lives.

Fago. Hold ho! Lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*—Gentlemen—
Have you forgot all place of Sense and Duty?

Hold. The General speaks to you — hold for shame —

Oth. Why how now ho? from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to our selves do that

Which Heav'n hath forbid the *Ottomites*?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawl;

He that stirs next to carve for his own Rage,
 Holds his Soul light: He dies upon his Motion.
 Silence that dreadful Bell, it frights the Isle
 From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?
 Honest *Fago*, that looks dead with grieving,
 Speak: Who began this? On thy Love I charge thee.

Fago. I do not know; Friends all, but now, even now
 In Quarter, and in terms like Bride and Groom
 Divesting them for Bed; and then, but now——
 As if some Planet had unwitted Men,
 Sword out, and tilting one at other's Breasts,
 In Opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish Odds.
 And would in Action glorious, I had lost
 Those Legs that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civil:
 The gravity and stillness of your Youth
 The World hath noted. And your Name is great
 In Mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,
 That you unlace your Reputation thus,
 And spend your rich Opinion, for the Name
 Of a Night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to Danger;
 Your Officer, *Fago*, can inform you,
 While I spare Speech, which something now offends me,
 Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
 By me that's said or done amiss this Night,
 Unless Self-charity be sometimes a Vice,
 And to defend our selves it be a Sin,
 When Violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heav'n,
 My Blood begins my safer Guides to rule,
 And Passion, having my best Judgment choler'd,
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this Arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my Rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul Rout began? Who set it on?
 And he that is approv'd in his Offence,

Tho'

Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a Birth,
 Shall lose me. What, in a Town of War,
 Yet wild, the Peoples Hearts brim-full of fear,
 To manage private and domestick Quarrel?
 In Night, and on the Court and Guard of safety?
 'Tis monstrous. *Fago*, who began't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or league in Office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than Truth,
 Thou art no Soldier.

Fago. Touch me not so near:
 I had rather have this Tongue cut from my Mouth,
 Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*.
 Yet I perswade my self, to speak so the Truth
 Shall nothing wrong him. This it is, General:
Montano and my self being in Speech,
 There comes a Fellow, crying out for help,
 And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword;
 To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman
 Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
 My self the crying Fellow did pursue,
 Lest by his Clamour, as it so fell out,
 The Town might fall in fright. He, swift of Foot,
 Out-ran my purpose: And I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink, and fall of Swords,
 And *Cassio* high in Oath; which 'till to Night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
 For this was brief, I found them close together
 At blow, and thrust, even as again they were
 When you your self did part them.
 More of this matter cannot I report.
 But Men are Men; the best sometimes forget;
 Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
 As Men in rage strike those that wish them best;
 Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd,
 From him that fled, some strange Indignity,
 Which Patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Fago*,
 Thy Honesty and Love doth mince this Matter,
 Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio* I love thee,
 But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an Example.

Des. What's the matter, Dear?

Oth. All's well, Sweeting;

Come, away to Bed. Sir, for your hurts,
My self will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:

Jago, look with care about the Town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.

Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers Life,
To have their balmy Slumbers wak'd with Strife. [*Exeunt.*

Remain Jago and Cassio.

Jago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all Surgery.

Jago. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation! Oh I have
lost my Reputation! I have lost the immortal part of my
self, and what remains is bestial. My Reputation, *Jago*,
my Reputation——

Jago. As I am an honest Man, I had thought you had
receiv'd some bodily Wound; there is more Sense in that
than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
Imposition; oft got without Merit, and lost without de-
serving. You have lost no Reputation at all, unless you
repute your self such a loser. What Man——there are
more ways to recover the General again. You are but now
cast in his Mood, a Punishment more in Policy, than in
Malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless Dog to
affright an imperious Lion. Sue to him again, and he's
yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and
so indiscreet an Officer. Drunk? and speak, Parrot? And
squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian with
ones own Shadow? O thou invisible Spirit of Wine!
if thou hast no Name to be known by, let us call thee
Devil.

Jago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword?
what had he done to you?

Cas.

Cas. I know not.

Fago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a Mass of things, but nothing distinctly: A Quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that Men should put an Enemy in their Mouths, to steal away their Brains? That we should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause, transform our selves into Beasts.

Fago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the Devil, Drunkenness, to give place to the Devil, Wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Fago. Come, you are too severe a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, and the Condition of this Country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befalln: But since it is as it is, mend it for your own Good.

Cas. I will ask him for my Place again, he shall tell me, I am a Drunkard? Had I as many Mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible Man, by and by a Fool, and presently a Beast. Oh strange! Every inordinate Cup is unblest'd, and the Ingredient is a Devil.

Fago. Come, come, good Wine is a good familiar Creature, if it be well us'd: Exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir: I drunk!

Fago. You, or any Man living, may be drunk at a time; Man. - I tell you what you shall do: Our General's Wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himself to the Contemplation, Mark, and Devotement of her Parts and Graces. Confess your self freely to her: Importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a Disposition, she holds it a Vice in her Goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken Joint between you and her Husband, intreat her to splinter. And my Fortunes against any lay, worth naming, this crack of your Love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sincerity of Love, and honest Kindness.

Cas. I think it freely: And betimes in the Morning, I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: Good Night, Lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good Night, honest *Iago*. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says I play the Villain? When this Advice is free I give, and honest, Probable to thinking, and indeed the Course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie, Th'inclining *Desdemona* to subdue In any honest Suit. She's fram'd as fruitful As the free Elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were't to renounce his Baptism, All Seals and Symbols of redeemed Sin, His Soul is so enfetted to her Love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her Appetite shall play the God With his weak Function. How am I then a Villain, To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel Course, Directly to his good? Divinity of Hell, When Devils will their blackest Sins put on, They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews, As I do now. For while this honest Fool Plies *Desdemona*, to repair his Fortune, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this Pestilence into his Ear, That she repeals him, for her Body's Lust: And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her Credit with the Moor. So will I turn her Virtue into Pitch, And out of her own Goodness make the Net, That shall enmesh them all.
How now, *Rodorigo*!

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that fills up the Cry. My Money is al-
most

most spent; I have been to Night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the Issue will be, I shall have so much Experience for my Pains; and so with no Mony at all, and a little more Wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they that have not Patience? What Wound did ever heal but by Degrees? Thou know'st we work by Wit, and not by Witchcraft; And Wit depends on dilatory time: Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*: Tho' other things grow fair against the Sun, Yet Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thy self a while. In troth 'tis Morning; Pleasure and Action make the Hours seem short. Retire thee; go where thou art Billeted: Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [Exit *Rodorigo*]

Two things are to be done;
My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistress:
I'll set her on my self a while, to draw the Moor apart;
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Solliciting his Wife: Ay, that's the way:
Dull not Device, by coldness and delay. [Exit]

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

SCENE *Othello's Palace.*

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

Cas. **M**Asters, play here, I will content your Pains,
Something that's brief; and bid good Mor-
row, General.

Clown. Why, Masters, have your Instruments been in
Naples, that they speak i'th' Nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind Instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a Tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a Tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But, Masters, here's Mony for you: And the General so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loves Sake to make no Noife with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any Musick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear Musick, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your Pipes in your Bag, for I'll away. Go, vanish into Air, Away. [Exit Mus.

Cas. Dost thou hear me, mine honest Friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest Friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prethee, keep up thy Quillets, there's a poor piece of Gold for thee: If the Gentlewoman that attends the General's Wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little Favour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir, if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notifie unto her. [Exit Clown.

Cas. Do my good Friend.

Enter Jago.

In happy time, *Jago*.

Jago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the Day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, *Jago*, to send in to your Wife; My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous *Desdemona* Procure me some access.

Jago. I'll send her to you presently: And I'll devise a Mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your Converse and Business May be more free. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good Lieutenant, I am sorry For your Displeasure; but all will sure be well.

The General and his Wife are talking of it:

And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies;

That

That he you hurt is of great Fame is *Cyprus*,
And great Affinity; and that in wholesom Wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you,
And needs no other Suitor but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me Advantage of some brief Discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your Bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Othello, Jago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters give, *Jago*, to the Pilot,
And by him do my Duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works,
Repair there to me.

Jago. Well, my good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This Fortification, Gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *An Apartment.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my Abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, do:
I warrant it grieves my Husband,
As if the Cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow; do not doubt, *Cassio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off,
Than in a politick distance.

Cas.

Cas. Ay, but Lady,
That Policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish Diet,
Or breed it self so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forgot my Love and Service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee Warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a Friendship, I'll perform it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of Patience;
His Bed shall seem a School, his Board a Shrift,
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suit: Therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For thy Solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy Cause away.

Enter Othello and Jago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease:
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your Discretion.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

Jago. Hah? I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Jago. Nothing, my Lord; or if——I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my Wife?

Jago. *Cassio*, my Lord? No sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a Suitor here,
A Man that languishes in your Displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any Grace, or Power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,

I have no Judgment in an honest Face.

I prethee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his Grief with me
To suffer with him. Good Love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*, some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, Sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to Night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to Night.

Des. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the Captains at the Citadel.

Des. Why then to Morrow Night, on *Tuesday Morn*,
On *Tuesday Noon*, or Night, on *Wednesday Morn*.

I prethee name the Time, but let it not
Exceed three Days; in Faith he's Penitent:

And yet his trespass, in our common Reason,
(Save that they say the Wars must make Example,
Out of their best,) is not almost a Fault

T'incurr a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my Soul

What you would ask me, that I would deny,

Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio!*—

That came a wooing with you; and so many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly

Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much—

Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a Boon:

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your Gloves,

Or feed on nourishing Dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you, to do a peculiar Profit

To your Person. Nay, when I have suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,

It shall be full of Poize, and difficult weight,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? No: Farewel, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come to thee straight.

Des. *Æmilias*, come; be as your Fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit.

Oth. Excellent Wretch! Perdition catch my Soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*,
When you woo'd my Lady, know of your Love?

Oth. He did from first to last;
Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a Satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!—

Oth. Indeed! Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought of that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? Ay, Honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord!—

Oth. Think, my Lord! Alas, thou ecche'st me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that.—
When *Cassio* left my Wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsel,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, indeed?
And didst contract and purse thy Brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy Brain
Some horrible Conceits: If thou dost love me
Shew me thy thought.

Iago.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And for I know thou'rt full of Love and Honesty,
And weigh'st thy Words before thou giv'st them Breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal Knave,
Are tricks of Custom; but in a Man that's just,
They're cold Dilations working from the Heart,
That Passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem.
Or those that be not, would they might seem none.

Oth. Certain, Men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then I think *Cassio's* an honest Man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I pray thee speak to me as to my thinkings,
As thou dost ruminatè, and give thy worst of Thoughts,
The worst of Words.

Iago. Good, my Lord, pardon me.
I am not bound to every Act of Duty,
I am not bound to that, all Slaves are free to;
Utter my Thoughts! — Why say they are vild and false?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has that Breast so pure,
But some uncleanly Apprehensions
Keep Leets, and Law-days, and in Sessions sit
With Meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy Friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd; and mak'st his Ear
A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my Guess,
(As I confess it is my Nature's Plague
To spie into Abuses, and oft my Jealousie
Shapes Faults that are not,) that your Wisdom,
From one that so imperfectly Conceits,
Would take no Notice, nor build your self a Trouble
Out of his Scattering, and unsure Observance:

It were not for your Quiet, nor your Good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty and Wisdom,
To let you know my Thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good Name in Man and Woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls;
Who steals my Purse steals trash, 'tis something, no-
thing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy Thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my Heart were in your Hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my Custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of Jealousie,
It is the green-ey'd Monster, which doth mock
The Meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in Bliss,
Who, certain of his Fate, loves not his Wronger;
But oh, what damned Minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O Misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But Riches fineless, is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor;
Good Heav'n! the Souls of all my Tribe defend
From Jealousie.

Oth. Why? Why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a Life of Jealousie?
To follow still the Changes of the Moon,
With fresh Suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turn the Business of my Soul
To such exufflicate, and blown Surmises,
Matching thy inference: 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To say my Wife is fair, feeds well, loves Company,
Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak Merits, will I draw

The smallest Fear, or doubt of her Revolt,
For she had Eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the Proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealousie.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the Love and Duty that I bear you
With franker Spirit. Therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of Proof:
Look to your Wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Wear your Eyes, thus; not Jealous, nor Secure;
I would not have your free, and noble Nature,
Out of Self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our Country disposition well;
In *Venice* they do let Heav'n see the Pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands; their best Conscience,
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your Looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming
To seal her Father's Eyes up, close as Oak——
He thought 'twas Witchcraft——
But I am much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your Pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits!

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:
I hope you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my Love. But I do see you're mov'd——
I am to pray you, not to strain my Speech
To grosser Issues, nor to larger Reach,
Than to Suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My Speech should fall into such wild Success,
Which my Thoughts aim'd not at. *Cassio's* my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I see you're mov'd—

Oth. No, not much mov'd—
I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it self—

Iago. Ay, there's the Point; — as, to be bold with you;
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her own Clime, Complexion and Degree,
Whereto we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh! one may smell in such, a Will most rank,
Foul Disproportions, Thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in Position
Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear
Her Will, recoiling to her better Judgment,
May fall to match you with her Country Forms,
And happily Repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy Wife to observe. Leave me, *Iago.*

Iago. My Lord, I take my Leave.

[Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry?
This honest Creature, doubtless,
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place,
For sure he fills it up with great Ability,
Yet if you please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his Means;
Note, if your Lady strain his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement Importunity,
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busie in my Fears,
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my Government.

Iago. I once more take my Leave.

[Exit.]

Oth.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding Honesty,
 And knows all Quantities, with a learn'd Spirit,
 Of human Dealings. If I do prove her Haggard,
 Tho' that her Jesses were my dear Heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind
 To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am black,
 And have not those soft Parts of Conversation,
 That Chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
 Into the Vale of Years, yet that's not much——
 She's gone, I am abus'd, and my Relief
 Must be to loath her. Oh curse of Marriage!
 That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
 And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,
 And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
 Than keep a Corner in the thing I love,
 For other's uses. Yet 'tis the Plague to Great-ones,
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base,
 'Tis destiny unshunnable like Death;
 Even then, this forked Plague is fated to us,
 When we do quicken. Look where she comes!

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O then Heav'n mocks it self:
 I'll not believ't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello*?
 Your Dinner, and the generous Islanders,
 By you invited, do attend your Presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
 Are you not well?

Oth. I have a Pain upon my Forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again.
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little;

[She drops her Handkerchief.]

Let it alone: Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

Emil. I am glad I have found this Napkin;
 This was her first Remembrance from the Moor;
 My wayward Husband hath a hundred Times

Woo'd

Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the Token,
 For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,
 That she reserves it evermore about her,
 To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give't *Jago*; what he will do with it,
 Heav'n knows, not I:
 I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Jago.

Jago. How now? What do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Jago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing——

Æmil. Ha?

Jago. To have a foolish Wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
 For that same Handkerchief?

Jago. What Handkerchief?

Æmil. What Handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
 That which so often you did bid me steal.

Jago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by Negligence,
 And to th' Advantage, I being here, took't up:
 Look, here 'tis.

Jago. A good Wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so ear-
 nest to have me filch it?

Jago. Why, what is that to you? [Snatching it.]

Æmil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give't me again. Poor Lady, she'll run mad,
 When she shall lack it.

Jago. Be not acknown on't:
 I have use for it. Go, leave me—— [Exit Æmil.]

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging lose this Napkin,
 And let him find it. Trifles light as Air
 Are to the Jealous, Confirmations strong,
 As proofs of holy Writ. This may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my Poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste:
 But with a little act upon the Blood,

Burn like the Mines of Sulphur. I did say so.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowsie Syrups of the World
Shall ever Medicine thee to that sweet Sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General; no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone; thou hast set me on the Rack;
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What scent had I, in her stol'n hours of Lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd no me:
I slept the next Night well, fed well, was free and merry,
I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil Mind. Farewel Content;
Farewel the plumed Troops, and the big War,
That make Ambition Virtue! Oh farewel,
Farewel the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trump,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Ear-piercing Fife,
The Royal Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War:
And O you mortal Engines, whose rude Throats
Th'immortal *Jove's* dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* Occupation's gone.

Iago. It's possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be sure of it: Give me the Ocular Proof,

[Catching hold on Iago.]

Or by the worth of mine eternal Soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a Dog,
Than answer my wak'd Wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no Hinge, nor Loop,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy Life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all Remorse
On horrors Head, horrors accumulate,
Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to Damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heav'n forgive me!
Are you a Man? Have you a Soul? Or Sense?
God be wi' you: Take mine Office. O wretched Fool,
That lov'st to make thine Honesty a Vice!
Oh monstrous World! Take note, take note, O World,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this Profit, and from hence
I'll love no Friend, sith Love breeds such Offence.

Oth. Nay stay---thou should'st be honest---

Iago. I should be wise, for Honesty's a Fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the World,
I think my Wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. My Name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* Visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poison, or Fire, or suffocating Streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see you are eaten up with Passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and I will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death, and Damnation! Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal Eyes do see them bolster

More than their own. What then? how then?
 What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
 It is impossible you should see this,
 Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkeys,
 As salt as Wolves in pride, and Fools as gross
 As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I say,
 If Imputation and strong Circumstances,
 Which lead directly to the door of Truth,
 Will give you Satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the Office;
 But sith I am entred in this Cause so far,
 Prick'd to't by foolish Honesty and Love,
 I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
 And being troubled with a raging Tooth,
 I could not sleep. There are a kind of Men,
 So loose of Soul, that in their Sleeps will mutter
 Their Affairs; one of this kind is *Cassio*:
 In sleep I heard him say, Sweet *Desdemona*,
 Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves;
 And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my Hand,
 Cry----oh sweet Creature----then kifs me hard,
 As if he pluckt up Kisses by the Roots,
 And grew upon my Lips, lay his Leg o'er my Thigh,
 And sigh and kifs, and then cry Cursed Fate,
 That gave thee to the Moor.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay this was but his Dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone Conclusion,
 'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a Dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
 That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise, yet we see nothing done;
 She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
 Have you not sometimes seen a Handkerchief
 Spotted with Strawberries, in your Wife's Hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first Gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a Handkerchief,
 I am sure it was your Wife's, did I to Day

See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that---

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other Proofs.

Oth. O that the Slave had forty thousand Lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n. 'Tis gone;
Arise black Vengeance from the hollow Hell,
Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell Bosom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspicks Tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O Blood, Blood, Blood—

Iago. Patience I say; your Mind may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose Icy Current, and compulsive Course,
Ne'er feels retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellepont*:
Even so my bloody Thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,
'Till that a capable and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond marble Heav'n,
In the due reverence of a sacred Vow, [*He kneels.*]
I here engage my Words—

Iago. Do not rise yet: [*Iago kneels.*]

Witness you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here *Iago* doth give up
The Execution of his Wit, Hands, Heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy Love,
Not with vain Thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the Instant put thee to't:
Within these three Days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My Friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! O damn her, damn her!
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of Death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lyes?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why Man?

Clown. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Soldier lies, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a Lodging, and say he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own Throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will Catechize the World for him, that is, make Questions, and by them Answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the Compass of Man's Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [Exit Clown.

Des. Where should I lose the Handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my Purse Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of Mind, and made of no such baseness, As jealous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born Drew all such Humours from him.

Emil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Enter Othello,

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardness to dissemble!
How do you, *Desdemona*!

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your Hand; this Hand is moist, my Lady:

Des. It hath felt no Age, nor known no Sorrow.

Oth. This argues Fruitfulness, and liberal Heart:
Hot, hot, and moist.---this Hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty, Fasting and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating Devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good Hand,
A frank one,

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that Hand that gave away my Heart.

Oth. A liberal Hand. The Hearts of old, gave Hands;
But our new Heraldry is Hands, not Hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this; come, now your Promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheum offends me;
Lend me thy Handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?—

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That Handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my Mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The Thoughts of People. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my Father
Intirely to her Love; but if she lost it,
Or made a Gift of it, my Father's Eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After many Fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my Fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't;

Make

Make it a Darling, like your precious Eye;
To loose't, to give't away, were such Perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's Magick in the Web of it;
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the World
The Sun to course two hundred Compasses,
In her prophetick Fury sow'd the work:
The Worms were hallowed, that did breed the Silk,
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of Maidens Hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true!

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to Heav'n, that I had never seen't.

Oth. Ha? Wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? Speak, is't out o'th' way?

Des. Bless us! —

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can, Sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my Suit,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchief——my Mind mis-
gives——

Des. Come, come; you'll never meet a more sufficient
Man.

Oth. The Handkerchief——

Des. A Man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your Love;
Shar'd Dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchief——

Des. Insooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away.

[*Exit Othello.*]

Æmil. Is not this Man jealous!

Des. I never saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this Handkerchief,

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a Year or two shews us a Man:
They are but Stomachs, and we all but Food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.

Enter Jago, and Cassio.

Look you, *Cassio*, and my Husband.

Jago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;
And to the Happiness; go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the News with you?

Cas. Madam, my former Suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous Means, I may again
Exist, and be a Member of his Love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my Heart
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my Offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my Service past, not present Sorrows,
Nor purpos'd Merit in Futurity,
Can ransom me into his Love again;
But to know so, must be my Benefit;
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other Course,
To Fortunes Alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My Advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd.
So help me every Spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his Displeasure,
For my free Speech. You must a while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Jago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Jago. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his Ranks into the Air,
And like the Devil from his very Arm

Puft his own Brother; and is he angry?
 Something of Moment then; I will go meet him,
 There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit.

Des. I prethee do so. Something fure of State,
 Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd Practice,
 Made demonstrable here in *Cyprus*, to him,
 Hath pudled his clear Spirit; and in such Cases,
 Mens Natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Tho' great ones are their Object. 'Tis even so.
 For let our Finger ake, and it endues
 Our other healthful Members, even to a Sense
 Of Pain. Nay, we must think Men are not Gods;
 Nor of them look for such Observance always,
 As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
 I was, unhandsome Warrior as I am,
 Arrainging his Unkindness with my Soul;
 But now I find, I had suborn'd the Witness,
 And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray Heav'n it be
 State-matters, as you think, and no Conception,
 Nor jealous Toy concerning you.

Des. Alas-the-day, I never gave him Cause.

Æmil. But jealous Souls will not be answer'd so;
 They are not ever jealous for the Cause,
 But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monster
 Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep the Monster from *Othello's* Mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout;
 If I do find him fit, I'll move your Suit,
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you, Friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home?
 How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?
 Indeed, sweet Love, I was coming to your House.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*.
 What? keep a Week away? Seven Days and Nights?
 Eightscore eight Hours? and Loves absent Hours

More tedious than the Dial, eightscore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I have this while with leaden Thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more continueate time

Strike off this Score of Absence. Sweet *Bianca*,

[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.

Bian. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some Token from a newer Friend;

To the felt-absence, now I feel a Cause:

Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, Woman;

Throw your vile Guesse. in the Devil's Teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some Mistress, some remembrance?

No. in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my Chamber;

I like the Work well; ere it be demanded,

As like enough it will, I would have it copied.

Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,

And think it no Addition, nor my Wish

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me;

I pray you bring me on the way a little,

And say, if I shall see you soon at Night?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,

For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circum *nc'd.* [*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Room of State.*

Enter Othello, and Jago.

Jago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Jago*?

Jago. What, to kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd Kiss?

Jago. Or to be naked with her Friend in Bed,
An Hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in Bed, *Jago*, and not mean harm?
It is Hypocrisie against the Devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The Devil their Virtue tempts, and they tempt Heav'n.

Jago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my Wife a Handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Jago. Why then, 'tis her's, my Lord, and being hers;
She may, I think, bestow't on any Man.

Oth. She is Protectress of her Honour too;
May she give that?

Jago. Her Honour is an Essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the Handkerchief——

Oth. By Heav'n I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou saidst, Oh, it comes o'er my Memory,
As doth the Raven o'er the infectious House,
Boarding to all, he had my Handkerchief.

Jago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Jago. What if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, as Knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Jago.

Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did——I know not what he did——

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? on her——what you will——

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! we say, lye on her,
when they be-lye her. Lye with her! that's fulsom: Hand-
kerchief——Confessions——Handkerchief——to confess,
and be hang'd for his Labour——First, to be hang'd, and
then to Confess——I tremble at it——Nature would not invest
her self in such shadowing Passion, without some instructi-
on. It is no Words that shake me thus——pish——Noses,
Ears and Lips——is't possible!——Confess!——
Handkerchief!——O Devil—— [Falls in a Trance.

Iago. Work on,
My Medicine works; thus credulous Fools are caught;
And many worthy, and chaste Dames even thus
All guiltless meet reproach; what hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I say, *Othello*.

Enter Cassio.

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter!

Iago. My Lord is fain into an Epilepsie,
That is the second Fit; he had one Yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at Mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage Madness; look, he stirs;
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great Occasion speak with you. [Exit Cassio.
How is it, General? Have you not hurt your Head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by Heav'n;
Would you would bear your Fortune like a Man.

Oth. A horned Man's a Monster and a Beast.

Iago. There's many a Beast then in a Populous City,
And

And many a civil Monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good, Sir, be a Man:

Think every bearded Fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now alive,
That nightly lye in those unproper Beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your Cause is better.
Oh, 'tis the spight of Hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a secure Couch;
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient List.
Whilst you were here, o'er-whelmed with your Grief
(A Passion most resulting such a Man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'Scuses on your Extracie,
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,
And mark the Fleers, the Gibes and notable Scorns,
That dwell in every Region of his Face.
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your Wife.
I say, but mark his Gesture. Marry Patience,
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleen,
And nothing of a Man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Iago. That's not amifs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw.

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A Huswife, that by selling her Desires,
Buys her self Bread and Cloth. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Cassio*, as 'tis the Strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;

He.

He, when he hears of her, cannot restrain
From the excess of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish Jealousie must construe,
Poor *Cassio's* Smiles, Gestures and light Behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How do you, Lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you gave me the Addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Fago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Sute lay in *Bianca's* Dower, [*Speaking lower.*]
How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor Caitiff.

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Fago. I never knew a Woman love Man so.

Cas. Alas, poor Rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Fago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to, well said, well said.

Fago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, *Roman*? do you triumph?

Cas. I marry!—What? a Customer; prithee bear
Some Charity to my Wit, do not think it
So unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so: they laugh that win.

Fago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Prithee say true.

Fago. I am a very Villain else.

Oth. Have you scoar'd me? well.

Cas. This is the Monkey's own giving out:

She is perswaded I will marry her,

Out of her own Love and Flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. *Fago* beckons me: Now he begins the Story.

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every
place. I was the other Day talking on the Sea Bank with
certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls
me thus about my Neck—

Oth.

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Cassio*, as it were: His Gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me,
So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha——

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber: Oh, I see that Nose of yours, but not that Dog. I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her Company.

Iago. Before me; look where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another Fetchew! marry, a perfum'd one: What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Damn haunt you; what did you mean by that same Handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine Fool to take it: I must take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Minxe's Token, and I must take out the Work? There, give it your Hobbey-Horse: Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet *Bianca*?
How now? How now?

Oth. By Heav'n, that should be my Handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to Supper to Night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the Streets else.

Iago. Will you Sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prithee come, will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more.

[*Exit Cas.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his Vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*!——

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago.

Iago. Yours, by this Hand: And to see how he prizes the foolish Woman your Wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his Whore.

Oth. I would have him nine Years a killing:

A fine Woman! a fair Woman! a sweet Woman!——

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to Night; for she shall not live.: No, my Heart is turn'd to Stone: I strike it, and it hurts my Hand. Oh, the World hath not a sweeter Creature——She might lye by an Emperor's Side, and command him Tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way:

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is——so delicate with her Needle——An admirable Musician. Oh, she will sing the Savageness out of a Bear: Of so high a plenteous Wit, and Invention!——

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:
And then of so gentle a Condition!——

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago*——Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*——

Iago. If you are so fond over her Iniquity, give her Patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no Body.

Oth. I will chop her into Messes: Cuckold me!

Iago. Oh 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some Poison, *Iago*, this Night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her Body and her Beauty unprovide my Mind again: This Night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with Poison, strangle her in her Bed, Even the Bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The Justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his Undertaker:
You shall hear more by Midnight,

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good — what Trumpet is that same?

Fago. I warrant something from *Venice*.

'Tis *Lodovico*, this comes from the Duke.

See your Wife's with him.

Rod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my Heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.

[Gives him a Letter.]

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their Pleasures.

Des. And what's the News, good Cousin *Lodovico*?

Fago. I am very glad to see you, Signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Fago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fal'n between him and my Lord
An unkind Breach: But you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord.

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will —

Lod. He did not call; he's busie in the Paper.

Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T'atone them, for the Love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimstone!

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much,

Make

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh Devil, Devil!

If that the Earth could teem with Woman's Tears,
Each Drop she falls would prove a Crocodile:

Out of my Sight——

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[*Going.*

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Oth. I! you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep.

And she's Obedient: As you say Obedient.

Very Obedient——proceed you in your Tears——

Concerning this, Sir——oh well painted Passion!——

I am commanded Home——get you away,

I'll send for you anon——Sir, I obey the Mandate,

And will return to *Venice*——Heace, avant!—— [*Ex. Des.*

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to Night

I do entreat, that we may Sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——

Goats and Monkeys!

[*Exit.*

Lod. Is this the Noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature

Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid Virtue

The Shot of Accident, nor Dart of Chance

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Art his Wits safe? Is he not of light Brain?

Iago. He's that he is; I may not breath my Censure.

What he might be, if what he might he is not,

I would to Heav'n he were.

Lod. What, strike his Wife!

Iago. 'Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the Letters work upon his Blood,

And

And new create his Fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,

And his own Courses will denote him so,

That I may save my Speech; do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lord. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *An Apartment.*

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and she together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each Syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? Did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my Soul at Stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your Bosom.
If any Wretch hath put this in your Head,
Let Heav'n requite it with the Serpent's Curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no Man happy, the purest of their Wives,
Is foul as Slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go; [*Exit Æmilia.*]
She says enough; yet she's a simple Bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore,
A Closet-lock and Key of villanous Secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your Will?

Oth. Pray you, Chuck, come hither.

Des.

Des. What is your Pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your Eyes; look in my Face.

Des. What horrible Fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your Function, Mistrefs,
Leave Procreants alone. and shut the Door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your Mystery, your Mystery; nay dispatch. [*Exit Æmil.*

Des. Upon my Knee, what doth your Speech import?
I understand a Fury in your Words.

Oth. Why? What art thou?

Des. Your Wife, my Lord; your true and loyal Wife.

Oth. Come swear it; damn thy self, being like one
Of Heav'n, the Devils themselves should fear to seizethce.
Therefore be double damn'd; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heav'n doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as Hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemon*, away, away, away —

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
Am I the Motive of these Tears, my Lord?
If happily you my Father do suspect,
An Instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your Blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heav'n,
To try me with Affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Given to Captivity me and my utmost Hopes;
I should have found in some place of my Soul
A drop of Patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed Figure for the Hand of Scorn
To point his slow and moving Finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no Life,
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence;

Or keep it as a Cistern, for foul Toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy Complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd Cherubin,
I here look grim as Hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me Honest.

Oth. O ay, as Summer-Flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou Weed!
Who art so lovely, fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the Sense akes at thee;
Wouldst thou'dst never been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant Sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book,
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,
Committed? Oh, thou publick Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cynders burn up Modesty,
Did but I speak thy Deeds. What, committed?
Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks;
The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth
And will not hear't. What, committed?—

Des. By Heav'n, you do me Wrong.

Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this Vessel for my Lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be, not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a Whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh Heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry you Mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning Whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*. You, Mistress,

Enter Æmilia.

That have the Office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
And keep the Gate of Hell. You, you! Ay you!
We have done our Course, there's Mony for your Pains;
I pray you, turn the Key, and keep our Counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil.

Æmil. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam? How do you, my good Lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none, do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep; nor Answers have I none,
But what should go by Water. Prethee to Night,
Lay on my Bed my wedding Sheets, remember,
And call thy Husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed.

[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st Opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Jago and Æmilia.

Jago. What is your Pleasure, Madam?
How is't with you!

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your Babes,
Do it with gentle Means, and easie Tasks;-
He might have chid me so: For in good Faith,
I am a Child to chiding.

Jago. What's the Matter, Lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Jago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight, and heavy Terms upon her,
That true Hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that Name, *Jago*?

Jago. What Name, fair Lady?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her Whore; a Beggar, in his Drink,
Could not have laid such Terms upon his Callet.

Jago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Jago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the Day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched Fortune.

Jago.

Fago. Beshrew him for't; how comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, Heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd if some eternal Villian,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slave, to get some Office,
Has not devis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Fago. Fie, there is no such Man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heav'n pardon him.

Æmil. A Halter pardon him, and Hell gnaw his Bones.
Why should he call her Whore? Who keeps her Com-
pany?

What Place? what Time? what Form? what Likely-
hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some scurvy Fellow.
O Heav'n, that such Companions thoud'st unfold,
And put in every honest Hand a Whip,
To lash the Rascal naked through the World,
Even from the East to th' West.

Fago. Speak within Door.

Æmil. Oh fie upon them! Some such 'Squire he was
That turn'd your Wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Fago. You are a Fool; go to.

Des. Alas, *Fago.*

What shall I do to win my Lord again?

Good Friend, go to him; for by this light of Heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my Will did trespass 'gainst his Love,
Either in Discourse of Thought, or actual Deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Sense
Delighted them on any other Form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly Divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much;
And his Unkindness may defeat my Life,
But never taint my Love. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhor me now I speak the Word,

To do the Act, that might the Addition earn,
Not the World's Mass of Vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his Humour;
The Business of the State do's him offence.

Des. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,
Hark how these Instruments summon to supper; [*Trumpets.*
The Messenger of *Venice* stays the Meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find
That thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost'st me with some device, *Iago*,
and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all
Conveniency, than suppliest me with the least Advantage
of Hope; I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I
yet perswaded to put up in Peace, what already I have
foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your Words and Per-
formances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but Truth: I have wasted my self
out of my means. The Jewels you have had from me
to deliver *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist.
You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd
me Expectations and Comforts of sudden Respect, and
Acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, Man, nor 'tis
not very well; nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to find
my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well; I will make my self
known to *Desdemona*. If she will return me my Jewels, I
will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawful Solicitation.
If not, assure your self, I will seek Satisfaction of you.

Iago.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's Mettle in thee; and even from this Instant do I build on thee a better Opinion than ever before; give me thy Hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just Exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your Suspicion is not without Wit and Judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever (I mean, Purpose, Courage, and Valour) this Night shew it. If thou the next Night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this World with Treachery, and devise Engines for my Life.

Rod. Well; what is it? Is it within Reason and Compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial Commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place; knocking out his Brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do.

Iago. Ay, if you dare do your self a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honorable Fortune; if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your Pleasure. I will be near to second your Attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his Death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the Night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further?

Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir: Oh *Desdemona!*—

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to Bed on th' Instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your Attendant there; look't: be done.

[Exit.]

Des. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent.

'And hath commanded me to go to Bed,
And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my Love doth so approve him,
That even his Stubbornness, his Checks, his Frowns,
(Prethee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those Sheets you had me on the Bed.

Des. All's one; good Father! how foolish are our
Minds?

If I do die before thee, prethee shroud me
If one of these same Sheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That Song to Night
Will not go from my Mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my Head all at one side
And sing it like poor *Barbara*; prethee dispatch.

Æmil.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your Night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;

This *Lodovico* is a proper Man.

Æmil. A very handsome Man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd bare-foot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether Lip.

Des. The poor Soul sat Singing, by a *Sycamore Tree*.

[Singing]

Sing all a green Willow:

Her Head on her Bosom, her Head on her Knee,

Sing Willow, Willow, Willow.

The fresh Streams ran by her, and murmur'd her Means;

Sing Willow, &c.

Her salt Tears fell from her, and softened the Stones;

Sing Willow, &c.

(Lady by these.)

Willow, Willow. (Prithee high thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green Willow must be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, his Scorn I approve.

Nay that's not next—Hark who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the Wind.

Des. I call'd my Love false Love; but what said he then?
Sing Willow &c.

If I court more Women, you'll couch with more Men.

So get thee gone, good night; mine Eyes do itch,

Doth that head weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; O these Men, these Men!
Dost thou in Conscience think, tell me *Æmilias*,
That there be Women do abuse their Husbands,
In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no Question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the World?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this Heav'nly Light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this Heav'nly Light,
I might do't as well i' th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the World?

Æmil. The World's a huge thing;
It is a great price, for a small Vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint Ring, nor for Measures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticoats, nor Caps; nor any petty Exhibition. But for all the whole World; why, who would not make her Husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a Wrong For the whole World.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'World; and having the World for your Labour, 'tis a wrong in your own World, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such Woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would store the World they plaid for.

But I do think it is their Husbands Faults
If Wives do fall: Say, that they slack their Duties,
And pour our Treasures into foreign Laps;
Or else break out in peevish Jealousies,
Throwing restraint on us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight;
Why we have Galls; and though we have some Grace,
Yet have we some Revenge Let Husbands know,
Their Wives have Sense like them; they see and smell,
And have their Palats both for sweet and sower,
As Husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; and doth Affection breed it?
I think it doth: Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we Affections?
Desires for sport? and Frailty as Men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The Ills we do. their Ills instruct us to.

Des. Good Night; good Night; Heav'n me such uses fend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but my bad, mend. . . [Exeunt.

A C T

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

S C E N E *the Street.**Enter Jago and Rodorigo.*

Jago. **H** E R E, stand behind this Bulk. Straight will he come:

Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy Elbow,
It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,
And fix most firm thy Resolution.

Rod. Be near at Hand, I may miscarry in't.

Jago. Here, at thy Hand; behold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great Devotion to the Deed,

And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons;

'Tis but a Man gone. Forth my Sword; he dies.

Jago. I have rub'd this young Quat almost to the Sense,
And he grows Angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my Gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a Restitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be. If *Cassio* do remain,

He hath a daily Beauty in his Life,

That makes me ugly; and besides the Moor

May unfold me to him; there stand I in much Peril;

No, he must die. But so, I hear him coming. [*Exit Jago.*]

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his Gate; 'tis he: Villain thou dyest.

[*He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.*]

Cas. That Thrust had been mine Enemy indeed,

But that my Coat is better than thou know'st:

I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

[*Fight, and both fall*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever;

Help ho! Murther, Murther!

Enter Othello above at a Window.

Oth. The Voice of *Cassio*, *Jago* keeps his Word.

Rod. O Villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh help ho! Light! A Surgeon!—

Oth. 'Tis he! O brave *Jago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble Sense of thy Friend's Wrong,
Thou teachest me: Minion, your Dear lies dead,
And your unblest Fate highes. Strumpet, I come:
For off my Heart, those Charms thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lust's Blood be spotted.
[Exit Othello.]

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What ho! No Watch? No Passage? Murther,
Murther!

Gra. 'Tis some Mischance, the Voice is very direful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched Villain!

Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy Night;
These may be Counterfeits: Let's think't unsafe
To come into the Cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come: Then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Jago, in his Shirt.

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his Shirt, with Light, and
Weapons.

Jago. Who's there?

Whose Noise is this that cries out Murther?

Lod. We do not know.

Jago. Do not you hear a Cry?

Cas. Here, here: For Heav'n sake help me.

Jago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant Fellow.

Jago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Jago*? Oh I am spoil'd, undone by Villains!
Give me some Help.

Jago. O me, Lieutenant!
What Villains have done this?

Cas.

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Fago. Oh treacherous Villains!
What are you there? Come in, and give some help.

Rod. O help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Fago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villain! [*Jago stabs him;*

Rod. O damn'd *Fago!* O inhuman Dog!

Fago. Kill Men i' th' dark? Where be these bloody
Thieves!

How filent is this Town? Ho, Murther! Murther!

What may you be! Are you of Good or Evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Fago. Signior *Lodovico.*

Lod. He, Sir.

Fago. I cry you mercy! here's *Cassio* hurt by Villains!

Gra. *Cassio?*

Fago. How is't Brother?

Cas. My Leg is cut in two.

Fago. Marry Heav'n forbid:

Light Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my Shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the Matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?

Fago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio,*

My sweet *Cassio:* Oh *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.*

Fago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio,* may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus:
I have been to seek you.

Fago. Lend me a Garter. So——Oh for a Chair
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.*

Fago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a Party in this Injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio,* come, come:

Lend me a Light: Know we this Face, or no?

Alas, my Friend, and my dear Country-man

Roderigo? No: Yes sure: Yea, 'tis *Roderigo.*

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? Ah!

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle Pardon:
These bloody Accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? Oh a Chair, a Chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: Oh that's well said, the Chair:
Some good Man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's Surgeon. For you, Mistress;
Save you your Labour. He that lyes slain here, *Cassio*,
Was my dear Friend. What Malice was between you?

Cas. None in the World; nor do I know the Man.

Iago. What, look you pale? Oh bear him out o'th' Air:
Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale, Mistress?
Do you perceive the Gastness of her Eye? [To Bianca,
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you see, Gentlemen? Nay, Guiltiness will speak,
Though Tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the Matter?

What is the Matter, Husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the Dark:
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.

Æmil. Alas, good Gentleman! Alas, good *Cassio*!

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to Night.
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supt at my House, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of Life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I? Fie upon thee.

Iago. Kind Gentlemen, let's go see poor *Cassio* dress'd.
Come Mistress, you must tell's another Tale.

Æmilia,

Æmilia, run you to the Cittadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? this is the Night
That either makes me, or foredces me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is
discover'd asleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause, my Soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars,
It is the Cause. Yet I'll not shed her Blood,
Nor scar that whiter Skin of hers than Snow,
And smooth as Monumental Alabaster:
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more Men:
Put out the Light, and then put out *the* Light,
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can again thy former Light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* Heat
That can thy Light re-lumine.
When I have pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot give it vital Growth again.
It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the Tree; [*Kissing her.*]
O balmy Breath, that dost almost perswade
Justice to break her Sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last,
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel Tears: This Sorrow's heav'nly,
It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there, *Othello*?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to Bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to Night, *Desdemona*?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your self of any Crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heav'n, and Grace,

Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,

What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,

No, Heav'n's fore-fend, I would not kill thy Soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then Heav'n have Mercy on me.

Oth. Amen, with all my Heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: For you're fatal then,
When your Eyes rowl so.

Why I should fear I know not,

Since Guiltiness I know not: But yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy Sins.

Des. They are Loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ft.

Des. That Death's unnatural, that kills for Loving.
'Alas, why gnaw you so your Nether-lip?

Some bloody Passion shakes your very Frame;

These are Portents: But yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That Handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ft *Cassio*.

Des. No by my Life and Soul: Send for the Man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy Death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Presently.

Therefore confests thee freely of thy Sin:

For to deny each Article with Oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak the strong Conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O Heav'n have Mercy on me.

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des.

Des. And have you Mercy too; I never did
Offend you in my Life; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warantry of Heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.

Oth. By Heav'n I saw my Handkerchief in's Hand;
O perjur'd Woman! thou dost stone my Heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to do,
A Murder, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither;
Let him confess a Truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his Mouth is stopp'd;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en Order for't.

Des. Oh, my Fear interprets. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his Hairs been Lives, my great Revengè
Had Stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone:

Oth. Out Strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my Face?

Des. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, Strumpet.

Des. Kill me to Morrow, let me live to Night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive.

Des. But half an Hour——

Oth. Being done, there is no Pause.

Des. But while I say one Prayer——

Oth. It is too late. [*Attempts to smother her.*]

Æmilia at the Door.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord! What hoa!
My Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What Noise is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy Pain,
So, so.

Æmil.

Æmil. within.] What ho! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a Word with you.

Oth. Yes 'tis *Æmilia* — by and by — she's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* Death; The Noise was high. Ha, no more moving? Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? wer't good? I think she stirs again — No — what's best to do? If she come in, she'll sure speak to my Wife; My Wife! my Wife! what Wife? I have no Wife. Oh insupportable! Oh heavy Hour! Methinks it should be now a huge Eclipse Of Sun and Moon, and that th' afrighted Globe Should yawn at Alteration —

Æmil. I do beseech you That I may speak with you. Oh, good my Lord! —

Oth. I had forgot thee; Oh come in, *Æmilia*. Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw. Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul Murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very Error of the Moon, She comes more nearer Earth than she was wont, And makes Men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.

Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune, And sweet Revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Lady's Voice, Help! help ho! help! Oh Lady speak again, Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistress, speak.

Des.

Des. A guiltless Death I die.

Æmil. Oh who hath done this Deed?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh farewell. [Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be Murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You hear her say her self, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the Truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning Hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh the more Angel she, and you the blacker
Devil.

Oth. She turn'd to Folly, and she was a Whore.

Æmil. Thou dost hely her, and thou art a Devil.

Oth. She was false as Water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as Fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did top her; ask thy Husband: else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in Hell,
But that I did proceed upon just Grounds
To this Extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Æmil. My Husband!

Oth. Thy Husband.

Æmil. That she was false to Wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: Had she been true,
If Heav'n would make me such another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My Husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest Man he is, and hates the Slime
That sticks on filthy Deeds.

Æmil. My Husband?

Oth. What needs this Iterance, Woman?
I say thy Husband.

Æmil. Oh Mistress! Villany has made mecks with
Love.

My Husband say she was false?

Oth. He, Woman;
I say thy Husband; do'st understand the Word?

My

My Friend. thy Husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soul
Rot half a grain a Day; he lies to th' Heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy Bargain.

Oth. Hah?

Æmil. Do thy worst:

This Deed of thine is no more worthy Heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that Power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt: Oh Gull! oh Dolt!

As ignorant as Dirt; thou hast done a Deed —
I care not for thy Sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty Lives — Help! help! ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my Mistrefs. Murther, murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Men. What is the matter? How now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*? You have done well,
That Men must lay their Murthers on your Neck,

Gra. What is the Matter?

Æmil. Disprove this Villain, if thou be'st a Man,
He says thou toldst him that his Wife was false:
I knew thou didst not, thou'rt not such a Villain.
Speak, for my Heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a Lie, an odious damned Lie:
Upon my Soul a Lie; a wicked Lie.

She false with *Cassio*? did you say with *Cassio*?

Iago. With *Cassio*, Mistrefs; go to, charm your Tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my Tongue; I am bound
to speak,

My Mistrefs here lies murdered in her Bed.

All. Oh Heav'ns forefend!

Æmil. And your Reports have set the Murther on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, Masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Men. Oh monstrous Act.

Æmil.

Æmil. Villany! Villany! Villany!
I think upon't— I think— I sme'l't— O Villany!
I thought so then; I'll kill my self for Grief,
O Villany, Villany!

Jago. What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Æmil. Good Gentlemen let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Jago*, I will ne'er go home:

Oth. Oh! oh! oh!

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest Innocent,
That ere did lift up Eye.

Oth. Oh she was foul!
I scarce did know you, Uncle; there lyes your Neice,
Whose Breath indeed, these Hands have newly stop'd;
I know this Act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortal to him; and pure Grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This Sight would make him do a desperate Turn;
Yea, curse his better Angel from his Side,
And fall to Reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful, but yet *Jago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the act of Shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous Works,
With that Recognizance and Pledge of Love,
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his Hand;
It was an Handkerchief, an antick Token
My Father gave my Mother.

Æmil. Oh Heav'n! O heav'nly Powers!

Jago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out— I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the North,
Let Heav'n, and Men, and Devils, let them all,
All, all, cry Shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Jago. Be wise and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Jago offers to stab his Wife.*]

Gra. Fic, your Sword upon a Woman?

Æmil.

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor,
That Handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband;
For often, with a solemn Earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a Trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Jago. Villanous Whore!

Æmil. She give it *Cassio*? Alas I found it,
And I did give't my Husband.

Jago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By Heav'n I do not, I do not, Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcomb, what should such a Fool
Do with so good a Wife?

[*Jago breaks through and wounds his Wife; then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no Stones in Heav'n,
But what serve for the Thunder? precious Villain!

GRA. The Woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his Wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; Oh lay me by my Mistress side.

GRA. He's gone, but his Wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain; take you this Weapon,
Which I have recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the Door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same Villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every Puny Whipster gets my Sword.
But why should Honour out-live Honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy Song boad, Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And die in Musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow*—
Moor, she was chaste, she lov'd thee, cruel Moor,
So come my Soul to Bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Æmilia Dies.*]

Oth. I have another Weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of *Spain*; the Ice brooks Temper;
Oh here it is: Uncle, I must come forth.

GRA. I thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no Weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the Matter?

Oth. Behold I have a Weapon:
A better never did it self sustain
Upon a Soldier's Thigh. I have seen the Day,
That with this little Arm, and this good Sword,
I have made my way through more Impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain Boast!
Who can controul his Fate? 'Tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my Journey's end, here is my Butt,
And very Sea-mark of my utmost Sail.
Do you go back `dismay'd? 'Tis a lost Fear:
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* Breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now — how dost thou look now? Oh ill-star'd Wench!
Pale as thy Smock! When we shall meet at Compt,
This Look of thine will hurl my Soul from Heav'n;
And Fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?
Even like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the Possession of this heav'nly Sight;
Blow me about in Winds, and roast me in Sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down Gulf of liquid Fire——
Oh *Desdemona!* Dead, *Desdemona!* Dead, dead! Oh, oh!

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano, and
Jago Prisoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate Man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: Here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the Villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his Feet; but that's a Fable:
If that thou beest a Devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Jago.*]

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Jago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'd have thee live;
For in my Sense, 'tis Happiness to die.

Lod. O thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Faln in the practice of a cursed Slave,

What

What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why any thing;

An Honourable Murtherer, if you will:

For nought I did in Hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This Wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* Death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you Cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your Pardon:

Will you, I pray, demand that Demy-Devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my Soul and Body.

Iago. Demand me nothing, what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray!

Gra. Torments will ope your Lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir you shall understand what hath befalln,
Which as I think, you know not; here is a Letter,
Found in the Pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And here another, the one of them imports
The Death of *Cassio*, to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. O Villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross.

Lod. Now, he e's another discontented Paper
Found in his Pocket too; and this it seems
Rodorigo meant t'have this sent damned Villain;
But that belike *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious Caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that Handkerchief
That was my Wife's?

Cas. I found it in my Chamber;
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special Purpose,
Which wrought to his Desire.

Oth. O Fool, Fool, Fool!

Cas. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch; whereon it came

That

That I was cast; and even now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Fago* hurt him,
Fago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this Room, and go with us;
Your Power and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your Fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some Service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky Deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in Malice.

Then must you speak,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the Extream; of one, whose Hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a Pearl away
Richer than all his Tribe; of one, whose subdu'd Eyes;
Albeit unused to the melting Mood,
Drop Tears as fast as the *Arabian* Trees
Their Medicinal Gum. Set you down this,
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant, and a Turband Turk
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th' Throat the Circumcised Dog,
And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. Oh bloody Period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee! No way but this,
Killing my self, to die upon a Kiss. [Dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no Weapon;
For he was great of Heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* Dog!
More fell than Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea,

Look

Look on the Tragick Loading of this Bed ;
This is thy work ; the Object poisons sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the House,
And seize upon the Fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the Censure of this hellish Villain :
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it.
My self will straight aboard, and to the State,
This heavy Act, with heavy Heart, relate.

[*Exeunt*]



E. Pirkoll sculp.

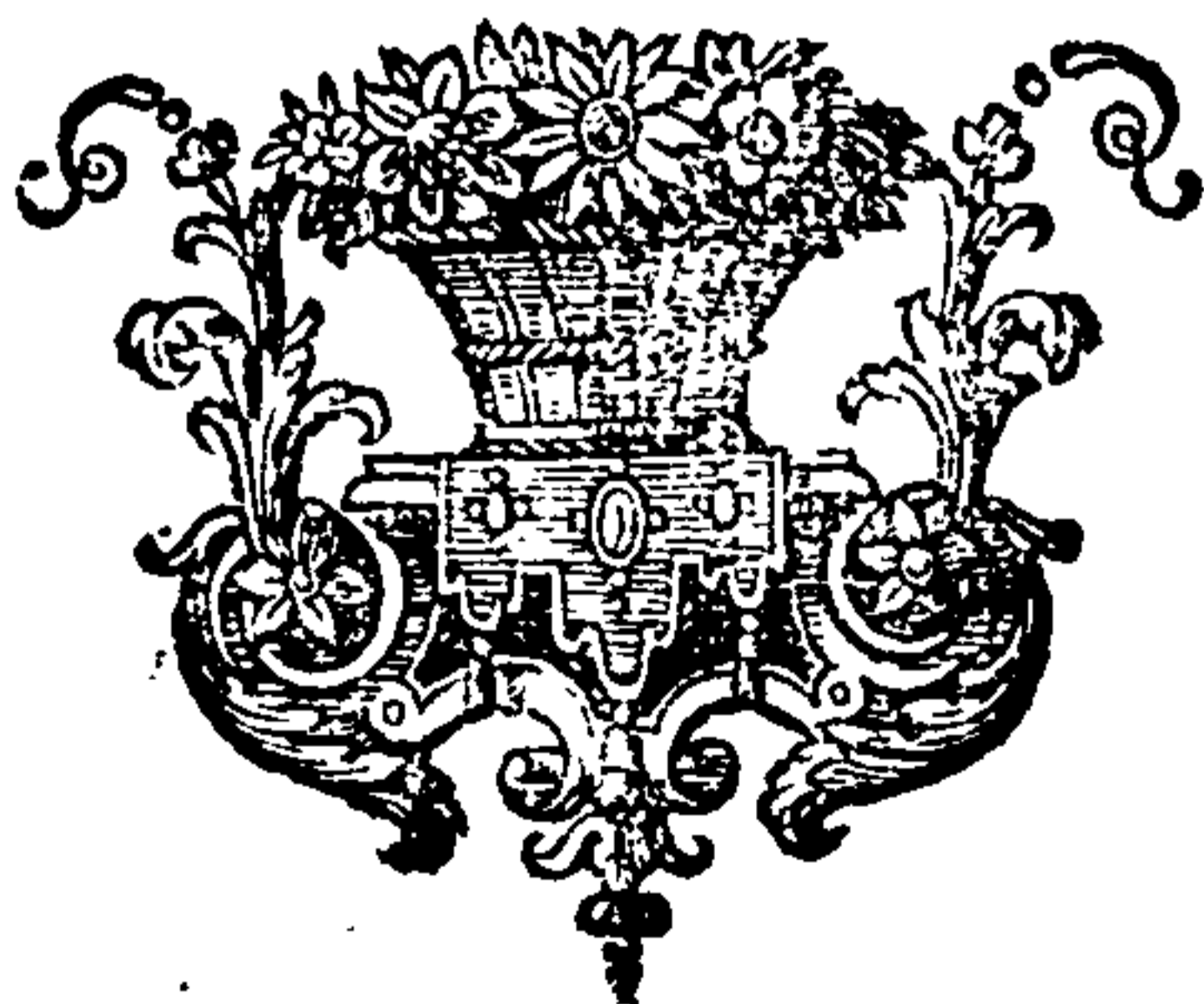
A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A.

A

T R A G E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M. Antony.
M. Octavius Cæsar.

Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Decretas,

Demetrius,

Philo,

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thidias,

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrius,

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes,

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Friends and Followers of Antony.

Friends to Cæsar.

Friends to Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Ægypt.*

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

Charmian,

Iras,

Ladies attending on Cleopatra.

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

The SCENE lyes in several Parts of the Roman-Empire.



Antony



Antony and Cleopatra.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

PHILO.



AY, but this Dotage of our General
O'er-flows the Measure; those his good-
ly Eyes
That o'er the Files and Musters of the
War,
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now
bend, now turn

The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captain's Heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his Breast, reneges all Temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gypsies Lust. Look where they come!

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies; the Train, with
Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good Note, and you shall see him,
The tripple Pillar of the World, transform'd
Into a Strumpet's Fool. Behold and see.

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

Ant.

192 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

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

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

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new Heav'n, new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. Rate me the Sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them *Antony.*

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

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your Dismission
Is come from *Cæsar*, therefore hear it *Antony.*
Where's *Fulvia's* Process? *Cæsar's*, I would say, both?
Call in the Messengers; as I am *Ægypt's* Queen,
Thou blushest *Antony*, and that Blood of thine
Is *Cæsar's* Homager: Else so thy Cheeks pay Shame,
When shrill'd tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide Arch
Of the rais'd Empire fall; here is my Space,
Kingdoms are Clay; our dungy Earth alike
Feeds Beast as Man; the Nobleness of Life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual Pair,
And such a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On Pain of Punishment, the World to weet
We stand up Peerless.

Cleo. Excellent Falshood!

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?

I'll seem the Fool I am not. *Antony* will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*,

Now for the love of love, and his soft Hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a Minute of our Lives should stretch
Without some Pleasure now: What sport to Night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant.

Ant. Fie wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every Passion fully strives
To make it self in thee fair and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone,
To Night we'll wander through the Streets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt with their Train.*]

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

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

Dem. I am full sorry, that he approves the common
Liar, who thus speaks of him at *Rome*; but I will hope of
better Deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a
Soothsayer.*

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer that
you prais'd to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this Hus-
band, which you say, must change his Horns with Gar-
lands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your Will?

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

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your Hand.

Eno. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough,
Cleopatra's Health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good Fortune,

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

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

Char. He means in Flesh.

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

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his Patience, be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved:

Char. I had rather heat my Liver with Drinking:

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent Fortune. Let me be Married to three Kings in a Forenoon, and Widow them all; let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod of Jewry* may do Homage. Find me to marry me with *Octavius Caesar*, and Companion me with my Mistress.

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

Char. Oh excellent, I love long Life better than Figs.

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

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no Names; Prithee how many Boys and Wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your Wishes had a Womb,
And foretel every Wish, a Million.

Char. Out Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You think none, but your Sheets are privy to your Wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall be to go drunk to Bed.

Iras. There's a Palm presages Chastity, if nothing else.

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

Iras. Go you wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily Palm be not a fruitful Prognostication, I cannot scratch mine Ear. Prithee tell her but a Workyday Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

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

Sooth. I have said.

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

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

Iras. Not in my Husband's Nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts, Heav'ns mend.

Alex. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him Marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worle, and let worse follow

follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his Grave, Fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis*, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more Weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee.

Char. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that Prayer of the People. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome Man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly Sorrow, to behold a foul Knave Uncuckolded; therefore dear *Isis*, keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Iras. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their Hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush, here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to Mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman Thought had struck him. *Enobarbus.*

Eno. Madam.

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

Alex. Here at your Service, my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger and Attendants.

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

Mes. *Fulvia* thy Wife, first came into the Field.

Ant. Against my Brother *Lucius*?

Mes. Ay, but soon that War had end, and the times state
Made Friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst *Cesar*,
Whose better Issue in the War of *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter drove them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The Nature of Bad News infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool or Coward; on
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the Tale lye Death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

...*Mes.* *Labienus*, this is stiff News,

196 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Hath, with his *Parthian* Force, extended *Asia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering
Banner shook, from *Syria* to *Lydia*,
And to *Ionia*, whilst —

Ant. *Antony* thou would'st say.

Mes. Oh, my Lord,

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general Tongue,
Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.

Rail thou in *Fulvia's* Phrase, and taunt my Faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Have Power to utter. Oh then we bring forth Weeds,
When our quick Winds lye still, and our Ills told us
Is as our Earing; fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble Pleasure.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the News? Speak there.

Mes. The Man from *Scicion*, is there such an one?

Attend. He stays upon your Will.

Ant. Let him appear;

These strong *Ægyptian* Fetters I must break,
Or lose my self in Dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

2 Mes. *Fulvia* thy Wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In *Scicion*; her length of Sicknes
With what else more serious,
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me.

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it.
What our Contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present Pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it self; she's good being gone,
The Hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on:
I must from this *Ægyptian* Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ill I know,
My Idleness doth hatch. How now *Enobarbus*?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your Pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortal

mortal an Unkindness is to them, if they suffer our departure, Death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

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

Ant. She is cunning past Man's Thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no, her Passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot call her Winds and Waters, Sighs and Tears: And yet they are greater Storms and Tempests than Almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a Show'r of Rain as well as *Fove*.

Ant. Would I had never seen her.

Eno. Oh Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful Piece of Work, which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your Travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why Sir, give the Gods a thankful Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the Wife of a Man from him, it shews to Man the Tailors of the Earth: Comforting him therein, that when old Robes are worn out, there are Members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: This Grief is crowned with Consolation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat, and indeed the Tears live in an Onion, that should water this Sorrow.

Ant. The Business she hath broach'd here in the State, Cannot endure my Absence.

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

198 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Ant. No more like Answers: Let our Officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our Expedience to the Queen,
And get her Love to part. For not alone
The Death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches
Do strongly speak to us, but the Letters too
Of many our contriving Friends in *Rome*,
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the Dare to *Cesar*. and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our flipp'ry People,
Whose Love is never link'd to the Deserver,
Till his Deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his Dignities,
Upon his Son; who high in Name and Pow'r,
Higher than both in Blood and Life, stand up
For the main Soldier; Whose Quality going on,
The sides o'th' World may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courser's Hair, hath yet but Life,
And not a Serpent's Poison. Say our Pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Ero. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

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

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

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

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

Cleo. Thou teachest like a Fool: the way to lose him.

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

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I am Sick, and fullen:

Ant.

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

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature [*Seeming to faint*]
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same Eye there's some good News:
What says the marry'd Woman? you may go;
Would she had never given you leave to come;
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no Pow'r upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betrayed; yet at the first
I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*.

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

Ant. Most sweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: When you sued staying,
Then was the time for Words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes,
Bliss in our Brows bent, none our Parts so poor,
But was a Race of Heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou the greatest Soldier of the World,
Art turn'd the greater Liar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

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

Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong Necessity of time, commands
Our Services awhile; but my full Heart
Remains in use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his Approaches to the Port of *Rome*.

Equality of two Domestick Pow'rs,
 Breed scrupulous Faction; the hated, grown to Strength,
 Are newly grown to Love; the condemn'd *Pompey*,
 Rich in his Father's Honour, creeps apace,
 Into the Hearts of such, as have not thriv'n
 Upon the present State, whose Numbers threaten,
 And Quietness grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate Change. My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is *Fulvia's* Death.

Cleo. Though Age from Folly could not give me freedom;
 It does from Childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

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

Cleo. O most false Love!

Where be the sacred Viols thou should'st fill
 With sorrowful Water? Now I see, I see,
 In *Fulvia's* Death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
 The Purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give th' Advice. By the Fire
 That quickens *Nilus* Smile, I go from hence
 Thy Soldier, Servant, making Peace or War,
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian*, come,
 But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
 So *Anthony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen forbear,
 And give true Evidence to his Love, which stands
 An honourable Trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.

I prethee turn aside, and weep for her,
 Then bid adieu to me, and say the Tears
 Belong to *Ægypt*. Good now, play one Scene
 Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
 Like perfect Honour.

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

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

Ant.

Ant. Now by my Sword—

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Look prithee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his Chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

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

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleness your Subject, I should take you
For Idleness it self.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To bear such Idleness so near the Heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit lawrell'd Victory, and smooch Success
Be strew'd before your Feet.

Ant. Let us go.

Come: Our Separation so abides and flies,
That thou residing here, goest yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a Letter, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar's* natural Voice, to hate
One great Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the News; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The Lamps of Night in Revel's; Is not more Manly

Than *Cleopatra*; nor the Queen of *Ptolomy*
 More Womanly than he. Hardly gave Audience,
 Or did vouchsafe to think he had Partners. You
 Shall find there a Man, who is th' abstract of all faults;
 That all Men follow.

Lep. I must not think
 There are Evils enough to darken all his Goodness;
 His Faults in him, seem as the Spots of Heav'n,
 More fiery by Night's blackness; Hereditary,
 Rather than purchast; what he cannot change,
 Than what he chuses.

Ces. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
 Amis to tumble on the Bed of *Ptolomy*,
 To give a Kingdom for a Mirth, to sit
 And keep the turn of Tipling with a Slave,
 To reel the Streets at Noon, and stand the Buffet
 With Knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes him;
 As his Composure must be rare indeed,
 Whom these things cannot blemish, yet must *Antony*
 No way excuse his Foils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his Lightness. If he fill'd
 His Vacancy with his Voluptuousness;
 Full surfeits, and the driness of his Bones,
 Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drums him from his Sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
 As we rate Boys, who being mature in Knowledge,
 Pawn their Experience to their present Pleasure,
 And so rebel to Judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more News.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done, and every Hour,
 Most noble *Cesar*, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 And it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Cesar*: to the Ports
 The Discontents repair, and Mens reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should have known no less;
 It hath been taught us from the primal State,

That

That he which is, was wish'd, until he were:
 And the ebb'd Man, ne'er lov'd 'till ne'er worth love,
 Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common Body
 Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the Stream,
 Goes to, and back, lacking the varying Tide
 To rot it self with Motion.

Mes. Caesar, I bring thee Word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous Pirates,
 Make the Sea serve them, which they ear and wound
 With Keels of every kind. Many hot Inrodes
 They make in *Italy*, the Borders Maritime
 Lack Blood to think on't, and flesh Youth to revolt,
 No Vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen: For *Pompey's* Name strikes more
 Than could his War resisted.

Ces. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious Vassals. When thou once
 Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou flew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy Heel
 Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with Patience more
 Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
 The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
 Which Beasts would cough at. Thy Pallat then did dain
 The roughest Berry on the rudest Hedge.
 Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
 The Barks of Trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
 It is reported thou didst eat strange Flesh,
 Which some did die to look on; and all this,
 It wounds thine Honour that I speak it now,
 Was born so like a Soldier, that thy Cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Ces. Let his Shames quickly
 Drive him to *Rome*, 'tis time we twain
 Did shew our selves i' th' Field, and to that end
 Assemble we immediate Council; *Pompey*
 Thrives in our Idleness.

Lep. To Morrow, *Caesar*,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,

Both

204 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Both what, by Sea and Land, I can be able,
To front this present time.

Ces. Till which Encounter, it is my Business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel my Lord, what you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad. I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be Partaker.

Ces. Doubt not, Sir, I knew it for my Bond. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian.

Char. Madam.

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

Char. Why, Madam?

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

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch, *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highness Pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no Pleasure
In ought an Eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That being unseminaried, thy freer Thoughts
May not fly forth of *Egypt*. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

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

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy Horse to bear the weight of *Antony*!

Do bravely, Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arm

And Burgonet of *Man*. He's speaking now,

Or

Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
 For so he calls me; now I feed my self
 With most delicious Poison. Think on me,
 That am with *Phœbus* amorous pinches black.
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
 When thou wast here above the Ground, I was
 A morsel of a Monarch; and great *Pompey*
 Would stand and make his Eyes grow in my Brow,
 There would he anchor his Aspect, and die
 With looking on his Life.

Enter *Alexas*.

Alex. Sovereign of *Ægypt*, hail.

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

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
 He kist the last of many doubled Kisses,
 This orient Pearl. His Speech sticks in my Heart.

Cleo. Mine Ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good Friends, quoth he,
 Say the firm *Roman* to great *Ægypt* sends
 This treasure of an Oyster; at whose Foot,
 To mend the petty Present, I will piece
 Her opulent Throne with Kingdoms. All the East,
 Say thou, shall call her Mistrels. So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an Arm-gaunt Steed,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke,
 Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th' Year, between the Extreames
 Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well divided Disposition; note him,
 Note him good *Charmain*, 'tis the Man; but note him,
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their Looks by his. He was not merry,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In *Ægypt* with his Joy; but between both.
 Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'st thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes,

206 Antony and Cleopatra.

So do's it no Man else. Met'st thou my Posts?

Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty several Messengers,
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that Day,
When I forget to send to *Antony*,
Shall die a Beggar. Ink and Paper, *Charmian*.
Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cesar* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Cesar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
Save the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cesar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody Teeth,
If thou with *Cesar* Paragon again
My Man of Men.

Char. By your most gracious Pardon,
I Sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad Days,
When I was green in Judgment, cold in Blood
To say, as I said then. But come, away,
Get me Ink and Paper,
He shall have every Day several greetings, or I'll unpeo-
ple *Ægypt*. [*Exeunt*.

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

S C E N E *in* Sicily.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. **I**F the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The Deeds of justest Men.

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

Pom. While we are Suitors to their Throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of our selves,
Beg often our own Harms, which the wise Powers

Deny

Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The People love me, and the Sea is mine;
My Powers are Crescent, and my auguring Hope
Says it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Ægypt* sits at Dinner, and will make
No Wars without Doors. *Cesar* gets Money where
He loses Hearts; *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cesar* and *Lepidus* are in the Field,
A mighty Strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Antony*: But all the Charms of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wand Lip,
Let Witchcraft join with Beauty; Lust with both,
Tie up the Libertine in a Field of Feasts,
Keep his Brain fuming; Epicurean Cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sawce his Appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even 'till a lethied Dulness—

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

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

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better Ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This amorous Surfeiter would have donn'd his Helm;
For such a pretty War; his Soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt's* Widow pluck
The near Lust-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cesar and *Antony* shall well greet together:

208 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Cesar*,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained Cause enough
To draw their Swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their Divisions, and bind up
The petty Difference. we yet not know.
Be't as our Gods will have't; it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest Hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your Captain
To soft and gentle Speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if *Cesar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cesar's* Head,
And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* Beard,
I would not shave't to Day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private Stomaching.

Eno. Every time serves for the Matter that is then born
in't.

Lep. But small to greater Matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your Speech is Passion; but pray you stir
No Embers up. Here comes the noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cesar*.

Enter Caesar, Mecænas, and Agrippa:

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

Cas. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep.

Lep. Noble Friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner Action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing Wounds. Then noble Partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the lowrest Points with sweetest Terms,
Nor Curtness grow to th' Matter.

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

[Flourish.]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay then:

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

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

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

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

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made Wars upon me, and their Contestation
Was Theam for you, you were the Word of War.

Ant. You do mistake your Business, my Brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true Reports
That drew their Swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my Authority with yours,

And

210 Antony and Cleopatra.

And make the Wars alike against my Stomach,
Having alike your Cause? Of this my Letters
Before did satisfy you. If you patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Ces. You praise your self, by laying defects of Judgment
to me: but you patch up your Excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't;
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the Cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful Eyes attend those Wars
Which fronted mine own Peace. As for my Wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in such another,
The third o'th' World is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a Wife.

Eno. Would we had all such Wives, that the Men might
go to Wars with the Women.

Ant. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles *Cesar*
Made out of her Impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of Policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not help it.

Ces. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my Letters; and with taunts
Did beg my Missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' Morning: but next Day
I told him of my self, which was as much
As to have askt him Pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our Strife: If we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Ces. You have broken
The Article of your Oath, which you shall never
Have Tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cesar*.

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing

Supposing that I lackt it: But on, *Cesar*,
The Article of my Oath.

Ces. To lend me Arms, and Aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather:
And then when Poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own Knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you. But mine Honesty,
Shall not make poor my Greatness, nor my Power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made Wars here,
For which my self, the ignorant Motive, do
So far ask Pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a Case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

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

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

Eno. Or if you borrow one another's Love for the instant;
you may when you hear no more words of *Pompey* return
it again: You shall have time to wrangle in, when you
have nothing else to do.

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

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

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

Eno. Go to then: Your considerate Stone.

Ces. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his Speech: For't cannot be,
We shall remain in Friendship, our Conditions
So differing in their Acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' World, I would pursue it.

Arg. Give me leave, *Cesar*.

Ces. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Arg. Thou hast a Sister by the Mother's Side,
Admir'd *Octavia*! Great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Ces.

212 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Cas. Say not so; *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your Proof were well deserved of Rashness.

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

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your Hearts
With an unslipping Knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose Beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of Men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this Marriage,
All little Jealousies which now seem great,
And all great Fears, which now import their Dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be Tales,
Where now half Tales be Truths: Her Love to both
Would each to other, and all Loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present Thought,
By Duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cesar* speak?

Cas. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd;
With what is spoken already.

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

Cas. The Power of *Cesar*,
And his Power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good Purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment; let me have thy Hand
Further this Act of Grace: And from this Hour,
The Heart of Brothers govern in our Loves,
And sway our great Designs.

Cas. There's my Hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our Kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our Loves again.

Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For

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

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

Ant. Where lyes he?

Ces. About the *Mount-Misenum*.

Ant. What is his Strength by Land?

Ces. Great, and increasing:

But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Ant. So is the Frame,

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

Ces. With most gladness.

And do invite you to my Sister's View,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

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

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not Sickness should detain me.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Mec. Welcome from *Egypt*. Sir.

Eno. Half the Heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecænas*. My
Honourable-Friend *Agrippa*.

Agr. Good *Enobarbus*

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

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

Mec. Eight Wild-boars roasted whole at a Breakfast:
And but twelve Persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but a Fly by an Eagle: We had much
more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved
noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if Report be square
to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up 'his
Heart upon the River of *Cydnius*.

Agr.

214 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Agr. There she appear'd indeed: Or my Reporter de-
vis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you;
The Barge she sat in, like a Burnish'd Throne
Burnt on the Water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails, and so perfumed, that
The Winds were Love-sick.
With them the Oars were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The Water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own Person,
It beggar'd all Description; she did lye
In her Pavillion, Cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd Fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate Cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. Oh rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mer-maids tended her i'th' Eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helm,
A seeming Mer-maid steers; the Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft Hands,
That yearly frame the Office. From the Barge
A strange invilible Perfume hits the Sense
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City cast
Her People out upon her; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' Air; which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And make a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Ægyptian*!

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper: She replyed,
It should be better, he became her Guest;
Which she entreated. Our Courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er, the word of no, Woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the Feast:

And

And for his Ordinary, pays his Heart,
For what his Eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench!

She made great *Cæsar* lay his Sword to Bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publick Street.
And having lost her Breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make Defect, Perfection,
And breathless Power breath forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor Custom steal
Her infinite variety: Other Women cloy
The Appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is Riggish.

Mec. If Beauty, Wisdom, Modesty, can settle
The Heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.

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

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you.

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The World, and my great Office, will sometimes
Divide me from your Bosom.

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

Ant. Good Night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
Read not my Blemishes in the World's Report:
I have not kept my Square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' Rule; good Night, dear Lady.

Oct. Good Night, Sir.

Cæs. Good Night.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia*]

Enter Soothsayer.

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

Sooth.

216. Antony and Cleopatra.

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

Ant. If you can, your Reason?

Sooth. I see it in my Motion, have it not in my Tongue; But yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

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

Sooth. *Cæsar's*. Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not by his side. Thy *Damon*, that's thy Spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, Couragious, High, Unmatchable, Where *Cæsar's* is not. But near him thy Angel Becomes a Fear; as being o'erpower'd, and therefore Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee, no more, but when to thee, If thou dost play with him at any Game, Thou art sure to lose: And of that natural Luck He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Lustre thickens, When he shines by: I say again, thy Spirit Is all afraid to govern thee near him: But he alway is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him. [*Exit Sooth.*

He shall to *Parthia*, be it art, or hap,

He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,

And in our Sports my better cunning faints,

Under his Chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;

His Cocks do win the Battel, still of mine,

When it is all to naught: And his Quailes ever

Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to *Ægypt*;

And though I make this Marriage for my Peace,

I'th' East my Pleasure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius*,

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your Commission's ready:

Follow me and receive't.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble your self no farther: Pray you hasten Your Generals after.

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

Lep.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your Soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, Farewel.

Mec. We shall, as I conceive the Journey, be
At the Mount before you, *Lepidus*.

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

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musick: Musick, moody food
Of us that trade in Love

Omnes. The Musick, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian*.

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

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

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed, tho't come too short,
The Actor may plead pardon. I'll none now,
Give me mine Angle, we'll to th' River, there
My Musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin Fishes, my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony*,
And say, ah, ha; you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling,
when your Diver did hang a salt Fish on his Hook, which
he with fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—Oh times!—
I laught him out of patience, and that Night
I laught him into patience, and next Morn,
Ere the ninth Hour I drunk him to his Bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword *Philippan*. Oh from *Italy*.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Mes. Madam! Madam!—

Cleo. Antony's dead;

If thou say so, Villain, thou kill'st thy Mistress:
But well and free, if thou so yield him.

There is Gold, and here

My blewest Veins to kiss: a Hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. But, Sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering Throat.

Mes. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:

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

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet if thou say, *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or Friends with *Cesar*, or not Captain to him,
I'll see thee in a showre of Gold, and hail
Rich Pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And Friends with *Cesar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest Man.

Mes. *Cesar*, and he, are greater Friends than ever.

Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, Madam—

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it do's allay
The good precedence: sic upon but yet,
But yet, is as Jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prithce, Friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine Ear,

The good and bad together: he's Friends with *Cæsar*,
In State of Health thou say'st, and thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, Madam! no: I made no such sport.

He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i'th' Bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*.

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

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?

[*Strikes him.*]

Hence horrible Villain, or I'll spurn thine Eyes
Like Balls before me; I'll unhair thy Head:

[*She hales him up and down;*]

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyre, and stew'd in Brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the News, made not the Match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the Blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to Rage,
And I will boot thee with what Gift beside
Thy Modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a Dagger.*]

Mef. Nay then I'll run:

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

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

Cleo. Some Innocents 'scape not the Thunderbolt;
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindled Creatures
Turn all to Serpents. Call the Slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

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

220 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Re-Enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad News: give to a gracious Message
An Host of Tongues, but let ill-tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my Duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

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

Mes. He's married, Madam.

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

Mes. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, would thou didst:

So half my *Ægypt* were submerg'd, and made
A Cistern for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy Face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: He is married?

Mes. I crave your Highness pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

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

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

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

[*Exit Mes.*]

Char. Good your Highness patience.

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

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian*——'tis no matter.

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the Feature of *Octavia*, her Years,
Her Inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her Hair. Bring me word quick'y,
Let him for ever go——let him not, *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring

Bring me word, how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my Chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E IV. *The Coast of Italy, near
Misenum.*

Enter Pompey and Menas at one Door with Drum and Trumpet: At another Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

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

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great World,
Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you labouring for me. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made thee all-honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one Man but a Man; and that is it
Hath made me rig my Navy. At whose burthen,
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' Ingratitude that despiteful *Rome*
Cast on my noble Father.

Cæs. Take your time.

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

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou dost o'er-count me of my Father's House.

K. f

But

222 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

But since the Cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.

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

Cas. There's the point.

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

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

Pom. You have made me Offer
Of *Sicily, Sardinia*; and I must
Rid all the Sea of Pirates; then to send
Measures of Wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our Targets undinted.

Omnes. That's our Offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you here, a Man
Prepar'd, to take this Offer. Put *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling. You must know
When *Cesar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

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

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

Ant. The Beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I have gain'd by't.

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

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts hard Fortune casts upon my Face,
But in my Bosom she shall never come,
To make my Heart a Vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:

I crave our Composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cas. That's the next to do.

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

Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the Lot:
But first or last, your fine *Ægyptian* Cookery
Shall have the Fame. I have heard that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair Words to them.

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

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

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

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

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

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

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

Pom. Injoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

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

Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, wou'd ne'er have made Treaty.
You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At Sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by Water,

Men. And you by Land.

224 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

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

Men. Nor what I have done by Water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own Safety: you have been a good Thief by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. There I deny my Land Service; but give me your Hand, *Menas*, if your Eyes had Authority, here they might have two Thieves kissing.

Men. All Mens Faces are true, whatsoe'er their Hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair Woman, has a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steal Hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

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

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

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

Eno. *Cesar's* Sister is called *Octavia*.

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

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

Men. Pray ye, Sir.

Eno. 'Tis true.

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

Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this Unity, I would not Prophecie so.

Men. I think the Policy of that Purpose, made more in the Marriage, than the Love of the Parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their Friendship together, will be the very estranger of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still Conversation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Ægyptian* Dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the Fire up in *Cesar*, and, as I said before, that which is the Strength of their Amity, shall prove the immediate Author of their Variance. *Antony* will use his Affection where it is. He married but his Occasion here.

Men.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you Aboard?
I have a Health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our Throats in
Ægypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Pompey's Galley.

Musick Plays.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Ser. Here they'll be, Man: some o' their Plants are ill
rooted already, the least Wind i'th' World will blow them
down.

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

1 Ser. They have made him drink Alms drink.

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

1 Ser. But it raises the greater War between him and his
Discretion.

2 Ser. Why this it is to have a Name in great Mens Fel-
lowship: I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no
Service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 Ser. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seen
to move in't, are the holes where Eyes should be, which
pitifully disaster the Cheeks.

Trumpets:

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Me-
cænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile
By certain Scale, i'th' Pyramid; they know
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if Dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* swells
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the Seedsmen
Upon the Slime and Ooze scatters his Grain,
And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. You've strange Serpents there.

Ant. Ay, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of *Ægypt*, is bred now of your mud

226 Antony and Cleopatra.

by the Operation of your Sun; so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sirrah, some Wine! a Health to *Lepidus*.

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

But I'll ne'er out.

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

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomy's* Pyramis is are very goodly things; without Contradiction I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*. a Word.

[*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine Ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy Seat, I do beseech thee, Captain, And hear me speak a Word.

Pom. For me 'till anon.

[*Whisper in's Ear.*

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir. like it self, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own Organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of!

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

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

Cas. Will this Description satisfy him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from the Stool.

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

Men. I have ever held my Cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much Faith: what's else to say? By jolly, Lords.

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

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the World?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole World? that's twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor,
I am the Man will give thee all the World.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

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

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three World-Sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their Throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me 'tis Villany,
In thee 't had been good Service: thou must know,
'Tis not my Profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour is, Repent that e'er thy Tongue,
Hath so betray'd thine Act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this I'll never follow
Thy pall'd Fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This Health to *Lepidus*.

Art. Bear him ashoar,
I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strange Fellow, *Menas*. [*Pointing to Lepidus*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A bears the third part of the World, Man! seest not?

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

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the Reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandria* Feast.

228 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the Vessels hoar.
Here's to *Cæsar*.

Cæs. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous Labour when
I wash my Brain, and it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

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

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the
Ægyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

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

Ant. Come let's all take Hands,
'Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our Sense,
In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take Hands:

Make battery to our Ears with the loud Musick,
The while, I'll place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding every Man shall beat as loud,
As his strong Sides the volly.

Musick plays. *Enobarbus places them Hand in Hand.*

The S O N G.

*Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne,
In thy Fats our Cares be drown'd:
With thy Grapes our Hairs be crown'd.
Cup us 'till the World go round,
Cup us 'till the World go round.*

Cæs. What would you more? *Pompey*, good Night!
Good Brother

Let me request you off; our graver Business
Frowns at this Levity. Gentle Lords, let's part,
You see we have burnt our Check. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker than the Wind; and mine own Tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more Words; good Night.
Good *Antony*, your Hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the Shoar.

Ant. And shall, Sir, give's your Hand.

Pomp.

Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my Father's House.
But what, we are Friends? Come down into the Boat.

Ene. Take heed you fall not.

Men. I'll not on Shoar.

No, to my Cabin——these Drums!

These Trumpets, Flutes! what!

Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell

To these great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.

[Sound a Flourish with Drums.]

Ene. Hoo says a! There's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, noble Captain, come.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Camp.

Enter Ventidius in Triumph, the dead Body of Pacorus born before him, Roman Soldiers and Attendants.

Ven. NOW darting *Parthia* art thou struck, and now,
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's Son's Body
Before our Army; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Rom. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whilst yet with *Parthian* Blood thy Sword is warm,
The Fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spurn through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy Head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,

I have done enough. A lower Place, note well,
May make too great an Act. For learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone; than by our Deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serve's away.
Cesar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their Officer, than Person. *Silius*,

One

230 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

One of my place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick Accumulation of Renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' Minute, lost his Favour.
Who does i'th' Wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain: And Ambition,
The Soldier's Virtue, rather makes choice of Loss
Than Gain, which darkens him.

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

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

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his Name,
That magical word of War, we have effected;
How with his Banners, and his well paid Ranks,
That ne'er-yet beaten Horse of *Parthia*
We have jaded out o' th' Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

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

S C E N E II. Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one Door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* Feast, as *Menas* says, is troubled
With the Green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble *Lepidus*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Agr.

Antony and Cleopatra. 231

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent Praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Antony*:

Ho! Hearts, Tongues. Figure, Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number; ho,
His love to *Antony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneel down. kneel down, and wonder——

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so——
This is to Horse; adieu, noble *Agrippa*. [Trumpets.]

Agr. Good Fortune, worthy Soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

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

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

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

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy Spirits all of Comfort; fare thee well.

Oct. My noble Brother.

Ant. The *April's* in her Eyes, it is Love's Spring,
And these the Showers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my Husband's House; and——

Cæs. What *Octavia*?

Oct. I'll tell you in your Ear.

Ant.

232 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Ant. Her Tongue will not obey her Heart, nor can
Her Heart inform her Tongue, the Swan's Down-feather,
That stands upon the Swell at full of Tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cesar* weep?

Agr. He has a Cloud in's Face.

Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse; so
is he being a Man.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus*?

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

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

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

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

Cas. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give Light
To thy fair way.

Cas. Farewel, Farewel.

[Kisses *Octavia*.

Ant. Farewel.

[Trumpets sound. *Exeunt*.

S C E N E III. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

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

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty, *Herod* of *Fewry* dare not look up-
on you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* Head, I'll have; but how? When
Antony is gone, through whom I might command it:

Come

Come thou near.

Mes. Most gracious Majesty.

Cleo. Didst thou behold *Octavia*?

Mes. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the Face:
And saw her led between her Brother, and
Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not, Madam.

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

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

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

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

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of Tongue, and Dwarf-
What Majesty is in her Gate? remember [fish
It ere thou look'st on Majesty.

Mes. She creeps;

Her Motion and her Station are as one:
She shews a Body, rather than a Life,
A Statue, than a Breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mes. Or I have no Observance.

Char. Three in *Ægypt* cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceive't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow has good Judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her Years, I prithee.

Mes. Madam, she was a Widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*; hark.

Mes. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her Face in Mind? it's long or round?

Mes. Round even to Faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.
Her Hair what Colour?

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

Cleo. There's Gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former Sharpness ill,

234. *Antony and Cleopatra*:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for Business. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper Man.

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

Char. Nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The Man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

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

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet. good *Charmian*:
But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not only that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his Will, and read it
To publick Ear, spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of Honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he o'er-look'd,
Or did it from his Teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between
Praying for both Parts: The good Gods will mock me,
When I shall praying, oh blest my Lord and Husband,
Undo that Prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh blest my Brother. Husband win, win Brother,
Prays, and destroys the Prayer, no midway
'Twixt these Extrems at all.

Ant.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,

Let your best Love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine Honour,
I lose my self; better I were not yours,
Than yours so Branchless. But as you requested,
Your self shall go between's; the mean time, Lady,
I'll raise the Preparation of a War
Shall stain your Brother, make your soonest haste
So your Desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The *Jove* of Power make me most weak, most weak,
Your Reconciler: Wars 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the World should cleave, and that slain Men
Should sodder up the Rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your Displeasure that way, for our Faults
Can never be so equal, that your Love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Chuse your own Company, and command what Cost
Your Heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, Friend *Eros*?

Eros. There's strange News come, Sir.

Eno. What, Man?

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

Eno. This is old, what is the Success?

Eros. *Cæsar* having made use of him in the Wars 'gainst
Pompey: Presently denied him Rivalty, would not let him
partake of the Glory of the Action, and not resting here, ac-
cuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Up-
on his own Appeal seizes him, so the poor Third is up, 'till
Death enlarge his Confine.

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

Eros. He's walking in the Garden thus; and spurns
The Rush that lyes before him. Crys. Fool *Lepidus*,
And threats the Throat of that his Officer,
That murder'd *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros.

236 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

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

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

Eros. Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *Rome.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome* he has done all this, and more;
In *Alexandria*; here's the matter of it:
I'th' Market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in Chairs of Gold
Were publickly enthron'd; at the Feet sat
Cæsario whom they call my Father's Son,
And all the unlawful Issue, that their Lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stabliment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick Eye?

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

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

Agr. Who queasie with his Insolence already,
Will their good Thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The People know it,
And have now receiv'd his Accusations.

Agr. Whom does he Accuse?

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

Should

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

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cas. 'Tis done already, and his Messenger gone:
I told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his Chance. For what I have conquer'd,
I grant him Part; but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cas. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with Attendants.

Oct. Hail *Cesar*, and my Lord! hail, most dear *Cesar*!

Cas. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.

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

Cas. Why hast thou stoln upon me thus? you came not
Like *Cesar's* Sister; the Wife of *Antony*
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighs of Horse to tell of her Approach,
Long ere she did appear. The Trees by th' way
Should have born Men, and Expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the Dust
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous Troops: But you are come
A Market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our Love; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented Greeting.

Oct. Good, my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free Will. My Lord, *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
My grieving Ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His Pardon for return.

Cas. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his Lust, and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my Lord.

Cas.

238 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Ces. I have Eyes upon him,
And his Affairs come to me on the Wind:
Where is he now?

Oct. My Lord, in *Athens*.

Ces. No, my most wronged Sister; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th' Earth for War. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of *Lybia*, *Archilaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adallas*,
King *Malithus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comagene*, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Oct. Ay me most-wretched,
That have my Heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That do afflict each other.

Ces. Welcome hither;
Your Letters did with-hold our breaking forth
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent Danger; cheer your Heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives,
O'er your Content, these strong Necessities,
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the Mark of Thought; and the high Gods
To do you Justice, make his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of Comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam,
Each Heart in *Rome* does love and pity you;
Only th'adulterous *Antony*, most large
In his Abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That Noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Antony and Cleopatra. 239

Cæs. Most certain: Sister, welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st Sister. [*Exeunt;*]

SCENE VI. Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

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

Eno. But why, why, why?

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

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

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

Eno. Well, I could reply; if we shou'd serve with Horse
and Mares together, the Horse were merely lust; the Mares
would bear a Soldier and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your Presence needs must puzzle *Antony*.
Take from his Heart, take from his Brain, take from's Time
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maids,
Manage this War.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their Tongues rot
That speak against us. A charge we bear i'th' War,
And as the President of my Kingdom will
Appear there for a Man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*,
He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* Sea,
And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

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

Ant. A good Rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the test of Men
To taunt a Slackness. *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

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

Can. Ay, and to wage his Battel at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these Offers,
Which serve not for his Vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your Ships are not well Mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, People,
Ingroft by swift Imprefs. In *Cesar's* Fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their Ships are yare, yours heavy: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you have by Land,
Distract your Army, which doth most consist
Of War-mark'd Footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned Knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises Assurance, and
Give up your self meerly to chance and hazard,
From firm Security.

Ant. I'll fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have sixty Sails, *Cesar* none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of Shipping will we burn,
'And with the rest full-mann'd, from th' Heart of *Adrium*
Beat th' approaching *Cesar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy Business?

Mes. The News is true, my Lord, he is descried,
Cesar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in Person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his Power should be so. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship:
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy Soldier?

Sold. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten Planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds? let th' *Ægyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a Ducking: we
Have us'd to Conquer standing on the Earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. [*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Enob.*]

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

Can. Soldier thou art: but the whole Action grows
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders lead,
And we are Womens Men.

Sold. You keep by Land
The Legions and the Horse whole, do you not?

Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for Sea:
But we keep whole by Land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in *Rome*
His Power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.

Can. Who's his Lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one *Torus*.

Can. Well I know the Man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With News the Time's in Labour, and throws forth
Each minute, some [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæs. *Torus*?

Tor. My Lord.

Cæs. Strike not by Land. Keep whole, provoke not Battel
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Prescript of this Scroul: Our Fortune lyes
Upon this jump. [*Exit.*]

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o'th' Hill,
In Eye of *Cæsar's* Battle, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,

L

And

And so proceed accordingly. [Exit.

Canidius marching with his Land Army one way over the Stage, and Torus the Lieutenant of Cæsar the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarums. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer;
Thantoniad, the *Ægyptian* Admiral,
With all their sixty flie, and turn the Rudder:
To see't, mine Eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

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

Eno. What's thy Passion?

Scar. The greater Cattle of the World is lost
With very ignorance, we have kifs'd away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the Fight?

Scar. On our side like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where Death is sure. Your ribauld Nag of *Ægypt*;
(Whom Leprosie o'er,) i'th' very midst o'th' fight,
When Vantage like a pair of Twins appear'd
Both of the same, or rather ours the Elder;
The Breeze upon her, like a Cow in *June*,
Hoists Sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine Eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looft;
The noble ruin of her Magick, *Antoxy*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and like a doating Mallard,
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I never saw an Action of such shame;
Experience. Manhood, Honour ne'er before.
Did violate so it self.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

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

Exit.

Antony and Cleopatra. 243

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cesar* will I render
My Legions and my Horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

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

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the World, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a Ship
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it; fie,
And make your peace with *Cesar*.

Omnes. Fly! Not we.

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

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Eros.

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

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

244 Antony and Cleopatra:

Cleo. Let me sit down; Oh *Funo!*

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

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, Oh good Emprefs.

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; he at *Philippi* kept
His Sword e'en like a Dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended; he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of War; yet now——no matter——

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen——

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: Oh!

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

Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A most unnoble swerving——

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

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

Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearful Sails; I little thought
You would have followed.

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

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young Man send humble treaties, dodge

And

And palter in the shift of lowness, who
 With half the bulk o'th' World play'd as I pleas'd,
 Making and marring Fortunes. You did know
 How much you were my Conqueror, and that
 My Sword, made weak by my Affection, would
 Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a Tear, I say, one of them rates
 All that is won and lost: Give me a Kiss,
 Even this repays.

We sent our Schoolmaster, is he come back?

Love I am full of Lead; some Wine

Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers Blows. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII. Cæsar's Camp.

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

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

Dol. Cæs. 'tis his Schoolmaster,
 An Argument that he is pluckt, when hither
 He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
 Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
 Not many Moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
 I was of late as petty to his ends,
 As is the Morn-dew on the Myrtle Leaf
 To his grand Sea.

Cæs. Be't so, declare thine Office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in *Ægypt*; which not granted
 He lessens his Requests, and to thee sues
 To let him breath between the Heav'ns and Earth
 A private Man in *Athens*: this for him.
 Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy Greatness;
 Submits her to thy Might, and of thee craves
 The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her Heirs,

Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cas. For *Antony*,
I have no Ears to his Request. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall fail, so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his Life there. This, if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cas. Bring him through the Bands: [*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, [*To Thidias.*
And in our Name, when she requires, add more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but Want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd Vestal. Try thy Cunning, *Thidias*,
Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a Law.

Thid. *Cas.*, I go.

Cas. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkest his very Action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thid. *Cas.*, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII. Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Think, and dye.

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

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his Will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled
From that great Face of War, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captainship, at such a point,
When half to half the World oppos'd, he being
The meer question. 'Tis a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying Flags,
And leave his Navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee Peace.

Enter

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his Answer?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

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

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the Boy *Cesar* send this grizled Head,
And he will fill thy Wishes to the brim,
With Principalities.

Cleo. That Head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again, tell him he wears the Rose
Of Youth upon him; from which, the World should note
Something particular; his Coyn, Ships, Legions,
May be a Coward's, whose Ministers would prevail
Under the Service of a Child, as soon
As i' th' Command of *Cesar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our selves alone; I'll write it, follow me. [*Exit Anthony.*

Eno. Yes, like enough: hyc-battel'd *Cesar* will
Unstate his Happiness, and be Stag'd to th' shew
Against a Sworder. I see Mens Judgments are
A parcel of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all Measures, the full *Cesar* will
Answer his Emptiness; *Cesar* thou hast subdu'd
His Judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Cesar*.

Cleo. What, no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blown Rose may they stop their Nose,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty. and I, begin to square;
The Loyalty well held to Fools, does make
Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a fall'n Lord,
Do's conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' Story.

L 4

Enter

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cesar's* Will.

Thid. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends; say boldly.

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

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cesar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Cesar* please, our Master
Will leap to be his Friend: For as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is *Cesar's*.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cesar* intreats
Not to consider in what Case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cesar*.

Cleo. Go on, right Royal.

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

Cleo. Oh!

[*Aside.*

Thid. The Scars upon your Honour, therefore he
Do's pity, as constrained Blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows what is most right.
Mine Honour was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.

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

[*Exit Eno.*

Thid. Shall I say to *Cesar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you would make a Staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his Spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put your self under his Shrowd, the universal Landlord;

Cleo. What's your Name?

Thid. My Name is *Thidias*.

Cleo. Most kind Messenger;
Say to great *Cesar* this in disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring Hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crown at's Feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying Breath
I hear the doom of *Ægypt*.

[*Thid.*

Thid. 'Tis your noblest Course:
Wisdom and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No Chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My Duty on your Hand.

Cleo. Your *Cesar's* Father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his Lips on that unworthy place,
As it reign'd Kisses.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours! by *Jove* that thunders.

[*Seeing Thidias kiss her Hand.*

What art thou Fellow?

Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest Man, and worthiest
To have Command obey'd,

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there---ah you Kite! Now Gods and Devils!
Authority melts from me of late. When I cry'd ho!
Like Boys unto a Muff, Kings would start forth,
And cry Your Will. Have you no Ears?
I am *Antony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lion's Whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and Stars!

Whip him: were twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cesar*, should I find them
So sawcy with the Hand of she here, what's her Name
Since she was *Cleopatra* --- Whip him, Fellows---
'Till like a Boy you see him cringe his Face,
And whine aloud for Mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. Mark *Antony*---

Ant. Tug him away; being whipt,
Bring him again, the Jack of *Cesar's* shall
Bear us an Errand to him. [Exit with *Thidias.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you: Ha!
Have I my Pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful Race,
And by a Jem of Women, to be abus'd

250 *Antony and Cleopatra*

By one that looks on Feeders?

Cleo. Good, my Lord——

Ant. You have been a Boggler ever,
But when we in our Viciousness grew hard,
Oh misery on't, the wise Gods seal our Eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear Judgments, make us
Adore our Errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our Confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cesar's* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*, besides what hotter Hours
Unregistred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am sure,
Though you can guess what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take Rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My Play-fellow, your Hand; this Kingly Seal,
And plighter of high Hearts!—— O that I were
Upon the Hill of *Basan*, to out-roar
The horned Herd, for I have Savage Cause,
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd Neck, which does the Hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whip'd?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

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

Ser. He did ask Favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his Daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cesar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd, for following him. Henceforth
The white Hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
Shake to look on't. Go get thee back to *Cesar*,
Tell him thy Entertainment: look thou say,
He make me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,

And

'And at this time most easie 'tis to do't:
 When my good Stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their Orbs, and shot their Fires,
 Into the Abism of Hell. If he mislike
 My Speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
 Hence with thy stripes, be gone. [Exit Thid.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our Terrene Moon is now Eclips'd,
 And it portends alone the Fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter *Cesar*, would you mingle Eyes
 With one that ties his Points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, Dear, if I be so,
 From my cold Heart let Heav'n ingender Hail,
 And poison it in the Source, and the first Stone
 Drop in my Neck; as it determines, so
 Dissolve my Life; the next *Cesar*io smite,
 'Till by degrees the Memory of my Womb,
 Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
 By the discattering of this pelleted storm,
 Lie Graveless, 'till the Flies and Gnats of *Nile*
 Have buried them for Prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

Cesar sets down in *Alexandria*, where
 I will oppose his Fate. Our Force by Land
 Hath nobly held, and sever'd Navy too
 Have knit again, and Float, threat'ning most Sea-like:
 Where hast thou been, my Heart? dost thou hear, Lady?
 If from the Field I shall return once more
 To kiss these Lips, I will appear in Blood,
 I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when mine Hours

252 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Were nice and lucky, Men did ransome Lives
Of me for Jest; but now, I'll set my Teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy Night: Call to me
All my sad Captains, fill our Bowls; once more
Let's mock the Midnight Bell.

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

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to Night I'll force
The Wine peep through their Scars. Come on, my Queen,
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
I'll make Death love me: for I will contend
Even with his Pestilent Scythe. [*Exeunt.*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the Lightning; to be furious
Is to be frightened out of Fear, and in that Mood
The Dove will peck the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captain's Brain
Restores his Heart; when Valour preys on Reason,
It eats the Swords it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas with his Army.
Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs HE calls me Boy, and chides as he had Power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to Personal Combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time
Laugh at this Challenge.

Mec. *Cæsar* must think,

When

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no Breath, but now
Make boot of his Distraction: Never Anger
Made good Guard for it self.

Cas. Let our best Heads know,
That to Morrow the last of Battels
We mean to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the Army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Antony!* [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E II. Alexandria.

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

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitius.*

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better Fortune,
He is twenty Men to one.

Ant. To Morrow, Soldier,
By Sea and Land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honour in the Blood,
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

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

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Household Servants, let's to Night
Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our Meal. Give me thy Hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your Fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd Tricks which Sorrow shoots
Out of the Mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many Men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An Antony, that I might do you Service,

254. *Antony and Cleopatra.*

So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good Fellows, wait on me to Night;
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his Followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to Night;
May be it is the period of your Duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled Shadow. Perchance to Morrow,
You'll serve another Master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good Service, stay 'till Death:
Tend me to Night two Hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't.

Eno. What mean you, Sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, you weep.
And I, an As, am Onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to Women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall; my hearty Friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your Comfort; did desire you
To burn this Night with Torches: know, my Hearts,
I hope well of to-Morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious Life,
Than Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come,
And drown Consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 Sold. Brother, good Night: To Morrow is the Day,
2 Sold. It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the Streets?
1 Sold. Nothing: what News?
2 Sold. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good Night you.
1 Sold. Well, Sir, good Night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*
2 Sold.]

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful Watch.

1 Sold. And you, Good Night, good Night.

[They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.

2 Sold. Here we; and if to Morrow

Our Navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave Army, and full of Purpose.

[Musick of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.

2 Sold. Peace, what Noile?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Musick i'th' Air.

3 Sold. Under the Earth.

It sings well, do's it not?

2 Sold. No.

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

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

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other Watchmen

Do hear what we do?

2 Sold. How now, Masters? [Speak together.

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

1 Sold. Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, Masters? Do you hear?

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

Omnes. Content: 'tis strange. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armor, Eros.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my Chuck: Eros, come, mine Armour, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good Fellow, put thine Iron on;

If Fortune be not ours to Day, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

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

What's this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my Heart; False, false; This this,

Sooth-law I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant.

256 *Antony and Cleopatra*

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.

See'st thou, my good Fellow. Go put on thy Defences.

Eno. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please
To do't for our Repose, shall hear a Storm.
Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queen's Squire
More tight at this; Dispatch. O Love,
That thou couldst see my Wars to Day, and knew'st
The Royal Occupation, thou shouldst see
A Workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier,

Good Morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike Charge:
To Business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

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

Enter Captains and Soldiers:

Cap. The Morn is fair; good Morrow General.

All. Good Morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lad.

This Morning like the Spirit of a Youth
That means to be of Note, begins betimes.
So, so; Come give me that, what ere becomes of me,
Fare thee well, Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldier's kiss: rebukeable,
And worthy shameful Check it were, to stand
On more Mechanick Compliment, I'll leave thee,
Now, like a Man of Steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close, I'll bring you to't: Adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

Char. Please you to retire to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: that he and *Cesar* might
Determine this great War in single Fight;
Then *Antony* — but now — Well on. [*Exeunt.*]

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy Day to *Antony*.

Ant.

Ant. Would thou, and those thy Scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Soldier
That has this Morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy Heels.

Ant. Who's gone this Morning?

Eros. Who? one ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*;
He shall not hear thee, or from *Cæsar's* Camp
Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir, he is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe, gentle Adieus, and Greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more Cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest Men. Dispatch, *Eros*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *Cæsar's* Camp.

Enter *Cæsar*, *Agrippa*, with *Enobarbus*, and *Dolabella*.

Cæs. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the Fight:
Our Will is *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.

Ag. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous Day, the three-nook'd World
Shall bear the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Antony* is come into the Field.

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

Eno. *Alexas* doth revolt, and went to *Fewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perswade

Great

258 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
 And leave his Master *Antony*. For this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius* and the rest
 That fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable Trust: I have done ill,
 Of which I do accuse my self so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's:

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
 Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
 His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger
 Came on my Guard, and at thy Tent is now
 Unloading of his Mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, *Enobarbus*.

I tell you true: Best you see safe the Bringer
 Out of the Hoast: I must attend mine Office,
 Or would have done't my self. Your Emperor
 Continues still a *Jove*.

[*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,
 And feel I am so most. Oh *Antony*,
 Thou Mine of Bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
 My better Service, when my Turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with Gold. This bows my Heart;
 If swift Thought break it not, a swiftest mean
 Shall out-strike Thought; but Thought will do't, I feel.
 I fight against thee! — No, I will go seek
 Some Ditch, where I may die; the foul't best fits
 My latter part of Life.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa:

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too far:
Cæsar himself has Work, and our Oppression
 Exceeds what we expected.

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

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

Ant.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

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

Ant. They do retire.

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

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our Advantage serves
For a fair Victory.

Scar. Let us score their Backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take Hares behind,
'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

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

Scar. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp; run one before,
And let the Queen know of our Guests; to morrow
Before the Sun shall see's, we'll spill the Blood
That has to day escap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had been
Each Man's like mine; you have shewn all *Hectors.*
Enter the City, clip your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your Feats, whilst they with joyful Tears
Wash the congealment from your Wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy Hand. [*To Scarus.*

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Faiery I'll commend thy acts,
Make her Thanks bless thee. O thou day o'th' World,
Chain mine arm'd Neck, leap thou, Attire and all,
Through proof of Harness to my Heart, and there
Ride on the Pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The World's great Snare uncaught?

Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beat them to their Beds. What, Girl, though gray
Do

260 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha've
 A Brain that nourishes our Nerves, and can
 Get gole for gole of Youth. Behold this Man,
 Commend unto his Lips thy favouring Hand,
 Kiss it my Warrior: He hath fought to Day,
 As if a God in hate of Mankind had
 Destroyed in such a Shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, Friend,
 An Armour all of Gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
 Like holy *Phœbus* Car. Give me thy Hand,
 Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March,
 Bear our hackt Targets, like the Men that owe them;
 Had our great Palace the capacity
 To camp this Hoast, we all would sup together,
 And drink Carowfes to the next Day's Fate
 Which promises Royal Peril. Trumpeters
 With brazen din blast you the Cities Ear,
 Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
 That Heav'n and Earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our Approach. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter a Century, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this Hour,
 We must return to th' Court of Guard; the Night
 In shiny, and they say, we shall embattel
 By th' second Hour i'th' Morn.

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

Eno. Oh bear me witness Night.

2 Watch. What Man is this?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Eno: Be witness to me, O thou blessed Moon,
 When Men revolted shall upon Record
 Bear hateful Memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
 Before thy Face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus?*

3 Watch. Peace; hark further.

Eno.

Eno. Oh Sovereign Mistress of true Melancholy,
The poisonous Damp of Night dispunge upon me,
That Life, a very Rebel to my Will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my Heart
Against the flint and hardness of my Fault,
Which being dried with Grief, will break to Powder,
And finish all foul Thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my Revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own Particular,
But let the World rank me in Register
A Master-leaver, and a Fugitive:

Oh *Antony!* Oh *Antony!*

[Dies.]

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

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

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

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

1 Watch. Go we to him.

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

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The Hand of Death hath caught him.

[Drums afar off.]

Hark how the Drums demurely wake the Sleepers:
Let us bear him to th' Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our Hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their Preparation is to Day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' Fire, or in the Air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foot
Upon the Hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven: Further on,
Where their Appointment we may best discover,
And look on their Endeavour.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

262 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land;
Which as I take't we shall; for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best Advantage. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight.*

Enter Antony and Scarus.

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

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra's* Sails their Nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not——they cannot tell——look grimly,
And dare not speak their Knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts,
His fretted Fortunes give him Hope and Fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VII. Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul *Ægyptian* hath betray'd me!
My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder,
They cast their Caps up, and Carouse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my Heart
Makes only Wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone.
Oh Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
Do we shake Hands——All come to this!——The Hearts
That pannelled me at Heels, to whom I gave
Their Wishes, do dis-candy, melt their Sweets
On blossoming *Cæsar*: And this Pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soul of *Ægypt*! this grave Charm,
Whose Eye beck'd forth my Wars, and call'd them home:
Whose Bosom was my Crownet, my chief End,

Like

Like a right Gipsie, hath at fast and loose
 Beguil'd me; to the very Heart of loss.
 What *Eros, Eros!*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cæsar's* Triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to th' shouting *Plebeians*;
 Follow his Chariot, like the greatest Spot
 Of all thy Sex. Most Monster like be shewn
 For poor'st Diminutives, for Dolts; and let
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy Visage up
 With her prepared Nails. 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
 [Exit Cleopatra]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my Fury, for one Death
 Might have prevented many. *Eros, ho!*
 The Shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy Rage:
 Let me lodge *Licas* on the Horns o'th' Moon,
 And with those Hands that graspt the heaviest Club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The Witch shall die;
 To the young *Roman* Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under his Plot: She dies for't. *Eros, ho!* [Exit.]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my Women! Oh he is more mad
 Than *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boar of *Thessaly*
 Was never so imboist.

Char. To th' Monument, there lock your self,
 And send him Word you are dead:
 The Soul and Body rive not more in parting,
 Then Greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument;
Mardian, go tell him I have slain my self,
 Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,
 And word it, prithee, pitiously. Hence, *Mardian*,
 And bring me how he takes my Death to th' Monument.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE

264 Antony and Cleopatra.

SCENE VIII. Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a Cloud that's Dragonish,
A Vapour sometime, like a Bear, or Lion,
A tower'd Cittadel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain, or blue Promontory
With Trees upon't, that nod unto the World,
And mock our Eyes with Air. Thou hast seen these Signs;
They are black Vesper's Pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a Thought
The Rack dissimn's, and makes it indistinct
As Water is in Water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave, Eros, now thy Captain is
Even such a Body; here I am *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible Shape, my Knave.
I made these Wars for *Ægypt*, and the Queen,
Whose Heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't
A million more, now lost; she, *Eros*, has
Packt Cards with *Cæsar*, and false plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemy's Triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves. Oh the vile Lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*,
My Mistress lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence, sawcy Eunuch, Peace, she hath betraid me,
And she shall die the Death.

Mar. Death of one Person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done unto thy Hand; the last she spake
Was *Antony*! most noble *Antony*!

Then

Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
The Name of *Antony*; It was divided
Between her Heart and Lips; she rendred Life
Thy Name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long Day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe
Does pay thy Labour richly; go. Oh, pluck off,

[*Exit Mardian.*

The seven-fold Shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my Heart. Oh cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger than thy Continent. [*Unarming himself.*
Crack thy frail Case. Apace. *Eros*, apace,
No more a Soldier — bruised pieces go,
You have been nobly born; from me a while. [*Exit Eros.*
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture; since the Torch is out,
Lye down and stay no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does, yea, very force entangles
It self with strength; seal then and all is done.
Eros! — I come, my Queen — *Eros!* Stay for me.
Where Souls do couch on Flowers, we'll Hand in Hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghosts gaze;
Dido and her *Æneas* shall want Troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, *Eros*, *Eros!*

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my Baseness. I, that with my Sword
Quarter'd the World, and o'er green *Neptune's* Back
With Ships, made Cities, condemn my self, to lack
The Courage of a Woman; less noble minded
Than she which, by her Death, our *Cæsar* tells,
I am Conqueror of my self. Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th'inevitable Prosecution of Disgrace

And horreur, that on my command, thou then
 Wouldst kill me. Do't, the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'till *Cæsar* thou defeat'st,
 Put colour in my Cheek.

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

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
 Thy Master thus with pleacht Arms, bending down
 His corrigible Neck, his Face subdu'd
 To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate *Cæsar* drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a Wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest Sword which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
 To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
 Or thy precedent Services are all
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble Countenance,
 Wherein the worship of the whole World lyes.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.]

Eros. My Sword is drawn.

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

Eros. My dear Master,
 My Captain, and my Emperor. Let me say,
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, Man, and farewell.

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

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why there then—— [Eros kills himself.]
 Thus I do escape the Sorrow of *Antony's* Death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than my self,
 Thou teachest me, oh valiant *Eros*, what
 I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and *Eros*

Have

Have by their brave Instruction got upon me
 A nobleness in Record. But I will be
 A Bridegroom in my Death, and run into't
 As to a Lover's Bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
 Thy Master dies thy Scholar; to do thus [*Falling on his Sword*.
 I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead? —
 The Guard — how! — oh dispatch me.

Enter Decretas and Guard.

1 *Guard*. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my Work ill, Friends:
 O make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard*. The Star is fall'n.

1 *Guard*. And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe!

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

1 *Guard*. Not I.

2 *Guard*. Not I.

3 *Guard*. Nor any one. [*Exit*]

Dec. Thy Death and Fortunes bid thy Followers fly.
 This Sword but shewn to *Cesar* with this tidings,
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Dec. There, *Diomed*, there.

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

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? Draw thy Sword, and
 give me

Sufficing strokes for Death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,
 My Mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophesying Foe
 Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw,
 Which never shall be found, you did suspect
 She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your Rage
 Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead
 But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
 Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
 I dread, too late.

M 2

Ant.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard I prethee.

Dio. What ho! the Emperor's Guard.

The Guard, what ho! Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last Service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe! woe are we, Sir! you may not live to wear
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my Fellows, do not please sharp Fate
To grace it with your Sorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good Friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt bearing Antony.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE A Magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O H *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

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

Enter Diomedes.

How now? Is he dead?

Dio. His Death's upon him, but not dead:
Look out o'th' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Antony, born by the Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varying Shore o'th' World. O *Antony!* *Antony!* *Antony!*
Help

Help *Charmian*, help *Iras*, help; help, Friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cesar's* Valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumpht on himself:

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

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying; only
I here importune Death a while, until
Of many thousand Kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy Lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Dear,
Dear my Lord, pardon; I dare not,
Lest I be taken; not th'imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cesar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if Knife, Drugs, Serpents have;
Edge, Sting, or Operation, I am safe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest Eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But, come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my Women, we must draw thee up—
Assist, good Friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed; how heavy weighs my Lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* Power,
The strong wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fools. Oh come, come, come—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra:*
And welcome, welcome. Die when thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my Lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. Oh heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me some Wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high;
That the false Huswife, Fortune, break her Wheel,
Provok'd by my Offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

270 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Of *Cesar* seek your Honour, with your Safety——Oh——

Cleo. They do not not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me,

None about *Cesar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my Haads, I'll trust,
None about *Cesar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my End,
Lament nor sorrow at: But please your Thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd. The greatest Prince o'th' World,
The noblest once; and now not basely die,
Nor Cowardly, put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more——

[*Antony Dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of Men——woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me?, shall I abide
In this dull World, which in thy Absence is
No better than a Stye? O see, my Women!
The Crown o'th' Earth doth melt——My Lord!——
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the War,
The Soldiers Pole is fall'n: Young Boys and Girls
Are level now with Men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visiting Moon.

[*She faints.*

Char. Oh quietness, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Sovereign.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal *Ægypt*! Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*.

Cleo. No more but a meer Woman, and commanded
By such poor Passion, as the Maid that milks,
And does the meanest Chares. It were for me
To throw my Scepter at th' injurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equal theirs,
'Till they had stoln our Jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is sottish, and Impatience does
Become a Dog that's mad: Then is it Sin,

To

To rush into the secret House of Death,
 Ere Death dare come to us? How do you, Women?
 What, what good cheer? why how now, *Charmian*?
 My noble Girls? — Ah, Women, Women! Look,
 Our Lamp is spent, it's out — Good Sirs, take Heart,
 We'll bury him: And then what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do't after the high *Roman* Fashion,
 And make Death proud to take us. Come, away,
 This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
 Ah, Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend,
 But Resolution, and the briefest End.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's Body.*]

S C E N E VII. *Cæsar's Camp.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and Menas.

Cæs. Go to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
 Being so frustrate, tell him,
 He mocks the pawses that he makes.

Dol. *Cæsar*, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the Sword of Antony.

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

Dec. I am called *Decretas*,
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
 Best to be serv'd; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
 He was my Master, and I wore my Life
 To spend upon his Haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee; as I was to him,
 I'll be to *Cæsar*: If thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my Life.

Cæs. What is't thou sayest?

Dec. I say, Oh *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
 A greater Crack. The round World
 Should have shook Lions into civil Streets,
 And Citizens to their Dens. The Death of *Antony*
 Is not a single Doom, in the Name lay
 A moiety of the World.

272 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Dec. He is dead, *Cesar*,
Not by a publick Minister of Justice,
Nor by a hired Knife: but that self-hand
Which writ his Honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the Heart did lend it
Splitted the Heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his Wound of it: Behold it stain'd
With his most noble Blood.

Ces. Look you, sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is a Tiding
To wash the Eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
The Nature must compell us to lament
Our most persisted Deeds.

Men. His Taints and Honours weigh'd equal in him:

Dol. A rarer Spirit never
Did steer Humanity; but you Gods will give us
Some Faults to make us Men. *Cesar* is touch'd.

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

Ces. O *Antony*!
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining Day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together,
In the whole World. But yet let me lament
With Tears as Sovereign as the Blood of Hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all Design, my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the Front of War,
The Arm of mine own Body, and the Heart
Where mine his Thoughts did kindle; that our Stars
Unreconcilable, should divide our Equalness to this.
Hear me, good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season——
The Business of this Man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter an Egyptian.

Ægypt. A poor *Ægyptian* yet; the Queen my Mistress
Confin'd in all she has, her Monument,

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

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

Ægypt: The Gods preserve thee. [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither *Proculeius*, go and say
We purpose her no Shame; give her what Comforts
The Quality of her Passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness, by some mortal Stroke
She do defeat us: For her Life in *Rome*
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

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

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

All. *Dolabella*.

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

SCENE VIII. *The Monument.*

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

Cleo. My Desolation does begin to make
A better Life, 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's Knave,
A Minister of her Will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other Deeds,
Which shackles Accidents, and bolts up Change,
Which sleeps, and never pallats more the Dung,
The Beggar's Nurse, and *Cæsar's*.

274 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Enter Proculeius,

Pro. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*
And bids thee study on what fair Demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy Name?

Pro. My Name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no use for trusting. If your Master
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep *decorum*, must
No less beg than a Kingdom: If he please
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:

You're falln into a princely Hand, fear nothing;
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for Grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassal, and I send him
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' Face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear Lady,
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
Guard her 'till *Cæsar* come.

Iras. Royal Queen.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken, Queer!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good Hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:

Do not your self such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo.

Cleo. What of Death too that rids our Dogs of languish?

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Master's Bounty, by Th'undoing of your self: Let the World see His Nobleness well acted, which your Death Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: Oh! Come, and take the Queen Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no Meat, I'll not drink, Sir: If idle Talk will once be necessary, I'll not sleep neither. This mortal House I'll ruin, Do *Cesar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I Will not wait pinion'd at your Master's Court, Not once to be chastis'd with the sober Eye Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up, And shew me to the shouting Varlotry Of censuring *Rome*? rather a Ditch in *Ægypt*, But gentle, Grave, unto me: rather on *Nilus* Mud Lay me stark-nak'd, and let the water-Flies Blow me into abhorring: rather make My Country's high *Pyramides* my Gibbet. And hang me up in Chains.

Pro. You do extend These Thoughts of horror further than you shall Find Cause in *Cesar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou hast done, my Master *Cesar* knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my Guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her:
To *Cesar* I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him. [Exit *Proculeius*.]

Cleo. Say, I would die.

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:

You

276 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

You laugh when Boys or Women tell their Dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperor *Antony*;
Oh such another Sleep, that I might see
But such another Man.

Dol. If it might please ye——

Cleo. His Face was as the Heav'ns, and therein stuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their Course, and lighted
The little o' th' Earth.

Dol. Most Sovereign Creature——

Cleo. His Legs bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arm
Crested the World: his Voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no Winter in't. An *Antony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his Delights
Were Dolphin like, they shew'd his Back above
The Element they liv'd in; In his Livery
Walk'd Crowns and Crownets: Realms and Islands
As Plates dropt from his Pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra*——

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be such a Man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vy strange Forms with Fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Antony* were Nature's piece, 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning Shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:

Your Loss is as your self, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'er-take pursu'd Success, but I do feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that suits
My very Heart at Root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir,
Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol.

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable.

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dol. Madam; he will, I know't.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius and Attendants.

All. Make way there — *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Ægypt?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam.

[*Cleo. kneels,*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you rise, rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard Thoughts,
The Record of what Injuries you did us,
Though written in our Flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot project mine own Cause so well
To make it clear, but do confes I have
Been laden with like Frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cæs. *Cleopatra,* know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce:
If you apply your self to our Intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antony's Course, you shall bereave your self
Of my good Purposes, and put your Children
To that Destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the World: 'tis yours, and we
Your Scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good Lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me of all, *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. This is the brief: of Mony, Plate, and Jewels
I am possess of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here Madam.

Cleo.

278 Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speak, my Lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To my self nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my Lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cas. Nay, blush not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your Wisdom in the Deed.

Cleo. See *Cesar*! Oh behold,
How Pomp is followed: mine will now be yours,
And should we shift Estates, yours would be mine.
The Ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Even make me wild. Oh Slave, of no more Trust
Than Love that's hir'd. What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine Eyes
Though they had Wings. Slave, Sou'-less, Villain, Dog,
O rarely base!

Cas. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cesar*, what a wounding Shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own Servant should
Parcel the sum of my Disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy! Say, good *Cesar*,
That I some Lady-trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment Toys, things of such Dignity
As we greet modern Friends withal, and say
Some Nobler Token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their Mediation, must I be unfolded
By one that I have bred? the Gods! it smites me
Beneath the Fall I have. Prithee go hence,
Or I shall shew the Cynders of my Spirits
Through th'ashes of my Chance: Wert thou a Man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cas. Forbear, *Seleucus*.

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others Merits, in our Names

Are

Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put me i'th' Roll of Conquest, still be't yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe
Cæsar's no Merchant to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your Thoughts your Prisons: No, dear Queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Your self shall give us counsel: Feed, and Sleep.
Our Care and Pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cæs. Not so: Adieu. [Exeunt Cæsar, and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, Girls, he words me,
That I should not be noble to my self.
But hark thee, *Charmian*.

Iras. Finish, good Lady, the bright Day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.

I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste,

Char. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir.

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your command,
Which my Love makes Religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his Journey, and within three Days,
You with your Children will he send before;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your Pleasure and my Promise.

Cleo. Dolabella, I shall remain your Debtor.

Dol. I your Servant.

Adieu, good Queen, I must attend on *Cæsar*. [Exit.]

Cleo. Farewel, and thank. Now, *Iras*, what think'st thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* Puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I: Mechanick Slaves

With

280 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

With greasie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick Breaths,
Rank of gross Diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their Vapour,

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*: sawcy Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scall'd Rhimers
Ballad us out a tune. The quick Comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* Revels: *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some speaking *Cleopatra* Boy my Greatness
I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for am sure my Nails
Are stronger than mine Eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way
To fool their Preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd Intents. Now *Charmian*.

Enter Charmian.

Shew me my Women like a Queen: Go fetch
My best Attires. I am again for *Cidnus*
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go,
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till Dooms-day: bring our Crown, and all.

[*A Noise within.*

Wherefore this Noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness Presence,
He brings you Figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an Instrument

[*Exit Guardsman.*

May do a noble Deed; he brings me Liberry.
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of Woman in me; now from Head to Foot
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter

Antony and Cleopatra. 281

Enter Guardsman, and Clown with a Basket.

Guards. This is the Man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

Hast thou the pretty Worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the Party
that should desire you to touch him. for his biting is
immortal: those that do die of it, do seldom or never re-
cover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many Men and Women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than Yesterday, a very honest Wo-
man, but something given to lie, as a Woman should not
do, but in the way of Honesty. How she dy'd of the bi-
ting of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very
good report o'th' Worm: but he that will believe all that
they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but
this is most fallible, the Worm's an odd Worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the Worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the Worm
will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the Worm is not to be trusted, but
in the keeping of wise People, for indeed there is no
goodness in the Worm.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is
not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know
the Devil himself will not eat a Woman: I know, that a
Woman is a Dish for the Gods, if the Devil dress her not.
But truly, these same whore-son Devils do the Gods great
harm in their Women: for in every ten that they make,
the Devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. Yes forsooth, I wish you joy o'th' Worm. [*Exit.*]

Cleo.

282 Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypt's* Grape shall moist his Lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick — methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rowse himself
To praise my noble Act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give Men
To excuse their After-Wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that Name, my Courage prove my Title.
I am Fire, and Air; my other Elements
I give to baser Life. So — have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lips.
Farewel kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewel.

[Applying the Asp.

Have I the Aspick in my Lips? Dost fall?
If thou and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of Death is as a Lovers Pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still?
If thus thou vanquishest, thou tell'st the World
It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Dissolve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base —
If she approves the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that Kiss
Which is my Heav'n to have. Come thou mortal Wretch
With thy sharp Teeth this Knot intricate
Of Life at once untie: Poor venomous Fool,
Be angry and dispatch. Oh couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* As, unpolicied:

Char. Oh Eastern Star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my Baby at my Breast,
That sucks the Nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as Balm, as soft as Air, as gentle:
O *Antony*! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay —

[Dies.

Char. In this wild World? so fare thee well:
Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes

A Lais unparallel'd. Downy Windows close,
And Golden *Phæbus* never be beheld
Of Eyes again so Royal: Your Crowns awry,
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard rushing in.

1 *Guard*. Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard*. *Cæsar* hath sent——

[Charmian and Iras apply the Asp;

Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard*. Approach ho!

All's not well. *Cæsar's* beguil'd.

2 *Guard*. There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call him.

1 *Guard*. What work is here, *Charmian*? Is this well done?

Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princess

Descended of so many Royal Kings.

Ah Soldiers!——

[Charmian and Iras die.]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard*. All dead. . . .

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy Thoughts

Touch their Effects in this; thy self art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou

So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an Augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,

She levell'd at our Purposes, and being Royal

Took her own Way; the Manner of their Deaths?

I do not see them Bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them.

1 *Guard*. A simple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Gent*. Oh *Cæsar*!

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:

284 *Antony and Cleopatra.*

I found her trimming up the Diadem,
On her dead Mistress, tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cesar. Oh noble Weakness!

If they had swallow'd Poison, 'twould appear
By external Swelling; but she looks like sleep.
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong Toil of Grace.

Dol. Here on her Breast

There is a vent of Blood, and something blown;
The like is on her Arm,

Guard. This is an Aspick's Trail,

And these Fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' Aspick leaves upon the Caves of Nyle.

Ces. Most probable

That so she died; for her Physician tells me
She hath pursu'd Conclusions infinite

Of easie ways to die: Take up her Bed,

And bear her Women from the Monument;

She shall be buried by her *Antony*.

No Grave upon the Earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High Events as these

Strike those that make them; and their Story is

No less in Pity, than his Glory, which

Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall,

In solemn shew, attend this Funeral,

And then to *Rome*: Come, *Dolabella*, see

High Order in this great Solemnity.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]





CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Cymbeline, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately Married to her.*

Guiderius, & **Arviragus,** *Disguis'd under the Names of Polidore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.*

Bellarius, *a Banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the Name of Morgan.*

Philario, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *Friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

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

SCENE, *for some Part of the first, second, and third Acts, lyes in Rome; for the rest of the Play in Britain.*



CTM.



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

I GENTLEMAN.



YOU do not meet a Man but frowns.
Our Bloods
No more obey the Heav'ns than our
Courtiers;
But seem, as do's the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His Daughter, and the Heir
of's Kingdom (whom

He purpos'd to his Wife's sole Son, a Widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded.
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward Sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very Heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their Faces to the bent
Of the King's Looks, hath a Heart, that is not

Glad

Glad at the thing they scoul at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing Too bad, for bad Report: And he that hath her, (I mean, that marry'd her, alack good Man, And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such, As to seek through the Regions of the Earth For one, his like; there would be something failing In him, that should compare. I do not think, So fair an outward, and such stuff within Endows a Man, but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself, Crush him together, rather than unfold H's Measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his Name and Birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the Root: His Father Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his Honour Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*, But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Success; So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*. And had, besides this Gentleman in question, Two other Sons, who in the Wars o'th' time Dy'd with their Swords in Hand. For which their Father, Then old, and fond of Issue, took such Sorrow That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady Big of this Gentleman, our Theam, deceas'd, As he was born. The King, he takes the Babe To his Protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*; Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learnings that his Time Could make him the Receiver of, which he took As we do Air, fast as 'twas ministred, And in's Spring became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd, A Sample to the youngest; to th' more Mature, A Glas that featur'd them; and to the Graver, A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress, (For whom he now is banish'd) her own Price

Preclaims

Proclaims how she esteem'd him. And his Virtue
By her Election may be truly read,
What kind of Man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me. is she sole Child to th' King?

1 *Gent.* His only Child.

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three Years old,
I'th' swathing Cloaths the other, from their Nursery
Were stol'n, and to this Hour, no guess in Knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty Years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's Children should be so convey'd!
So slackly Guarded, and the Search so slow
That could not trace them——

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

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, Daughter,
After the Slander of most Step-Mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the Keys
That lock up your Restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet.
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience
Your Wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to Day.

Queen. You know the Peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The Pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O dissembling Courtesie! How fine this Tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest Husband,
 I something fear my Father's Wrath, but nothing
 (Always reserv'd my holy Duty) what
 His Rage can do on me. You must be gone,
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry Eyes: Not comforted to live
 But that there is this Jewel in the World,
 That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
 O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more Tenderness
 Than doth become a Man. I will remain
 The loyall'st Husband, that did e'er plight Troth,
 My Residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
 Who to my Father was a Friend, to me
 Known but by Letter; thither write, my Queen,
 And with mine Eyes I'll drink the Words you send,
 Though Ink be made of Gal!

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
 If the King come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure---yet I'll move him [*Aside*]
 To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my Injuries, to be Friends,
 Pays dear for my Offences. [*Exit*]

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

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
 Were you but riding forth to Air your self,
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
 This Diamond was my Mother's; take it, Heart,
 But keep it 'till you woo another Wife,
 When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another!
 You gentle gods, give me, but this I have,
 And tear up my Embracements from a next
 With Bonds of Death. Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*]
 While Sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,

As

As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss : So in our Trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love, I'll place it

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm]

Upon this fairest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my Sight :
If after this Command thou fraught the Court
With thy Unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt Poison to my Blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good Remainers of the Court:
I am gone.

[Exit]

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

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my Youth, thou heap'st
A Year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your Vexation,
I am senseless of your Wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past Hope, and in Despair, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole Son of my Queen?

Imo. O best that I might not! I chose an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my Throne
A Seat for Baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added
A Lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A Man, worth any Woman; over-buys me
Almost the Sum he pays

Cym. What? art thou Mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; Heav'n Restore me: would I were
A Neat-herd's Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your Patience; Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some Comfort
Out of your best Advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of Blood aday, and being aged
Die of this Folly.

[*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir? What News?

Pis. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.

Queen. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done?

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

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile: O brave Sir,
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My self by with a Needle, that I might prick
The Goer back. Why came you from your Master?

Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the Haven: Left these Notes
Of what Commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remain so,

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

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

You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.

For this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: Where Air comes out, Air comes in: There's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

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

2 Lord. No faith: Not so much as his Patience.

1 Lord. Hurt him? His Body's a passable Carcass if he be not hurt. It is thorough-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His Steel was in debt, it went o'th' Back-side the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.

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

1 Lord. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many Inches as you have Oceans, Puppies!

Clot. I wou'd they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a Fool you were upon the Ground.

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

2 Lord. If it be a Sin to make a true Election, she's damn'd.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I have seen small reflection of her Wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

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

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

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the Shores o'th' Haven,
And questioned'st every Sail: If he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd Mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long
And as he could make me with his Eyes, or Ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fit and stirs of's Mind
Could best express how slow his Soul sail'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a Crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine Eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to look upon him; 'till the Diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a Gnat, to Air; and then
Have turn'd mine Eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next Vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain Hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Oraisons, for then
I am in Heav'n for him; or ere I could

Give

Give him that parting Kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming Words, comes in my Father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness Company.

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

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French Man.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*; he was then of a Crescent, none expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the Name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his Endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

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

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm Eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her Value, than his own, wounds him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his Banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the Approbation of those, that weep this lamentable Divorce under her Colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her Judgment, which else an easie Battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without more Quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps Acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my Life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be so entertained amongst.

mongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his Quality. I beseech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble Friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in *Orleance*.

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

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

Post. By your Pardon, Sir, I was then a young Traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every Action to be guided by other experiences; but upon my mended Judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords; and by such two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have slain both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the Difference?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a Contention in publick, which may, without Contradiction, suffer the Report. It was much like an Argument that fell out last Night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman at that time vouching, and upon Warrant of bloody Affirmation, his to be more Fair, Virtucus, Wise, Chast, Constant, Qualified, and less attemptable than any, the rarest of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's Opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her Virtue still, and I my Mind.

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

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess my self her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of Hand in Hand
Com-

Comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britany*: if she went before others, I have seen; as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could not believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

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

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the World enjoys.

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

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were Wealth enough for the Purchase, or Merit for the Gift. The other is not a thing for Sale, and only the Gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in Title yours; but, you know, strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stoln too; so your Brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning Thief, or a, that way, accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my Heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no Stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five time so much Conversation, I should get Ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and Opportunity to Friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my Opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your Offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

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

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse; though your Attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a Punishment too.

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

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbours, on th' Approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more Advantage than the Opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that Honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and therein the wiser; if you buy Ladies Flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a Custom in your Tongue; you bear a graver Purpose, I hope.

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

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond 'till your return; let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy things. I dare you to this Match; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not sufficient Testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress; my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such Honour as you have trust in; she your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours, provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer; if you make your Voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our Debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill Opinion, and th' Assault you have made to her Chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your Hand, a Covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful Counsel, and straight away for *Britain*, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Viol.

Queen. While yet the Dew's on Ground gather those Flowers.

Make haste. Who has the Note of them?

Ladies. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those Drugs?

Cor. Pleaseh your Highness, Ay; here they are, Madam; But I beseech your Grace, without Offence My Conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing Death; But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor, Thou ask'st me such a Question; have I not been Thy Pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how To make Perfumes? Distil? Preserve? Yea so, That our great King himself doth woe me oft For my Confections? Having thus far proceeded,

Unles

Unless thou think'st me devilish, is it not meet
That I did amplify my Judgment in
Other Conclusions? I will try the Forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the Vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their several Virtues, and Effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this Practice, but make hard your Heart;
Besides, the seeing these Effects will be,
Both noysome and infectious.

Queen. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him [*Aside.*]
Will I first work; he's for his Master,
An Enemy to my Son. How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your Service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam. [*Aside.*]
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a Word. [*To Pisanio.*]

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring Poisons; I do know her Spirit,
And will not trust one of her Malice, with
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a while,
Which first perchance she'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No Danger in what shew of Death it makes,
More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false Effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further Service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

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

Queen. Weeps she still, sayest thou? Dost thou think in
time

She will not quench, and let Instructions enter

Where

Where Folly now possesses? do thou work;
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
 I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy Master; greater; for
 His Fortunes all lye speechless, and his Name
 Is at last Gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is; to shift his Being,
 Is to exchange one Misery with another,
 And every Day that comes, comes to decay
 A Day's Work in him. What shalt thou expect
 To be depend on a thing that leans?
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
 So much, as but to prop him? thou takest up

[Pisanio looking on the Viol.

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy Labour,
 It is a thing I make, which hath the King
 Five times redeem'd from Death; I do not know
 What is more Cordial. Nay I prithee take it,
 It is an earnest of a farther good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how
 The Case stands with her; do't, as from thy self:
 Think what a Chance thou chancest on, but think
 Thou hast thy Mistress still; to boot, my Son,
 Who shall take Notice of thee. I'll move the King
 To any Shape of thy Preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly
 That set thee on to this Desert, am bound
 To load thy Merit richly. Call my Women. [Exit Pisanio]
 Think on my Words — A slye, and constant Knave,
 Not to be shak'd; the Agent for his Master,
 And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
 The Hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that;
 Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of Leidgers for her Sweet; and which she after,
 Except she bend her Humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done;
 The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prim-Roses;
 Bear to my Closet; fare thee well, Pisanio,

Think

Think on my Words.

[*Ex. Queen and Ladies.*]

Pisa. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for you.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
'A foolish Suitor to a wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd—O, that Husband!
My supream Crown of Grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it—had I been Thief-stoln,
As my two Brothers, happy; but most miserable
Is the Desire that's Glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean so e'er, that have their honest Wills,
Which Seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

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

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of Door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a Mind so rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* Bird; and I
Have lost the Wager. Boldness be my Friend;
Arm me Audacity from Head to Foot.
Or like the *Parthian* I shall flying Fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the Noblest Note, to whose Kindnesses I am
most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value
your Trust.*

Leonatus,

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my Heart
Is warmed by th' rest, and take it thankfully—

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

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady;

What,

What, are Men mad? hath Nature given them Eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above. and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach? and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your Admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' Eye; for Apes, and Monkeys,
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i'th' Judgment;
For Idcots in this Case of Favour, would
Be wisely definit. Nor in the Appetite,
Sluttery to such neat Excellence oppos'd,
Should make Desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the Matter trow?

Iach. The cloyed Will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd Desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage——

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

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well; beseech you, Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange and peevish.

[To Pisanio.]

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

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His Health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

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

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

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

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one

An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
 A Gallian-Girl at home. He Furnaces
 The thick sides from him; whiles the jolly Britain,
 Your Lord I mean, laughs from's free Lungs, cries oh!
 Can my Sides hold, to think, that Man who knows
 By History, Report, or his own Proof
 What Woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
 But must be, will his free Hours languish,
 For assur'd Bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in Flood with Laughter.
 It is a Recreation to be by
 And hear him mock the Frenchman:
 But Heav'ns know some Men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'ns Bounty towards him
 might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much;
 In you, which I account his beyond all Talents,
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound,
 To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wrack discern you in me
 Deserves your Pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what
 To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
 I'th' Dungeon by a Snuff?

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

Iach. That others do,
 I was about to say, enjoy your — but
 It is an Office of the Gods to venge it,
 Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
 Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more,
 Than to be sure they do; For Certainties

Either

Either are past Remedies; or timely knowing,
The Remedy then born; Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this Cheek
To bath my Lips upon; this Hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's Soul
To th' Oath of Loyalty; this Object, which
Takes Prisoner the wild Motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs
That mount the Capitol? join Gripes, with Hands
Made hard with hourly Falshood as with Labour?
Then glad my self by peeping in an Eye
Base and unlustrious as the smoaky Light
That's fed with stinking Tallow? it were fit
That all the Plagues of Hell should at one time
Encoun'er such Revolt.

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

Iach. And himself; not I
Inclin'd to this Intelligence, pronounce
The Beggary of his Change; but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my Tongue,
Charms this Report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt Soul! your Cauſe doth ſtrike my Heart
With Pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſtned to an Empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double; to be partner'd
With Tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf Exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield! with diſeaſ'd Venters
To play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſs can lend Nature! Such boyl'd ſtuff
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd
Or ſhe that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

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

How

How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold Sheets;
Whiles he is Vaulting variable Ramps
In your Despight. upon your Purse; revenge it.
I dedicate my self to your sweet Pleasure,
More Noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho. *Pisanio!*——

Iach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.

Imo. Away. I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Report, as thou from Honour; and
Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, *Pisanio!*——
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault; if he shall think it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a *Romish* Stew, and to Expound
His beastly Mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio!*——

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
The Credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy Trust, and thy most perfect Goodness
Her assur'd Credit; blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon:
I have spoke this, to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Half all Mens Hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends,

Iach.

Iach. He sits 'mongst Men, like a descended God;
 He hath a kind of Honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try your taking of a false Report, which hath
 Honour'd with Confirmation your great Judgment,
 In the Election of a Sir, so rare,
 Which you know cannot err. The Love I bear him,
 Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your Pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my Power i'th' Court for
 yours.

Iach. My humble Thanks; I had almost forgot
 T'intreat your Grace, but in a small Request,
 And yet of Moment too, for it concerns
 Your Lord; my self, and other Noble Friends
 Are Partners in the Business.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord;
 The best Feather of our Wing, have mingled Sums
 To buy a Present for the Emperor:
 Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done
 In *France*; 'tis Plate of rare Device, and Jewels
 Of rich and exquisite Form, their Values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange,
 To have them in safe stowage: May it please you
 To take them in Protection.

Imo. Willingly;
 And pawn mine Honour for their Safety, since
 My Lord hath Interest in them, I will keep them
 In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunk
 Attended by my Men: I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this Night;
 I must aboard to Morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: Or I shall short my Word:
 By length'ning my Return. From *Gallia*,
 I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
 To see your Grace.

Imo.

Imo. I thank you for your Pains;
But not away to Morrow.

Iach. O, I must Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to Night,
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To th'tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exit.*]

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

S C E N E *A Palace.*

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. **W**AS there ever Man had such luck! when I
kiss'd the *Jack* upon an Up-cast, to be hit a-
way! I had an Hundred Pound on't; and then a whorson
Jack-an-Apes must take me up for Swearing, as if I bor-
row'd mine Oaths of him, and might not spend them at
my Pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his Pate
with your Bowl.

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

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
for any Standers by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord: Nor crop the Ears of them.

Clot. Whorson Dog! I give him Satisfaction? Would
he had been one of my Rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a Fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the Earth,----a
Pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am; they dare
not Fight with me; because of the Queen my Mother; every
Jack-slave hath his Belly fully of Fighting, and I must go
up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.

2 Lord.

2 Lord. You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you crow Cōck, with your Comb on. [Aside.

Clot. Say'st thou?

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

Clot. No, I know that: But it is fit I should commit Offence to my Inferiors.

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

Clot. Why so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to Night?

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

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

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

Clot. *Leonatus!* A banish'd Rascal; and he's another, wheresoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's Pages.

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

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being Foolish, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: What I have lost to day at Bowls, I'll win to Night of him. Come; go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship. [Exit Clot.

That such a crafty Devil as is his Mother,
Should yield the World this Ass; A Woman, that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
Cannot take two from twenty for his Heart,
And leave Eighteen. Alas poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourly coining Plots; a Wooer,
More hateful than the foul Expulsion is
Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
Of the divorce——he'll make the Heav'ns hold firm
The Walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd
That Temple thy fair Mind, that thou may'st stand;
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord: And this great Land. [Exit]

SCENE II. *A magnificent Bedchamber,
one part of it a large Trunk.*

Imogen is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? My Woman *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, Madam —

Imo. What Hour is it?

Lady. Almost Midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three Hours then, mine Eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left; to Bed —

Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o'th' Clock,

I prithee call me — Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*

To your Protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fairies, and the Tempters of the Night,

Guard me, beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo rises from the Trunk.*

Iach. The Crickets sing, and Man's o'er-labour'd Sense
Repairs it self by Rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed! Fresh Lilly,
And whiter than the Sheets! That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss — Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't — 'Tis her Breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: The Flame o'th' Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her Lids,
To see th' inclosed Lights, now Canopy'd
Under the Windows, White and Azure, lac'd
With Blue of Heav'n's own tinct — but my Design's
To Note the Chamber — I will write all down,
Such, and such Pictures — there the Window, — such
Th' Adornment of her Bed — the Arras, Figures —
Why such, and such — and the Contents o'th' Story —
Ah, but some natural Notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testify, t' enrich mine Inventory.
O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,

Thus

Thus in a Chappel lying. Come off, come off.—

[Taking off her Bracelet.]

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the Conscience do's within,
 To th'madding of her Lord. On her left Breast
 A Mole Cinque-spotted—Like the Crimson Drops
 I'th' bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,
 Stronger than ever Law could make: This Secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the Lock, and ta'en
 The Treasure of her Honour. No more—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my Memory. She hath been reading late,
 The Tale of *Teyess*, here the Leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomele* gave up----I have enough,
 To th' Trunk again, and shut the Spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the Night, that dawning
 May bear the Raven's Eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here. [Clock strikes]
 One, two, three: Time, time.

[He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.]

S C E N E III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient Man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any Man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every Man patient, after the noble Tem-
 per of your Lordship; you are most hot and furious, when
 you win.

Clot. Winning will put any Man into Courage: If I
 could get this foolish *Imogen*, I shall have Gold enough:
 It's almost Morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musick would come: I am advised
 give her Musick a Mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, Tune; if you can penetrate here with your Fin-
 gering, so; we'll try with Tongue too; if none will do,
 let

let her remain: But I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet Air, with admirable rich Words to it, and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His Steeds to Water at those Springs
On chalic'd Flow'rs that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden Eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone---if this penetrate, I will consider your Musick the better: If it do not, it is a Vice in her Ears, which Horse-Hairs, and Cats Guts, nor the Voice of un-pay'd Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the Reason I was up so early: He cannot chuse but take this Service I have done; Fatherly. Good Morrow to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the Door of our stern Daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musicks, but she vouchsafes no Notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must wear the Print of his Remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no Vantages, that may Prefer you to his Daughter: Frame your self To orderly Solicits, and befriended With aptness of the Season; make Denials Encrease your Services; so seem, as if You are inspir'd to do those Duties which You tender to her: That you in all obey her,

Save

Save when Command to your Dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no Fault of his: We must receive him
According to the Honour of his Sender,
And towards himself, his Goodness fore-spent on
We must extend our Notice: Our dear Son,
When you have given good Morning to your Mistress,
Attend the Queen, and us, we shall have need
T'employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen.
[*Exeunt.*]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream: By your leave ho!
I know her Women are about her——what
If I do line one of their Hands——'Tis Gold
Which buys Admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their Deer to th' stand o' th' Stealer: And 'tis Gold
Which makes the True man kill'd, and saves the Thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both Thief, and True-man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her Women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the Case my self.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Son.

Lady. That's more

Than iome whose Tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your Lordship's Pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's Person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good Report.

Lady. How, my good Name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good Morrow Fairest, Sister your sweet Hand.

Imo. Good Morrow; Sir, you lay out too much Pains
For purchasing but Trouble: the Thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of Thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you:

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

Clot. This is no Answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me, Faith
I shall unfold equal Discourtesie
To your best Kindness: One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, Forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your Madness, 'twere my Sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad Folks.

Clot. Do you call me Fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry; Sir,
You put me to forget a Lady's Manners
By being so verbal: And learn now, for all,
That I which know my Heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of Charity
To accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You Sin against
Obedience, which you owe your Father; for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold Dishes,
With scraps o'th' Court, it is no Contract, none;
And though it be allow'd in meaner Parties,
Yet who than he more mean, to knit their Souls
On whom there is no more dependency
But Brats and Beggary, in self-figur'd knot,

Yet

Yet you are curb'd from that Enlargement, by
The consequence o'th' Crown, and must not foil
The precious Note of it; with a base Slave,
A Hilding for a Livery, a Squire's Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow:

Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*; and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his Groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your Virtues, to be skil'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The South-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more Mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clipt his Body, is dearer
In my respect, than all the Hairs above thee,
Were they all made such Men. How now, *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the Devil.

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my Woman, hyc thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Fowl,
Frighted, and angred worse—Go bid my Woman
Search for a Jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine Arm---it was thy Master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenue
Of any King's in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this Morning; confident I am,
Last Night 'twas on my Arm; I kifs'd it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I Kifs ought but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me---His meanest Garment?---

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call Witnesses to't.

Clot. I will inform your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too;

She's my good Lady; and will Conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of Discontent.

[Exit.]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;
His meanest Garment?— Well.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV. Rome.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

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

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present Winter's state, and wish
That warmer Days would come; in these fear'd Hopes
I barely gratifie your Love; they failing
I must die much your Debtor.

Phi. Your very Goodness, and your Company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute; send th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their Grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-learing *Britain*, than have Tidings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are Men more order'd than when *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lack of Skill, but found their Courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline,
Now mingled with their Courages, will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the World.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts have posted you by Land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,

To

To make your Vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the Briefness of your Answer, made
The speediness of your Return

Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that ever I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her Beauty
Look through a Casement to allure false Hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their Tenure good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

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

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

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the Worth of it in Gold;
I'll make a Journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second Night of such sweet Shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.

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

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

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your Loss, your Sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep Covenant; had I not brought
The Knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant
We were to Question farther; but I now
Profess my self the winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring; and not the Wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your Wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in Bed; my Hand,

And Ring is yours. If not, the foul Opinion
You had of her poor Honour, gains, or loses
Your Sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

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

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber,
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth Watching, it was hang'd
With Tapestry of Silk and Silver; the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cidnus* swell'd above the Banks, or for
The Prefs of Boats, or Pride: A piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought,
Since the true Life on't was —

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

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my Knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your Honour Injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chast *Dian*, bathing; never saw I Figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise read,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roof o'th' Chamber
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons,

I had forgot them, were two winking *Cupids*
Of Silver, each on one Foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honour;
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and praise
Be given to your Remembrance, the Description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The Wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [Pulling out the Bracelets.]
Be Pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your Diamond. I'll keep them.

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

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

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

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine Eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour,
Where there is Beauty, Truth, where Semblance, Love,
Where there's another Man. The Vows of Women
Of no more Bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing;
O, above Measure false!—

Phi. Have Patience, Sir,
And take your Ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her Women, being corrupted;
Hath stoln it from her.

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

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

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears:
'Tis true——nay keep the Ring——'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her Attendants are
All sworn and honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a Stranger!——no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her Incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the Name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you,

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

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

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

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

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your Arithmetick.
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
'Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i'th' Court, before
Her Father——I'll do something——

[*Exit.*

Phil. Quite besides
The Government of Patience. You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present Wrath

He

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable Man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where,
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tools
Made me a Counterfeit; yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this——Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawful Pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft Forbearance; did it with
A Pudency so Rosie, the sweet View on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——
That I thought her
As Chaste, as unsun'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an Hour——was't not?——
Or less; at first? Perchance spoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a *German* one,
Cry'd oh, and mounted; found no Opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
Should from Encounter guard. Could I find out
The Woman's part in me, for there's no Motion
That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
It is the Woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The Woman's; Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank Thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges, hers;
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdain,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
All Faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers, in part, or all; but rather all. For even to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing still;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them——yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they have their Will;
The very Devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Palace.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one Door; and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. NOW say, what would *Augustus Caesar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Caesar*, whose remembrance yet
 Lives in Mens Eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues
 Be Theam, and hearing ever, was in this *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine Uncle,
 Famous in *Caesar's* Praises, no whit less
 Than in his Feats deserving it for him
 And his Succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand Pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

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

Clot. There be many *Cesars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britain's* a World
 By it self, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own Noses.

Queen. That Opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again; remember, Sir, my Leige,
 The Kings your Ancestors, together with
 The natural Bravery of your Isle, which stands
 As *Neptune's* Park ribbed, and paled in
 With Oaks unskaleable, and roaring Waters,
 With Sand that will not bear your Enemies Boats;
 But suck them up to th' Top-mast. A kind of Conquest
Caesar made here, but made not here his brag
 Of, came, and saw, and overcame; with shame,
 The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried
 From off our Coast, 'twice beaten; and his Shipping,
 Poor ignorant Baubles, on our terrible Seas,
 Like Egg shells, mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For Joy whereof,

The

The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,
Oh giglet Fortune! to master *Cesar's* Sword,
Made *Lud's Town* with rejoicing Fires bright,
And *Britains* strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such *Cesars*; other of them may have crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as *Cassibelan*, I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Cesar* can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for Light; else, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cesar's* Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' World, against all Colour here,
Did put the Yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike People, whom we reckon
Our selves to be; we do. Say then to *Cesar*,
Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the Sword of *Cesar*
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise,
Shall by the Power we hold be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore a igry. *Mulmutius* made our Laws:
Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put
His Brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cesar*,
Cesar that hath more Kings his Servants, than
Thy self Domestick Officers, thine Enemy.
Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion
In *Cesar's* Name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look
For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Caius*,

Thy

Thy *Cæsar* Knighted me; my Youth I spent
 Much under him: Of him, I gather'd Honour,
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
 Their Liberties, are now in Arms: A Precedent
 Which not to read, would shew the *Britains* cold:
 So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let Proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you Welcome. Make Pastime with
 us a Day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in
 other terms, you shall find us in our Salt-water Girdle: If
 you beat us out of it, it is yours: If you fall in the Adven-
 ture, our Crows shall fare the better for you: And there's
 an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine:
 All the Remain, is welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pisanio reading a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus!*
 Oh Master, what a strange Infection
 Is fall'n into thy Ear? What false *Italian*,
 As poisonous tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No,
 She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
 More Goddess-like, than Wise-like, such Assaults
 As would take in some Virtue. Oh my Master,
 Thy Mind to her, is now as low, as were
 Thy Fortunes. How? That I should Murther her,
 Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows, which I
 Have made to thy Command!—I her! —Her Blood!
 If it be so, to do good Service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack Humanity,
 So much as this Fact comes to? *Do't — the Letter* [*Reading.*
That I have sent her, by her own Command,
Shall give the Opportunity. Oh damn'd Paper!
 Black as the Ink that's on thee: Senseless Bauble!
 Art thou a *Fœdarie* for this act; thou look'st

So

So Virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*!

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
Of my Lord's Health, of his Content, yet not
That we two are afunder, let that grieve him:
Some Griefs are medicinable, that is one of them;
For it doth physick Love, of his Content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make these Locks of Counsel. Lovers,
And Men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike.
Though Forfeitures you cast in Prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid's* Tables: good News, Gods,
Reading.

*Justice, and your Father's Wrath, should he take me in his
Dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh the dear-
est of Creatures, would even renew me with your Eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: What your
own Love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes
you all Happiness, that remains Loyal to his Vow, and your
increasing in Love,*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a Horse with Wings! Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
He is at *Milford-Haven*. Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean Affairs
May plod it in a Week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st,
(Oh let me bate.) but not like me, yet long'st
But in a fainter kind — Oh not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond — say, and speak thick:
Love's Counsellor should fill the Bores of Hearing
To th' smothering of the Sense — how far it is
To this same blessed *Milford*? And by th' way
Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as

T'inherit

T'inherit such a Haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence: And for the Gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going,
 And our return, to excuse—but first, how get hence.
 Why should Excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
 How many Score of Miles may we well ride
 'Twixt Hour and Hour?

Pis. One Score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
 Madam's enough for you: And too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding Wagers,
 Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands
 That runs i'th' Clocks behalf. But this is Foolery,
 Go, bid my Woman feign a Sickness, say
 She'll home to her Father, and provide me present
 A riding Suit: No costlier than would fit
 A *Franklin's* Housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

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

S C E N E II. *A Forest with a Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly Day, not to keep House with such,
 Whose Roof's as low as ours: See, Boys! this Gate
 Instructs you how t'adore the Heav'ns; and bows you
 To a Morning's holy Office. The Gates of Monarchs
 Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
 And keep their impious Turbands on, without
 Good Morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n,
 We house i'th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
 As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv. Hail, Heav'n!

Bel. Now for our Mountain sport, up to yond Hill,
Your

Your Legs are young: I'll tread these Flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a Crow,
 That it is Place, which lessens and sets off,
 And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,
 Of Courts of Princes, of the tricks in War,
 This Service, is not Service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often to our Comfort, shall we find
 The sharded Beetle, in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this Life,
 Is nobler than attending for a Check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a Bauble;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for Silk:
 Such gain the Cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his Book uncross'd; no Life to ours.

Guid. Out of your Proof you speak; we poor unfledg'd
 Have never wing'd from view o'th' Nest; nor know not
 What Air's from Home. Hap'ly this Life is best,
 If quiet Life is best, sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known: well corresponding
 With your stiff Age; but unto us, it is
 A Cell of Ignorance; travelling a-Bed,
 A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The Rain and Wind beat dark *December*? How,
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing Hours away? we have seen nothing,
 We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for Prey,
 Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
 Our Valour is to chase what flies, our Cage
 We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
 And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak?
 Did you but know the City's Usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the Art o'th' Court,
 As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that

The Fear's as bad as Falling. The Toil o' th' War,
 A Pain, that only seems to seek out Danger
 I' th' name of Fame, and Honour; which dies i' th' search;
 And hath as oft a fland'rous Epitaph,
 As Record of fair act; nay, many time
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
 Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story
 The World may read in me: My Body's mark'd
 With *Roman* Swords; and my Report was once
 First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
 And when a Soldier was the Theam, my Name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a Tree
 Whose Boughs did bend with Fruit. But in one Night,
 A Storm, or Robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves,
 And left me bare to Weather.

Guid. Uncertain Favour!

Bel. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
 But that two Villains, whose false Oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect Honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was Confederate with the *Romans*: So
 Follow'd my Banishment, and this Twenty Years,
 This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
 More pious Debts to Heav'n, than in all.
 The fore-end of my time——But, up to th' Mountains,
 This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
 The Venison first, shall be the Lord o' th' Feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no Poison, which attends
 In place of greater State:
 I'll meet you in the Valleys. [*Exeunt.*
 How hard it is to hide the Sparks of Nature?
 These Boys know little they are Sons to th' King,
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine, and tho' train'd up thus meanly
 I' th' Cave, where, on the Bow, their Thoughts do hit
 The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
 In simple and low things, to Prince it, much
 Beyond the Trick of others. This *Polydor*,

The

The Heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
 The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*, *Fove!*
 When on my Three-foot Stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike Feats I have done, his Spirits fly out
 Into my Story: Say, thus mine Enemy fell,
 And thus I set my Foot on's Neck, even then
 The Princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,
 Stains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my Words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,
 Once *Arvirgurus*, in as like a Figure
 Strikes Life into my Speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd —
 Oh *Cymbeline!* Heav'n and my Conscience knows
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon
 At three, and two Years old, I stole these Babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as
 Thou rett'st me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their Mother,
 And every day do Honour to her Grave;
 My self *Belarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural Father. The Game is up. [*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from Horse, the Place
 Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother so
 To see me first, as I have now — *Pisanio!*
 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy Mind
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that Sigh
 From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond Self-explication. Put thy self
 Into a 'haviour of less Fear, ere Wildness
 Vanquish my steadier Senses. What's the Matter?
 Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
 A Look untender? if't be Summer News,
 Smile to't before, if Winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that Count'nance still. My Husband's Hand?
 That Drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, Man; thy Tongue
 May take off some Extremity, which to read
 Would be even Mortal to me.

Pis.

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

Imogen reads.

THY Mistress, *Pisanio*, hath play'd the Strumpet in my Bed: The Testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from Proof as strong as my Grief and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou *Pisanio*, must act for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own Hands take away her Life: I shall give thee opportunity at *Caillford-Haven*. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her Dishonour, and equally to me Disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper Hath cut her Throat already. No, 'tis Slander, whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue Out-venoms all the Worms of Nile whose Breath Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye All Corners of the World. Kings Queens, and States, Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave This viperous Slander enters. What cheer, *Mzdam*?

Imo. False to his Bed! What is it to be false? To lye in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt Clock and Clock? If Sleep charge Nature, To break it with a fearful Dream of him, And cry my self awake? that's false to's Bed; is it?

Pis. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I false? thy Conscience witness, *Iachimo*, Thou didst accuse him of Incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a Villain: Now, methinks, Thy Favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*, Whose Mother was her painting, hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a Garment out of Fashion, And for I am richer than to hang by th' Walls, I must be ript; to pieces with me: Oh, Mens Vows are Womens Traitors. All good seeming By thy Revolt, oh Husband, shall be thought Put on for Villany: not born where't grows,

But

But worn a Bait for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me—

Imo. True honest Men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought false: And *Synon's* weeping
Did scandal many a holy Tear; took pity
From most true Wretchedness. So thou *Posthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper Men;
Goodly, and Gallant, shall be False and Perjur'd,
From thy great fail: Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my Obedience. Look,
I draw the Sword my self, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love, my Heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief;
Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
The Riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better Cause:
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence, vile Instrument,
Thou shall not damn my Hand.

Imo. Why, I must die,
And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Master's. Against Self-slaughter
There is a Prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak Hand: Come, here's my Heart—
Something's afore't—Soft, soft, we'll no defence;
[Opening her Breast.

Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,

[Pulling his Letter out of her Bosom.

Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my Heart: Thus may poor Fools
Believe false Teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of Woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didst set up my Disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and mad'st me put into contempt the Suits
Of Princely Fellows; shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common Passage, but

A strain of Rareness: And I grieve my self,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
 That now thou tirst on, how thy Memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee dispatch,
 The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's the Knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy Master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!
 Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine Eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
 So many Miles, with a Pretence? this place?
 Mine Action? and thine own? our Horses Labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose return; why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th' elected Deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad Employment, in the which
 I have consider'd of a Course; good Lady,
 Hear me with Patience.

Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak;
 I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine Ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater Wound,
 Nor Tent, to bottom that. But speak..

Pis. Then, Madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;
 But if I were as wise, as honest, then
 My Purpose would prove well; it cannot be,
 But that my Master is abus'd, some Villain,
 Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
 This cursed Injury.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pis.

Pis. No, on my Life;
I'll give him Notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody Sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so; you shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good Fellow;
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my Life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That *Cloten*; whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in *Britain*? I'th' World's Volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great Pool a Swan's Nest. Prithee think
There's Livers out of *Britain*.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other Place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a Mind
Dark as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a Course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
The Residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his Action were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your Ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh for such means,
Though Peril to my Modesty, not Death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the Point:
You must forget to be a Woman, change
Command in Obedience. Fear and Niceness,

The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
 Woman it's pretty self, into a waggish Courage,
 Ready in Gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
 As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you must
 Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,
 Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart,
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy Touch
 Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty Trims, wherein
 You made great *Juno* angry.

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

Pis. First, make your self but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From Youth of such a Season, 'fore Noble *Lucius*
 Present your self, desire his Service; tell him
 Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
 If that his Head have Ear in Musick, doubtless
 With Joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad;
 You have me rich, and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the Comfort
 The Gods will diet me with. Prithee away.
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us. This attempt
 I am Soldier to, and will abide it with
 A Prince's Courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell.
 Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your Carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
 Here is a Box, I had it from the Queen,
 What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,
 Or Stomach qualm'd at Land, a dram of this
 Will drive away Distemper. To some Shade,
 And fit you to your Manhood; may the Gods

Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

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

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir;

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Master's Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his Yoak; and for our self
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-King like.

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

Madam, all Joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your Hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the Winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have cross't the *Severn*. Happiness. [*Ex. Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him Cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britains* have their Wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. 'It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness;
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to Head, from whence he moves
His War for *Britain*

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

Cym.

Cym. Our Expectation that it should be thus Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen, Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd The Duty of the Day. She looks as like A thing more made of Malice, than of Duty; We have noted it. Call her before us, for We have been too light in Sufferance.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the Exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd Hath her Life been; the Cure whereof, my Lord, 'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty, Forbear sharp Speeches to her. She's a Lady So tender of Rebukes, that Words are Strokes, And Strokes Death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How Can her Contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer That will be given to th' loudest Noise we make.

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

Cym. Her Doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant Heav'ns, that which I fear Prove false. [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say; follow the King.

Clot. That Man of hers, *Pisano*, her old Servant, I have not seen these two Days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after——

Pisano, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*!——
He hath a Drug of mine; I pray, his Absence Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Haply Despair hath seiz'd her;

Or

Or wing'd with Fervor of her Love, she's flown
To her desired *Posthumus*; gone she is,
To Death, or to Dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This Night fore-stall him of the coming Day. [*Exit Qu.*]

Clot. I love and hate her; for she's fair and Royal,
And that she hath all courtly Parts more exquisite
Than Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all Compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore; but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her Judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when Fool:—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, Sirrah?
Come hither; Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close Villain,
I'll have this Secret from thy Heart, 'or rip
Thy Heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot
A dram of Worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome*.

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

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy Villain!

Discover where thy Mistress is, at once,
At the next Word; no more of worthy Lord.
Speak, or thy Silence on the Instant is
Thy Condemnation and thy Death.

Pis. Then, Sir,

This Paper is the History of my Knowledge
Touching her flight.

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

Pis. Or this, or perish.

[*Aside.*

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

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she is dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus*'s Hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but to do me true Service; undergo
those Employments wherein I should have Cause to use thee
with a serious Industry, that is, what Villany foe'er I bid
thee do to perform it, directly and truly, I would think
thee an honest Man; thou shouldst neither want my Means
for thy Relief, nor my Voice for thy Preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and con-
stantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar
Posthumus, thou can'st not in the Course of Gratitude, but
be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy Hand, here's my Purse. Hast any of
thy late Master's Garments in thy Possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, at the Lodging, the same Suit he
wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistress.

Clot. The first Service thou dost me, fetch that Suit hi-
ther; let it be thy first Service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford Haven*? I forgot to ask him
one

one thing, I'll remember't anon; even there, thou Villain, *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She said upon a time, the bitterness of it I now Belch from my Heart, that she held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, than my Noble and Natural Person; together with the adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my Back will I ravish her; first kill him; and in her Eyes——there shall she see my Valour, which will then be a torment to her Contempt. He on the Ground, my speech of Insultment ended on his dead Body, and when my Lust hath dined, which as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloaths that she so prais'd; to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a Suit of Cloaths.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. Ay, my Noble Lord.

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

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my Design. Be but duteous, and true Preferment shall tender it self to thee. My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had Wings to follow it. Come and be true. [Exit.]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To *Milford* go, And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You Heav'nly Blessings on her: This Fool's speed Be-cross't with slowness; Labour be his meed. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen in Boys Cloaths.

Imo. I see a Man's Lite is a tedious one,
I have tired my self; and for two Nights together
Have made the Ground my Bed. I should be sick,
But that my Resolution helps me; *Milford*,
When from the Mountain top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,

Thou wast within a Ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think
 Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean,
 Where they should be relieved. Two Beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie
 That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A Punishment, or Trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness
 Is sorer, than to lye for Need; and Falshood
 Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,
 Thou art one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for Food. But what is this? [*Seeing the Cave.*
 Here is a Path to't — 'tis some Savage hold;
 I were best not call; I dare not call; yet Famine
 Ere it clean o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and Peace breeds Cowards, Hardness ever
 Of Hardness is Mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil; speak; if Savage,
 Take, or lend—Ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 But fear the Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a Foe, good Heav'ns. [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Palidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and
 Are Master of the Feast; *Cadwall* and I
 Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
 The sweat of Industry would dry, and die
 But for the end it works to. Come, our Stomachs
 Will make what's homely, favourly; Weariness
 Can snore upon the Flint, when resty Sloth
 Finds the Down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
 Poor House, that keeps thy self.

Guid. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with Toil, yet strong in Appetite.

Guid. There is cold Meat i'th' Cave, we'll brouze on that
 Whilst what we have kill'd be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in — [*Looking in.*
 But that it eats our Victuals, I should think
 He were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel.

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel! or if not,
An Earthly Paragon. Behold Divinencs
No elder than a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Master, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good Troth
I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th' Floor. Here's Mony for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Board so soon
As I had made my Meal: And parted
With Prayers for the Provider.

Guid. Mony. Youth?

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dir',
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my Fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your Name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir; I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: He embark'd at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almost spent with Hunger,
I am faln in this Offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair Youth,
Think us no Churls; nor measure our good Minds
By this rude Place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
'Tis almost Night, you shall have better Cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a Woman, Youth,
I should woe hard, but be your Groom in honesty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my Comfort
He is a Man, I'll love him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long Absence, such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends,

Imo. 'Mongst Friends,
If Brothers: Would it had been so, that they
Had been my Father's Sons, then had my Prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, *Posthumus*.

[Aside]

Bel. He wrings at some Distress.

Guid. Would I could free't.

Arv. Or I, what e'er it be,
What Pain it cost, what Danger; Gods!

Bel. Hark, Boys.

[Whispering]

Imo. Great Men

That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the Virtue
Which their own Conscience seal'd them; laying by
That Nothing-gift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair, you come in;
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have sup'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray draw near.

Arv. The Night to th' Owl,
And Morn to th' Lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray draw near.

[Exeunt]

SCENE V. Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the Tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
That since the common Men are now in Action
'Gainst the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars against
The fal'n-off *Britains*, that we do incite
The Gentry to this Business. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consul: And to you the Tribunes

For

For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cæsar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* General of the Forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1 Sen. With those Legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant: the Words of your Commission
Will tie you to the Numbers and the Time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our Duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Forest.*

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I Am near to th' Place where they should meet, if
Pisano have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments
serve me! Why should his Mistress, who was made by him,
that made the Tailor, not be fit too? The rather, saving
reverence of the Word, for 'tis said, a Woman's fitness comes
by fits: Therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak
it to my self, for it is Vain-glory for a Man and his
Glafs, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of
my Body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more
strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the ad-
vantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant
in general Services, and more remarkable in single Oppositi-
ons; yet this imperseverant Things loves him in my despight.
What Mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy Head, which is now grow-
ing upon thy Shoulders, shall within this Hour be off, thy
Mistress enforc'd, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy
Face; and all this done. spurn her home to her Father, who
may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but
my Mother having power of his Testiness, shall turn all in-
to my Commendations. My Horse is ty'd up safe, out
Sword, and to a fore purpose; Fortune put them into my
Hand;

Hand; this is the very description of their meeting place, and the Fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave, We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So Man and Man should be, But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity, Whose Dust is both alike. I am very sick.

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

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

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

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be Sin to say so, Sir, I yoak me In my Brother's Fault: I know not why I love this Youth, and I have heard you say, Love's reason's without reason. The Bier at Door, And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say My Father, not this Youth.

Bel. Oh noble Strain!

O worthiness of Nature, breed of Greatness!
 "Cowards father Cowards, and base things Sire base:
 "Nature hath Meal and Bran; Contempt and Grace,
 I'm not their Father, yet who this should be
 Doth Miracle it self; lov'd before me!
 'Tis the ninth Hour o' th' Morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health——So please you, Sir. [heard!

Imo. These are kind Creatures. Gods, what Lies I have
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou disprov'st Report.
Th' imperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish;
I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisano*,
I'll now taste of thy Drug. [Drinks out of the Viol.

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our Housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

[Exit.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

This Youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arv. How Angel-like he sings?

Guid. But his neat Cookery?

Arv. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And sauc'd our Broth, as *Fumo* had been sick,
And he her Dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With Winds that Sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That Grief and Patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their Spurs together.

Arv. Grow Patience,
And let the stinking Elder, Greif, untwine

His perishing Root, with the encreasing Vine?

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

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis

Cloten, the Son o'th' Queen; I fear some Ambush——

I saw him not these many Years, and yet

I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you, and my Brother search What Companies are near: pray you away,

Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft, what are you

That fly me thus? Some Villain-Mountainers——

I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Guid. A thing

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering

A Slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villain; yield thee, Thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I

'An Arm as big as thine? a Heart as big?

Thy Words I grant are bigger: for I wear not

My Dagger in my Mouth. Say what thou art,

Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou Villain base,

Know'st me not by my Cloaths?

Guid. No nor thy Tailor, Rascal,

Who is thy Grandfather, he made those Cloaths,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet!

My Tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank

The Man that gave them thee. Thou art some Fool,

I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Thief,

Hear but my Name, and tremble!

Guid. What's thy Name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou Villain.

Guid.

Guid. *Cloten*, thou double Villain be thy Name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further Fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wise;
At Fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the Death:
When I have slain thee with my proper Hand,
I'll follow those that ev'n now fled hence,
And on the Gates of *Lud's* Town set your Heads;
Yield Rustick Mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeunt.*]

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad.

Arv. None in the World; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell; long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those Lines of Favour,
Which then he wore; the snatches in his Voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to Man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring Terrors; For defect of Judgment
Is oft the cause of Fear. But see thy Brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty Purse,
There was no Mony in't; Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had born
My Head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect what; cut off one *Cloten's* Head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,

Who

Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
 With his own Hand he'd take us in,
 Displace our Heads, where, thanksto th' Gods, they grow,
 And set them on *Lud's* Town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
 But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law
 Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
 To let an arrogant piece of Flesh threat us?
 Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?
 For we do fear no Law. What Company
 Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single Soul
 Can we set Eye on; but in all safe reason
 He must have some Attendants. Though his Honour
 Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
 From one bad thing to worse; Not Frenzy,
 Not absolute Madnes could so far have rav'd
 To bring him here alone, although perhaps
 It may be heard at Court, that such as we
 Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
 May make some stronger Head, the which he hearing,
 As it is like him, might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this Body hath a Tail
 More perilous than the Head.

Arv. Let Ord'nance
 Come, as the Gods foresay it, howfoe'er
 My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this Day: The Boy *Fidele's* sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own Sword,
 Which he did wave against my Throat, I have ta'en
 His Head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
 Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
 And tell the Fishes, he's the Queen's Son, *Cloten*,
 That's all I reak.

[Exit:
Bel.

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, *Polidore*, thou hadst not don't: though Valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*,
I love thee Brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this Deed; I would Revenges
That possible Strength might meet, would seek us thro',
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to Day, nor seek for Danger
Where there's no Profit. I prithee to our Rock,
You and *Fidele* play the Cooks: I'll stay
'Till hafty *Polidore* return, and bring him
To Dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!
I'll willingly to him; to gain his Colour
I'd let a Parish of such *Clotens* Blood,
And praise my self for Charity.

[Exit.]

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! thy self thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boys: they are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet Head; and yet, as rough,
Their Royal Blood encha'd, as the rud'st Wind,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vail. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible Instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; Valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: yet still its strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his Death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?
I have sent *Cloten's* Clot-pole down the Stream,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Body's Hostage
For his Return.

[Solemn Musick.]

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,

Hark

Hark *Polidore*, it sounds: But what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. Is he at Home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?

Since death of my dear'st Mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things

Should answer solemn Accidents. The matter?

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys,

Is Jollity for Apes, and Grief for Boys.

Is *Cadwall* mad?

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

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

Arv. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen Years of Age, to sixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Than have seen this.

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

Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? Find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might easiliest harbour in! Thou blessed thing.
Jove knows what Man thou might'st have made: but ah!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's Dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arg. O'th' Floor:
His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed;
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest Flow'rs,
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave: thou shalt not lack
The Flow'r that's like thy Face, pale *Primrose*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-Bell*, like thy Veins; no nor
The Leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetn'd not thy Breath: the Raddock would
With charitable Bill (Oh Bill fore shaming
Those rich-left Heirs, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flow'rs are none
To Winter-ground thy coarfe——

Guid. Prithee have done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with Admiration, what
Is now due Debt. To th' Grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Polidore*, though now our Voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' Ground
As once to our Mother: use like Note, and Words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. *Cadwal*,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For Notes of Sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than Priests, and Vanes that lie. ✓

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great Griefs I see Med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: The Mean, and Mighty, rotting
Together, have one Dust, yet Reverence,
The Angel of the World, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And

And though you took his Life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray thee fetch him hither.
Thersites Body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

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

Guid. Nay, *Cadwall* we must lay his Head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him:

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the Heat o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done.
Home art gone, and take thy Wages,
Golden Lads and Girls all must
As Chimney-Sweepers come to Dust.

Arv. Fear no more the Frown o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to Cloath and Eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak:
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow this, and come to Dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning flash.

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear no Slander, Censure rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd Foy and Moan.

Both. All Lovers young, all Lovers must

Consign to thee, and come to Dust.

Guid. No Exorciser harm thee.

Arv. Nor no Witchcraft charm thee:

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee.

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee.

Both. Quiet consummation have,

And renowned be thy Grave.

Enter Bellarius with the Body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our Obsequies:

Come

Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few Flow'rs, but about Midnight more;
The Herbs that have on them cold Dew o'th' Night
Are strewings fitt'ft for Graves: upon their Faces——
You were as Flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our Knees——
The Ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their Pleasures here are past, so are their Pain. [*Exeunt.*
[*Imogen awakes.*

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way? ——
I thank you---by yond Bush---pray how far thither? ——
'Ods pittikins—— can it be six Mile yet? ——
I have gone all Night ——'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft! no Bedfellow! —— Oh Gods, and Goddesse!
[*Seeing the Body.*

The Flow'rs are like the Pleasures of the World;
This bloody Man the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very Eyes,
Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith} ✓
I tremble still with Fear; but if there be
Yet left in Heav'n, as small a drop of Pity
As a Wren's Eye: fear'd Gods! a part of it!
The Dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless Man! —— The Garments of *Posthumus*?
I know the shape of's Leg, this is his Hand,
His Foot Mercurial, his Martial Thigh,
The Brawns of *Hercules*: but his Jovial Face ——
Murther in Heav'n! ---- How! ---- 'tis gone ---- *Pisanio*! ----
All Curses madded *Hecuba* gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
Conspir'd with that irregulous Devil *Cloten*,
Have here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*
Hath with his forged Letters —— damn'd *Pisanio* ——
From this most bravest Vessel of the World

Struck

Struck the main top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy Head? where's that? Ay me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the Heart,
 And left his Head on. How should this be, *Pisanio!* —
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and Lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And Cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' Senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale Cheek with thy Blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
 After your Will, have cross'd the Sea, attending
 You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

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

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our Hopes fair. Command our present numbers,
 Be mustered, bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this War's purpose?

Sooth. Last Night the very Gods shew'd me a Vision
 (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
 I saw *Jove's* Bird, the *Roman* Eagle, wing'd
 From the Spungy South, to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beams, which portends,
 Unless my Sins abuse my Divination,
 Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false. Soft ho, what Trunk is here?
 Without his Top? the Ruin speaks, that sometime

It was a worthy Building. How! a Page!—
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
 For Nature doth abhor to make his Bed
 With the defunct. or sleep upon the dead.
 Let's see the Boy's Face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his Body. Young one,
 Inform us of the Fortunes, for it seems
 They crave to be demanded: Who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
 That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy Interest
 In this sad Wrack? How came't? Who is't?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
 Nothing to be, were better: This was my Master,
 A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
 That here by Mountainers lyes slain: Alas!
 There are no more such Masters: I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never
 Find such another Master.

Luc. 'Lack, good Youth!
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
 Thy Master in bleeding: Say his Name, good Friend.

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

Luc. Thy Name?

Imo. Fidele, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same;
 Thy Name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith thy Name:
 Wilt take thy change with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's Letters
 Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
 I'll hide my Master from the Flies as deep
 As these poor Pickaxes can dig: And when

With

With wild Wood-leaves and Weeds I ha' strew'd his Grave,
 And on it said a Century of Pray'rs.
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll Weep, and Sigh,
 And leaving so his Service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Lue. Ay, good Youth,
 And rather Father thee, than Master thee. My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught us manly Duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest Dazied-plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 A Grave; come, Arm him: Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd
 As Soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes,
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
 A Fever with the Absence of her Son;
 A Madness, of which her Life's in danger; Heav'ns!
 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
 The great Part of my Comfort, gone! My Queen
 Upon a desperate Bed, and in a Time
 When fearful Wars point at me! Her Son gone,
 So needful for this present! It strikes me, past
 The Hope of Comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 Who needs must know of her Departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
 By a sharp Torture.

Pis. Sir, my Life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your Will: But for my Mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains; why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. Besecch your Highness,
 Hold me your Loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
 The Day that she was missing, he was here;
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All Parts of his Subjection loyally. For *Cloten,*
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,

And

And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a Season, but with Jealousie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn.
Are landed on your Coast, with large Supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen:
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your Preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of.
Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put these Powers in Motion,
That long to move.

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

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise
To yield me often Tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplext in all. The Heav'ns still must work;
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present Wars shall find I love my Country,
Even to the Note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other Doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Forest.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The Noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What Pleasure, Sir, find we in Life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure?

Guid. Nay, what Hope

Have

Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must, or for *Britains* slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their Use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* Death, we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the Bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: And so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose Answer would be Death
Drawn on with Torture.

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

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* Horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their Eyes
And Ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our Note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army; many Years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, you see, not wore him
From my Remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who find in my Exile the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard Life, aye hopelets
To have the Courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summer's Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

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

Arv. By this Sun that shines
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did see Man die, scarce ever look'd on Blood,
But that of coward Hares, hot Goats and Venison?

Never

Never bestride a Horse save one, that had
 A Rider like my self, who ne'er wore Rowel,
 Nor Iron on his Heel? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy Sun, to have
 The Benefit of his blest Beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

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

Arv. So say I, *Amen*.

Bel. No Reason I, since of your Lives you set
 So slight a Valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys:
 If in your Country Wars you chance to die,
 That is my Bed too, Lads, and there I'll lye.
 Lead, lead; the Time seems long, their Blood thinks Scorn
 'Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born. [Exeunt.

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

S C E N E *A Field between the British and Ro-
 man Camps.*

Enter Posthumus with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. **Y**E A bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wisht
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
 If each of you would take this Course, how many
 Must murder Wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*!
 Every good Servant does not all commands——
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
 Me, Wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack
 You snatch from hence for little Faults; that's love

To

To have them fall no more; you some permit
 To second ill with ill, each worse than other,
 And make them dread it, to the Doers thrift;
 But *Imogen* is your own, do your best Wills,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace,
 I'll give no Wound to thee; therefore, good Heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my Purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* Weeds, and suit my self
 As do's a *Britain* Peasant? so I'll fight
 Against the Part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, even for whom my Life
 Is every Breath, a Death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the Face of Peril
 My self I'll dedicate. Let me make Men know
 More Valour in me, than my Habit's show;
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me;
 To shame the Guise o'th' World, I will begin,
 The Fashion less without, and more within. [Exit.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one Door;
 and the Britain Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus
 following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go
 out. Then enter again in Skirmish Iachimo, and Post-
 humus, he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then
 leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my Bosom
 Takes off my Manhood; I have bely'd a Lady,
 The Princess of this Country; and the Air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me: Or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my Profession? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
 As I wear mine, are Titles but of Scorn;
 If that thy Gentry, *Britain*, go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are Men, and you are Gods. [Exit.

The

*The Battel continues, the Britains fly, Cymbeline is taken ;
Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arvi-
ragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the Advantage of the Ground,
That Lane is Guarded: Nothing routs us, but
The Villany of our Fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand and Fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and Seconds the Britains. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, Boy, from the Troops, and save thy self;
For Friends kill Friends, and the Disorder's such
As War were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh Supplies.

Luc. It is a Day turn'd strangely; or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

Enter Posthumus, and a Britain Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it seems came from the Fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heav'ns fought: the King himself
Of his Wings destitute, the Army broken.

And but the Backs of *Britains* seen; all flying
Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring, having Work
More plentiful, than Tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the straight Pass was damm'd
With dead Men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the Battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with Turf,
Which gave Advantage to an ancient Soldier,
An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white Beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two Striplings, Lads more like to run
The Country base, than to commit such Slaught'r,

With Faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for Preservation cas'd, or Shame,
 Made good the Passage, cry'd to those that fled,
 Our *Britains* Hearts die flying, not our Men,
 To darkness fleet Souls that fly backwards; stand,
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
 Like Beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in front: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many;
 For three Performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this Word Stand, stand,
 Accommodated by the place; more Charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A Distaff to a Lance. gilded pale Looks;
 Part shame, part Spirit renew'd, that some turn'd Coward
 But by Example (Oh a Sin in War,
 Damn'd in the first Beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lions
 Upon the pikes o' th' Hunters. Then began
 A stop i'th' Chaser, a Retire; anon
 A Rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they flie
 Chickens; the way which they stoop'd Eagles: Slaves
 The strides the Victors made; and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The Life o'th' need; having found the back door open
 Of the unguarded Hearts, Heav'ns, how they wound,
 Some slain before, some dying; some their Friends
 O'er-born i'th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the Slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die or e'er resist, are grown
 The mortal Bugs o'th' Field.

Lord. This was a strange chance;
 A narrow Lane, an old Man, and two Boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things your hear,
 Than to work any. Will you Rhime upon't,
 And vent it for Mock'ry? Here is one:

" *Two Boys, an old Man twice a Boy, a Lane,*
 " *Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my Friendship too.
You have put me into Rhyme.

Lord. Farewel, you're angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. Still going? this is a Lord; oh noble Misery
To be i'th' Field, and ask what News of me;
To day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carkasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died to. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet Words; or hath more Ministers than we
That draw his Knives i'th' War. Well I will find him;
For being now a Favourer to the *Britain*,
No more à *Britain*, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my Shoulder. Great the Slaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my Ransom's Death,
On either side I come to spend my Breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be pais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old Man, and his Sons, were Angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth Man, in a silly Habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A *Roman*,
Who had not been drooping here, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay Hands on him; a Dog,
A Leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What Crows have peck'd them here; he brags his Service
As if he were of Note; bring him to th' King.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Goaler.

S C E N E II. *A Prison.*

Enter Posthumus, and two Goalers.

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stoln, you have locks upon you; So graze, as you find Pasture.

2 *Goal.* Ay, or a Stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*]

Post. Most welcome Bondage; for thou art a way, I think, to Liberty; yet am I better Than one that's sick o'th' Gout, since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By th' sure Physician, Death; who is the Key T' unbar these Locks. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd More than my Shanks, and Wrists; you good Gods give me The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt, Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry? So Children temporal Fathers do appease; Gods are more full of Mercy. Must I repent, I cannot do it better than in Gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfy If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my All. I know you are more clement than vile Men, Who of their broken Debtors take a third, A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again On their abatement; that's not my Desire, For *Imogen's* dear Life, take mine, and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a Life; you coin'd it; 'Tween Man, and Man, they weigh not every stamp; Though light, take Pieces for the Figure's sake, You rather, mine being yours; and so, great Powers, If you will take this Audit, take this Life, And cancel those old Bonds. Oh *Imogen!* I'll speak to thee in silence.

[*He sleeps.*]

Solemn

Solemn Musick: Enter as in an Apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a Warrior, leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to Posthumus, with Musick before them. Then after other Musick, follow the two young Leonati, Brothers to Posthumus, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lyes sleeping.

Sici. No more thou Thunder-Master
Shew thy spite, on mortal Flies:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,
Whose Face I never saw?

I dy'd whilst in the Womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.

Whose Father then, (as Men report,
Thou Orphans Father art)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From his Earth-vexing Smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my Throes,
That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his Foes,
A thing of pity.

Sici. Great Nature, like his Ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' World,
As great *Sicilius* Heir.

Bro. When once he was mature for Man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could stand up his Parallel,
Or Rival Object be,
In Eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his Dignity?

Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonati* Seat, and cast
From her his dearest one:
Sweet *Imogen*!

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble Heart and Brain
With needless Jealousie,
And to become the geek and scorn
O'th' other's Villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,
Our Parents, and us twain,
That striking in our Country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain,
Our Fealty, and *Tenantius* right,
With Honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then *Jupiter*, thou King of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd,
The Graces for his Merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy Crystal Window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh
And potent Injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our Son is good,
Take off his Miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy Marble Mansion, help,
Or we poor Ghosts will cry
To th' shining Synod of the rest,
Against thy Deity.

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

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning sitting upon an Eagle ;
he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.*

Jupit. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you Ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.
Poor shadows of *Elizium*, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering Banks of Flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my Gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift:
His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent;
Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*.

And happier much by his Affliction made.

This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein [*Jup. drops a Tablet.*

Our Pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

And so away: no farther with your din

Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine;

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in Thunder, his Coelestial Breath

Was sulphurous to smell; the holy Eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us: his Ascension is

More sweet than our blest Fields; his Royal Bird

Prunes the immortal Wing, and cloys his Beak,

As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter*.

Sici. The Marble Pavement closes he is enter'd

His radiant Roof: Away, and to be blest

Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a Grandfire, and begot

A Father to me: and thou hast created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But, oh scorn!

Gone—— they went from hence so soon as they were born;

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend

On Greatness Favour, Dream as I have done,

Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:

Many Dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I

That have this Golden chance, and know not why:

What Fairies haunt this Ground? a Book! Oh rare one!

Be not, as is our fangled World, a Garment

Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,

As good, as promise.

Reads.

WHen as the Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air; And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

'Tis still a Dream; or else such stuff as Mad-men Tongue, and Brain not: 'Tis either both, or nothing; Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such As Sense cannot untie. But what it is, The Action of my Life is like it, which I'll keep If but for Sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

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

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goa. Hanging is the Word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well Cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good-repast to the Spectators, the Dish pays the shot,

Goa. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much Drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; Purse and Brain, both empty; the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit; Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it fums up thousands in a trice; you have no true Debtor, and Creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your Neck, Sir, is Pen, Book, and Counters; so the Acquittance follows.

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

Goa. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a Man that were to sleep your Sleep, and a Hangman to help him to Bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post

Post. Yes indeed do I, Fellow.

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

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good News, I am call'd to be made free.

Goa. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a Goaler: no Bolts for the Dead. [*Exeunt.*

Goa. Unless a Man would marry a Gallows, and beget young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman*: and there be some of them too that die against their Wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one Mind, and one Mind good; O there were desolation of Goalers and Gallowses; I speak against my present Profit, but my Wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Tent.

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

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne: Wo is my Heart, That the poor Soldier that so richly fought, Whose Rags sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked Breast Stept before Targets of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble Fury in so poor a Thing:
Such precious Deeds, in one that promis'd nought
But Beggary and poor Looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my Grief, I am
The Heir of his Reward, which I will add
To you, the Liver, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*,
[To *Bell. Guid. and Arvirag.*
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your Knees,
'Arise my Knights o'th' Battel, I create you
Companions to our Person, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your Estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's Business in these Faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you look like the *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britain*.

Cor. Ha! great King;
To shew your Happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a Physician
Would this Report become; but I consider,
My Med'cine Life may be prolong'd, yet Death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

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

Cym. Prithee say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affect-

Affected Greatness got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was Wife to your Place,
Abhorr'd your Person.

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

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in Hand to love
With such Integrity, she did confess,
Was a Scorpion to her sight, whose Life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by Poison.

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

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on Life, and lingring,
By Inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her Craft, to work
Her Son into th' Adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her End by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate, open'd, in despite
Of Heav'n, and Men, her purposes: repented
The Evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine Eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine Ears that heard her Flattery, nor my Heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my Daughter!
That it was foily in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.

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

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute, that
The *Britains* have rac'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose Kinsmen have made suit

That

That their good Souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which our self have granted,
So think of your Estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of War; the Day
Was yours by Accident: had it gone with us,
We should not when the Blood was cool, have threatned
Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our Lives
May be call'd Ransome, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Roman's Heart can suffer:

Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar Care. This one thing only
I will entreat, my Boy, a *Britain* born,
Let him be ransom'd: never Master had
A Page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his Occasions, true,
So feat, so Nurse-like; let his Virtue join
With my Request, which I'll make bold, your Highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm,
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no Blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His Favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live Boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my Bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner,
The Noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

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

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in Hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as Death; your Life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The Boy disdain me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their Joys,
That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boys.

Why

Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What wouldst thou, Boy?

I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more Kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your Vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st thou him so?

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

Cym. Ay, with all my Heart,
And lend my best Attention. What's thy Name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page,
I'll be thy Master: walk with me, speak freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?

Arv. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidele*: what think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further; he Eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. It is my Mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[*Aside.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Make thy Demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [To *Iach.*
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it
Which is our Honour, bitter Torture shall
Winnow the Truth from Falshood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach.

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

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus* Jewel, [thee,
Whom thou didst banish: and, which more may grieve
As it doth me, a Nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt Sky and Ground. Wilt thou hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy Daughter,
For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my false Spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint — [*Swoonds.*

Cym. My Daughter, what of her? Renew thy Strength,
I had rather thou shouldst live, while Nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive Man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the Clock
That struck the Hour. it was in *Rome*, accurs'd
The Mansion where, 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head: the good *Posthumus* —
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill Men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones — sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures, beyond brief Nature; for Condition,
A Shop of all the qualities, that Man
Loves Woman for, besides that hook of Wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the Eye —

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

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as Virtue, he began
His Mistress Picture, which by his Tongue, being made,
And

And then a Mind put in't, either our Brags
Were crack'd in Kitching-Trulls, or his Description
Prov'd us unspeaking Sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your Daughter's Chastity; there it begins:
He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot Dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I Wretch
Made scruple of his Praise, and wag'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his Honour'd Finger; to attain
In suit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring,
By hers and mine Adultery; he, true Knight,
No lesser of her Honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it been a Carbuncle
Of *Phœbus* Wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught,
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* Brain,
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Most vilely: for my Vantage excellent,
And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown,
With Tokens thus, and thus; averring Notes
Of Chamber-Hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay some Marks
Of secret on her Person, that he could not
But think her Bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st,

[*Coming forward.*

Italian Fiend! Ay me, most credulous Fool,
Egregious Murtherer, Thief, any thing
That's due to all the Villains past, in being,
To come—— Oh give me Cord, Knife or Poison,

Some

Some upright Justicer. Thou King, fend out
 For Torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all th'abhorred things o'th' Earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lie,
 That caus'd a lesser Villain than my self,
 A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
 Of Virtue was she; yea, and she her self.
 Spit, and throw Stones, cast Myre upon me, set
 The Dogs o'th' Street to bait me: every Villain
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be Villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
 My Queen, my Life, my Wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear —

Post. Shall's have a Play of this?

Thou scornful Page, there lie thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*]

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, help,

Mine and your Mistress — Oh, my Lord *Posthumus*!

You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now — help, help,

Mine honour'd Lady — —

Cym. Does the World go round?

Post. How come these Staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my Mistress.

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

Pis. How fares my Mistress.

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
 Thou gav'st me Poison: dangerous Fellow hence,
 Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw Stones of Sulphur on me, if
 That Box I gave you, was not thought by me
 A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poison'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
 Have, said she, given his Mistress that Confection

Which

Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd,
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper Poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her Knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no esteem; I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would seize
The present power of Life, but in short time
All Offices of Nature should again
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boys, there was our Error.

Guid. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like Fruit, my Soul,
'Till the Tree die.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Child?
What mak'st thou me a Dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

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

Cym. My Tears that fall
Prove Holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,

Now fear is from me. I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my Lady's missing, came to me
With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the Mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant Death. By accident

I had a feigned Letter of my Master's
Then in my Pocket, which directed her
To seek him on the Mountains near to *Milford*,
Where in a frenzy, in my Master's Garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchast purpose, and with Oath to violate
My Lady's Honour; what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the Story; I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.

I would not thy good Deeds should from my Lips
Pluck a hard Sentence: Prithee valiant Youth
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The Wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurn the Sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut of's Head,
And am right glad he is not standing here.
To tell this Tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee;
By thine own Tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless Man I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our Presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This Man is better than the Man he slew;
As well descended as thy self, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Closters*
Had ever scar for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for Bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By tasting of our Wrath? how of Descent
As good as we?

Arv. In than he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,

But

But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out of him. My Sons, I must,
For mine own Part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your Danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadst, great King, a Subject, who
Was call'd *Bellarus*.

Cym. What of him? he is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this Age; indeed a banish'd Man,
I know not how a Traitor.

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

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy; here's my Knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my Sons,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the Issue of your Loins, my Liege,
And Blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your Father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarus*, whom you sometime banish'd;
Your Pleasure was my near Offence, my Punishment
It self, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty Years
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them My Breeding was, Sir,
As your Highness knows; their Nurse *Euriphile*,
Whom for the Theft I wedded, stole these Children
Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her to't,

Having

Having receiv'd the Punishment before
 For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
 Excited me to Treason. Their dear Loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my End of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
 Here are your Sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
 The Benediction of these covering Heav'ns
 Fall on their Heads like Dew, for they are worthy
 To in-lay Heav'ns with Stars.

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

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——
 This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
 Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
 This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
 Your younger Princely Son; he, Sir, was lapt
 In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' Hand
 Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
 Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star,
 It was a Mark of Wonder.

Bel. This is he;
 Who hath upon him still that natural Stamp:
 It was wise Nature's End, in the Donation,
 To be his Evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
 A Mother to the Birth of three? Ne'er Mother
 Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
 That after this strange Starting from your Orbs,
 You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
 Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
 I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
 Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter

But

But I am truest Speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I you Brother,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.

Corn. By the Queen's Dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare Instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce Abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial Branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* Captive?
How parted with your Brothers? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?
And your three Motives to the Battel; with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by Dependances

From Chance to Chance? But not the Time, nor Place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,

Posthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;

And she, like harmless Lightning, throws her Eye

On him, her Brothers, me, her Master, hitting

Each Object with a Joy: The Counter-change

Is severally in all. Let's quit this Ground,

And smok the Temple with our Sacrifices.

Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [To Bel.

Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious Season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd

Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too,

For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soldier that so nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The Thankings of a King.

Post. I am, Sir,

The Soldier that did Company these three

In poor beseeching: 'Twas a fitment for
The Purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy Conscience sinks my Knee,
As then your Force did. Take that Life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: But your Ring first,
And here your Bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her Faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The Power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The Malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our Freeness of a Son-in-Law;
Pardon's the Word to all.

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

Post. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of *Rome*
Call forth your *Soothsayer*: As I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my Bosom; whose containing
Is so from Sense in hardness, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the Construction.

Luc. Philarmónus.

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the Meaning.

Reads.

WHEN as a Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender Air; and when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt
Branches, which being dead many Years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then shall Post-
humus

humus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the Lion's Whelp
The fit and apt Construction of thy Name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender Air, thy Virtuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: Which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sons forth: Who by *Bellarius* stoll'n,
For many Years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the Majestick Cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises *Britain*, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

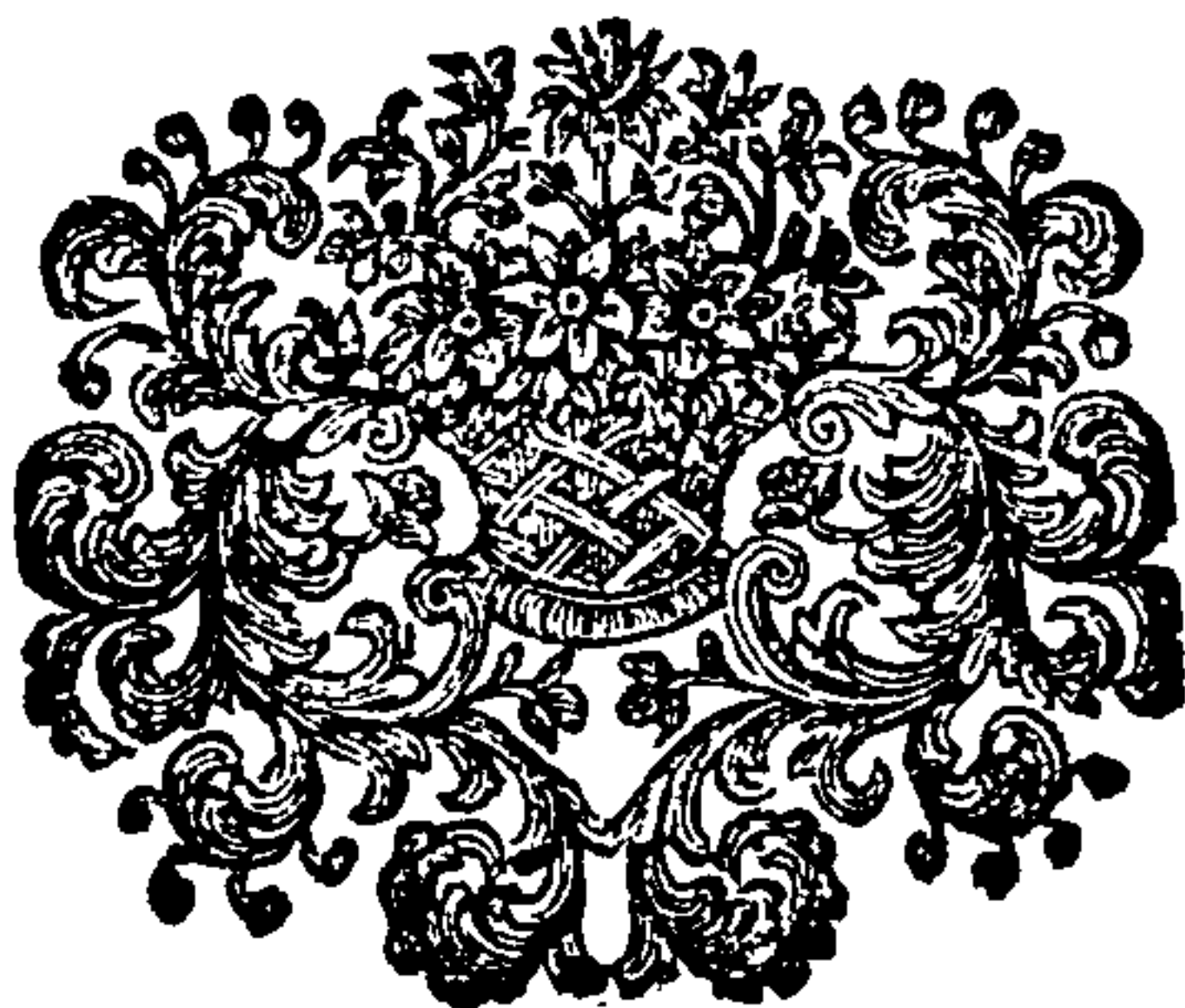
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom Heav'n's in justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy Hand.

Sooth. The Fingers of the Powers above, do tune
The Harmony of this Peace: The Vision
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the Stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold Battel, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
From South to West, on Wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her self, and in the Beams o'th' Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eag'e;
Th' Imperial *Cesar*, should again unite
His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the West.

Cym.

Cym. Laud we the Gods:
And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Nostrils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman*, and a *British* Ensign wave
Friendly together; so through *Lud's* Town march,
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with Feasts.
Set on there: Never was a War did cease
Ere bloody Hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Seventh Volume.



17 JY 69